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C. M. H. CLARK

A
HISTORY
OF
AUSTRALIA

IV

THE EARTH ABIDETH
FOR EVER

1851-1888

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PREFACE

THIS VOLUME tells the story from the discovery of gold in February 1851 to the centenary of the coming of European civilization to Australia on 26 January 1888. Because of the larger numbers of people involved and the greater quantity of material available it was necessary to modify the narrative method used in the first three volumes. This volume sums up the themes introduced in those earlier volumes—the influence of the spirit of the place on human behaviour, the struggle between classes for the ownership of wealth, the struggle for political power, and the confrontation between Catholic Christendom, Protestant Christianity and the Enlightenment. It is also vitally concerned, as was foreshadowed in the earlier volumes, with the debate in Australia about the life of man without God. Indeed, that theme takes front billing in this volume along with the impending breakdown of bourgeois society, succeeded by an age of ruins—which is still with us. That age of ruins will be described in the next volume, should the writer feel he has either the strength or the capacity to say anything more about a story which has already engaged his attention for just over twenty years. Anyone who believes that the writing of history is one way of portraying the human heart is not the prisoner of any particular period in the past.

I would like to thank Suzanne Welborn and David Hutchison for taking me to Dirk Hartog Island, the site of one of those early encounters between our continent and the European. I would like to thank Bill King Safaris for helping me to realize the ambition of a lifetime to travel over the Burke and Wills country and camp on Cooper's Creek. I would like to thank my sons Sebastian and Andrew for coming to Camp 119, and reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria, and seeing a place that should have been seen when volume one was germinating—Cape Keerweer. I would like to thank Geoffrey and Ninette Dutton for showing me Kangaroo Island, and especially that site where the representatives of an old civilization saw the barbarians of the New World.

All those who encouraged me in the third volume were again active and helpful. They know and I know that the volumes would be more comprehensive if the writer had been endowed with some of the toughness of those that measure. He tried to do his business in other waters. The work stands as one man's account of how he discovered the history of Australia. The great debts remain the same—having in Phillip Island a 'Swanee River' to which the heart goes ever, the encouragement and the faith of Richard Penrose Franklin, the golden years with the students in Melbourne, the early

days of unleavened bread in Canberra, the discovery of Australia and the Australian people. I have had the good fortune to live at a time when a great debate took place on the nature of man and the future of society. I have the impression that debate will not go on for much longer, that either the men who know the way forward will take over, and shut up all doubters and dissidents, or the barbarians will shut us all up in their own way.

Manning Clark
3 March 1977

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CONTENTS

1	PROLOGUE	1
2	THE POSSESSED	5
3	ONE STEP FORWARD FOR THE WHITE MAN	23
4	WHO WOULD WANT TO BE A DIGGER?	45
5	THAT BLOODY LICENCE TAX	61
6	A COLONIAL BOURGEOISIE	84
7	CHEERFUL AND CONFIDENT	119
8	GLORY, FOLLY AND CHANCE	144
9	THE BUSH BARBARIANS	165
10	THE CALM-DOWN BEGINS	220
11	COLONIAL DEMOCRATS	240
12	THE KINGDOM OF NOTHINGNESS	271
13	UPROAR IN THE BUSH	319
14	THE EARTH ABIDETH FOR EVER	357
15	EPILOGUE	408
	<i>Index</i>	411

ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES

Henry Parkes and Henry Lawson	<i>frontispiece</i>
Fossicking and Puddling	<i>facing</i> 64
Licence Inspected and Improvident Diggers	65
Prospecting	80
Sunday Camp Meeting	81
Alluvial Gold Washing	160
Ballarat Subscription Ball	161
Herbert Street, Gulgong, c. 1872	176
Tasmanian Aborigines at Oyster Cove	177
Robert O'Hara Burke	256
William John Wills	256
John Forrest	257
Ernest Giles	257
Adam Lindsay Gordon	272
Marcus Clarke	272
Redmond Barry	273
Melbourne in the Early 1860s	320
Bourke Street, Melbourne, c. 1886	320
Natives Attacking Shepherds' Hut	321
'Attack on Ularring'	336
Bush Funeral	337

