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settlement and didn't even bother to explore the foreshores. Names like "Moody Yallock", "Mooroobin", "Narre Warren" and "Yarra Yarra" were never to find their way into the books or logs or the journals of Collins, Knopwood or Tuckey.

In later years the imaginative Lieutenant Tuckey settled down to write a book - which was published - on the Port Phillip adventure. In it he is reputed to have gone to great lengths to describe his own bravery in alleged battles with the "blacks". Governor King, upon hearing of the publication, spoke yawningly: "We are told that the first lieutenant proposes to torment the world with his ten weeks' observations". The "Argus", in summing up one hundred years later, said: "They are not now a torment, but a gay little interlude in a disappointing story". A very fitting summary, in kindly terms, of the adventure which was responsible for the delay in the commencement of Victoria's history.

When the ships crossed Bass Strait bound for the island they left behind three prisoners, who had escaped, to fend for themselves. Watching the departure and encompassed by the surrounding loneliness was one of these escapees, William Buckley, who had parted company with his comrades. Buckley was the last white man ever to set eyes on them, as they were never to be heard of again. Thus was the loneliness of this remaining escapee made greater. Seeing the departure, he was seized by fear to such an extent that he tried to attract the attention of those on board, but to no avail. Running to the nearest hilltop he waved furiously, but received not a sign of acknowledgement.

Returning to the beach, he still tried to make himself seen, but it was useless. Eventually overcome by the fear of his loneliness and by physical exhaustion, he collapsed into unconsciousness, his great body laying still to await the licking waters of an incoming tide. The invading voices of the white men had withdrawn, leaving the Bunurong tribesmen and their families to appreciate the peace regained by the evacuation. The invasion had been a failure, and the aborigines no doubt wondered how many kinds of good and bad white men there were, or whether a lot of white men together was always a bad thing - especially for them. They must have wondered, also, whether this was the last they would see of the white men. Time alone would tell.

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