

sign-painter's daub," and he determined he would be re-engaged, and he was.

That morning, as if instinctively, he went down to the Academy, and walked up and down as if looking at the paintings, but, in reality, still puzzling in his mind some scheme of revenge. Ever since Philip had uttered the words which so wounded his pride and cut him to the quick, they had not ceased to be in his head, driving out other thoughts. Just as he was turning away to leave the Academy, he caught sight of a door left ajar, and, glancing his eye in, there, seated before a painting of some similarity to his own, was Philip Manvers intently engaged at completing his work. A gleam of joy flashed across Walter's mind, and he rushed home with an idea half-formed—some confused notion of revenge floating in his brain, but not yet in any regular or tangible form. All day he tried to collect his thoughts, but he could not, and again went to rest in the same distressed state as the night before, and soon fell into a sound sleep. But, even in his dreams, the same thoughts were in his head—Philip Manvers and his bitter expression formed the subject of them. In the middle of the night he awoke, the moon was shining brightly, and in a few moments he was broad awake. He opened the window to let the cool air in, and seemed to feel more master of himself than he had been the last two days. As he leaned out of the window, a thought flashed across him—a plan of revenge, which he had so long tried to form. It came in its full force, in a clear, plain manner—every detail of the villainous scheme seemed drawn out before him, and it was too much for Walter to withstand. It did not gradually verge towards a rational and easily-accomplished scheme, from being first but a dull outline of revenge; if it had, his good feeling might have come into action, and he might have withstood it. It was not a struggle between his better feelings, his better nature, and his burning thirst for revenge—it was not a thought against which he first decided, then struggled, then hesitated (and the man that hesitates when tempted is lost)—it did not gradually approach—it did not gather strength as it came—but it came, and it *overcame* him.

He lay down again upon his bed, with his brow burning, and his heart fiercely beating, and his resolution was taken—it was the resolve of a fiend. He again slept, but his dreams were more disturbed than before, and when he awoke in the morning he formed his plan. The whole of that day

he seemed like one in a dream, answering all questions mechanically, and seeming almost out of his mind. Ernest tried in vain to elicit from him the cause of his evident uneasiness, but without avail, and felt unusually anxious on his brother's account.

CHAPTER III.

The evening at length came, and Walter proceeded to the Academy, and entered about half an hour before it was closed. He took an opportunity, after walking about some time, of hiding himself in a closet, and, being unobserved, the doors were closed, and the great room into which the closet opened was soon in darkness. He waited patiently in his place of concealment till about twelve at night, when, finding all quiet, he came out, and first opened a little window through which he could make his escape into a by-street. He then crept stealthily to the room in which he knew Philip's picture was, and, opening the door without noise, he drew a little phial out of his pocket, and approached the spot where the painting was. The room was very dark, having no window in it; but Walter had it in his mind's eye ever since he had caught a sight of Philip as he passed the door, and knew the position of every chair. And now for one moment he hesitated; and he might even then have retraced his steps, but of a sudden the sarcastic words of Manvers flashed across his mind, and, taking out the cork of the phial of vitriol, he dashed the whole of its contents fiercely over what he supposed to be the painting. The next moment a fearful, a piercing shriek, rang through the building, and awoke, not only the inmates, but many of the neighbours. Walter himself, astounded and thunderstruck at what he had done, but too much ashamed of his intention to stay to explain, rushed to the window, through which he had planned his escape, and, darting along the streets, soon reached his brother's house, where, letting himself in by a private key, he was soon in bed. The fact was, that Philip had been so intent upon his work, as not to be aware of the doors being closed, and had continued his labours, occasionally stopping to gaze fondly at his painting and then applying himself to it, till he dropped asleep directly before it, where Walter had rightly judged the picture was when he made his mean, cowardly attack upon it, and inflicted the injury on the painter he intended for his work. Strange to say, Walter Mackenzie slept that night—but such a sleep! His dreams of the victim of his revenge would grow more

and more startling after every convulsive waking occasioned by them. Once he dreamt he was in a field, and had forgotten all except a dim feeling of something horrible he had done; and a man approached him that at first he did not know, but as he came close he recognised Philip Manvers, with his once handsome face frightfully burnt. Then he would fancy he ran for miles over hedges, and hills, and through streams, and at last found himself safe from his pursuer, and lay down on a bank to sleep. Then he fancied his victim approached and called him by name—he started up, it was broad day, he had awoke in his fright. His first feeling was, "Thank heavens, it is but a dream!" but the next moment the horrible reality of the past night flashed across him. As he was about putting on his clothes, he started, for they were covered with spots burnt into them by the vitriol; and, hiding the witnesses of his cowardly guilt in his drawer, he replaced them, and appeared at his brother's table.

