DAISY BATES PAPERS.

Section 17 - Articles from The children's newspaper, My Magazine and Arthur Mee's 1,000 heroes.

The children's newspaper.

1. The little group of blackfellows... 12 Nov. 192.1. Typescript.
2. The stone age man coming on. 24 Dec. 1927. "
4. A creature of the great plain. 12 May 1923. "
5. On the fringe of a civilised world. 9 June " "
6. The chase of thirty wild men. 8 Sept. " "
7. Russian Jack. 15 " "
9. Heroes of a backward race. 10 June " "
10. The first train to Alice Springs. 3 Aug. " "
15. Mountains like men walking. 10 July " "
17. A sad little sight: the cannibals arrive. 10 Sept. " "
18. The blind burrower, arru-jarru-ju. 22 Oct. " "
19. The magic bones. 9 Sept. 1933. "
20. Our lady of the wilds. 4 Nov. " "
23. Now there are seven. 19 May " "
24. A white man among the blackfellows. 1 Sept. " "
31. A cannibal's conscience. " " (3 copies)
32. A woman alone: 6 years of great drought. " "
33. Children in the stone age. " "
34. Goodbye to her lonely world: Mrs. Bates leaves her tent. " "
35. Brave and happy folk: a German colony in the British Empire. " "
36. Daisy Bates pitches her tent again. " "

My Magazine.

37. What a romantic Empire it is. 3p. Nov. 1926. Typescript.
38. How the crane got his red legs. Mar. 1927. "
39. The white lady of the black world. May 1927. "
40. The amazing case of Australia. 1929, no.228 "
41. The aborigines and their ways. Mar. 1929. "
42. The roaming wild folk in the heart of Australia. Apr. " Typescript.
43. The pioneers of the Australian wilds. Nov. " "
44. An old man's memory in the heart of a continent. June 1930. "
45. The aeroplane and the cannibal pass by. July " Clipping.

Arthur Mee's 1,000 heroes.

47. These two walked a thousand miles. p. 645 Typescript.
49. Their tales will live when their race is dead. p.1807-1810 issue no.30.
These two walked a thousand miles
From Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes, p. 645

Nabbari belonged to a native nomad tribe whose home was in the wilds of Central Australia. She had never seen a book or a railway train or a white man's house, but she was leaped in the lore of her wandering people and this was enough to take her, alone with her little lame boy, across the heart of an unknown land.

There had been a quarrel and a wild commotion in her tribe, and during the frenzy her husband had been carried off. Perhaps he was killed and eaten. Nabbari never knew, but she knew beyond all doubt that her husband was dead and that she and her son were in danger.

She went and hid the child.

While she was in hiding her people rose up and went on a long food trek, southward. Nabbari knew that for her boy's sake she must be with her relatives.

As soon as instinct told her it was safe to move she set off to follow the tribe. She had heard of their goal - a far-off place called Golden Water.

All that Nabbari had for equipment when she left the scene of the camp on Kingana water was a wooden scoop for digging out animal burrows, a pointed digging stick, and a lighted fire stick.

Her little boy, called Marburning, had a broken spear to help him in his lameness. So these two set off alone on a journey of unexplored direction and length.

Nabbari had two guides - her instinct for direction and her skill in following tracks. Like all native Australians she could strike toward any point of the compass as straight as a bird.

For a few weeks the track led her through country she recognised. After that she stood on the threshold of the unknown - that small face, with matted hair hanging over the brows, like a fly fringe on a horse, stood looking out across a land that had no beginning and no end.

This journey that no white man with the same material equipment could have achieved was the crowning test of her accumulated lore and native courage.

So long as her child lived she felt that she must not turn back, that she must go on till she found her people. Her chief concern was food; after that in keeping herself hidden; after that in obeying the various taboos of her tribe.

She studied the ground day by day as an astronomer nightly studies the stars. There were both old and new tracks made by her wandering tribe. Nothing escaped that intent face; and the child following her, watching, learned lessons that explorers and pioneers would give much to know. He helped in the food hunt, looking for marks that told where he would find honey or white ants, beetles, grubs that would do for food when birds and animals failed.

The two caught rabbits, bandicoots (large rats), lizards, iguanas, foxes, even dingoes. Every animal track was followed up, for to Nabbari everything that could be killed could be eaten.

