

THE MAKING OF A KING:

When leaving the Clarence I traded off a blue serge shirt to a black called "Tommy" in exchange for one of his boys, a youngster about ten years old, called "Tiger." The father appeared quite pleased with the transaction.

On the way home, I stayed one night in Sydney, and took "Tiger" to a theatre just to see what impression it would make on his black mind. What took his fancy most was the huge chandelier with its glittering lights; he eyed it for some time and inquired, "How lightum big fellow candle?" As it was waste of time trying to explain "gas" to him, I said "I don't know." "Me know," remarked Tiger, "tie um candle on long stick." Looking down at the people in the pit he said, "Where all them fellows sleep?" but nothing else seemed to interest him.

Tiger lived with me for ten years, and became a regular swell, and was most particular about his clothes, but eventually he became very lazy and sulky, and finally went off and joined the local tribe of blacks in Illawarra, and being a very strong muscular chap soon took command, and as he did not like the name of Tiger he was known far and wide as King Micky. He took for his queen a gin named "Rosey" and reared a large family.

The king's closing years were greatly upset by Queen Rosey eloping with a missionary, but he majestically dismissed the incident when I saw him by remarking: "When I see it I kill it."

[From "Reminiscences of an Australian Pioneer," by Major E. H. Weston of Albion Park; printed by permission of his grandson Mr. B. E. Weston (Member)].