MAPS

1 The Gold-fields of Eastern Australia	<i>page</i> 12
2 The Main Settlements of Australia	52
3 The Expeditions of Burke and Wills, Forrest, Giles, Stuart, Sturt and Warburton	100

I

PROLOGUE

AT DAWN ON 6 February 1851, in the district of Port Phillip the sky threatened a day of great heat. By ten in the morning at Kilmore, thirty-six miles north of Melbourne, a hot north wind blew clouds of suffocating dust over the town, leaving the sun a bluish-red above the swirling particles. By noon grass fires, started in the stubble, dry as tinder after the long hot summer, sent tongues of flame and red-hot balls of burning grass floating over the town. Down at Portland, where the thermometer registered 112° by noon, particles of fire whirled down the streets and over the tops of the houses. The stench of burning goats, sheep and cattle wafted into the town, as men and women and children trembled in the streets. In the Cape Otway ranges flames of fire fanned by a savage wind roared and crackled in the gum-trees. In Gippsland one effect of the fire excited the greatest terror and even awe in the minds of the people. A total darkness overspread the whole of Gippsland, changing day into night. One man said that in unsaddling his horse he could not see it though he was standing right next to it. The aborigines wagged their heads sagely and declared 'bright fellow [i.e. the sun] had got the blight in his eye'. In Melbourne, where the thermometer rose to 117° by noon, palls of smoke swirled over the roof-tops, and ashes were blown all over the streets. The brassy yellow of the summer sun changed to a fiery red, rimmed by a menacing purple, as news of destruction, devastation and ruin in the countryside spread terror among the people. In the evening the cool breeze from 'the sweet south' blew away the heat, the smells and the dust. A gentle rain relieved the parched earth.

For days afterwards people read stories in the Melbourne newspapers of the toll of destruction. In the bush round the Dandenongs only one house remained standing; around Western Port many hard-working settlers had been brought to the verge of ruin; on the Plenty at least one hundred families were homeless; in the Barrabool Hills houses, barns and stables were smouldering in ruins; over the plains of Australia Felix huge mobs of horses had galloped away from the fire. From that day the people of Melbourne knew the sixth day of February 1851 as 'Black Thursday'.

On the same day strange goings-on in the sky frightened the people on the north coast of Van Diemen's Land. Huge black clouds rolling over the Strait darkened the sky: the sun turned to a blood-red mass; birds squawked, dogs howled; men and women whispered to each other; hysterical men asked

whether the end of the world was at hand, hysterical women went down on their knees to implore God to save them. At dawn on the morning after the wind changed, the extravagances of behaviour to which men surrendered in a moment of terror gave way to those extravagances of behaviour which mark escape from danger. The hearts of the sons of men were not so much filled with evil as with madness while they lived.¹

Nature in Australia was so powerful that it often set aside all man's attempts to assert his supremacy over the earth. Sixty-three years' experience of planting a European civilization in an uncouth land had imprinted in the minds of the white men a sense of their impotence and insignificance. A harsh environment had fashioned animals like the kangaroo, which had the appearance of being left unfinished by their Creator. The environment had also influenced those evil-natured human beings, the aborigines of New Holland, the 'miserablest People in the world', who 'setting aside their humane shape' differed 'but little from Brutes'. In Australia nature, not man, was the 'Lord of Creation'. The land itself seemed the victim of some primeval calamity, bearing on its surface the marks of being cursed by some malevolent being. The savageries of the convict past and the abominations of the bush barbarians seemed to be the behaviour appropriate to such an inhospitable soil.²