Marburning kept a dingo puppy, and the little thing went with them on their way.

Their path followed that which Nabbari spelled out on the uncharted ground, and as the first instinct of any tribe is to keep near water it was an oddly twisting path; but all the time it made southward. When for the sake of water Nabbari forsook it she had no peace till she had struck it again. In very dry districts she knelt by rock holes, tied grass on a stick, and sponged up the precious liquid.

For water she was constantly on the watch. Certain marks - a broken bush, a stone in a tree, a long rush pointing in a special direction, told her their tale; and according to the signs she read she followed straight on or made wide detours. There was always with her the vivid fear of crossing a taboo mark. No matter how thirsty she was she must go round until she could avoid that. For if she crossed another tribe's taboo mark she would be hunted down by them and killed.

There were signs which told her when the tribe who had once drunk at certain waters had abandoned them. These she called orphaned water, and after she had drunk these she would give her little death wail and go straight away.

She was, above all, anxious not to trespass on ground sacred to the religious rites of some other tribe, and would make a detour of weeks to avoid this. Now and again she and her boy came upon
the scenes of old fights, with their cannibal feasts; and Nabbari learned from the footprints who were the killers and who the victims.

So she went southward with her child, like two specks in a vast waste, seeing nothing human, as the hundreds of miles rolled on, always on the look-out for the unknown, and frightened when she saw it. She was terribly frightened when her feet crossed a track where a man on a camel or a horse had once gone by. She had never seen a white man, camel, or horse, and from these traces she fled in abject fear.

Her greatest ingenuity was spent in hiding herself and trying to hide her tracks. A breakwind of branches, disposed as only a native who wishes to hide from his own kind can place them, made a screen for the wanderers at night. When they rose in the swamp and spinifex country they sheltered beside spinifex clumps.

Four seasons passed over the heads of the wanderers before they came to their journey's end. Nabbari had made marks on her stick for every sandhill crossed. She could not count the fires she had made, but she had never let her stick go out; she knew it was forbidden to women to make fire; that is man's work. She found it impossible to remember how many times she had carried her boy on her shoulders when his lameness was hurting him badly. And they had come very near starvation once, when in following her tribe's track Nabbari had halted at a place where all the food of any kind had been eaten up, and there was nothing left but some patches of grass seed.

At last the two came on the jumble of hills in the hollow of which lies Coldea Water, and from one of these Nabbari looked down into the great plain which was the home of the great man eating snake, the railway. But all round, on hill and valley, were the fresh tracks of those she knew, and she was aware she was not far from the camp of her people.

The little white dots on the edge of the plain that were the houses of settlers had no meaning for her. She took courage, however, to light a little fire and make a "woman smoke" signal.

Some of her people saw it and went out to greet her, and took her to the camp.

It happens that the place of the camp was not far from the home of a settler who is a trusted friend of the natives, Mrs. Daisy Bates. Nabbari was made to go to see the friend of her people, and by degrees Mrs. Bates got the story from her.

Mrs. Bates worked it out that Nabbari had walked a thousand miles in leading her boy to safety, and she thought that such a story should not be lost.
Mrs DAISY BATES

SHE SITS ON THE EDGE OF CIVILISATION

No other woman has done what she has done. She is one of the most courageous and remarkable women in the world. For over a generation she has been helping the most primitive race still left on Earth, the Aborigines of Australia; for over 20 years she has been living alone in a tent among them.

She is a woman of a noble spirit, great ability, and much independence of mind. She has a passionate love of England and all its scenes and sounds and quiet restfulness; yet with sublime self-sacrifice she has given up her country and all the rest of the world’s enjoyments to help the most backward fragment of human race, still in a state of savagery and recurrent cannibalism. She is not only young enough or strong to do without the comforts of civilisation, but there she is, still in her tent on the rim of the great Nullarbor Plain, alone and unafraid. Far and wide the natives know of her, and to her they come when they are ill or in want. She knows their languages, their rituals, their inherited traditions, their capacities and incapacities, better than anyone else in the world. She is convinced that theirs is a vanishing race, a people of the Past with no Future, yet she stays on to ease their Present and to act as a buffer between them and their first contact with civilisation.

