

travelled but little, and was cheerfully supported by his two gins, or, in other words, by two of the female aborigines. He refused or was unable to account for the fate of the two men that left the camp with him in 1803, indeed, some persons entertained notions on this head that rendered his appearance amongst the white population not very agreeable. And he very soon displayed a spirit of antagonism with the whites; and, in fact, stated one day when hard pressed, that he should rejoice if the whites could be driven away, he did not care how, so that the aborigines could have the country to themselves again."

Those who know Mr. Fawkner's strong opinions upon men and things, and his very independant mode of expressing those opinions, will be less surprised at the harshness of his judgment upon Buckley. Mr. Wedge takes the view of Batman concerning him, saying, "We were indebted to him for the friendly feeling that was maintained with the natives." Mr. Wedge in his report to Government at the close of 1835, gives some other particulars of this strange man's history, which he then obtained from him, but which do not quite coincide with some other descriptions. He says that Buckley had no children, that he was six feet six inches in height, that he was found on July 12th, that it was not until the lapse of ten or twelve days he could speak tolerably, and that "nothing could exceed the joy he evinced at once more feeling himself a free man, received again within the pale of civilized society." His narrative of the wedding tale is, that when the blacks gave Buckley a wife, he discovered that a dark gentleman was the object of her worship, and at once relinquished his claim upon so faithless a partner; the tribe resented this insult to their judgment, and speared both the lady and her lover.

Mr. Gardiner gives a ludicrous description of his ungainly figure on horseback; no suitable stirrups could be found for his wide feet. His matted hair gave him a very savage appearance. The eldest daughter of Mr. Batman had the honor of making his first shirt, which was of linen, and of enormous dimensions, containing we know not how many yards of stuff, with an awful amount of stitching. But no account of this wonderful hero of Port Phillip story can exceed in interest and truthfulness the following from the journal of an original settler, Nathaniel Goslyn, "the man that helped Wellington to conquer the world," as he tells us, and now a very aged inmate of the Hospital at Geelong, and a worthy object of Colonial kindness. We had per-