By contrast in the Old World industrial civilization seemed to have endowed man with the power to become 'Lord of Creation' as promised by Jehovah to another people whose 'diabolical landscape' had induced them to conceive a 'ghastly theology' of the character of God and the weaknesses of mankind. In the Old World the flag of progress was flaming in the van. When half a million people gathered in London on 1 May 1851 to hear Queen Victoria open the Great Exhibition, Martin Tupper, the somewhat exuberant balladist of humanity's gain from material progress, shouted, 'Hurrah for all the wondrous works achieved by Wit and Will'. William Makepeace Thackeray found the sound of the machines a 'wondrous song'. The Duke of Wellington, who belonged by birth and conviction to the England of the country gentry, was so moved by his first sight of the exhibition, that he returned a few days later to the Glass Palace to buy a piece of Irish cambric, to give to a woman. He was still hoping that the victor of Waterloo would one day enjoy a victory which had eluded him all his life—victory in the heart of a woman. Charles Dickens told his readers that Chinese civilization had come to a full stop; by contrast, thanks to the machine, British society was on the

¹ C. Nicholson to A. Cunninghame, 4 March 1849, Cunninghame Papers, vol. 3 (MS. in M.L.); *The Emigrant's Friend: a selection of tracts, being a companion for the voyage and a manual of instruction in his new home* (London, c. 1852), pp. 1-16; *Argus*, 7 February 1851; 'Garryowen' (E. Finn), *The Chronicles of Early Melbourne* (2 vols, Melbourne, 1888), vol. 1, p. 444; G. Mackaness (ed.), *The Australian Journal of William Strutt* (Sydney, 1958), pp. 19-20; J. Fenton, *Bush Life in Tasmania Fifty Years Ago* (reprint, Devonport, 1964), pp. 79-81.

² J. E. Heeres, *The Part Borne by the Dutch in the Discovery of Australia* (London, 1899), p. 29; Barron Field, *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* (Sydney, 1819), p. 9; W. Dampier, *A New Voyage round the World* (2 vols, 3rd ed., London, 1698), vol. 1, pp. 462-3.

march forward to material well-being, happiness and the brotherhood of man.³

In Australia one man was confident that his adopted country was about to enjoy 'a great feast'. On 12 February 1851 Edward Hargraves set out from Guyong near Bathurst with one companion to search for gold in the bed of Lewis Ponds Creek. He had returned from the gold-fields of California in January. There he had been convinced from observing the general features of the American El Dorado that gold must exist in several districts of New South Wales. He was one of those men over whom nature had fallen a-doting, endowing him with a huge appetite, but not that steadiness with which to enjoy for long his success as prize-winner in the great lottery of life. He was a mountainous man, a mendacious man, an indolent man, an extravagant man, a man who cherished the terrible delusion of believing that a digger's lucky find might free him from the curse of earning his living in the sweat of his brow. When he saw the speck of gold at the bottom of his pan on 12 February, he became excited and spoke like a man possessed with a demon. He told his companion this was a memorable day in the history of New South Wales. 'I shall be a baronet' he said, 'you will be knighted, and my old horse will be stuffed, put into a glass-case, and sent to the British Museum'. That night he wrote a letter to the colonial secretary of New South Wales in which he announced his discovery of gold and his intention to proceed to Sydney to discuss a reward and allied matters with the government of New South Wales.⁴

Within a week he set off for Sydney to tell the colonial secretary, Edward Deas Thomson, that there was gold in the colony and to ask for £500 as a compensation for his labours. They confronted each other one wet day in Sydney. Hargraves, a mountain of flesh, was the quintessence of the vulgarity, brashness and coarseness of the men of the New World. Thomson was a fine representative of that drawing-room society of Sydney, Parramatta, Cobbity, Penrith and Camden, which hoped to win the victory for elegance and refinement against the barbarians of the New World. Fearing that the world he treasured would cease to be, that shepherds would desert their flocks and farm labourers their crops, that policemen and civil servants would abandon their duties, and that society would descend into anarchy, riot and disorder, Thomson played for time. Sound civil servant that he was, he asked Hargraves to put his request in writing.⁵