In 1889 she left her work as a journalist on the staff of W. T. Stead to live with her husband on a cattle station in Western Australia. The daughter of a sporting Irish family, she was well equipped for life in the outbacks, but from the first she was much besides a rancher with cattle counted by the thousand; she was a scientist, an observer, and a student with a capacity for languages. The problem of the Aborigines, the contact of Stone Age Man with our 20th-century civilisation, enthralled her. She picked up many of the dialects spoken by the constantly moving tribes, and obtained a knowledge of this black race and eventually an influence over the wanderers which seemed to them like magic.

In 1904 she was invited by the Government of Western Australia to write a history of the native tribes, and for eight years she visited every town and settlement and district where a group of natives could be found. Wherever she went she found their numbers decreasing. There was no cruelty on the part of the white man, but it was impossible for the two pioneers to live side by side. The white and in fencing them in barred off the hole tracks which led from water and river to the ground they had ploughed up the roots that had been their food, the native birds and animals began to decline; the black men, born hunters, could not take to agriculture, and soon they were lying down and dying.

In 1910 she went on a special Commission to observe the hospital treatment of sick and diseased Aborigines on the islands of one side for this purpose, Dorre for men, Bernier Island for women.

A wild sea raced between the mainland and the islands, and the terrified natives were being taken to hospital were almost mad with fear and sea-sickness. It was typical of Mrs Bates that though she, too, was suffering from violent sea-sickness she felt she must do something to calm them. Remembering Mark Tapley in the old screw immigrant ship, she crawled over to the hold where the black men lay and let them see her in the same distress. Many of
then already knew and trusted her, and
their terror subsided.

It was at these island hospitals that she
learned the futility of trying to treat the
primitive people in the same
way as civilised ones. There
was a skilled surgeon and there
were trained nurses. The
patients were well fed, warmed,
clothed, and tended with the
utmost sympathy and goodwill. Yet one after the other
they died, losing heart and
even the will to live in this
strange clean world, away from
their own people. During the
months Mrs Bates was on the
islands she set up a post office
between the patients and their
families on the mainland. The
letters were notched little
sticks with primitive man’s
messages. Each sender would
tell her what the message was,
and when she gave up the
letter she would hear the
message confirmed by the
receiver. Their joy in these letter-sticks
was pathetic.

Sometimes as she sat by a sick-bed she
would learn the end of some tribal story
whose beginning she had heard in a far-off
inland camp. When rain was wanted she
would learn the story of the rain totem groups. She learned
that a sick native must be kept tranquil and
happy. The invalid must not be worried,
fussed, bathed, or washed if it irritated
him. Some time later, when these island
hospitals had been abandoned, Mrs Bates
was able to put her ideas into practice. An
epidemic of measles struck the town of
Katanning, near one of her camps, and the
infection was brought to the camp. She had forty
patients, men, women, and
children, on her hands, and
she pulled every one through. She left them in
their own bush shelters and kept them tranquil and
cheerful. If Ngooinguila
wanted to visit No’tuman
to have a little gossip, she
wrapped a blanket round
her and took her along; and if Weerijan wanted a white
nightgown to “make her better” she got the white
nightgown and was better. She made up songs about
emus and kangaroos taking
medicine; she made them
laugh at each other, and
they recovered.

Her book was finished in
1912, with Dr Andrew Lang’s
revisions, but a new Gover-
ment came into power and
would not undertake its
publication. The manu-
script was returned to her
to publish at her own ex-
 pense, but by that time she
had realised the dire need
of the surviving groups for
her constant help. She de-
decided that the only way
to help this dying race was to
camp among them, tend
their sick and feeble, urge them to keep
their own laws, and protect them as far as
possible from themselves and the occa-
sional whites who were far from being the
highest representatives of civilisation.

Her husband having died, she sold her
station and travelled wherever she heard of
restlessly wandering Aboriginal tribes, which
still come here from far north of the Great
Plain never to return to their own waters.
She has lived here 17 years in a tent and
a bough shed encircled by a high breakwind.
She must walk a mile to get water and carry
it a mile home, though she is now nearly 70.
some of this water is always put out for the
little finches and other birds whose chattering
and splashing cheer her solitude. Some-
times the thermometer registers 112 in her
tent. A year or two ago she was so ill that
she thought she was going to die, and there
was no one to nurse her. Day after day she
got up to make her bed and her tea, and
then she went to bed again, too feeble for
more. The Governor-General went by in a
train at the time and sent a message, as
other holders of the office had done before,
asking her to be at the station to meet him,
but she was too ill to go. Ever in her
memory are the sights and sounds of
England, the primroses and the church bells,
velvet lawns and the song of birds; but