None who have not experienced such feelings can tell how he felt that day: how obliged to appear to hear and think on subjects when his whole mind was engrossed in that one: how obliged he was to answer and even converse when his whole thoughts were given to the proceeding of the past night. After breakfast he was standing in the shop, when a talkative, prating, foolish young fellow popped in and accosted him—"Hollo! my dear fellow, why, how are you? Have you heard the horrid news this morning? most horrid, 'pon my soul." "No," said Walter, half gasping. "Why, you don't seem well, my dear fellow," said the chattering chap, "you don't, 'pon honour. But you don't seem anxious to hear this piece of news (Walter certainly did not); as horrid as a bloody murder, 'pon my soul and body. Where's your brother Ernest? There's the D. Telegraph to-day full of it;" and he went on, while Walter could have knocked his teeth down his throat, and kicked him out of the shop with pleasure. "You see Philip Manvers was attacked in the Academy last night by ruffians, who threw vitriol over him, and his handsome phiz is nearly burned to a cinder. Well, good day, I'll drop in again if I hear more news of it." And, during the day, the prattling fellow did drop in again, and told Ernest the whole news, adding that Philip Manvers was not expected to live, and expressing his great surprise that Walter had not told his brother the news, which was "so horrid, 'pon my soul."

All the day, Walter heard different people speaking of it;

some saying it must have been accidental: others, an old enemy of Philip's must have done it. Walter made up his mind he would not pass another such a day, but would leave D. next morning.

CHAPTER IV.

It was getting towards evening, and Walter was serving some ladies with some books, and his brother was engaged with a gentleman, when a man entered, and said he wanted to speak to Mr Mackenzie immediately on particular business. He went into the parlour with Ernest, and Walter immediately suspected that it was on business of a nature that might concern him, and applied his ear to the key-hole. After listening a little, he heard the stranger say, "Those are not the clothes he wore yesterday, I should like to search his room;" and, after a little further discussion, they rose from their chairs and approached the door. Walter stealthily returned, and they went up stairs; but instantly they were above, he went into the street, locking the door behind him, and, flinging the key through the window, darted down a by-lane, and was soon at the outskirts of D. He pursued his course for miles at a rapid rate; and when it was quite dark he approached a little village, where he put up for the night. On searching his pockets, he found he had enough to carry on with comfortably for some weeks, and, learning he was on the highroad to York, he made up his mind to get there and see if he could not get some quiet occupation till he thought the affair had blown over; but then he reflected, "if I am pursued, they will immediately think of this as the most natural road, and it is ten to one but I'm overtaken and captured, before I'm half-way there." So, after considering the matter coolly, for he had regained all his self-possession and calmness, he determined to take the fields when he could, and so journey by lanes and unfrequented paths. The next day he so travelled, and at night put up at a road-side inn, where there was a party of countrymen drinking and smoking; and one, a kind of half-educated fellow, reading in a pompous manner a newspaper, and laying the accents on all syllables and words but the right. Walter did not listen for some time, but at last his ears caught the following passage:—

"We are informed by a correspondent that a most disgraceful occurrence has just taken place at D. A young man of property there having been lain in wait for in a dark lane, was first knocked down and severely beaten, and then

a quantity of vitriol was thrown over him: He was not expected to recover. A respectable young man, brother to one of the first tradesmen there, is thought to be implicated, but is not yet apprehended."

"'Tis a foul lie," muttered Walter, but not loud enough to be heard by the reader, who continued to give his hearers an account of a remarkable discovery in medicine, which was not only to cure all diseases, but to prevent their attacks, if taken in childhood in sufficient quantities.

After a long and wearisome journey, Walter at last reached York, and put up at a little inn in a low part of the town. After some days, he went about in hopes of getting some situation, but with no success. For a week he tried, but no one liked his appearance, and required a character and references, which he was not just then prepared to give. He went out for the seventh time on his as yet fruitless errand, but, as he was about to turn into a shop to volunteer his services as porter, a man tapped him on the shoulder, and, instantly turning round, he recognised the visitor to his brother, who had gone upstairs to his rooms, when he made his abrupt departure from D. "You must come along with me, young man," said the stranger; "I must apprehend you for an assault on the person of Philip Manvers." "It's false," cried Walter, striking him and pushing him off the pavement, "you're a liar! a base, villanous, infamous liar!"

But before he could make off the constable was on his feet again, and had obtained the assistance of some of the York police (who, contrary to the usual rule in such cases, could be found in less than three streets' distance from the place where they were wanted), and took him into custody, and he was that very night lodged in York Jail. A brief examination having taken place—for which some witnesses had accompanied the constable from D.—he was fully committed for trial; and then, at Ernest's particular request, he was allowed to visit him. Walter now learnt that Philip Manvers, though frightfully burnt, was recovering, and had been at great expense in apprehending him; and they agreed it would undoubtedly be best to procure first-rate counsel, and Ernest accordingly engaged Mr Grote, one of the ablest barristers of the day.

