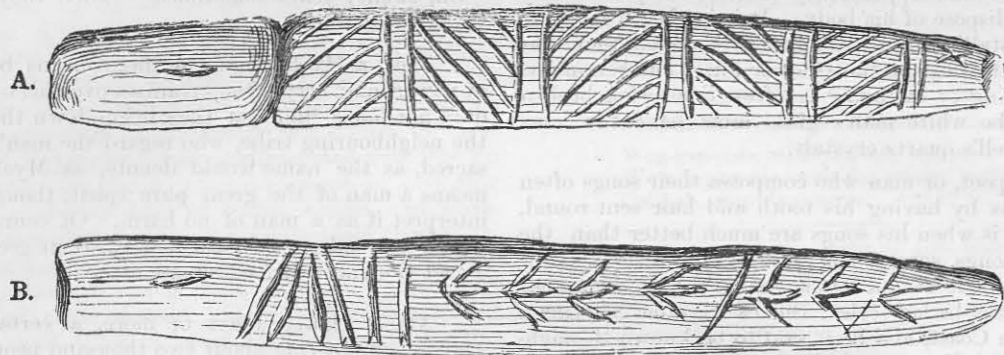


MESSAGE STICKS AND THEIR MEANINGS BY MR. BUCKNELL.

TO F. N. Bucknell, Esq., of Burrendoon Station, near Moree, one of the oldest and most respected pioneer pastoralists of that District who knew the Camelaroy Tribe when it numbered several thousands strong, and was in its pristine glory, and had not learned the vices of the white people, is the Society indebted for the following information regarding the Message Stick, called by that tribe "Dooloo." In his letter he says "I got the enclosed Message Stick from a very old blackfellow, and he told me



the meaning of each sentence in Camelaroy to English, and I think it is fairly correct."

The Message Stick is about seven inches long, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide at the bottom, tapering up to about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch at the top, it is flat, with the sides slightly rounded off, being about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick down the centre, and has markings on both sides of it, the front being marked as shown in figure "A," and the back as shown in figure "B." The following is the meaning of the

MYTH OF AUSTRALIA.—THOWRA AND THE SEVEN MYELLS.

SOUTH COAST LEGEND.

(BY ROBERT BROTHERS.)

THE seven myells were sisters, most beautiful women, that is by women is meant they were feminine pure spirits, and lived near one of those long points which stretch out to sea like St. George's Head and Cape Upright, where they lived a solitary life, having for a neighbour a hunter by the name of Thowra. Being so beautiful and so pure they were much sought after in marriage and not having relations to give them away, and preferring the pure life which they lived they married no one, only living on neighbourly terms with the man named Thowra.

Every morning when Thowra went hunting they went fishing, and when they met later in the day Thowra gave them some of his opossum or bandicoot, and they would give him some of their black fish, bream, or whatever they had caught, and during the day one or more of the sisters would remain at the camp to keep the fire going and look also to Thowra's fire, as it is very troublesome to have to rub two pieces of grass-tree together for an hour to make a flame.

It was more than human to expect a man to live so close to seven pure spirits of such remarkable beauty and

different marks as given by the Aboriginal, and translated into English from the Camelaroy by the writer.

- (1.) Yel (?) To the chief of the camp.
- (2.) Nummer niah Dooloo ivunder yan amberltei. I send this Dooloo to you.
- (3.) Mate mece Dooloo dooneyivunder tie inder yanarba yel lodoo boolloona murray groye. I marked this Dooloo and send it to you. Come here at once the murrays (men) are nearly all dead.
- (4.) Boolar marl murray gundabar yarrowakie, cuningo boolonay tie ganawa. Three black men left. All the others are dead. Come at once and see.

- (5.) Nia inunder Dooloo to yanawa nialeet nooloo-moot, indi mulbay emily. I send this Dooloo to you. Come at once. Make no delay, that you may see the last of us here.

- (6.) Yarrowaker indi malrey anney pianbar Yarrowa tie murrie butty inder omely maany. Come to Yarrowa to meet us. Come soon that you may meet us alive (?) Ix Barnarbar sends this Dooloo. This Dooloo is sent from where the Ibis lives and breeds.

womanliness without growing to love one or all of them, and poor Thowra was only human after all. So to make matters worse he knew how hopeless was his love, and yet he could not leave them. If he left them, he told himself, that he must die. So in his weak heart was a fever of temptation, and at last he could resist its power no longer, and he carefully laid his plans to indulge his weakness.

One day, instead of going hunting, he laid in ambush close by his camp, and when the youngest myell came to see how his fire was burning and had left, he came out of his hiding place and put the fire out. Then the second youngest came, and seeing the fire out went and brought some burning wood from the other fire and relit it. Again, Thowra put it out, when the third youngest myell came and started it going again, and again Thowra put it out.

"My dear sisters," said the third eldest myell, "Thowra's fire is out, some one must light it."

The fourth sister refused to do this for some reason, and the third eldest went and lit it, and then the second eldest, and Thowra having put the fire out every time, the eldest myell took some burning wood and began to light it again, and as this was the myell whom Thowra loved, he ran out and caught hold of her.