³ Herman Melville, 'Journal up the Straits', mid-January 1867, in Jay Leyda (ed.), *The Portable Melville* (New York, 1952), p. 573. Journal of T. B. Macaulay, 1 May 1851, (ms. in Trinity College, Cambridge); M. F. Tupper, *Ballads for the Times* (London, 1853), p. 10; W. M. Thackeray, 'May Day Ode', in C. Hobhouse, *1851 and the Crystal Palace* (London, 1937); Charles Dickens, 'The Chinese Junk', *Examiner*, 24 June 1848; Charles Dickens, 'The Great Exhibition and the Little One', *Household Words*, 5 July 1851; A. Briggs, *Victorian People* (Pelican Books ed., London, 1965), p. 23; *Belshazzar's Feast in Its Application to the Great Exhibition* (London, 1851).

⁴ *Bathurst Free Press*, 10 May 1851; E. H. Hargraves, *Australia and Its Gold Fields* (London, 1855), pp. 114-16.

⁵ E. H. Hargraves to Col. Sec. of N.S.W., 3 April 1851, and minute of Charles FitzRoy on above, app. 1 and 2 of FitzRoy to Grey, 11 June 1851, C.O. 201/441.

It was too late. The men of the drawing-room could not dam up the levelling flood. When Hargraves got back to Bathurst in April, he heard of the discovery of another rich field by John Lister and William Tom at Yorky's Corner. Hargraves was a greedy man: he hungered not only for riches, but also for fame. He wanted to be spoken of by his contemporaries and by posterity as the discoverer of gold. It was the elixir of life for him to be told, 'Everyone is talking about you.' On 6 May he visited the Lewis Ponds Creek field with the Tom brothers and Lister. This time he named the place 'Ophir' after the biblical city to which Jehoshaphat sent ships for gold, for Hargraves was driven to endow everything he touched with grandeur. He also let it be known he was acting 'On Her Majesty's Service', for the man had all the gifts of the showman. Two days later on 8 May at a meeting, he showed the gentlemen of Bathurst samples of fine gold. Two days after that on 10 May the *Bathurst Free Press* prophesied a 'complete social revolution' in Australia. There would be much immediate social confusion, they said, as the temperate and sober pleasures of domestic life were sacrificed for 'the dreamy and intoxicating but illusive expectations of a golden future'. A great madness was about to begin.⁶

⁶ *Bathurst Free Press*, 10 May 1851.

THE POSSESSED

ON 15 MAY 1851 the *Sydney Morning Herald* announced the discovery of an extensive gold-field in the Wellington district of New South Wales. Immediately a great excitement unhinged the minds of all classes of the community. Crowds milled round the offices of the Bathurst mail-coach to book a seat on the coach. Within twenty-four hours two hundred persons set out for the diggings, some of them on foot, with their tin pots and stocks of provisions slung across their backs. The conversation of Sydneysiders centred round the question, 'Are you going to the diggings?' or 'Have you seen the lump of gold?' or 'Have your servants run yet?' or 'Is your coachman off?' or 'Have you seen a magnificent specimen of virgin gold in the jeweller's window in George Street?' Within a week the decline in the street population of Sydney was very visible. One coach-maker lost ten of his workmen; a tailor lost seven. An assistant to a veterinary surgeon gave his employer the option of raising his pay, or he would be off on a trip to the diggings. Employees were continually flashing the threat of bolting in the face of their employers. Gold, it was feared, was about to lift some men 'above their natural sphere'.

Rumours of similar excitement and the dissolution of social order up-country flew round the city. Shepherds, it was said, were deserting their stations and making for the diggings as fast as their legs or their horses could carry them. Sydney itself began to take on an entirely new appearance, as shop fronts put on new faces. Articles for gold digging replaced the traditional wares: blue and red serge shirts, Californian hats, leather belts, diggers' boots and huge blankets hung outside the shops; the pavements were cluttered with picks, pans and pots. One sign of the times was a street sign for 'Gold shovels' swaying in the wind outside a diggers' outfitter in George Street, and another was the appearance of the Virginia cradle, or gold-working machine, an indispensable tool for those whose appetites had been whetted by the 'unholy hunger'. Such a mania seized the whole community that in all other matters, including church matters, a state of terrible quiet descended. In Melbourne the excitement exceeded even that of Sydney, many hundred workmen of different descriptions throwing up their employments and shouting drunkenly, 'Hurrah for Australia the golden'.¹

