

the tangled, almost impenetrable, vegetation in the hopes of getting a shot at the Lyre-birds, which were to be heard calling in all directions. The animal gave a tremendous bound and seemed more to fly than leap.

Not far from Healesville is a Government reserve, where a number of Aborigines are maintained at Government expense under a missionary. The reserve is called Coranderrk. There were about 120 Blacks there. They live in a small village of rough wooden or bark houses, in the midst of which is the house of Mr. Green, the superintendent.

The Blacks have lately been employed in cultivating hops, and with tolerably good success, but they are incorrigibly lazy. They are delighted when the plough breaks down, and immediately take a holiday with glee. They had just finished picking the crop, so were playing cricket at about half a mile from the village, and whilst they were amusing themselves, three Whites employed about the place were hard at work. In fact, the Whites do most of the work. The Black women might make much money by plaiting baskets for sale, and the men by catching fish and hunting, but they never will work till hard pressed.

We found the cricket party in high spirits, shouting with laughter, rows of spectators being seated on logs and chaffing the players with all the old English sallies: "Well hit!" "Run it out!" "Butter fingers!" etc. I was astonished at the extreme prominence of the supraciliary ridges of the men's foreheads. It was much greater in some of the Blacks than I had expected to see it, and looks far more marked in the recent state than in the skull. It is the striking feature of the face.

The men were all dressed as Europeans; they knew all about Mr. W. G. Grace and the All-England Eleven. One of them tried to impress on me the heaviness of the work they had just gone through in hop-picking, and that now it was a holiday, and he wished to know how much a bushel was paid in England for such work, evidently wanting to be able to be even with Mr. Green in the matter. The great difficulty at these reserves is to manage the distribution of payment for labour. At present, or until lately, all the proceeds went to a common stock. Of course, this makes all lazy.

Close by the reserve flowed the River Yarra, in which the *Platypus* abounds, the "Water mole," as it is called here, or the "Duck-bill" (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*). I offered the men three half-crowns for one recently shot. Some of the Blacks thought they might try and get one; but although one half-crown is the usual price, no one thought of leaving cricket