

# TRADITIONS.



## I.—THE CREATOR.

THE greatest of the Australian traditions—that there is one Maker of all things in heaven and earth, who sustains and provides for us all—has been already spoken of. Baia-me (from “baia” to make or build) is the name, in Kamilaroi, of the Maker, who created and preserves all things. Generally invisible, he has sometimes (they believe) appeared in human form, he has bestowed on their race various gifts, and he will bring them before him for judgment, and reward the good with endless happiness.

The Rev. James Günther (of Mudgee), who was many years engaged on a mission to the Aborigines of the Wellington District in this Colony, where the Wiradhuri language is spoken, has recorded in his Grammar of that language this conclusion:—“There is no doubt in my mind that the name Baia-mai (so it is pronounced in Wiradhuri) refers to the Supreme Being; and the ideas held concerning Him by some of the more thoughtful Aborigines are a remnant of original traditions prevalent among the ancients about the Deity.” Mr. Günther states that he has found in what the Aborigines said to him about Baia-mai “traces of three attributes of the God of the Bible, viz. :—eternity, omnipotence and goodness.” He also says “the idea of a future state of existence is not quite extinct among the aborigines.” Some of the more thoughtful expressed to him their belief that “good natives will go to Baia-mai when they die.”

It may be thought strange that the Rev. L. E. Threlkeld, who laboured zealously for years among the Aborigines at Lake Macquarie, near Newcastle, and who has recorded many of their traditions concerning various spirits, has made no mention of any belief entertained by them concerning one Supreme Being. If the blacks of Lake Macquarie had held any such belief as that of the Kamilaroi people in Baia-me, surely Mr. Threlkeld would have heard and recorded it. But as the result of an extensive observation, I believe that the natives of some parts of the interior are superior to those on the coast. The Wiradhuri, Kamilaroi, Wolaroi, Pikumbul, and Kogai tribes may have retained a tradition of this kind, after it had been obscured and utterly lost among the tribes on the coast.

The Rev. C. C. Greenway, who lived some years at Collemungool, in the district of the Kamilaroi-speaking tribes, and made himself conversant with their language and traditions, says, in a letter to the author—"Bhaia-mi is regarded as the Maker of all things, the name signifying maker, cutter out. He is regarded as the rewarder and punisher of men, according to their conduct. He is said to have been on the earth. He sees all; he knows all, if not directly, through Turramūlan a subordinate deity. Turramūlan is mediator for all the operations of Bhaia-mi to man, and from man to Bhaia-mi."

For my own part, before seeing what Mr. Günther and Mr. Greenway had written, I heard of Baia-me from the Aborigines on the Namoi and Barwan. Many of them, when asked concerning any object, such as the river, trees, sun, stars, &c.,—who made these? uniformly and readily replied "Baia-me." And many of them have said to me in answer to questions about him,—as old King Rory of Gingi did in 1871,—“Kamil ŋaia ŋummi Baia-me; ŋaia winŋulda (I have not seen Baia-me; I hear him).”

In Pikumbul, Baia-me is called Anambū, and by some Minumbū.

The Wailwun blacks, according to Mr. Thomas Honery, of the Upper Hunter, who was brought up on the Barwan, and was familiarly acquainted with the tribe, relate the following ancient traditions:—

Baia-me first made man at Murula, a mountain between the Barwan and the Narran Rivers. He formerly lived among men. And in the stony ridges between those two rivers there is a hole in the rock, shaped like a man, two or three times as large as a common man. In this, it is said, Baia-me used to rest himself. He had a large tribe round him, whom he fed at a place called Mīdūl. Suddenly he vanished from them, and went up to heaven. Still, though unseen, he provides them food, making the grass to grow for them. And they believe he will come back at a future time.

There was formerly an evil spirit called "Mullion" (eagle) who lived in a very high tree, at Girra on the Barwan, and used to come down and seize men and devour them. The people often tried to drive away Mullion, by piling wood at the foot of the tree and setting fire to it. But the wood was always pushed away by an invisible hand; and the fire was of no avail. Baia-me, seeing their trouble, told a blackfellow to get a "murru-wunda" (red mouse) and put a lighted straw in its mouth, and let it run up the tree. This set fire to the tree: and as it blazed up, they saw Mullion fly away in the smoke. He never returned. The smoke from the burning of that tree was so dense that for some days they could see nothing.

Similar traditions have been found in widely distant parts of Australia. In Illawarra from 30 to 100 miles south of Sydney, the supreme Ruler is called "Mirirul."

Mirirul, whose name is apparently derived from "mirir" the sky, whom therefore we venture to call the Australian Zeus,—is said by the blacks of Illawarra to have made all things. When people die they are brought up to a large tree, where Mirirul examines and judges them. The good he takes up to the sky. The bad he sends to another place to be punished. The women say to their children, when they are naughty, "Mirirul wirrin munij," (Mirirul will not allow it.)

A "Colonial Magistrate," the author of "Remarks on the probable origin and antiquity of the Aboriginal Natives of New South Wales," published at Melbourne, by J. Pullar & Co., says "The Murray [River] natives believe in a Being with supreme attributes, whom they call Nourelle. Nourelle never dies; and blackfellows go to him, and never die again." From the same writer we learn that the natives of the Loddon ascribe the creation of man and of all things to Binbeal. They say that Binbeal subjects the spirits of deceased persons to an ordeal of fire, to try whether they are good or bad. The good he liberates at once; the bad are confined and punished.

At Western Port, in Victoria, there was a tradition that Bonjil, or Pundyil, created men. He formerly lived at the falls of Lallal on the Marabool River; and is now in the sky. Pundyil seeing the earth overrun with serpents, sent his good daughter Karakarok with a long staff to destroy these tormentors of men. Karakarok killed many; but this good work was stopped by the breaking of her staff. As the staff snapped in two, fire came from it, the first fire ever given to man. Presently, however, Wang, an evil spirit in the form of a crow, flew away with the fire; but the good Karakarok restored it.

Mr. Beveridge, in the evidence he gave before the Select Committee of the Legislative Council of Victoria, in 1858, said of the Aborigines "They believe in one all-presiding good Spirit," whom they call "Gnowdenont"; and "they have an idea of a very wicked spirit named Guambuootchaly."

## II.—GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS.

The Aborigines believe in many spirits. "Wunda" is the common name for these among the Kamilaroi and neighbouring tribes. Anything mysterious or supernatural is called "wunda." One of the chief of these is Turramūlan, who acts as the agent of Baia-me. In some places, however, Turramūlan is spoken of as an evil being, or an enemy of man. His name signifies "leg-only-on-one-side" or lame. He has a wife called "Mūnī Burre-bean" (egg-like, nourishing-with-milk.) She has the duty of instructing women; for they may not see Turramūlan on pain of death. And even when mention is made of Turramūlan, or of the Bora at which he presides, the women slink away, knowing that it is unlawful for them so much as to hear anything about such matters.

"Tohi" is the name for the spirit of man; "bunna" is that part of him which dies. When the bunna returns to dust the "tohi," may become a wunda. The wunda may enter some other body. Wicked men are punished by the degradation of their souls. Their "tohi" may be condemned to animate a beast. But the good are rewarded by their spirits passing into beings of superior condition. And the Aborigines generally acknowledge the superiority of white men by saying that some of the good Murri, after their decease, arise as white-fellows.

Among the Wailwun tribes "Kinirkinir" are the spirits of the departed, wandering over the face of the earth. "Yō-wi" is a spirit that roams over the earth at night. "Wawi" is a snake or a monster, as large as a gum-tree (30 to 40 feet high), with a small head and a neck like a snake. It lives in a waterhole 30 miles from the Barwan; and used to eat blackfellows. They could never slay it. "Murriūla" is a dog-like monster, formerly in the water between the Barwan and the Narran. "Buba" (father) is the name of the first great kangaroo, progenitor of the whole race of kangaroos. His thigh-bone—4 feet long, 7 or 8 inches in diameter, and tapering in form—is carried about by one of the tribes. It was found in the ridges of Murula. The Murui of the tribe (select men) have charge of it.

According to Mr. J. M. Allan, (examined before the Select Committee above mentioned) the Aborigines "believe in the existence of evil spirits, whom they seek to propitiate by offerings. Water spirits are called "Turong"; land spirits "pot-koorok"; another is "tambora," inhabiting caves. These they suppose to be females without heads. The sun (yarh) and moon (unnung) they suppose to be spirits. "Why churl" is their name for a star. They are much afraid of thunder and lightning, calling the former—"Murn-dell." Mr. McKellar, on the same occasion, said "They do, according to their manner, worship the host of heaven, and believe particular constellations rule natural causes. For such they have names; and sing and dance to gain the favour of the Pleiades, "Mormodellik," the constellation worshipped by one body as the giver of rain; but if it should be deferred, instead of blessings curses are apt to be bestowed upon it."

Andrew Hume (who stated that he had gone from Queensland across the continent to the north-western coast, and who lost his life early in the summer of 1874, in an attempt to verify his narrative by recovering some relics of Leichhardt, which he said he had seen,—whose statements, though marked by the uncertainty of a man never trained to the habit of accurate report, are certainly entitled to some credit), gave to the writer the following account of the belief held by the natives of the north-western part of Australia. They believe in four deities,—Munnuninuālā, the chief god in the highest heaven, Thālikiawun, his wife, Mulgianuq, her sister, and Mundūala, also called Thilkuma, the fire-god, who will burn up the earth and destroy the bad. He is also the author of plagues and other penal visitations.

### III.—TRADITIONS OF THE PAST, AND OF THE FUTURE STATE.

According to Andrew Hume the Aborigines near the north-western coast say that the first people who ever settled on this land were four men (brothers) and their four wives, who came in a canoe from the eastward. After they had been here some time, two of the women expressed a wish to return to their native land. The men strongly opposed them; and the two women secretly took the canoe and went out to sea by themselves. The god, Thilkuma, punished them by throwing a large piece of rock on the canoe, and thus destroyed them. The two men who had thus lost their wives were advised by the other two to go back to their native country and get other wives there. But this they would not do; and some years after, when the daughters of the women who remained were grown up, their uncles (the widowers) seized them and made them their wives.