The year the war drums started rolling
in Europe she came into South Australia
from Eucla, travelling by camel buggy across
the southern edge of the Great Nullarbor
Plain. Five times she pitched her camp
along the edge of this Plain which no man,
white or black, had dared to cross till
Edward John Eyre made the journey with
infinite toil and danger in 1840. Her fifth
camping ground was Ooldea, which she
reached in 1917 and has never left. She
stopped her camel cart here because Ooldea,
a mile from the great railway linking South
and Western Australia, would provide her
with permanent water and was a centre
frequented from time immemorial by the
restlessly wandering Aboriginal tribes, which
came to her tent a woman who had eaten her own baby, for cannibalism still breaks out occasionally among these people, and Mrs Bates is at the lowest and wildest end of the Aborigines question. A mountain has been called by her name, but she is more pleased with the name the natives have for her. To them she is Kabbarli, the Grandmother, as stern sometimes as Mother Nature herself, for she does not believe in giving a healthy young native a bit of food or a scrap of cloth.

"You must hunt or work if you would live," she will say to such a one. But she feeds the children and some of the women, and nurses the old folk with tenderness. She uses the Bushman's own medicines when she nurses a native, declaring that ours are not suited to him any more than is our form of life. He belongs to the hinterland, and there he must remain or die.

She is the one woman who knows the signs which reveal the doings and purposes of the natives, and she can talk to them in 188 of the dialects they have evolved. She knows their laws and the customs of nearly all their tribes. They have brought their sacred totems to her to guard; they have invited her to ceremonies which none of their own women may attend.

There is something very romantic in the thought of this white-haired woman sitting at the door of her tent listening to a group of black men who seek her advice, not as a powerful stranger but as one of the tribe, a wise elder of the race. She has an accumulation of material which some day she hopes to have the opportunity of putting into book form, to be a lasting record when the race has gone.

When a fire, which had been started by a careless Bush boy one Christmas time, threatened to sweep over her camp, her great fear was that these precious manuscripts might be destroyed. She buried them deep in the sand, and then spent her Christmas beating out the flames, working for hours.

She wears the same shirt-blouse, high collar, tie, and long skirt that women wore thirty years ago, but there is nothing old-fashioned about her ideas. She keeps abreast of modern thought and the world of events, and is a brilliant talker. She writes us long and remarkable letters, and has long been a correspondent of the Children's Newspaper on the edge of Barbarism. What time she can save from the carrying of water and the continuous hard work of camp life she must spend in writing articles to help to fill her cupboard, for she has spent nearly all she had on her adopted blacks.

Three enchanted weeks she had at the end of 1933, when the Government invited her to Canberra to advise on the Aborigines question. Not only did the invitation hearten her with the assurance that the value of her work was recognised, but it meant, after all those years, three weeks of life as she used to know it, with her own kind around her.

The thing she loved most was to hear church bells again. The visit over, she returned to her tent, but she had not long to wait before the first day of 1934 saw her name in our Honours List. As a Commander of the British Empire her name is now for ever linked with the Empire whose most faithful and courageous servant she has been through all these years.

The editor of a newspaper receives through the post little pictures of life from the ends of the Earth, but we wonder if any contrast could be greater than the beginning and the ending of the letters Daisy Bates has been sending all these years to an editor in Fleet Street.

They come to a desk at the hub of the world from a tent in the great solitude of the Ooldea Plain. There this brave woman sits, with an intense love of England and an intense longing to see it once again, but with an intense love of this dying race of Blackfellows, and an intense longing to give them a friendly hand as they emerge from their barbaric world at the edge of civilisation. Year after year she has lived in her tent, alone for a generation, faithful to God and to mankind, faithful to our Empire and the Flag and the spirit that sustains it, faithful to these poor people of a dying race.

She has in her something of the spirit of Joan and much of Florence Nightingale, and she is overflowing with the spirit of her Master, Whom she serves.
Their Tales Will Live When Their Race Is Dead

Many are the stories garnered in a tent on the edge of the Great Central Plain of Australia, where an elderly white woman, a hero herself, lives alone among the Aborigines. The story of Mrs Daisy Bates has already appeared in these pages. Here we give three from the store she has collected during her thirty-years vigil over a dying race. Joobaitch’s capture of a convict she heard from his own lips, when he was an old man.

