

Hearing the sitting-room door open I looked up; a black head was popped in and out again. So ugly was the object that I gave an involuntary scream and covered my face, a proceeding which evidently caused amusement, for the owner of the cranium now showed itself, making a low guttural hissing sound, meant for a laugh. Ashamed of myself, I ventured to look up again, and was introduced by my landlady to the queen of a tribe then at Bannalla, said to be *handsome*. Fancy a black woman, with hair long and stiff, hanging like porcupine's quills over her shoulders, no forehead, eyes long and half closed, broad nose, mouth from ear to ear, with the contrast of beautifully white and even teeth, and you will have the picture of a handsome Aborigine—quite a belle. She was pleased with G., who, wiser than her mother, saw nothing to be frightened at in her, and made friends accordingly. Of course she was civilized. In their native state, as I afterwards saw them, they are a very repulsive people, said to be the lowest of the human race, wearing very little clothing, and subsisting upon grubs, worms, beetles, roots, herbs, and indeed anything they can pick up, and having many curious superstitions, dreading graves, and in some tribes never using them, laying out their dead upon a sort of stretcher, raised on four posts, and letting it rot away. The moaning of the wind through the forest is supposed to be voices of the dead, and fills them with horror. Their habits are so degrading, that any white person found living with them, is severely punished by law. Though ingenious, and apt to learn; they are intensely cruel and treacherous. One man who had been much with them came to live at the Ovens, where he kept a "sly grog" tent. One of our camp servants, named Barney, having been drugged and robbed of his purse, watch and chain, by him, came to papa and informed. The