This was a flagrant breach of a law known to be maintained in this Colony and probably established over all Australia. For this transgression they were driven southward, into a cold and barren country. After some years the Inyao-a (righteous people) of the north-west, being grieved at the misery of their kindred, prayed that they might be forgiven. They were forgiven and were allowed to settle in peace all over the country, on condition that they re-established the law of descent and marriage which they and their fathers had violated. But as a mark of their guilt they were not allowed to speak the same language as the Inyao-a. Hence arose the division of tongues among the Australians. To this day the people in the north-west call themselves Inyao-a, and speak of all the rest of the aborigines as Karnival (bastards).

To this legend may be added the fact that, both on the Barwan and at Scone, in the Hunter River District, old blackfellows point to the north-west as the quarter from which their ancestors came long ago.

Another legend related by Hume is this, which was told in explanation of the division of the territory among the tribes. Two brothers came and settled in the country. One was good, the other bad. The bad one got up a conspiracy to drive out his good brother; but Thilkuma, the fire-god, came to the help of the latter, and burnt up part of the army of evil-doers. Thilkuma then advised the man to whom he had given the victory to be content with his own territory and live in peace. But the man was greedy of power, and invaded the land of others to the north and the west. After many days fighting, this man fell sick. In his sleep Thilkuma appeared to him, and threatened to destroy him unless he ceased from killing men. Still he persisted in attacking his neighbours. They cried to their god, Dhaigugan, who helped them, and drove back the invader.

Thereupon, to prevent future aggressions, the several tribes received distinctive marks on their breasts and arms, and their boundaries were fixed by rocks, trees, rivers, and mountains.

The "Colonial Magistrate," above quoted, gives the following legend concerning the beginning of the Human Race:—"The natives of Western Australia say that when men first began to exist, there were two beings, male and female,—Wallinyup (the father), and Dovanyup (the mother); that they had a son named Bindinwor, who received a deadly wound, which they carefully endeavoured to heal, but without success; whereupon it was declared that Wallinyup should also die, as his son had died. If Bindinwor's wound could have been healed, the natives think death could have had no power over them. Bindinwor, though deprived of life and buried, did not remain in the grave, but rose and went to the west, across the sea, to the unknown land of spirits, whither his father and mother followed him, and there they have ever since remained."

Bony, the Murri from the Balonne, who gave me the table of numbers up to twenty, declared this as his belief:—"Murruba murri (good men), when they die go up to gunagulla (sky), to be with Baiame. Kagil murri (bad men) never come up any more. He is murruba who speaks girū (truth) and is kind to his fellow-men. He is kagil who tells gūnial (lies) and kills men by striking them secretly. It is no harm to kill a man in fair fight."

Billy, a very old blackfellow of Burburgate, whose proper names are Murri Bundar, with the surname Jumera Gunaga, spoke Guinberai (or Koinberi). He told me he received his surname from the place where his father was buried; and that it was a general custom for a Murri to get a name from the place where his father was buried. His father was Ippai Mute, and lived near Wunduba, on Liverpool Plains. In his tribe Murri Duli Wagūra was a chief man. He took the lead in fights, and laid down the law to the tribe. But Billy could not tell how he got his authority. When Billy was a little boy, a Burburgate blackfellow, Charley, was killed by one of the Wee Waa tribe. On this, Gūñ-guēlē (Charcoal), whose inherited names were Murri Gānūr (red kangaroo), called on the Burburgate blacks to go and punish the tribe guilty of the murder. Natty (as the whites call him), now an old man, whose proper names are Murri Ganur Yawirawiri, was one of the leaders in the fight. They met about fifteen miles above Narrabri. After a great talk they fought till many were killed on both sides. The combatants were painted red and yellow. Their weapons were spears, boomerangs—bundi and berambū, (different clubs)—and shields.

This old man, Billy, told me, as a great favour, what other blacks had withheld, as a mystery too sacred to be disclosed to a white man, that "dhūrumbulum," a stick or

wand, is exhibited at the bora (to be explained hereafter), and that the sight of it inspires the initiated with manhood. This sacred wand was the gift of Baiame. The ground on which the bora is celebrated is Baiame's ground. Billy believes the bora will be kept up always all over the country. Such is the command of Baiame.

The milky way, as King Rory told me, is a worrumbū, or grove with a watercourse running through it, abounding in all pleasant things, where Baiame welcomes the good to a happy life, where they walk up and down in the enjoyment of peace and plenty. It is "the inside," he said, that goes up to the sky—not the bones and flesh. Sometimes the good come down again to visit the earth. Colonists who have for many years observed the Aborigines, say that it is a common thing for these people, in the prospect of death, to express a cheerful hope of being better off hereafter.

#### IV.—TRADITIONS OF STARS.

Venus is called W̄indigindōer (you are laughing), or W̄aijikindimawa (laughing at me). Among the squatters occupying the part of the country where these names of Venus are used are some gentlemen of classical attainments; and possibly the idea of the laughing goddess may have been suggested by them. Orion is called Berai-berai (a young man). This young man was said to have been "būrul winuḡailun mīai-mīai" (much thinking, or desirous of young women), when Baiame caught him up to the sky, near to the "mīai-mīai" (the Pleiades), whose beauty had attracted him. He has a boomerang in his hand, and a ghūlūr (belt) round his waist. One of the mīai-mīai (the Pleiad which is barely visible) is supposed to hide behind the rest, on account of her defective appearance, and is called gurri-gurri (afraid or ashamed).

King Rory, on a beautiful starry night, in June, 1871, gave me the name "W̄indigindōer" for Venus. He also gave the following information:—"Mars is "Gumba" (fat); Saturn is "wuggal" (a small bird); Arcturus is "guēmbila (red). At Gundamaine, far away up the Namoi, an old blackfellow called it "Guēbilla."

Canopus, he called wumba (stupid or deaf); I suppose because this beautiful star, while it looks so fair, is deaf to their prayers.

Benemasch and the star next to it, in the tail of the Great Bear, which rise about N.N.E. and set N.N.W., not rising high, but apparently gliding along under the branches of the tall trees like owls, are called ḡūḡ-gū (white owls).

The Northern Crown is "mullion wollai" (the eagle's camp or nest), with its six young eaglets. When this constellation is about on the meridian, Altair (chief star in Aquila) rises in the N.E., and is called by the Wailwun people "mullion" (eagle).

Shortly after this Vega rises to the N.N.E. and is also called "mullion." These are the parent eagles, springing up from the earth to watch their nest. King Rory used the word "mullionga" of them both, signifying eagles *in action*. The Pleiades he called worrul (bees' nest). Bungula and Agenor (the pointers to the Southern Cross) he called murai (cockatoos). The three principal stars of the Southern Cross are Ujuu (a tea-tree). The dark space in the sky at the foot of the cross is ga-ergi (an emu) couching.

The Magellan clouds are two buralga (native companions).

Antares is gudda (a lizard).

Two stars across the Milky Way, near Scorpio, are gijeri gā (small green parrots).

The dark space between two branches of the Milky Way, near Scorpio, is Wurrawilburū (a dreadful demon).

The S-shaped line of stars in Serpentarius, between the Northern Crown and Scorpio, is called Mundēwur (the notches cut in the bark of a tree to enable a black-fellow to climb it).

Spica Virginis is gūriē (a crested parrot).

Fomalhaut is gāni (a small iguana).

Corvus (the four stars) is bundar (a kangaroo).

The Peacock's Eye is mūrgū (a night cuckoo).

On the Murray a beautiful legend has been ascribed to the Aborigines, concerning the two pointers, Bungula and Agenor. A flock of turkey-buzzards (commonly called plain-turkeys), used to sport every evening on a plain; but an old cannibal bird watching them, when he saw one weary with the dance, or race, pounced upon it and devoured it. Grieved at the loss of their young birds, the flock met, and took counsel together to remove to another plain. But when they were about to leave, two birds of the same species, from a distance, came up and encouraged them to stay, promising to save them from their persecutor. When evening came, one of these two birds hid himself in the bushes near the old cannibal: the other joined the ring. After a while, this last bird, pretending to be weary, fell down in front of the persecutor, who at once sprang forth to kill him. But the second stranger came to his help, and the two soon despatched the old bird. While the whole flock were applauding the deed, the two deliverers rose up from their midst, and flew higher and higher, until they reached the sky, where they now shine for ever.

## TALES IN THARUMBA AND THURAWAL.

**THE THARUMBA** is spoken on the Shoalhaven River, in the south-eastern part of this Colony, by the Wandandian Tribe, Thurawal in another part of the same district, south of Illawarra where Wodi-wodi is spoken. Thurawal appears to be the same word as Turrubul and Turuwul, the names of the languages spoken at Moreton Bay and Port Jackson.

The following tales in Tharumba were supplied to the Government by Mr. Andrew Mackenzie, of the Shoalhaven District, for transmission to Professor Max Muller. The first was related by Hugany, an Aboriginal of the Wandandian Tribe; the second by Noleman, of the same tribe.

*Jerra Tharumba.*  
Tutawa, Pulungul.

Wunna puru minilla, wanekundi Tutawanyella; kuritjabunjila ililla thōgunko; kunamimbūlilla; gubija mirigambila; jukundai murrundohila Pūlungūl. Warinmadthai jambinūro mundija kunda bundilla. "Bu! Pulungul yarimma yaraundtha." "Mundija yandthaono binyāro." Kurawunko bungailuwa thaorumbrao; bungaluwa yarawun.

Tūtawa pūrūrūngāla, pūrūrūrūrū. Būthūlāla Tūtawai thulinyo; thūtbūlo wakāra gua, yarawan, kurru. Kūrū gama yanāla. Yaukuḡa, "Kūwai-ai-ai! Pūlungūl, kunuḡalūni yai wāukarāḡ, yarimma kunnumbaiḡhali mundijain purājain. Niruna bunna, kūrūguma!"

Bithaigala karuḡāndthilla Pūlungūl,—  
"Pulungul wunnamakoin yaawē." "Bu!  
indigāga bundūgan jinna."

Pulungul karāmbila.  
"Wunnama narūnga! Wunnama  
narūnga!"

*Tharumba Story.*

Totawa and Pooloongool.

Out of the oven-hole brought the kangaroo; Totawa carried it on his shoulder, took it to the camp, roasted it, gave a little to his dog, and carried the biggest part to Pooloongool. Brought stinking meat to his father-in-law and brother-in-law. "Hush! Pooloongool, your son-in-law will hear you." "For meat go, Binyara." To the sea they paddled, the whole party; they paddled to the sea.