Away in the wilder and more remote parts of the Northern Territory of Australia, nearly 250 miles from the nearest white settlement, a mounted policeman with a few black trackers was sent out to arrest four natives who had raided a fencer’s hut.

It may seem a small offence, but every white man trying to make a living out of prospecting, dingo trapping, or hunting for kangaroo skins, has but a small store of supplies between him and starvation.

The policeman and his trackers found the men. Fastening them to each other with chains round their necks (the most humane way, as it leaves hands free to protect eyes and body from vicious flies and mosquitoes) the mounted men set out to return to the Roper River settlement, the four prisoners walking beside them. But they reached the Roper River to find it in full flood, a raging, rushing stream, 50 or 60 feet deep. The officer loosed the prisoners from each other and told them to swim across, while he and his trackers rode their horses into the water.

The prisoners, good swimmers all, and the trackers safely reached the opposite bank; but the officer’s horse was caught in the violent swirling of the rising tide and overthrown, and before the white man could clear himself the struggling animal had kicked him unconscious. The current was carrying him quickly away to certain death when one of the prisoners named Nabor switched up the ends of his chain, wound them round his neck and body and, running down the bank, plunged once more into the swollen river. Reaching the unconscious man, he dragged him out of the dangerous current and brought him safely to land.

What passed between the Blackfellows then, trackers and prisoners, as the white man lay unconscious between them, will never be known; but Nabor, still holding his chains round him, suddenly ran off at full speed, not to escape, but to seek help from the Roper River missionaries over three miles away. He returned with some mission helpers, and as soon as the wounded man recovered the party proceeded on its way. At headquarters the officer reported his rescue. As the story got known many were the gifts of food and clothing showered on Nabor, and finally, through one official channel to another, the story reached England and the King, who conferred the Albert Medal on this Australian subject of his who had chosen to save his captor’s life rather than to escape. Only the ribbon was sent to Nabor; the medal was retained till such time as might enable him to wear it without it being snatched by some hooligan, or his being persuaded to part with it for a shilling or two by some unscrupulous white person.

In those unhappy days in the middle of last century, when Australia in her dire need for labourers requested the Home Government to send out convicts, Joobaitch’s Group, the aboriginal owners of what had become the colony’s capital of Perth, had already begun to dwindle to an appreciable extent.

Joobaitch’s father, by name Yalgunga, had been the first to greet Captain James Stirling’s young representative Lieutenant Irwin as he stepped out of the boat on to Perth territory, to shake him by the hand, and to offer him the beautiful spring beside which he and his family were sitting when they heard the sound of oars and saw what they thought at first to be a great white spirit returned from the home of the dead.
Arthur Mee's Thousand Heroes

Valgunga's son Joobaitch was born during the early convict governorship; and grew up in an atmosphere of kindliness, courtesy, and good feeling. He quickly learned to observe the laws of the Great White Spirit, and at the same time his father taught him their own ancient laws and customs, and he obeyed both all his life. His early years passed among the best of Britain's pioneers, and then came white men unlike his friends in high places, chained and guarded by policemen, and imprisoned at night in dark sleeping-places.

The coming of the convicts and the pioneer trackers who were their guards brought many kinds of evil, including illness of various kinds, which the native group caught and from which they died, whole families in a night. But Joobaitch was always about the Government house, loving to be made use of in any way by the Great White Spirit.

One day a very desperate convict named Daly escaped from the road gang and ran far through the bush till he came to the Darling Range. Policemen and trackers followed, but they returned without him. Then Joobaitch himself went to the magistrate and asked to be allowed to go alone and bring back Daly.

"But," said the magistrate, "you know he is a very big, powerful man and a bad one. You could never bring him back by yourself; will you go with the police and help to track him?"

"I think it better I go by myself," said Joobaitch. "Daly is in my country, for the Darling Range is part of our Kangaroo Totem-ground. I will find Daly and bring him back."

"But Daly is a desperate man."

"I am not afraid," said Joobaitch.