Her screams brought the other myells, who tried to tear Thowra off, but could not do so; consequently they began to pull down the dry boughs of Thowra's breakwind, and lighting them at the fire threw the burning flames over them, and Thowra was badly burned. So severe were the

burns that they never healed, but mortifying sent out that abominable stench which comes from a dead whale.

The eldest myell had a child, a girl, who had a phenomenal growth of hair. This fact was not known to Thowra, for when he went out hunting in the morning they cut the child's hair, and it was the usual length when he returned in the evening. Then they cut it when he went to his camp, and it grew as long as before by the morning. This hair was twisted into a fishing line, and in a few years was quite long enough to reach the region above inhabited by the myells, and as the seven sisters hated Thowra for what he had done, and besides which he smelled so abominably, they decided to go up into the sky. But who had the power to throw up the line. Not the youngest, or the second and third youngest, for they had lit Thowra's fire. And not the fifth or sixth, or the eldest, for they had also lit the fire. Then the fourth beautiful myell said:

"Have faith, my dear sisters, for I can throw the line up."

And she threw it up, and they left the earth, taking Thowra's child with them.

"Oh, what has become of those dear beautiful myells," cried Thowra, when he returned from hunting. He looked round, and not finding them he began to weep, and ran along calling upon their names. "My dear myells, where are you?" he kept shouting.

"We are here," they answered. "Up in the sky."

"How did you get there?"

"We climbed up by a fishing line."

"May I come up, too, dear myells?"

"If you can."

Thowra was shown the fishing line, and began to climb up, and he went up, up, up, until he was a tremendous distance from the ground, when they cut the line, and he fell down, down, crying "Kooriga, kooriga, kooriga," which was the crime that he had been guilty of. He fell across the point, and the force of his fall made the point an island.

A Bunya Bunya fisherman came that way next morning and noticed the crows on the trees, "fish," he said, but smelling Thowra's burns he said "dead whale," and then hearing groans he discovered Thowra, and being a good man he took the poor fellow up on his back and carried him till he met Merowrang who was sent by the great Myell to teach the people, and Merowrang took Thowra upon his back and carried him till he reached the Nelson River, and he set him down upon a hill from which men and women could be seen playing football in an open space.

"Now, my dear Thowra, I will put you in a bag and leave you here and you must not leave the bag or you will not get well, but I will come, or my mate Dinnighen will come and bring you food and unguents to cure you."

Then Merowrang left him, and returned the next day, giving him food and ointments. Twice Dinnighen came, but Merowrang came four times and upon his fourth visit Thowra was healed.

The white people do not know Merowrang or Dinnighen. Merowrang will put men's bones together when the end of the world comes, and Dinnighen will have charge of the women's.

Now Thowra was told to go with him but not touch him, and they went down the hill together till they reached the football ground, and Merowrang went up to the people with his hand outstretched, and poor Thowra feeling

grateful and longing to touch the great man put his hand out and took it, and he fell down a boomerang.

Merowrang took up the boomerang and threw it from him and it went round the ring five times.

"Can any of my dear people do that?" he asked.

But no man could even throw it for it was as heavy as Thowra had been.

"Then," said Merowrang, "a boomerang which no man can throw is good for nothing so I will throw it away and it shall not come back."

And he threw it up into the sky, and it has been going round ever since, a new moon.

Thowra takes his man form when the moon is full, and sometimes you can see his child very close to him, and you can also see the seven myells still, only the white people call them the seven sisters.

Upon the spot where Merowrang threw the boomerang no trees have ever grown.

The Kham or Hamites, who inhabited Syria and Arabia before the Shemites reached there, and overcame them, appear to have been a people chiefly derived from the Red race, and they are in Egyptian and other paintings represented with red skins. They seem to have spoken and written in dialects, resembling those afterwards used by the Shemites, and these may have taken both their speech and writing from the earlier Hamites.

What was formerly believed about the Phœnicians having taken and adapted their alphabet from the Egyptian hieratic script, and then having taught this alphabet they had thus invented, to the Hebrews, the Greeks, and to all other peoples, as the first kind of writing, has now been found to be incorrect, as other alphabetic characters were being used by the Minalan nation in South Arabia long before the time when the Phœnicians adopted and taught their mode of making alphabetic writings.

The Chinese "Peh-Sing," or hundred families, once lived in what was afterwards called Bactria, in 2,300 B.C. They migrated and went from thence, and travelled to the country watered by the upper part of the Hoang-Ho, and settled themselves upon its banks among the Mon and Yun, and other tribes. They took with them the writing they had learned from the peoples of Babylonia and Elam, and also many of the arts, cultures and social systems they had there derived. In their new home they continued during 2000 years to gain and maintain the mastery over the neighbouring peoples of the three kingdoms, then existing and constituting what is called by Europeans, China.

The Lampong and the Rejang tribes of Sumatra, write with an alphabet they have adopted from ancient times from the Phœnician characters, with such modifications as adapted it better to the language of the Sumatran people whose speech was so different to the Shemitic language spoken by the Phœnicians.

We want correspondents in all parts of Australasia and in all the countries of the world to send us everything they know about any of the old races of men, that the Society may place on record all these facts that are only now known to a few, and at their death may be lost. Also that such information may be printed in the JOURNAL and made known to those interested all over the world.