Totawa jumped about with rage, jump, jump, jump. Split Totawa his tongue; he spat the blood west, east, south, north. The west wind came. They said, "Oh dear! Pooloongool, you must try to get ashore with us; you said a bad word to your father-in-law this morning about the meat. Look at the rain and the wind!"

The pelican said to Pooloongool, "Pooloongool, come here, I'll put you in my canoe." Get along! I'll put you in my canoe."

Pooloongool was getting drowned.  
"Put me into the canoe!" Put me into the canoe!"

Yanilowa yakuga waukao.

Yerrimbulo jella, jella, jella, jella, jik, jik, jik, jik, yapoilla warri wakarain; jellajellunkawedthū kudjiir wurrakain.

Yaowalli purapundo, kunyu, bethaigal, pa kuna pa toira, pa munda, pa mara. Jurabawulara birura, birimbaimin Jurabaiwunnaora mara, numbulo jeriwan taora yakunjo waolari. Kumari yenna thukia kaor.

Bumbilla jurawan Tutawai punyiri-mula kumariwaindo yakunjo waolari, bimira, guia, jurawundakurru; yibundaido yakunjo waolari.

*Jerra Tharumba.*  
Wunbula.

Nadjijajoy, Murrumbul, Mundtha.

Yanilla Kolumbri, yetbujiillawa Kollijaga Mujai; thogun yenna. Yanillawa buyguto. "Nyeminya, maiiro; irribaoga mirigandtha wenkinbra Murrumbul Mundtha."

"Thunnamajali kunjawdytuyala; tukao-ya yaniuga warri thogundtha."

Jija yanjidana warri; jija tharar. "Ijella tukalinga, Murrumbula pa Mundtha. Jirilla munduga mungala; mandthilla jirai kumirguriyo minilla mirigano warri punanjidona; mijilla jerai tharar; yanilla jurri thogundtha.

Those went to the shore.

The musk duck bailed the water out of his own canoe, dip, dip, dip, dip, drip, drip, drip, went that way to the shore; flapped the lake all the way.

They dived and came up again; the black shag, the white-breasted shag. They dive now for the fish; they fish; they feed in the water all day long. There was no wind in former times; all was calm.

Tootawa brought all that wind that's blowing now all the time from the west, south, east, north; it blows now all the while.

*Tharumba Story.*

Wunbula (a man's name; also, three stars in Canis Major).

The bat, the brown snake, the black snake.

He went away from Columbri, passed Collijaga to Monga; camped there. He went to look for wombat. "There it is; you stay here; I'll go in with my dog, my women, Murrumbool (Mrs. Brown Snake) and Moondtha (Mrs. Black Snake)."

"Our husband makes us tired taking us about; we'll shut him up; we'll go to the camp."

That fellow went in far; that fellow came back. "Those have shut me up, Murrumbool and Moondtha." He heard the fly buzz; waited for him to go out at the little hole, took the dog a long way under his arm; went outside; went right away to the camp.

"Yanaonyi gaiunko wenkinbra."

"Pukerijji, jurabaonyi." Yanillawa wurrigala. "Ma! jurabaona natenwalla yaoalia naiaga tulunya."

Kulala jerabaddi yaoalia natenwalla; jerumbaddi murrilaora merero.

Munoraagarila; yaoalia yuinyumbulo Wunbuleriba.

"Let's go for ants' larvae, women."

"It's hot, let's bathe." They went close to the bank. "Come on! let's bathe—you on one side, and you on the other, I in the middle."

The barbed-spears spear them on this side and that; the barbed-spears were sticking up.

They went to join the Munowra (constellation) Wunbula, their husband, on the other side.

*Jerra Thurawaldhery.*

Yirrama Karwer.

Yandi gai karwerullago.

Jjai, yannij kainandha yandhanai.

Kurmunnū, biagaly.

Wunnomainbala kurwery; kurma biagaly gobimata.

Kullymirgaia, biagalywal, gobimata kurwery.

Yandhanai mumbaianai, kubaia yirramain.

Waindhanai wurri nadjongo, undhumaia dhurawaia.

Jellunjuranadthana; yangundaianai; nanyinajellana, yallumbunyainoi yangundibbala.

Jaugunalaia, yallumbunga, yangundabillajaia. Jauia warry jaulajilaia, yangundibbala jella.

Jaugunalaia war-ry bobaradha. Ya jauianabulgo thobararadubilla, ye maunda wumanye.

*A Thurawal Story.*

The Spirit of the Fig Tree.

"I am going for wild figs."

"Very well; go; go on; start away."

Net, basket.

He picked the figs; filled net and basket.

Cut more bagaly for basket, and filled them with figs.

The spirit comes; catches him; swallows him.

Takes him to the water, drinks, spits out again.

Looks back; tickles him; looks at him, comes back and tickles him again.

Goes away; comes back and tickles him again. A long way goes, comes back and tickles him again.

Goes a very long way to the mountains. He gets up, runs to the sea, and jumps in; the spirit very near catches him.

Kaiūngoya yangarūya ya wudjut yendaj.

Barungaya thallybunbila ya kurubun juya yirrama. Karrūgaia "yūinya ya-a-i!" Karuganbilla.

Gummaɣaimathaua kulwaiona. "Yirrama na pulla!" Mudgerypurria. Parrilan-kanaia, yerrauaɣa, yirribalaia.

#### *Mullimūla.*

Thurawaldheri Kurialla.

Yenda Jeju mulliwauthama Jejujko mullimūla mega yandthannuɣ.

Thullimalaoa kaiuɣo kundthumaiaoa paiaɣingaga kaiūnga Pulinjirungga Kānda. Yangao ana Jindaola Ūrundthilanaɣ Guaiin. "Wudhawaiin. yagɣai? thuraadamurra yagɣanaɣ yurumbaganda; kubbutgailanganda; piailinūrādtha yagga-naoranūrđthundtha. Kulinaianūmai thūri-naianai mobarūdthu."

Kulabimaianai; meriruɣo yenaiūwa Kuranauiwa mamrūdthana.

#### *Jerra Bundāla.*

[Told by Bimmoon, of the Ulladulla tribe.]

Yanaoya maranjī: kulambaroga maranjī; mujeri, yirraganji. Kutthū kawā kūrūaolan! bungaoga jilluɣo; kūroa kalandthun! yanaoga thaoguliwollun kaoraili; bungayūga kutthūyo.

Into the sea he goes, the spirit along the beach walks.

Upon an island he got; to the rocks went the spirit. He shouted—"Come here!" Shouted again.

They fetch spears; walk round him. "The spirit is this way!" The man got into a canoe. The spirit could not be found; he went into the rocks; he got into the hole.

#### *The Pleiades.*

A Thurawal Story.

Came the Moon; was enamoured the Moon, to the Mullymoola damsels came he.

They were catching kyoong (a kind of fish): were roasting (with hot stones) piaming (a bulbous reed), and kyoong, at Poolinjirunga, near Kan. They went to Jindowla. Heard them the Southron. "Where are they singing about me? I hear them about me, singing in the gully; let me have pipeclay to corroboraree; sing that song; let me dance. "I'll spear you in the eye."

They go under the ground; up to the sky they went. The sisters became stone.

#### *The Story of Bundoola.*

I go fishing; I am going to spear fish; my canoe, my fish spear. What a fine calm sea. I'll paddle over there to the surf at the rocks; I'll go to the bush, the sea is too rough; I'll paddle out to sea again.

Yanūnye, ma māra nōmbimunnōlo. Yanuunye, wurruɣa, wunnianye, bangunadtha. Yandthaojina:

"Wudthaoiono, ka-ū!

Ūjaurāga ŷaia. Yanāga.

Yakulili guiangal," yaparau, "jambinyuna.

Yanaonye, gumuna ginnamaraya; kurairi kulāɣiyema, ny-ao-umbōni, ma nainjiwana buttanu murrība.

Yauaonye, jambi, nyaonidtha thunbujaruɣa wulluɣaranya, irriminagaoranna."

Bundili wenkinoji yundigura, wurrigalla na, mai-iraji jellowigallu yirrimūla warrinowarri, kabūtsh ŷūri, minirra ŷūri, bungoin; yanilla wurriji meriro; "jergāra jūwē wurraora indai." Banboro-gundo.

Murraoga nēnjī thōgunda, kūmiranyī kunnij-ŷēkumba, murrāi-ōga nēnjī ŷaia thogunda nyaimbioga Bundarwai.

Let us run away, because nasty fish (are what he gives you). Let us run away, children, let us leave him when he goes out far. He follows them.

"Where are you? holloa!

I hear them over there. I must go there.

There they are, the Southerners," he says, "Our brother-in-law coming.

Let us go, let us make the spear ready; all ready; you are a good marksman; you wait here, because this is the path the kangaroo takes—his road.

Let us go, brother-in-law; you'll see your wife's country; you'll see the great precipice,"

Bundoola's wife belonged to that place. "You come close to the edge; you stop here." They shove him over a good way, kill him dead. "Rope (vine); you catch hold of the rope." He comes up a long way to the top. "Cut the rope: serve you right: you dead now." This was at Banboro.

I'll go home to my place; this place is too rough; I'll go a little further. This is the good habitation. I'll stop here at Bundarwa.

In these Thurumba and Thurawal tales, it is easy to see some of the root words which are used on the Namoi and in Queensland. There are "thulin" or "tullun" (tongue), "yan" (go), "nanyi" (see), "ŷaia" (I), "indai" (thou); "merir" or "mirir" is sky or top, as in Wodi-wodi; "bul" means jealousy in Kamilaroi, and the sea in Thurawal. "Nadjoj" (water) is the same root as in Wodi-wodi.

## BAO-ILLI—SONGS.

THE first six of the following songs, in Kamilaroi and Wolaroi, with the explanations, were kindly furnished to me by the Rev. C. C. Greenway.

## I.

This song was composed in derision of some one of the same tribe, and is a specimen of their sarcastic style.

Ʒandunago ?  
tirree ghilliana,  
buŷūn mulliago,  
gaighin bular.  
Ʒai murrin ?  
ŷaia warrambria  
ŷiri go ma  
toh dirraldia.

Who comes ?  
large head of hair,  
arms crooked,  
like two cockle shells.  
Is it one of my people ?  
on the road he is.

Smoke comes out.

## II.

This song was composed to ridicule the conduct of those who frequent the public-house. It shows how the Aborigines adopt English words, and give them their own inflections.