He took his club and spear and spear-thrower with him, not as weapons, but to kill his food on the way. Every little dell, gully, and waterhole of the ground was familiar to him, and soon he came on Daly's tracks, old tracks at first, then fresh ones. He saw the tracks become crooked as day after day the white man weakened and staggered along. Joobaitch followed slowly but surely, and each day when he caught some food and cooked it he put on one side a portion for the convict. Daly found Daly at last, lying exhausted in a deep gully almost dead from starvation.

He laid down his club and spear, and, taking some of the meat he had kept, he put it on his spear-thrower and held it out to Daly, who ate ravenously. Daly was near by, as the black man knew, though the white man had not found them. Daly could not walk, but Joobaitch brought him water and each day hunted for him and fed him, showing him how to make a fire with the blackboy flower stems, and how to cook wallaby, bird, and reptile.

And when Daly's strength came back to him, Joobaitch said, "Now we will go back to the Jang'ga—the white men."

"Not I," said Daly.

But Joobaitch quietly went on. Daly was well enough to go to the white men's place, but how? They made signs to him that there was no way, but then they thought of something.

"Would you like to be Government?" asked the Governor, meaning Would he like to take some definite office in the State? Daly was overjoyed. He was given some sort of uniform, and the Governor called him and said: "Some of your people are behaving very badly, and I think it is because they do not know the white Man's laws. You keep your own laws but you keep ours too. I appoint you to tell your people all about our laws and how we must punish white or black who breaks them."

And so it was that when his brother Yagan was shot for the murder of white men Joobaitch and his father kept their group from retaliating. Again, when his betrothed wife was abducted, and fled back to him for protection, he announced: "I am Government now and cannot kill the abductor;" and because his people knew him as the best spearman and spear-dodger in the South-West they did not call him coward. The elder among his people listened to him, but the younger ones were spoilt by bad white company. Daly, one by one they fell ill and died. In the end only Joobaitch was left, the last Blackfellow of the group who had once owned the Perth area.

When Bishop Hale arrived in Perth Joobaitch found a new friend, was baptised, and, greatly to his delight, attended the church as the Government. He walked straight all his life, was honoured by the whites and loved by his own people. He was over 70 when he died in 1907, on his own ground, and he had asked to be allowed to, "Do not take me to hospital," he begged; "I must die on my own ground where my people have died and gone to Koornanup, the home of all our dead which lies beyond the Western Sea."

One of the finest Australian natives passed out when Joobaitch took that journey to his heaven.

THERE were not wanting adventurous Englishmen and women in the early days of pioneer settlement in Western Australia. This was the home far beyond the reach of Government or any other help, dependent on intermittent sea traffic for their yearly supplies.

In those uncharted days many were the ships wrecked along the cruel west coast, and the outback pioneers would wait in vain for food and clothing at the rear of the sea. One day it was a sailing-ship which was wrecked somewhere between Carnarvon and Port Hedland, and only two sailors managed to reach shore. Both were young lads, both Scandinavians. They found themselves in a desolate patch of shifting sand-dunes, and, crawling to the top of a hilllock, they looked out hopefully over a long stretch of scant bushes and stony outcrops.

The younger of the two did not long survive. His mate tried to dig a hole for his burial, but was too weak. All he could do was to lie by the dead boy and keep the crow birds away for a little longer. Once he crept to the shore in a last desperate effort to find something to eat—anything. But there was nothing.

And all this time, on a hill a little higher than the others, hidden in the bushes, a party of natives was watching them. The black sailors heard the cries of the boy whose friend was dying, and they drew nearer, but still stayed hidden, for here was something strange. They watched the solitary sailor crawl to the shore, fall down exhausted, rise again, and fall back in despair. At last, seeing his utter helplessness, they dared to approach. They knew only too well the signs of great hunger, and they had with them food, for they had been on a fishing expedition farther along the coast. Into his mouth they pushed pieces of cooked fish and native roots, and they brought him water and tended him till he was able to move again.

Then they made signs to him that there were white men who slept away, a four days' journey. The lad at first could make nothing of their signs, but felt their kindness and tried to show his gratitude. At last he understood. They were going along the coast and wished to take him with them. He tried to walk, but fell exhausted after a few yards.