We must now leave Walter in prison till the day of trial, to give a full account of which we must begin a new chapter.

MANUSCRIPTS RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE
BANKS OF THE MURRAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you Part V. of the "Spirit of the Murray," containing the sequel of the "Legend of Ooroondool." A long continuation of ill-health has prevented me from sending it at an earlier period—and, indeed, may perhaps prevent me from preparing much more of the work for publication, and carrying it out as I once hoped to do. This appears to be a genuine tradition of the Lower Murray or Lake tribes, and I believe is also to be found amongst the Encounter Bay natives. This circumstance will lend to the present version of it any interest the legend may have for the curious reader, since neither the style nor versification can boast of being attractive or excellent in any way. The author felt the difficulty of his task in narrating events which afford so free scope for embellishments of the imagination, by the simple voice of the native, as a regard to propriety necessarily confined him to the expression of ideas by words and in a manner suitable to the character and intellectual condition of the narrator. He appears to have avoided the ridiculous at any rate, and, instead of filling the mouth of the savage with high-flown sentences and too much sentimentality, has preferred adhering to nature, and exhibiting a faithful outline of the native genius and habit of thought in this record of a literature of which, perhaps, in time to come, these scraps will be the sole remnants.

The author, alluding to his foundation for this story, in a note appended to these papers, says:—"The foundation for this legend I obtained from two native boys, who were left with me one day when I was ill. One of them belonged to the Currency Creek, and the other to the Wationg tribe. I asked one of them 'how the Earth came to be?' He answered, 'that there was no Earth at first, only water.' I then inquired, 'who made the land?' and, to a series of questions, received from one and the other the following particulars. The narratives were contained in little interlocutory tales, which the boys said their mothers and the old women were accustomed to tell them. There were some parts of these tales which highly excited the mirth of my companions, even at the expense of Ooroondool himself. It would be useless to follow them through all the stories, even if one could recollect them; I could not see the drift of their merriment, but gathered the principal facts. That Ooroondool,

the maker of the world, with three or four other spirits, woke up and found nothing but water. Ooroondool made a piece of land, and they all got upon it. The names of the spirits who were with him were very much the same as those I have adopted, and referred to their several destinations, as 'Pereukie,' over the fire; 'Yilga,' over the sea, &c. After some talk (very amusing), one of them complained of being hungry; on which Ooroondool commanded him to make a fish. Then followed a long dissertation, how it was to be dressed, as they could not eat it raw. Another complained of being cold; and all this ends in Ooroondool ordering each of the parties to make and bring the respective contribution to the general comfort, over which it would afterwards be his province to preside; as fire, wood, water, &c. He then sent them away over the world, which he extended, to look after their several dominions, and came, himself, creating from the east. He made the Big Murray, or Eastern tribes first, and then the Lower Murray people; teaching them all the arts of life that they possess, and instructing them in the knowledge of their mysteries, and in those rites which they still continue to observe. After he had made all there is in this country, he left it, by swimming, to make other lands. Two of his lubras, who tried to follow him, were drowned and turned into the two islands, called 'The Pages,' at the entrance to Backstairs Passage, at the east of Kangaroo Island. He made Kangaroo Island (Kukakun) rise out of the sea, and went on making countries to the westward; where he still lives, though, by this time, a very old man. Some imagine he is become a white man, and has taught the Europeans the use of firearms, how to make clothes, &c."

This being the origin of the story our author has put into the dialogue of his native companions, we may excuse the want of elegance in composition in the interest authenticity imparts to it, and may be satisfied at its being narrated in a style adapted to the subject, and the low ideas of the Divine nature to which the perceptions of this benighted race appears limited. There are parts of the work descriptive of scenery and thoughts on the Murray beach, &c., nearly ready, which require compiling only, and which I hope to be able to send you, if health permit, without so long a delay as this last has been.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

CUIQUE.

Port Lincoln, November 6th, 1843.

LEGEND OF OOROONDOOIL.

(Continued from page 23.)

The veil of storm and mist drew near,
 The winds were murmuring low,
 The gloomy darkness, wild and drear,
 Deep and more deep did grow.

Ooroondoil stretched his shining hand
 And, ere the storm came nigh,
 Called from the sea the solid land,
 Which rose in majesty.

The lofty mountain-tops emerge,
 The little hills and plains—
 Upon whose shore the foaming surge
 Should bound the earth's domains.

“Awake, and cast your dreams aside,
 Ye spirits who obey,
 Throughout my empire, far and wide,
 That never lacks the day!