Publikaor wiritheā,  
djemillia mir mir,  
gunmildeago karniweandi,  
druggilla, tiunal a dūni.

Public-house screaming,  
seizing hips,  
he appears, tripped up by a stick,  
drunken, stricken with fists.

## III.

This song is called a Ugal, or dancing song, to be sung to the dancers on a warlike or festive occasion.

Burran, būrin, bilar būndī,  
Murala berar karnī !  
Wakara waroi tubilkā būndin

Shield of buree (wood), spear and club,  
Throwing stick of berar, bring !  
The broad boomerang of Waroee, waist-  
belts and pendants of boandin,  
Jump ! jump ! use your eyes,  
With the straight emu spear.

## IV.

The following Ugal is for a more peaceful occasion.

Murri goriah,  
Yerāman būraldi,  
Wi wi kurral-ah,  
Millimbrai kakullah,  
Kirawa !

Blackfellow very fat,  
Horses driving,  
Firewood sawing,  
Milking cows crying out,  
Looking for them.

## V.

This baoilli (in the Wolaroi dialect) is in derision of one belonging to another tribe. His slightness is contemptuously described.

Mulla mulla gha ibbelean būli  
Bunnakunni bunnakunni,  
Kirami gūnman  
Dhuddī ŷaia !  
Inghil nūnmalinni  
Būdā Wahnī.

A spirit like an emu, as a whirlwind,  
hastens, hastens,  
lays violent hold on travelling  
Uncle of mine !  
exhausts with fatigue,  
Then throws him down (helpless).

## VI.

Some of their songs are called "ghiribal" (imitation of the notes or actions of animals). This one represents the cry of the black musk duck, or diver (in Kamilaroi—berala.)

Ya ŷaia ŷaringa.  
(repeat ad libitum.)

Puanbu ŷi go  
(repeat and transpose, ad lib.)

Mingo ahikarai  
(repeat).

Ibbi-rī-bi tā-wajj-ah !

Whoogh !

(At this last word the cheeks are filled out with the breath, and a sudden explosion ends the "song of the duck.")

## VII.

The following "ugal" was sung at various stages along the banks of the Barwan, in 1854, by a travelling band of Aborigines, under the guidance of their Dhurumi. The song and the dramatic performance which accompanied it, were designed to disenchant the places visited,—in other words, as I was told by one of the company, "to drive away dead blackfellows." Most of the performers were marked with red and yellow clay. One was decorated from head to foot. A troop waving boughs in the air, seemed to be charging some invisible foe. And to the tramp of their feet, and the beating of sticks and of hands, a band of women and girls sang all night long these words :—

"Yūrū dhāri ŷē, yūrū dhāri ŷē,  
Dūla rāŷa būrulā, yūrū dhāri ŷē !

(This is not one of the languages I am acquainted with. As far as I can judge it means—Come and sing with me ; there are plenty ; come and sing.)

## VIII.

The next ugal was apparently composed for the chase.

Diŷa diŷa būrulā,  
Murriŷa diburā.

Plenty of wild dogs.  
The blackfellows are spearing them.



## IX.

The following bao-illi was new and fashionable on the Namoi, in 1871.

Bukkamulli mullimulli,	The ghost was skinning him,
dubürḡēr wīne.	he doubled him up and let him fall.

They sing these short songs to simple and pleasant melodies. Sometimes they repeat the first line six or eight times, sometimes the last; and as they repeat they let their voices fall to a lower key, and then some of them begin again at a high pitch. They keep exact time, and make the different parts, from the lowest bass up to counter-tenor, combine with perfect harmony. Sometimes the effect of such a chorus, by night, on the banks of the river, was wonderfully impressive. To themselves the music appeared to be most exhilarating.

## X.

The following is a Wailwun song of defiance, denouncing the black police, on their first appearance at the Barwan.

Mūrāgo muinga dhi,	Go on, blind, all of ye,
Gūria baigo,	Go on for ever, I hope;
Dhini-ligo, Dhini-gandhu	To Sydney, to Sydney,
Mini gūrāgo.	For ever, Good bye.

## XI.

This is a hunting song, in the language of George's River, shouting after the wallaby, bandicoot, kangaroos, and pigeons.

Wolba, wolba, minyā, mundē.  
 Aḡawē, yukolē, bīroḡ,  
 Mulē, mullē, wirē,  
 Wuḡōr! wuḡōr!  
 Kollē miroḡ  
 Ato mullē!

## XII.

A song sung at corrobarees at the junction of the Hunter and the Isis, and describing the knocking down of some one upon the ground, and a word of sorrow for an afflicted wife.

Murrabadai būnmildē,  
 Ūa dinga dingai,  
 Daon dimi woldina  
 Gūlir bain de ḡē.

## HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

## FOOD.

NO a European almost every part of the continent of Australia, as seen before the work of civilisation has transformed it, bears an inhospitable aspect. To a sportsman well provided with ammunition, indeed, many a river and lagoon, with its countless swarms of teal and other water-fowl, and its unnumbered fish, offers a perpetual feast. But, compared with other countries, Australia is singularly deficient in fruits, grain, and edible roots.

The problem of sustaining life, which had to be solved by the Australian race, was, therefore, the very opposite of that which was presented to the Polynesian tribes, for whom the islands have brought forth abundantly yams, cocoa-nuts, and many nourishing and delicious fruits. This people had to provide themselves sustenance in a country where many Europeans have perished for want of food and water. And they have managed to subsist, to multiply, and to spread over the whole continent, without any supplies or help from abroad, without any knowledge of the use of tillage, or of the materials under their feet awaiting the appliances of civilization to yield abundant wealth. How have they lived?

The staff of life in nearly all parts of Australia is the opossum, which abounds more than any other mammal. The emu and the kangaroo furnish the most valued meat for the men, and to women and children the use of these is allowed only to a limited extent. Iguanas and native bears supply them with substantial meals. Snakes are eaten by them, and they are very careful in the mode of killing them, to prevent the poisoning of the flesh. Grubs, especially a white fat kind, about three inches long and nearly two inches in diameter, are regarded as choice morsels. Fish constitute an important part of the food of those who live near the sea or upon the rivers. The Darling and its tributaries abound with fine fish. There are various kinds of vegetable food in use. The yam of the country, about the Barwan, is a large root, in flavour and substance something like a water-melon, and though very juicy it grows in dry sand-hills. There is a clover-like plant, the beran, the roots of which (some three or four inches long and half an inch in diameter) they grind between stones and make up into palatable and nourishing cakes. The nardoo, found in central Australia, yields small seeds, which are ground and made into cakes. This was the chief food of the Aborigines on Cooper's

Creek, who kept alive King, the survivor of the Burke and Wills expedition. There are also several kinds of fruit, the waraba, the wild gooseberry, the wild cherry, &c. The most productive fruit-tree in Australia is the bunyabunya. This is a large and very beautiful species of pine, the cones of which grow to the length of eight inches, and are composed of nuts resembling in form, size, and flavour the English chestnut. This tree is found only in a comparatively small part of Queensland, where it grows in thick forests.

They have many exact rules as to the different species of animals that may be eaten at different stages of life.

The most common implements by which the natives get their food are the boomerang, various kinds of clubs, spears of different size and form adapted to the several uses to which they are put, and fishing nets. All these display considerable ingenuity and industry. The boomerang is unquestionably a marvellous invention for a people who are reputed to be the least intelligent on the face of the earth. Its peculiar curve, which gives it the property of returning from a distance of several hundred feet to the hand of the thrower has furnished a very interesting problem to mathematicians, and has suggested a modification of the steam-ship screw propeller.



## INSTITUTIONS AND LAWS.

### I.—THE BORA.

THE great national institution of the Australian Aborigines is the Bora—by some pronounced Boor-rah,—the rite of initiation into the duties and privileges of manhood. The sacredness of this immemorial rite, and the indispensable obligation to submit to it are most deeply impressed on the minds of the young Aborigines. Even when they enter the service of the squatters or the settlers, and so in great measure break off from association with their own people, they seem to be bound by an irresistible spell to submit, at the prescribed time, in spite of all that can be done to dissuade them, to their national rite.

The Bora is held whenever there is a considerable number of youths of an age to be admitted to the rank of manhood. Old Billy Murrī Bundar, at Burburgate, told me that the Creator, "Baiaame," long ago, commanded the people to keep the Bora, and gave them the Dhūrumbūlum, or sacred wand, for this purpose. He said any one of the men might demand that a Bora be held. Then they consult as to the place, and choose one of their number to be the dictator or manager of the solemnity. This dictator sends a man round to all the tribes who are expected to join in the ceremony. This herald bears in his hand a boomerang and a spear with a murrīra (padymelon) skin hanging upon it. Sometimes all the men within twenty miles are summoned; sometimes a much larger circuit is included. And, as my venerable informant, Billy, told me, every one that is summoned *must* attend the Bora, even if he have to travel a hundred miles to it. It is so done, he said, all over the country, and always will be. The dictator chooses a suitable spot for the purpose, and fixes the day for the opening of the ceremony. The ground is regarded as consecrated to Baiaame, and his will is obeyed in carrying out the service. Notice is given three weeks at least, sometimes three months before the ceremony begins. During the interval the trees on the chosen ground are ornamented with figures of snakes and birds cut with the tomahawk.

When the appointed time is come, the men leave their camps, where the women and youths and children remain. The men assemble at the selected spot, clear away all bushes, and make a semi-circular embankment, or fence. This being done, some of the men go to the camps, pretending to make a hostile attack, on which the women run away, with the children. The young men, and boys over thirteen, go back with the men to the Bora.

Very few Europeans have been allowed to witness the proceedings at the Bora. One who was permitted to be present, Mr. Thomas Honery, of the Upper Hunter, described the whole process to me. In the year 1862, Mr. Honery, then a boy, was present at a Bora, held between the Barwan and the Lower Castlereagh. There he found a place cleared and surrounded with bushes, laid as a fence, like a sheepyard. Within the enclosure were three old men. About twelve youths were waiting to be "made men." These youths had been seven or eight months under strict rule, eating only certain prescribed food, and partially secluded from social intercourse. When they came up to the scene of the Bora, they lay down flat upon their faces, and were covered with a cloak. Two of the old men then came outside, one remaining within.