¹ *S.M.H.*, 15 May 1851; *Empire*, 17 May 1851; *Bell's Life in Sydney*, 17 May 1851; FitzRoy to Grey, 22, 31 May 1851, Despatches relative to the Appropriation of the Gold Revenue, *V.&P.* (L.C., N.S.W.), 1852, vol. 2, and C.O. 201/441; G. C. Mundy, *Our Antipodes* (London, 1855), pp. 561-4.

Within fourteen days of the announcement in the press, over two hundred men passed through the town of Bathurst with their pots, their picks, their shovels, and their provisions slung across their backs. Some were poor, some looked miserable, some were footsore, some penniless and friendless, and some boasted of what they would do when they made their pile. One poverty-stricken old digger, who had reached that stage in life when desire was infinite and capacity limited, hobbled up to a farmer on the Sydney road, said he was hungry, and offered his neckerchief in exchange for a loaf of bread. In the eyes of those for whom gold-fever was evidence of the folly of mankind, he was its first victim. Men who were otherwise remarkable for prudence, shrewdness and sagacity, had become the victims of a 'feverish and reckless excitement'.²

By 24 May, over one thousand had gathered on the diggings around Ophir. Tents provided shelter for some, while the only protection others enjoyed against the wind and the rain were gunyahs of boughs and bark thrown together 'after the fashion of a black fellow's camp'. Several stores had been opened and were doing a roaring trade, and some women were already doing a profitable trade at the wash-tub. The farmers and station-hands in the locality were also profiteering by selling mutton and flour at high prices to the diggers. The cold and the wet and the hard work converted the diggers into ravenous and roaring lions.

The capriciousness of the rewards surprised observers. Stout, willing men, with what was called 'a capital rig', slaved from dew to sunny eve, and did but moderately well. Others, equipped only with a two-pronged pitchfork and a superannuated fire-shovel, were doing a raking business. As a letter writer put it in the *Bathurst Free Press*, one little shrimp of a fellow, an 'insignificant little varmint' with no earthly equipment but a two-forked stick, was minting money to the tune of £5 a day, whilst strapping fellows were earning practically nothing. A Californian digger attempted 'to come the bounce' over the colonial greenhorns. The currency boys and the Betsy Bandicoots bragged that they knew how it was done. Blatherskites from Sydney Town winked the eye, and told all within earshot they would show them 'a thing or two', and picked and shovelled with such fury that after two hours they could barely manage to gasp out 'they were bruk', and bolted into the hills and were not seen again.³

By the end of May men were working so close to each other they were as thick as mushrooms after a brisk shower. Merchants, cabmen, sailors, magistrates, convicts, amateur gentlemen, cooks, lawyers, doctors of medicine, doctors of music, an A.D.C. from Government House and a real live lord, were all rockers of the cradle and pick-swingers. All were levelled by this common occupation: all had the same dress and all had the same appearance. There was 'a pure democracy'—a society which acknowledged no distinction be-

² *Bathurst Free Press*, 24, 28 May 1851.

³ *Bathurst Free Press*, 28 May 1851; *Goulburn Herald*, 31 May 1851.

tween man and man. The barriers of exclusiveness which had previously kept the different classes of society apart were being broken down on the gold-field. Once broken, they would never be rebuilt in the same way.⁴