Awake! Ooroondoil calls—the world
 Is a blank, lonely spot,
 Within whose secret depths, enfurled,
 Lie all things, that are not.

Come forth!” he cried; the skies were riven,
 And cleft in twain the air,
 And loud and fearful sounds were driven
 About and everywhere.

Light spreads where erst the gloom had been,
 The golden clouds divide;
 Voices are heard, and forms are seen
 Uprising from the tide.

And gathered round Ooroondoil then,
 Amidst the hushing storms,
 An ugly race, who are not men,*
 Yet have their wants and forms.

They sought the newly-risen shore,
 Where life, besides, was none;
 But, as it rose from ocean's floor,
 Stood rocks and sands alone.

Hungry and chill, and tired withal,
 The spirits spake their lord—

“Wherefore, O master, didst thou call,
 That we attend thy word?”

“My children,” Oroondoil said,
 “Behold the land and main!
 Within this sphere your powers are laid;
 Each element sustain!

* These beings answer rather to the character of magicians, being objects of dread, rather from their supposed power, than as agents of positive evil.

A separate realm I give to each,
 To rule and till with life ;
 Beyond which limit none shall reach,
 Nor shall ye meet in strife.

Marma and Yilga o'er the sea,
 Pereukie fire and flame,
 Yappa the land, and Wyerrie
 The stubborn winds shall tame.

Pereukie, make a spark and warm
 These cold and shivering frames ;
 Yappa, draw wood upon thine arm
 To catch the kindling flames.

Thou, Marma, to the sea descend,
 And from the parent stock,
 Fish of all kinds by Yilga send,
 With sea-shells from the rock ! "

Then did the mighty forest rive,
 With lesser bush around,
 Midst shrubs and plants of every size
 That root beneath the ground.

The opossum in the moonlight played
 Upon the gum-tree bough ;
 The kangaroo and emu strayed,
 And cropped the herbs below.

And everything that walks or sees,
 That swims in stream or lake,
 In sea, on earth, in air, on trees,
 Ooroondool bid them make.

Yilga he sent o'er plain and hill
 To sink the ancient wells ;
 Marma, the sea with life to fill
 Where'er the billow swells.

Wyerrie flocked the air with birds ;
 Yappa made creeping things,
 And all the animals in herds,
 And deadly snake that stings.

Pereukie reared the grass-tree's head,*
 And caused its tear to run ;
 With fire its rising stalk he fed,
 Drawn from the noon-day sun.

* The grass-tree (*Xanthorrhoea*) is one of the most useful of the indigenous productions to the Australian native. It is the sole means he has of obtaining fire, by friction of its dry, pithy stalk. The "tear" exudes in the form of a gum-resin amongst the roots of the leaves ; also from the seed-vessels. The whole plant abounds in resin, and is very inflammable. This resin, mixed with some other gum or dark substance, makes one of the strongest cements of this description that I have seen. The natives use it for general purposes, for fixing shell and glass on their battle-spears, and for cementing bits of shell over the sutures of the skulls of their deceased relations, to render them capable of holding water, to which purpose they commonly apply them.

Lonely, again, Ooroondoil pines,
 Wandering from shore to shore;
 Lovely and vast around him shines
 The world—yet lacks he more.

Long, long, bewildered was his brain
 To find the peace he sought;
 In doubt he to this day had been,
 Perplexed with care and thought—

But, as he sat, beside a well,
 Watching the wild-dove woo,
 The lover told his tale so well,
 Ooroondoil wiser grew.

“And after all, am I,” he said,
 “To learn from these poor doves,
 That all this splendid world I’ve made
 Is nought, but for their loves?”

No longer, for the brutes alone,
 Such joys this life shall yield;
 But, from myself, a race shall come,
 To share the unbanded field.

Just like myself, except in power,
 The lords of all beside,
 I give the earth its noblest dower,
 Then take me to the tide.”

And, as he spoke, two lubras rose,
 As comely as the doe;
 Down by the well they all repose—
 Ooroondoil ends his woe.

In time a youthful race came on—
 Then they themselves were sires;
 And soon Ooroondoil looked upon
 His children’s countless fires.

He taught them how to chew the grass,
 And twirl it on the thigh,
 That the twist line may quickly pass
 In coils behind to lie.*

He taught them how to work the net
 And fix the slender stakes,
 And how its ample folds to set
 When the fish shoreward takes.

To warp the sapling straight for spears,
 Form their points sharp and well,

* The natives make lines by letting a species of grass or flag that grows near the beach macerate in water for some time, and then separate the fibres by chewing it. They then twist it into line by a peculiar motion of the hand on the thigh. This twine, when well made, is a very strong and neat manufacture.