Then the youths were called up, one at a time; and each of them, when called, leapt over the fence, and took up a piece of string with a bit of wood at the end, which he whirled round with a whizzing sound, three times. He then jumped out and another was called upon by the old men, and jumped in. While one was within the enclosure the others remained lying on the ground, covered with the cloak; and as soon as one came out he fell on his face, and was covered up again. This preliminary ceremony ended, they were allowed to go about, but not to leave the neighbourhood, for a week. The old men kept a strict watch over them, to prevent their going off, or eating any forbidden food. At the end of the week they assembled again, and all the three old men went inside the enclosure, and again called in the youths one by one. As each came in one of the old men flogged him as hard as he could with a strip of bark two feet long and six or eight inches wide. Then, with two stones, one used as a peg the other as a hammer, they broke off and knocked out one of his front teeth, leaving the roots of the tooth in his jaw. All this time the youth uttered not a sound. When it was over he went out and was covered with the cloak as before, while another was called in.

During the next four days they were allowed to walk about within a short distance, and to eat a very little bit of opossum, but nothing more. At the end of that time they were again brought, one by one, into the enclosure. There they were compelled to eat the most revolting food that it ever entered the mind of man to eat, or to offer to a fellow creature,—such as the prophet Ezekiel heard, in a vision, a command to eat (chapter 4, verse 12). The cruelty of this rule is somewhat tempered by mixing this nauseous food with "tao," (the root of a plant called by the colonists "pigwood"). Basins of bark are used for the mixture.

Mr. Honery is a man of unimpeached veracity, and his account was given with an explicitness that leaves no room to doubt of the fact. But it is only fair to mention that some of the Aborigines have vehemently protested that no such custom is practised in their tribes. On the reliable authority of honest old Billy Murri Bundar Ujumeru Gunaga,

who gave the important information about the sacred wand, Dhurumbulum, the revolting practice is unknown to his tribe. White men have stated that this custom was observed in several parts. From all I have heard, I conclude that it is actually observed by some tribes, but not by all. It is a mystery of wickedness and folly that such an unnatural custom could be introduced, even among a savage people. It is still more mysterious that the thought of such an act could be suggested in vision to the holy prophet Ezekiel. In the Aborigines it seems to be one mode—the most degrading mode that ever entered the mind of man—of carrying out the impulses of the spirit, common in all ages, which animated the pagan stoic and the christian ascetic. By the flogging and the knocking out of the tooth, the young men are taught to glory in suffering anguish, and to believe that it is manly to endure pain without a cry or a groan. On the same principle it may be held to be meritorious to inflict on themselves, without wincing, the utmost conceivable violation of the sense of taste. The more repugnant the process they pass through, the greater the virtue they exhibit, in their own estimation.

After the last ceremony the young men were allowed to go away. For three or four months they were not allowed to come within three hundred yards of a woman. But once in the course of that time a great smoke was made with burning boughs, and the young men were brought up on one side of it, while women appeared, at a distance, on the other side. Then the young men went away for another month or so. At the end of that time they assembled again and took part in a sham fight. This completed the long process of initiation. From that time they were free to exercise all the privileges of men, among which are the eating of the flesh of kangaroos and emus, and the taking of wives. This long course of alternate fasting and suffering is a very severe ordeal. It has often been observed that young men come out of it exhausted and sometimes half dead.

During the intervals between the ceremonies of the Bora, the candidates are carefully instructed by the old men in their traditions, in the very exact laws of consanguinity and marriage, hereafter set forth, in the rules concerning the use of particular kinds of food, and other things. They are truly a law-abiding people. Probably no community in Christendom observes the laws deemed most sacred so exactly as the Australian tribes observe their traditional rules. That kind and measure of moral purity which their unwritten law enjoins is maintained with the utmost vigilance. A breach of morality, in regard to the relation between the sexes, exposes the offender to the risk of death. He must stand as a mark for the spears of his tribe, which in many cases have cut short the life of the culprit.

The ceremonial of the Bora is the great educational system by which this exact observance of the laws is inculcated.

The name "Bora" is derived from the "bor" or "boorr," the belt of manhood is there conferred upon the candidate. This "bor" is supposed to be endowed with magical power, so that by throwing it at an enemy sickness can be injected.

According to some, Baia-me is supposed to be present at the Bora, and is personated by one of the old men; others say it is Turramulan, the agent of Baia-me, or mediator, who appears. As above mentioned, in some of the tribes a sacred wand, "Dhurumbulum," given them by Baiame is exhibited, and the sight of this wand as waved by the old men in sight of the candidates imparts manly qualities. Before I heard of this wand, a black-fellow from Twofold Bay, near the south-east corner of this Colony, at a distance of full 600 miles from the Namoi, told me that in his country "Dhurumbulum" was the name of the Creator of all things.

Near the junction of the Hunter and the Isis, a few miles from Aberdeen, is the consecrated spot where, for generations, the blacks have held their Bora. To this spot I was taken by Mr. M'Donald, a squatter residing in the neighbourhood. It is a pleasant well-wooded glen at the foot of a high hill. On the ground is the horizontal figure of a man, roughly modelled by laying down sticks and covering them with earth so as to raise it from four to seven inches above the ground. The arms and legs of the figure are stretched out as in the attitude assumed by a blackfellow in dancing, the hands being about on a level with the ears. The figure is 22 feet long and 12 feet wide from hand to hand. The body is 4 feet wide, and if the knees were straightened it would be 25 feet from head to foot. Rough as the work is, there can be no mistake about it; and though, of course, no features are distinguishable, the attitude has a lifelike expression to those who have seen an Aboriginal dance. Around this spot are 100 or 120 trees marked with the tomahawk in various regular patterns, some with concentric curves, some with simple angles. In some the marks reached as high as 15 feet from the ground. Near the head of the human figure is a tree naturally bent, as is not uncommon in this country, into an almost horizontal position; and along this tree the blacks have cut marks like the footprints of an emu.

While the young men are awaiting the ceremony, they are made to lie flat on the ground just in the posture of the figure above described. Then a stuffed emu is carried along the bending tree over the footprints, as if it were walking on them, and on coming down to the ground walks round the scene by a path of 150 yards. The candidates are made to pass through an ordeal of pain. But there is no knocking out of a tooth; nor is the revolting practice mentioned by Mr. Honery practised here. The account the blacks give of this ordeal is that their god comes down through the trees with a great noise, and tosses each of the candidates up in the air, to see if he is good for anything; and if they are bad he tears them to pieces. They say this deity is very good and very powerful. He can pull up trees by the roots and remove mountains.

## II.—MARRIAGE.

The law of selection in marriage is set forth in a subsequent chapter; but here, as a sequel to the Bora, it seems proper to mention the manner in which the privilege of taking a wife, conferred at that ceremony, is exercised. In some parts of Queensland an old man takes charge of the damsels in a tree, and as the candidates for matrimony come up he presents each of them with a bride. On the Hunter, when a man seeks a wife he goes to a camp where men and women are sitting together round a fire, and throws in a boomerang. If one of the men throws back a boomerang at him he has to fight for the privilege sought; but if no one challenges him, he quietly steps in and takes one of the young women for his wife.

In some tribes it is a custom, as soon as a girl is born, for her father or mother to betroth her to some man. Among the Wailwun it is common for old men to get young girls for wives, and for old women to become the wives of young men. There is no law restricting a man to one wife. It oftens happens that those who are strong enough to insist on having their own way have three and sometimes four wives—some have none at all. But in whatever manner a man becomes possessed of a wife, or whatever the number he can secure, he must take only those who, according to the laws of genealogy and marriage, are eligible for him.

## III.—SECLUSION OF WOMEN.

It might be supposed that a people who do not wear any clothes must be utterly devoid of modesty; but in their own way, within the limits of traditional rule, the Aborigines are very strict in the observance of the dictates of natural modesty. Their rules as to the seclusion of women correspond remarkably with the law of Moses in Leviticus (12th and 15th chapters); but the seclusion observed by the Australian women is even more strict and prolonged than that which is commanded in Leviticus. On the approach of childbirth the expectant mother is given into the charge of two elderly women, who take her to a sheltered spot, attend to her wants, and watch over her for many days, until she returns with her child to the camp. During the other period, referred to in Leviticus 15th, a woman must not be seen by a man—must not touch anything whatever that is used by the other natives, nor even walk upon a path frequented by them.

A more singular rule in force among them is this—that a woman must not speak with or look upon the husband of her daughter. This rule is rigidly observed. If a man meets his mother-in-law by any chance, they instantly turn round, back to back, and remain at a distance. If one of them has a desire to communicate any message to the other it is done through a third party. They appear to think it would be indelicate in

the extreme for a mother-in-law and son-in-law to speak together. So far does this notion prevail, that even when an infant is betrothed, by the promise of her parents, the man to whom she is betrothed, from that hour, strictly avoids the sight of his future mother-in-law.

#### IV.—CIRCUMCISION.

Another part of the Mosaic Law—circumcision—is observed by some of the tribes. Dr. Leichhardt and other travellers have recorded this fact. The practice, however, is not in vogue over the whole of Australia. It is, as far as my information goes, in some of the northern parts only that it has been observed.

#### V.—MEDICINE AND SORCERY.

The medical properties of various herbs are known to the blacks. One common medicine is "boiyoi" (pennyroyal), a tonic. The people are strongly endowed with the self-restoring force, and recover from the ghastly wounds often inflicted in their fights with wonderful rapidity. Their usual surgical treatment of a wound is to rub earth into it.

But the chief business of the medicine-man (krodgee or kūradyi) is to disenchant the afflicted. All kinds of pain and disease are ascribed to the magic of enemies; and the usual way in which that magic is supposed to be exercised is by injecting stones into the body of the sufferer. Accordingly the kūradyi is provided with a number of stones, secreted in his belt; and on visiting a patient sucks the part where the pain is felt until he has convinced the sufferer that the cure is in a fair way of being effected, and then produces stones, which he declares that he has extracted from the seat of pain. The kūradyis exercise a strong spell over the minds of their people, and are believed to have power to inflict plagues as well as to cure patients.

#### VI.—PROPERTY.

In regard to individual property, they appear to have no other law than that one should use for his own sustenance and enjoyment what he has in his own hands. Between the members of the same camp or tribe something like communism prevails. At all events, presents given to one of a tribe are speedily divided as far as possible among the rest; but on tribal territorial property their rules are exact. Each tribe has its "taorai" or district marked off with minute accuracy, by watercourses, rocks, trees, and other natural land-marks; and one cannot go upon the territory of another tribe without risk of losing his life. In some cases when individual blackfellows have gone in the company of white men into the "taorai" of another tribe, they have been waylaid and speared for the intrusion.

