

Dr. Little, of Upper Hunters River, resides about twenty miles on this side the mountainous range which separates his District from Liverpool Plains. He lately crossed that range, and on coming to a hut, found, to his horror and astonishment, the bodies of some half dozen of black natives, stretched along the earth. From the putrid state of the corpses, it was evident they had been slaughtered a long time. He pursued his journey till he fell in with the white people, stock-keepers and others. He learnt from them, that a large body of the blacks had suddenly made their appearance, but whether they paid their visit hostilely, or merely came in great numbers for self-protection, the stock-keepers admitted they could not tell. However, acting in concert, our people commenced a destructive fire of musquetry upon them, and the blacks presently fled. Such were the circumstances of the fight, that some of the black fugitives on being pursued, ascended the trees in hopes of escaping, whence they were brought down by the balls of their assailants.