The natives consulted together and agreed that somehow they must get him to the white men's place, but how? They were naked, without even a shield to carry him on, and the young sailor had nothing but a few tatters of clothing. They settled the matter by carrying him in turns as far as they could. By the time they came to a hill a little higher they found themselves on a desolate patch of our Kangaroo Totem-ground. They settled the boy down, and one of them crawled to the shore, and soon they were on the beach facing a long stretch of the sea, with a few white men on a boat. They made signs to the man on the shore, and the boat came alongside. They tried to show that they wished to go to the white men's place, but how? They could not explain their signs properly, and the man on the boat could not understand. They slashed their wrists beneath him, and the lad threw an arm round the neck of each, while the rest of the small party were left free to hunt for food. At night they rested, ate, and slept, and next morning two others were ready with clasped wrists for ambulance.

How many days they travelled thus can never be known. The boy was weak throughout the journey and could do little. At the end of the third night they came to a group of white men who had landed on that dreary coast. Blackfellows, English, Scandinavian, none could understand the
other, and again the tale had to be told by
signs. When the white men realised all
that the natives had done they showed their
appreciation in every possible way, giving
them presents from their scanty stores.

But the natives took the whole affair
as a matter of course; they were glad the
white men were pleased, enjoyed the gifts;
but, laden as they had been with the white
sailor, changing their tasks of ambulance
and food-getting, and always sharing
liberally with the stranger, now that it
was over they seemed to think nothing
of the long, arduous journey of more than
eighty miles. The young sailor soon
recovered and worked at odd jobs in the
settlement, waiting for the first ship to
call; and after some days the white
settlers woke up to find the natives gone.
They knew nothing of good-byes, and they
vanished as they had come.

But the boat which took the sailor to
Perth carried too the story of what the
natives had done. The authorities made
inquiries, and finally the whereabouts of
the little group was discovered, and bags
of flour, tea, sugar, and tobacco reached
them from a Government department.
It was a great surprise, for the natives
could never see the connection between
their deed and such generous expressions
of gratitude. Their native names were
never known, and they remain an odd little
group of nameless Australian heroes.

She Saved Her Greatest Enemy
Clair Clémence de Maille: died 1691

The great Cardinal Richelieu sprang from
the middle-class. When he rose to
supreme power at the Court of Louis the
Thirteenth he sought to ennoble his family
by arranging the marriage of his niece to the
Duke of Enghien, heir to the Prince de
Condé. The Condés welcomed alliance
with the man who ruled the King of France,
and Claire Clémence de Maille, who was
only 13, was not consulted.

Soon after the marriage the bride's uncle
died. Now poor Clémence was treated as
an interloper by the Condé family, who did
not scruple to tell her that it had been a
degrading alliance for the Duke to marry a
Nobody like herself.

At 21 he became famous as the hero of
Rocroy. Seven years later he inherited
his father's estate. But Mazarin had risen
to power, and he hated the proud Condé.
After scheming for some time he managed
to get the prince and his brother-in-law
accused of treason. They were thrown
into prison. Clémence with her little son
escaped in disguise.

Clémence had a wealthy father, and could
have lived abroad with her child in comfort,
but her one thought was to deliver the
husband who had treated her so ill. She
worked to raise men and money for his
rescue. She made dangerous journeys and
endured hardships without complaint.
Once she held a riot at bay. The people of
Bordeaux were all on her side, won over
by her beauty, her zeal, and her oratory,
but the Parliament of Bordeaux would not
give her support. One day an armed mob
stormed the Parliament-house shouting
Vive le roi et les princes! A bas Mazarin!
An armed guard was called out.

The princess struggled through her
supporters, begging them to disperse, and
although two men were killed across her
path she pushed on till she reached the
Parliamentary guard. There she besought
both sides not to spill their neighbours'
blood; and at length the hubbub ceased.

So strong grew the agitation throughout
southern France that the prince was
released. For a few months he treated his
wife with some show of kindness and
respect, but this soon ceased, and he was
cruel enough to turn his son against the
woman whose unforgivable crime was that,
as a child of 13, she had allied her middle-
class self with the house of Condé.

The prince was now powerful and
popular once more. After some scruples
and hesitations the king decided to please
him by ordering Clémence to reside in the
royal castle at Châteauroux till she should
know further of the royal pleasure.

In 1671 she entered her prison; twenty
years later she left it, for her grave. In
all that time she seems to have made no
effort to escape, and to have uttered no
word of complaint.