But this jealous maintenance of tribal property has sometimes yielded to the considerations of a wider policy. For instance, the tribe which occupies the bunya-bunya district in Queensland have a law by which they admit other tribes to enter their territory in peace, at the time when the fruit ripens—once in three or four years. Whether the neighbouring tribes originally acquired this right by war, or whether it was conceded of good will, does not appear; but certainly the law exists. When, however, the other tribes enter the district they are not allowed to take anything but the bunya-bunya fruit. The opossums and other common sources of food supply they must not touch. Their visit lasts six weeks or more. And so strong is the hold which this traditional rule has upon their minds, that when urged by an intense craving for animal food, rather than transgress the law by killing an opossum, they have been known (it is said) to kill one of their own boys or girls, and devour the flesh.

#### VII.—LEX TALIONIS.

The Australian Aborigines carry out the principle of retaliation, not only as a dictate of passion, but as an ancient and fixed law. The relatives of a slain man are bound to avenge his death by killing some one of the tribe to which the slayer belongs. In some parts of the country a belief prevails that death, through disease, is, in many, if not in all cases, the result of an enemy's malice. It is a common saying, when illness or death comes, that some one has thrown his belt (boor) at the victim. There are various modes of fixing upon the murderer. One is to let an insect fly from the body of the deceased and see towards whom it goes. The person thus singled out is doomed.

#### VIII.—BURIAL AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

In all parts of the country the Aborigines show a great regard for their dead. They differ much in the mode of so doing. Some bury the dead in the earth, and raise a circular mound over the grave. And of those who do this, some dig the grave so deep as to place the deceased in a standing position; others place them sitting, and with the head higher than the surface of the ground but covered with a heap. They carefully preserve the graves, guarding them with boughs against wild animals. There are sometimes as many as a hundred graves in one of their cemeteries; and they present a sight that cannot fail to convince a stranger that the resting-places of the departed are sacred in the eyes of their friends and descendants. Sir Thomas Mitchell has given a sketch of the graves of two chiefs, on the top of a hill. It seems as if they had been buried with a hope of resurrection, that on rising from the dead they might at once survey the territory over which they had ruled.

Among the Wailwun people a chief, or person regarded with unusual respect, is buried in a hollow tree. They first enclose the body in a wrapper, or coffin, of bark. The size of this coffin is an indication of the honor due to the deceased. Mr. E. J. Sparke, of Ginji, saw one chief buried in a coffin 13 feet long.

As they drop the body thus enclosed into the hollow tree, the bearers and those who stand round them, join in a loud "whirr," like the rushing upwards of a wind. This, they say, represents the upward flight of the soul ("tohi") to the sky.

In other places they deposit the dead body on the forks of a tree, and sometimes they light a fire under it, and sit down, so as to catch the droppings of the fat, hoping thus to obtain the courage and strength for which the dead man was distinguished. In some parts they eat the heart and liver of the dead for the same purpose. This is, in their view, no dishonor to the dead. And they do not eat enemies slain in battle. When the flesh is gone, they take down the bones from the trees and carry them about in baskets.

Affection sometimes induces them to carry about the bones in this manner for a long time. It is no uncommon thing for a woman to carry the body or bones of her child for years.

When a death occurs they make great wailing. All night long I have heard their bitter lamentations. In some cases the wailing is renewed year after year; and in spite of the cruelty of some of their practices, none who have heard their lamentations and seen their tears can doubt the sincerity of their grief. The fashion of their mourning is to plaster their heads and faces with white clay, and then to cut themselves with axes. I have seen a party of mourning women sitting on the ground, thus plastered over; and blood running from gashes in their heads, over the clay, down to their shoulders.

## LAWS OF MARRIAGE AND DESCENT.

**A**LL Kamilaroi blacks, and many other tribes, as far at least as Wide Bay in Queensland and the Maranoa, are from their birth divided into four classes, distinguished in Kamilaroi by the following names. In some families all the children are "ippai" and "ippatha"; in others they are "murri" (not "murri," the general name for Australian Aborigines) and "matha"; in others "kubbi" and "kubbotha"; and in a fourth class of families "kumbo" and "butha." The families take rank in this order:—Murri, Kumbo, Ippai, Kubbi. Besides this division into four classes, there is another division, founded on the names of animals, as bundar (kangaroo), dinoŭn (emu), dŭli (iguana), nurai (black snake), mŭtŭ (opossum), murriira (padymelon), bilba (bandicoot).

In the four classes there are on the Namoi ten divisions. They are—I (1), Murri and Matha Duli, (2) M. and M. murriira; II (3), Kumbo and Butha Dinoun, (4) K. and B. Nurai; III (5), Ippai and Ippatha Dinoun, (6) I. and I. Nurai, (7) I. and I. Bilba; IV (8) Kubbi and Kubbotha Mute, (9) K. and K. Murriira, (10) K. and K. Duli. (In some parts there are additional subdivisions.) Ten rules of marriage are established in relation to these divisions:—

- I. Murri Duli may marry Matha Murriira, and any Butha.
- II. Murri Murriira may marry Matha Duli, and any Butha.
- III. Kumbo Dinoun may marry Butha Nurai, and any Matha.
- IV. Kumbo Nurai may marry Butha Dinoun, and any Matha.
- V. Ippai Dinoun may marry Ippatha Nurai, Kubbotha Duli, and Kubbotha Murriira.
- VI. Ippai Nurai may marry Ippatha Dinoun and Kubbotha Mute.
- VII. Ippai Bilba may marry Ippatha Nurai and Kubbotha Murriira.
- VIII. Kubbi Mute may marry Kubbotha Duli and Ippatha Dinoun.
- IX. Kubbi Murriira may marry Kubbotha Mute and Ippatha Nurai.
- X. Kubbi Duli may marry Kubbotha Murriira and Ippatha Bilba.

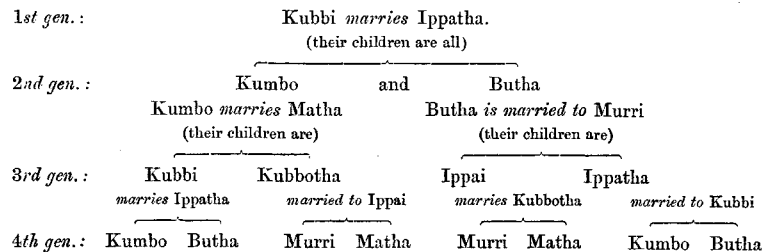
The rules of descent are these:—

- I. The second name, or the totem, of the sons and daughters is always the same as their mother's.
- II. The children of a Matha are Kubbi and Kubbotha.
- III. The children of a Butha are Ippai and Ippatha.
- IV. The children of an Ippatha are Kumbo and Butha.
- V. The children of a Kubbotha are Murri and Matha.

Thus the mother's names, not the father's, determine the names of the child in every case.

The children *in no case* take the first names of their parents, yet their names are determined invariably by the names of their parents.

The effects of these rules, in passing every family through each of the four classes in as many generations, and in preventing the intermarriage of near relations, will appear on inspection of this pedigree:—



If ippai in the third generation chose to marry ippatha, of a different totem, instead of kubbotha, three families out of the four descended from the first kubbi in the fourth generation would be kumbo and buta; but if, as above, ippai marries kubbotha, then the third generation being equally divided between two classes, the children of the fourth generation are equally divided between the other two.

The principles of equality and caste are combined in a most singular manner. With regard to intermarriage, the effect of the above rules is to prevent marriage with either a sister, a half-sister, an aunt, a niece, or a first cousin related both by the father's and the mother's side.

The foregoing names, with the classification and law founded upon them, extend far beyond the Kamilaroi tribes. In the Balonne River District there are four divisions of Kubbi, namely K. murrira, K. mute, K. duli, and K. gūlā (bandicoot); the Kumbo are K. dinoun and K. burrowun (a kind of kangaroo); the Murri are M. mute and M. maieri (padymelon); and the Ippai are I. bundar and I. nurai. Among the Wailwun there are four divisions of Murri,—M. murrira, M. mute, M. guru, and M. duli; three of Kumbo,—K. dinoŋ, K. nurai, and K. bundar; three of Ippai,—I. dinoun, I. nurai, and I. bundar; four of Kubbi,—K. murrira, K. mute, K. guru, and K. duli. Others among the Wailwun tribes have sixteen subdivisions, four in each class, with the totems (the same for each of the four classes), murūwi (kangaroo), ŋūri (emu), tđhūrū (brown snake), and kuraki (opossum).

And even where the names "ippai," &c., are unknown, the same system prevails. Over a large portion of Queensland, between Moreton Bay and Wide Bay, the following names are used for a similar purpose:—bārāy and bārāygun; bundār and bundārun; bandūr and bandūrun; derwain and derwaŋgun; the name in -gun or -un, being in each case the feminine of the foregoing. Many, if not all, of the Aborigines have other names in addition to those they take by descent. Thus, on the Barwan, one "Ippai nurai" is called also "Kurai brūddhin muniyē" (duck's feather). An "Ippatha dinoun" is called "yaddai yunderi" (opossum cloak). A Wirairai man is surnamed "tarratalu" (speared in the shoulder); his son is "Yippummele" (an eagle looking all round); another is "Thugerwun" (a turtle). They give names to Englishmen who become known to them. Thus they call one gentleman "Dungumbir" (the rain-maker); another "Wolumbiddi" (large head); another "Tarunderai" (great legs and arms). Billy, Mr. Dangar's shepherd, is "Kumbo dinoun," with the surname "Bīnberuge," meaning broke his leg by a fall from his horse. Among the Wailwun tribes one Kubbi tđhuru is also called "Kuakumbōan," another is "Ŵūluman" (bald), from the bald hill where he was born. An Ippai tđhuru is "Dhīnawurai" (crooked foot). A King, a Murri, is also called "Dinabukul." A woman—Butha tđhuru—is "Mugumilla" (blind); another is called "Winaliwurai" (lame); another is "Wullubungubia" (grey-headed).

Among the Kōgai blacks to the westward of the Balonne River, the names are—

Instead of ippai and ippatha—urgilla and urgillagun.