Those who believed society should be like a regiment in the army, a community in which rank was outwardly and visibly recognized, took fright. James Macarthur, susceptible as ever to a rush of blood to the head wherever the word democracy was mentioned, thought the colony was in a perilous position, because of the 'gold-seeking excitement'. On 29 May he told Deas Thomson, the colonial secretary, he had been watching its effect upon decent men of the working classes, who thought there was no time to be lost in clutching the golden spoil and filling their pockets. He urged government, for God's sake, to do two things quickly, to forbid any further digging until surveys were made, and to enforce this by declaring martial law in the Bathurst and adjacent districts, and he remained 'Ever my dear Thomson, Faithfully Yours, J. Macarthur'. The Reverend W. B. Clarke too, on weekdays a geologist and on Sundays a man of God, reminded the members of his congregation that gold fed the sinful lusts of the flesh, and held out to giddy mortal men the promise of enjoying to the full the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

Deas Thomson was fearful lest a digger democracy should barbarize society. Something had to be done. Sydney was going stark, staring mad. The gold mania had thrown the whole population into a fearful commotion. Governor Charles FitzRoy, despairing of the chances of the government to stop the flood, decided, with the good old English genius for compromise, to contain and control it. 'Your Lordship', he told Earl Grey, the secretary of state for the colonies, on 29 May, 'will readily conceive the excitement which prevails throughout the community.' Much misery and much disorder, he believed, would accrue. But he insisted, 'to have prevented persons from proceeding thither and digging for the gold would have been quite impossible'.

He decided to try a deterrent. On 22 May His Excellency Sir Charles Augustus FitzRoy, Knight Companion of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, captain-general and governor-in-chief of the territory of New South Wales and its dependencies, proclaimed to those 'shrimps' and 'varmints' and 'bouncers' of Ophir and Australia at large that gold in its natural places of deposit belonged to the Crown, and no person should dig for it or disturb the soil until he had been duly authorized by Her Majesty's government. The following day he proclaimed that after the first day of June no person would be permitted to dig, search for, or remove gold without first obtaining a licence, the cost of which would be fixed at £1 10s per month. His Excellency was also pleased to appoint John Richard Hardy, a justice of the peace, to be

⁴ G. C. Mundy, *Our Antipodes* (London, 1855), pp. 582-6; *Bathurst Free Press*, 4 June 1851.

a commissioner of Crown lands and to carry out the regulations for the issue of licences to dig for and search for gold.⁵

On 3 June John Hardy, supported by ten armed men, set up his tent at Ophir where human greed had converted a wilderness into the appearance of a blackfellows' camp in fourteen days. Hardy believed that the respectable and the intelligent on the gold-fields would act as a leaven on the whole. Despite the disadvantages of their convict past, the people of New South Wales had imparted to their new home that respect for the authority of the law, and that regard for social order which distinguished their kinsmen in the United Kingdom from the people of other lands. Besides, the diggers were constantly expressing their feelings of loyalty to the throne so that the dreams of the Sydney republicans for the gold-fields seemed far from realization.

Change was in the air. Gold, some said, had brought steam communication with England nearer. Gold, others said, had put the last nail in the coffin of convict transportation. It would be a little too much, said Henry Parkes in the *Empire* on 16 May 1851, even for Downing Street philosophy to transport a burglar or a highwayman to the gold-mines, or to give a free trip to the criminals of England to enable them to career 'over the waves in prison ships to be bandit chiefs in the gold regions of New South Wales, and eventually Australian revolutionists'. On this question the chartist and friend of humanity Henry Parkes saw eye to eye with William Charles Wentworth, the Whig, who was known to his political opponents as 'the bullying, bellowing champion of the few'.

The peoples of the colonies would no longer consent, Wentworth said to the electors of Sydney on presenting himself for re-election on 29 July 1851, to be 'the receptacles of the criminals of the British empire, even if the minister were insane enough to have a try'. His taste for hyperbole was still as strong as his drive to score off absentee Englishmen. This time his subject was the great dream of his life—the greatness of Australia. 'A new and unexpected era', he declared, 'has at length dawned upon us—an era which, however, must in a very few years precipitate us from a colony into a nation.' The radicals and republicans of Sydney agreed. The gold-fields, in the words of the *People's Advocate* on 9 August 1851, contained 'the elements of all the future greatness—the elements of future nationality, and of coming independence . . . Yes! we shall be a NATION; not a dependency of a far off country . . . [our country] must ere long become what God and nature designed it should be—"First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea".' A few months later in October the Reverend J. Dunmore Lang told the diggers on the Turon River that God had vouchsafed a 'brilliant and glorious future for Australia . . . He who sits in the Heavens and laughs at the impotent combinations of unprin-

