

Nearly everyone in Camperdown is familiar with the sable visages of the two aboriginals who are now the only representatives of the numerous tribes who once roamed in savage freedom over this part of the Western District, but few knew and none seem to care how or where the poor wretches live. Their abode is a miserable mia-mia, through the interstices of which the storm beats pitilessly in, and which affords no protection at all to the cold wind or biting frost. The blacks themselves are abhorrently dirty, and are crawling alive with vermin, and the rags which strew their comfortless tenements are in a similar condition.

Recently, an aboriginal named "Jackey," from Skipton was living with his Camperdown friends, but "Jackey" was not destined long to share the squalor and misery of his dusky, brethren. The cold and wet was too much for him, and he was gathered to his fathers' on Wednesday morning. He had been suffering from inflammation of the lungs or some pulmonary complaint. No one but the children in the vicinity were there to supply his dying wants, and these brought him some water when he wanted it. The police, upon hearing of his death, took the necessary steps and had the body interred. A casual visit yesterday to the camp of the blacks revealed the miserable condition of these unfortunates. A few sticks resting against a fence and covered with a few rags dripping with rain is the only protection overhead, while underneath there is nothing but a pool of water. It would be an act of charity to take the two blacks into custody, and have them committed as vagrants. They would then at least have that care which would save them from dying such a miserable death as their late friend. Something might, at least, be done to make their wretched hovels more comfortable than they are at present.