Instead of murri and mata—wungo and wungōgun.

Instead of kubbi and kubbotha—obūr and obūrūgun.

Instead of kumbo and buta—unburri and unburriḡun.

There are five names in use among the *men* about Wide Bay, viz., bundar, derwain, balkoin, tandōr, bārāy.

At Moreton Bay, the wife (not the sister) of a "derwain" is "derwaŋgun;" the son of a "bandūr" is "derwain"; the son of a "baraŋ" also is "derwain." Sometimes the son of a "derwain" is "bundar." Sometimes the son of a "derwain" is called "baraŋ." Brothers bear the same name.

Among the Pikumbul tribe, on the Macintyre, "Yuluma" (black kangaroo) is a totem. Henry Rose, for twenty-two years a faithful servant of Mr. Christian, on the Mooki, is Ippai yuluma; his father and mother were Murri and Kubbotha yuluma.

On the Narran the divisions are—I. (1) Murri and Matha duli, (2) M. and M. mute, (3) M. and M. maieri; II. (4) Kumbo and Butha bundar, (5) K. and B. nurai, (6) K. and B. kujunālu (bandicoot); III. (7) Ippai and Ippatha bundar, (8) I. and I. nurai; IV. (9) Kubbi and Kubbotha duli, (10) K. and K. maieri.

The relative position of brothers and of sisters is marked by a singular nomenclature. There is no word in Kamilaroi meaning simply "brother," but one for "elder brother," another for "younger brother." Daiādi is elder brother; gullami is younger brother. Of six brothers the eldest has five gullami and no daiadi; the youngest has five daiadi and no gullami; the fourth has three daiadi and two gullami. Of eight sisters the eldest (who is boādi to all the rest) has seven buri and no boādi; the youngest has seven boadi and no buri; the third has two boadi and five buri.

The Rev. Lorimer Fison, Missionary of the Wesleyan Church in Fiji, on seeing these rules of marriage, descent, and relationship, said they contained the principles of the "Tamil," a system which prevails among the Tamil tribes of India, among the Fijians, and among the North American Indians.

Subjoined are the eight characteristics of "Tamil," compared severally with illustrations of the Australian system.

I. In Tamil, A being a male, his brother's children are considered as his own children, his sister's children are his nephews and nieces; his sister's grandchildren, as well as his brothers, are considered as his grandchildren. So in the above system, Kumbo Nurai's brother is also Kumbo nurai. They marry women of the same name. Each marries a Matha; each Matha's children are Kubbi and Kubbotha; so that each man's brother's sons and daughters have the same names as his own sons and daughters. But Kumbo's sisters are Butha, and their children are Ippai and Ippatha. And, as seen in the genealogy, the grandchildren of Kumbo and Butha, brothers and sisters, have the same names.

II. In Tamil, A being a female, her sister's children are her sons and daughters. Her brother's children are her nephews and nieces. Her brother's grandchildren, as well as her sister's grandchildren, are her grandchildren. Taking Butha nurai, instead of Kumbo nurai, in the above rule I, it will be seen that her sister's children have the same names as her own, while her brother's children have different names, and the same names return in the grandchildren.

III. All A's father's brothers are A's fathers. All A's mother's sisters are A's mothers. So Kumbo's father's brothers are, like his father, Kubbi; and Kumbo's mother's sisters, like his mother herself, are all Ippatha.

IV. All A's father's sisters are A's aunts, and A's mother's brothers are his uncles. So Kumbo's father's sisters are Kubbotha, while his mother is Ippatha. His mother's brothers are Ippai, his father is Kubbi.

V. The children of A's father's brothers, and of his mother's sisters, are A's brothers and sisters. The children of A's father's sisters, and of his mother's brothers, are his cousins. So in the Australian system, the children of two or more brothers have the same names; and the children of two or more sisters have the same names; but the children of a brother and a sister must have different names. Thus the children of several Ippais are all Murri and Matha; the children of several Ippathas are all Kumbo and Butha. But the children of an Ippai have not the same names as the children of his sister Ippatha.

VI. A being a male, the children of his male cousins are his nephews and nieces, the children of his female cousins are his sons and daughters. This rule and the Australian rule coincide at some points. Thus, in the pedigree given above, Ippai and Ippatha are the cousins of Kubbi. Ippai's children have different names to those of Kubbi; and Ippatha's children, like her cousin Kubbi's, are all Kumbo and Butha.

VII. All brothers of A's grandfathers and grandmothers, are his grandmothers. All sisters of his grandfather and grandmothers are his grandmothers. So Kumbo's grandfather by the father's side is Kumbo, and all brothers of that grandfather are Kumbo. Kumbo's maternal grandfather is Murri, so are that grandfather's brothers. Kumbo's paternal grandmother and her sisters are all Matha; his maternal grandmother and her sisters are all Butha.

VIII. In Tamil the elder brother is distinguished from all the rest by the title "brother." The Australian rule as to the use of the terms "daiadi" and "gullami" for brothers, and of "boadi" and "buri" for sisters, is more complex, but indicates some similarity of thought as to the distinction.

In reference to the above remarkable system of classification, marriage, descent, and relationship, I have been careful to test the accuracy of the rules, by obtaining independent statements from many Aborigines and half-castes, and comparing them together. Thus I am now able, with unhesitating certainty, to state that the system is as above described; and, while there are local variations in names and divisions, the rules are substantially the same all over the north-western parts of this Colony, and in a large portion of Queensland. And in the absence of any architectural monuments of antiquity among the Australian race, this all-comprehensive social classification and conservative marriage law may be regarded as constituting a memorial of the most significant character.



## RANDOM ILLUSTRATIONS OF ABORIGINAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.

FOR the most part, the blackfellows who have not come under the pernicious influence of the lazy and drunken habits which generally prevail over those that live near the towns are well formed and agile. On the Barwan I have seen some of the race of Murri over 6 feet high. As a rule, the smallness of the calf of the leg, especially when contrasted with a fine muscular development about the shoulders, detracts from their appearance; but some are really splendid models of symmetry and strength. The aspect of a troop of them on the march, armed, and coloured with red and yellow ochre, recalls the designation of the "noble savage." The portrait which forms the frontispiece to this work is a true picture of the aboriginal man of Australia. Some more intellectual and prepossessing countenances are to be found among them. But this man is an average specimen of thousands, without a touch of European culture or a scrap of adornment; but with muscular frames, and faces expressive both of energy and of some measure of thought.

There is a great variety in their countenances; some remind one of the Hindoo physiognomy; some are like the African negro; and it is no uncommon thing to find among the blackfellows at a station some bearing the names "Paddy" and "Sandy," given them in consequence of the characteristics of Irishmen and Scotchmen having been traced or fancied in their countenances. At Durundurun, near the Glass-house Mountains, Moreton Bay, I found a family with decidedly Hebrew physiognomy. It is a curious coincidence that these men call their race by the name "Dān." At the Bora Station, belonging to Mr. Orr, between the Namoi and the Castlereagh, a blackfellow came up, among others, whom I at once declared to be a good representative of the Jack Tars of Old England. There was certainly as much of the thorough English expression in his frank and daring countenance as of the Irish and Scotch expression in others. And Mr. Orr told me of a feat done by this blackfellow worthy of a British seaman. He was in the service of two white men at a solitary hut, when a band of hostile natives came up to kill them. This brave fellow stood in the doorway, and declared that they should never kill the white men till they had first killed him; and his firmness defeated their attempt.

There is a blackfellow on the Narran called among the whites "Peter," of whose power over his tribe the following example was told me, in 1871, by a squatter on the Barwan. A few weeks before my visit to Bundarbarina, two young men of the Narran River were condemned to death by the tribe for a violation of the marriage law, in taking women whose names marked them as not open to the choice of these men. The women who shared their crime were condemned to die also. But the two young men were in the service of squatters; and, as Peter wished to commend himself to the confidence and patronage of the white people, he resolved to save them. He therefore stood forward with his shield to meet the spears thrown at them by a number of the men of the tribe. The two women aided him in his defence; but the young men left him in the midst of the danger. Such were the skill and prowess of Peter that he came out unscathed. He warned the two cowards that if ever they offended again he would leave them to their fate.

Some time ago a blackfellow died on the Barwan, below Bourke; he was buried for two days. Then Tommy-Tommy and other blacks dug up the body, and skinned it. King Rory, who told me about it, though an old man, declared that he never heard of any other man being thus treated; he thought it was infamous. The wicked Tommy-Tommy keeps a bone of the dead man, and believes that he can kill any one by throwing this bone towards him.

A few years ago Rory being desirous to go with Mr. Sparke to the Raccs, was told that they could not go if it continued to rain; it was then raining heavily, with no prospect of fine weather. Rory cut bark here and there, and threw it on the ground, calling "pū-a! pū-a!" according to a custom he had learnt of his father. The rain ceased in time for him to go to the Raccs; and he told me that the blackfellows up in the Worrumbūl (Milky Way) had stopped the rain for him.

Rory was a young man, living on a plain 50 miles from the Barwan, when he first saw white men; he thought they were wunda (ghosts); he ran away when he first saw a horse. After that a white man came and lived a long time among the blacks; Rory made fishing-nets for him. This white man had very long hair and beard; he returned up the Namoi for Sydney.

Henry Rose, by birth Ippai Yuluma, the son of Murri and Kubbotha Yuluma, of the Pikumb tribe, on the Macintyre River (in Queensland, near the border of this Colony), has been twenty-five years in the service of Mr. Christian, on Liverpool Plains, and a good trustworthy servant he has proved himself. This man told me that, when he was a very little boy, some of his tribe having committed robbery, the black police were

sent to "disperse" them. Poor little Ippai hid himself in the prickly scrub; and from his hiding-place saw the black police cut off with their swords the heads of men and women; he did not then know what the swords were, having never seen anything like them; he also saw these policemen take up little children by their feet and dash their brains out against the trees. That is the way British authority has been enforced in many cases by the black police—a force armed for the maintenance of the peace.

As an instance of the way in which power is sometimes transferred among the tribes, Mr. Honery related the following incident:—A king or chief on the Barwan having sent his wife away for a time, when she came back with a baby he said it was not his, and beat her; he then killed the baby by driving a tomahawk into its head. The woman's brother coming up, and seeing what was done, speared the chief and killed him. Then the tribe, finding their chief killed, attacked the slayer; but on his telling what had taken place, some took part with him. In a fight, he and his partisans overpowered the avengers of the late chief; and having thus shown his superior prowess, he was recognised by the tribe as their king. He was well known to the colonists as "Wyaburra Jackey."