⁵ James Macarthur to E. D. Thomson, 29 May 1851, Deas Thomson Papers, vol. 3 (MS. in M.L.); FitzRoy to Grey, 22 May 1851, C.O. 201/441; supplement to *N.S.W. Government Gazette*, 23 May 1851; Instructions to the Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Gold District, 23 May 1851, encl. no. 7 in FitzRoy to Grey, 1 January 1852, Further Papers relative to the Recent Discovery of Gold in Australia, *P.P.*, 1852, XXXIV, 1508, pp. 23-4.

ciplined men' had disclosed an extensive gold-field. Australia would cease to be a despised colony; the relationship between Australia and the Colonial Office would now cease and be replaced by a relationship between Australia and England; the bush barbarians would be civilized.⁶

In the meantime down at Ophir a scoundrel of a gold purchaser concealed a magnet in his sleeve while he was weighing a digger's gold. A bribe hushed the matter up. A digger pinched a horse from a farmer, and when the owner asked for it back, the pincher threatened to scatter his brains to the wind. Every night drunkenness, gambling and fighting broke out on the field, while on Sunday the diggers gloried in their barefaced desecration of the Sabbath. A thimblerrigger was charged with having a board on his knees on which were arranged, business fashion, three very interesting looking thimbles. In the country towns near the gold-fields storekeepers went mad. Down at Goulburn, Yass and Gundagai most of them raised the price of flour, sugar and tea to astronomical heights. The cupidity of those with 'the lean and hungry look' knew no bounds. This thirst for gold was encouraging a thirst to get rich at the expense of others.⁷

While some diggers drank and gambled and mangled each other's bodies, others were fossicking for more gold across the ranges east of Ophir. In June 1851, they found gold dust sprinkled along the bed of the Turon 'as regular as wheat in a sown field'. When Gold-fields Commissioner Hardy visited the field, he was surrounded by an excited crowd of diggers thrusting pound notes in his face and pestering him to issue the licence quick smart so that they could get down to business. For, despite a good deal of passive resistance and schemes to shirk payment, including scampering into the bush, the diggers at that time thought of a man who did not earn enough to pay as a 'crawler'.

Early in July William Henry Suttor, an early squatter in the district, threw out 'misty hints' to the gapers in Bathurst of how a single individual had dug up £4000 worth of the precious metal in one day. He was laughed at as a man indulging in a little harmless puffing for his own district. On 14 July Suttor showed two massive pieces of the precious metal glittering in all their virgin purity to the assembled throng. Astonishment, wonder, incredulity and admiration swept over the faces of that crowd in Bathurst as Suttor told them how an educated aborigine, formerly attached to the mission station at Wellington, had some days earlier been killing time hacking at stones with a tomahawk on the property of Dr W. J. Kerr when the curiosity of this sable son of the forest was aroused by the tell-tale golden glitter. Soon the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. As a reward for this valuable service Dr Kerr presented the blackfellow and his brother with two flocks of sheep, two saddled horses and a quantity of rations, and supplied them with a team of bullocks to plough some land in which they could grow maize and potatoes.⁸

⁶ *Bathurst Free Press*, 31 May 1851; *Goulburn Herald*, 7 June 1851; *Empire*, 16 May 1851; letter by W. C. Wentworth to Thomas Barker, 24 July 1851, advertisement for election, *S.M.H.*, 29 July 1851; *People's Advocate*, 9, 13 August 1851.

⁷ *Bathurst Free Press*, 31 May, 4 June 1851.

⁸ *S.M.H.*, 16, 18 July 1851; *Bathurst Free Press*, 13 August 1851.