

declare it was not an uncommon practice to shoot them to supply food for their dogs." Females were not only the object of their lust, but of their barbarity. The lash and the chain were the harsh expedients of their savage love.

Lemon, one of the leaders of the bushrangers, fearing that the natives would disclose their retreats, bound them to trees and used them as targets. These barbarities led to numerous murders of the whites; but certainly the whites, even the soldiers, who cast one of their infants into the flames, and a bushranger who cut off the head of a woman's husband, strung it round her neck, and made her walk before him, could not be exceeded in atrocious conduct by the barbarians.

Mr. Bonwick, in his narrative, sums up the determination of the blacks to scatter blood, conflagration, death, and ruin throughout every district of the Colony; so, for some time afterwards, blood was freely shed, and homesteads were doomed to the flames. Inquests were held daily, and country property had fallen in value to zero.

A Government proclamation was issued in 1826 referring to these outrages, and giving instructions how to act, but all these proclamations, however well intended, were no better than waste paper.

The savage, unrelenting and revengeful, proceeded at once to the great black war. Two natives were captured and executed, while some thirty-seven other persons were sentenced to death at the same Sessions. It was proposed to give up one district to the blacks, but this could not be accomplished, as they could not be confined to any boundary.

Black Tom was catechised by the Governor, and replied, "Your stock-keepers kill plenty of blacks." "But," said the Governor, "you kill men, women, and children." "White men kill plenty of men, women, and piccaninny." "We want to be friendly to you." Tom, laughing, said, "All the same as white man, you catch it and kill it." On hearing the proclamation read, Tom, laughing, said, "You make proclamation, ha, ha, ha! I never see that foolish. When he see dat he can't read, who tell him?" "You tell him, Tom." "No, me like see you tell him yourself. He soon spear me."

Here is a savage not destitute of human intellect. The Governor must have felt that he met more than his match.

As the blacks could not read, as Tom said, sign-boards were put up exhibiting blacks spearing whites, and then hanging to a tree; the Governor, with a cocked-hat and uniform, with soldiers superintending; white women nursing black babies. How the blacks must have been convulsed with fun, and turned all into a corroboree!

Then came the Line scheme. Captain Welsh and Mr. G. A. Robinson succeeded even at this early period in opening friendly intercourse with one tribe, but this seems to have been objected to, as not driving the natives far enough away.

We must now introduce some noted characters, Mosquito, and Black Jack, his colleague. The former was a native of New Holland, of great physical powers, vigorous intellect, and of indomitable will. The other, Jack, was able to read and write. When taking to the bush, he exclaimed, "I'll kill all the whites"; and Mosquito had associated with convicts in New South Wales, and adopted all their vices of drinking and swearing. An associate of Mosquito's, known by the settlers as Bulldog, and he cruelly ill-used and then murdered a woman; then ripped up the body of the woman to destroy the infant. For want of evidence they were simply transported—Mosquito to Van Diemen's Land in 1813. He was there employed to track bushrangers, a kind of blood-hound, but the constables, his associates, became jealous of his skill; he was therefore sent away to Hobart Town; and there became head and leader of the mob, who hung about the town. He lived with several women, whom he employed for various purposes, but one Gooseberry, a superior woman, was his chief wife. He murdered her in a fit of jealousy. The monster cut off the breasts of one of his gins, because she would suckle her infant against his will. He sent his blacks to rob and slaughter. He and his people kept the land in a state of terror. They spared neither age nor sex, while it was impossible to catch them in the trackless wilderness. He induced a native civilized lad to join his party, but he was soon captured and sentenced to Macquarie Harbour, the Tasmanian hell, but escaped, and was afterwards employed by the Government as a black tracker.

The outrages of these men were terrible, and a party of soldiers and officers was formed to destroy them. In their search they came upon a black party, stole on them at night, fired into them volleys, and killed and wounded several. A sergeant seized a child, saying, "If you are not mischievous now, you will be," and dashed the child's brains out against a tree. Both parties became alike ferocious. Mosquito was captured at length, being badly wounded, and, with Black Jack, tried at Hobart Town. Mosquito was found guilty, Black Jack not guilty, but the latter was tried on a second charge of murder, and both were