The people about the junction of the Hunter and the Iris give this account of the origin of Rivers:—Some blackfellows were travelling in search of water, and were very thirsty. One of them, with a tomahawk, cut a tree, in which there was a gulgūr (opossum's hole), and a stream flowed out which became a river.

The same people tell of a chief who sent some of his men to strip bark. They came back and told him they could not get any. These men had broken the laws, and for their sin a terrible storm came down upon them. The chief then took a tomahawk and stripped off a sheet of bark; he told his men to get under it. They said it was not large enough. Then he stretched it, and made it longer and broader. At last they all consented to go under it; he threw it down and killed them all.

The following vision of an aboriginal woman of the Wodi-wodi tribe was related to me by her niece, Mrs. Malone (half-caste):—Mary Ann (by that name the aboriginal woman was known to the colonists) fell into a trance and remained for three days motionless. At the end of that time Mrs. Malone's uncle let off a gun which awoke her out of the trance. She then told her friends that she had seen a long path, with fire on both sides of it. At the end of this path stood her father and mother, waiting for her. As she went on they said to her "Mary Ann, what brought you here?" She said "I don't know; I was dead." Her mother, whom she saw quite plain, said "You go back." And she woke.

When I first went down the Namoi, in 1853, I saw there an old blackfellow named Charley, of whom the early settlers told this narrative:—On the first occupation of that part of the country by squatters, Charley was the leader of a set of blackfellows who greatly annoyed them by spearing cattle. Many attempts were made to cut short Charley's career with a bullet; but he was too active to be overtaken, and too nimble to be made a target of. One day a stockman pursued him a long way with a pistol, but could not get a successful shot at him. Shortly afterwards the same stockman was travelling unarmed through the bush when his horse was knocked up, and he had to dismount and try to drag the weary brute after him. While he was in this plight a number of blackfellows suddenly sprang out of the bushes and surrounded him. At their head was Charley. The stockman thought he was now to die; but instead of spearing him, Charley addressed him in this manner: "You 'member blackfellow, you chase'm with pistol, you try shoot him. I that blackfellow, Charley! Now me say I kill you; then me say bel (not) I kill you; bel blackfellow any more coola (anger) 'gainst whitefellow; bel whitefellow any more coola 'gainst blackfellow! You give me 'bacca." So he made friends with the white men; and from that time was a useful neighbour and often servant to them—protecting their cattle and minding their sheep. Like many a blackfellow who was at first an enemy and afterwards a steady friend, Charley made the settlers know that his word could be relied on.

One common characteristic of the Aborigines of Australia, which ought not to be unnoticed, is their tender care for the blind, and especially for the aged blind. Dr. Creed (now of Scone) and other travellers on the northern coast of Australia have related instances of the care taken of the blind. They say that these afflicted people were the fattest of the company, being supplied with the best of everything. I also saw an old blind Murri, on the Balonne, who was treated with great attention by his tribe. He held a spear in his hand, and when he wanted guidance stretched it out for some one to take. Seeing him signalling for a guide I took the end of the spear for him; and all his friends joined in an approving laugh as the old man said to me "murruba inda" (good are you).

Many reminiscences of a higher kind might be produced from the several Mission Stations. When the present Bishop of Brisbane, Dr. Hale, then Bishop of Perth, in Western Australia, was coming to attend the General Conference, and to assist in forming the General Synod for the Church of England in Australia and Tasmania, he visited the Mission which he had established more than twenty years ago at Poonindie, Port Lincoln, and gave public and solemn expression to his confidence in the christian character of twenty-nine Aborigines there by administering to them the Communion of the Lord's Supper. The aboriginal congregation testified their gratitude to the Bishop, as the Founder of the Mission, by presenting to him a service of plate, which had cost them over £13.

One of the first-fruits of that mission was Daniel Tudhku, a native of the Murray River, who was for years a diligent workman, a devout worshipper, and a zealous promoter of the Gospel. The last character he fulfilled by visiting his countrymen, and bringing in all whom he could persuade to come and receive instruction at the station. When that man was on his death-bed, the ruling passion of his life was strongly expressed in his prayer that a mission might be established on the Murray, for the benefit of his tribe. At the last he gave a remarkable proof of his faith and patience:—As he was evidently in great pain, those who stood by expressed their concern for him, on which he said—“Oh! there’s no cause for impatience; this is the Lord’s doing; let him do what seemeth him good.”

Poor Harry! I must not end this chapter without a word or two about him. When I was preaching on the Upper Paterson, in 1851, he was working as a boy for Mr. Alexander Cameron, a highland farmer, then tenant of Gygallon, now cultivating his own property on the Dingo Creek, Manning River. Harry had been brought down from the Namoi to Maitland, about 400 miles, by some carriers; and found his way from Maitland up the Paterson. Cameron and his wife treated him very kindly, and he was content to stay with them and make himself useful. He used to come in with the small congregation that gathered in their house, to the evening service, once a fortnight. He was pleased at being recognised as one for whom the minister cared: and I found that by merely acting on the rule—“honour all men”—treating him as a fellow-creature, I had won his friendship. About four years afterwards I met him in the district of his tribe, at Bungulgully, near the Namoi. He had heard of my coming and went out on the track to meet me. His countenance expressed his joy. He gave me help in learning Kamilaroi, and listened with earnest attention to my endeavours to express, in his native tongue, the thought, “murruba Immanuel; kamil yaragedul murruba yealokwai jerna” (good is Immanuel; there is not another good like him), and the facts that prove the truth of that assertion to a simple mind.

When I went down the Namoi in 1871, there was no one else of whom I thought so much as Harry of Bungulgully, my first and most hopeful friend among the Australian Aborigines. When I came to the place, I found that he had been accidentally killed. The curse of Aborigines, and settlers too, in many instances—rum—was the occasion of the accident. After drinking at a public-house till his brain was confused, he leapt on his horse and rode full gallop under a tree, with the arm of which his head came in contact. Poor Harry! it shall be more tolerable for thee in the day of judgment than for many who have abused greater advantages.

## A PARTING WORD FOR THE RACE OF MURRI.

THE recent history of the race into whose life and thoughts some glimpses are offered in the preceding pages is so entwined with that of the progress of the British people in Australia that it should not be difficult to awaken an interest in their behalf.

It has been the misfortune of the Murri and kindred tribes, as it was of the Carribee, the Delaware, and the Hottentot, to be found in the way of European colonization; and the Murri have not seen the white man take possession of their territory without many an attempt (by deeds of cunning and of blood) to stop the invasion and to avenge the injury. It would be easy to gather from the records of British colonization in Australia many instances of horrid crimes committed by the Aborigines. They are, in fact, partakers of the worst passions of human nature. But it must not be forgotten that among the people of British origin who have come to settle upon the land formerly occupied by Murri alone, have been some whose crimes against the Aborigines were at least equal in atrocity to theirs. In short, there has been war, and along certain lines of Australian territory there is still war, between the Colonists and the Aborigines. In this warfare cunning and ferocity have been developed; and the remembrance of what cunning and ferocity have done tends to make the Colonists slow to recognize any characteristics of an opposite kind in the blacks. There has been a tendency to seek reasons for believing that these people are not of the same species as ourselves. And even in a volume of Gospel Sermons the assertion has been, somewhat oracularly, published to the world, that for the Aborigines there is no immortality, that they have no idea of God, no devout feeling, nor any capacity for such thoughts and feelings.

It has, however been shown, in this book, out of their own mouths, from their songs and their cherished traditions, that they are by no means destitute of some qualities in which civilized men glory—such as the power of inventing tragic and sarcastic fiction, the thirst for religious mystery, stoical contempt of pain, and reverence for departed friends and ancestors. It may even be affirmed, with some reason, that they have handed down with reverential care, through many generations, a fragment of primeval revelation. The manner in which they have displayed these characteristics presents to us such a strange mixture of wisdom and folly, of elevating and degrading thoughts, of interesting and of repulsive traditions, of pathetic and grotesque observances,—that, in order to account for the apparent contradictions, we must have recourse to the supposition of an ancient civilization from which this race has fallen, but of which they have retained some memorials.

The dark side of this people has not been concealed in this book. Their degrading customs and their brutal crimes have been spoken of. A very large book might be filled with instances in which Australian Aborigines have exercised the nobler qualities of man, as faithful servants and true friends of Europeans. In no branch of the Human Family can there be found more convincing proofs of gratitude and affection. Many a settler and traveller could relate instances of blacks who, when once assured that a white man was their friend indeed, held to him in danger and distress with unalterable attachment. The faithfulness with which Jacky Jacky attended the explorer Kennedy in his last hours, which has been commemorated by the Muses of History and Painting, is by no means a solitary case of devoted attachment.

Many a lost English child has been saved from a miserable end in the bush by the earnest and clever search of aboriginal trackers; many a colonist has been rescued from the floods by aboriginal swimmers; and many a time has the poison injected by a snake-bite been sucked from a wounded settler by a blackfellow. There have been instances at different mission stations, of Aborigines who manifested in their lives a good understanding of the principles of the Christian Faith, and a conscientious resolution to fulfil its obligations. As for the artistic part of worship, a congregation assembled in St. Phillip's, one of the episcopal churches of Sydney, has heard approvingly the sacred music of the service, without knowing until afterwards the fact that an aboriginal organist was leading their devotions.

Hitherto, it must be confessed, British colonization has done much to destroy, and British Christianity has done little to save, the Aborigines of Australia. Sometimes effort for their good is discouraged by the anticipation of their speedy extinction. But this too popular theory of the speedy extinction of the Aboriginal race must be modified, if not negated by such a sight as I have seen, and as may still be seen in some parts of New South Wales,—an assembly of hundreds of them, including dozens of hoary heads, and dozens of infants at the breast.

When the Christianity we profess has become a living and a ruling power in the British Australian community,—when the questions concerning different ecclesiastical traditions and rules, which at present engross too large a proportion of our zeal, have given place to a supreme desire that the will of God may be done upon earth,—it will be one of the objects which the Australian Church will seek with the most intense earnestness, to convey to the remnant of the race of Murri and to their kindred, from Cape York to Cape Leuwin, the knowledge of the love of Him who gave himself a ransom for all.