

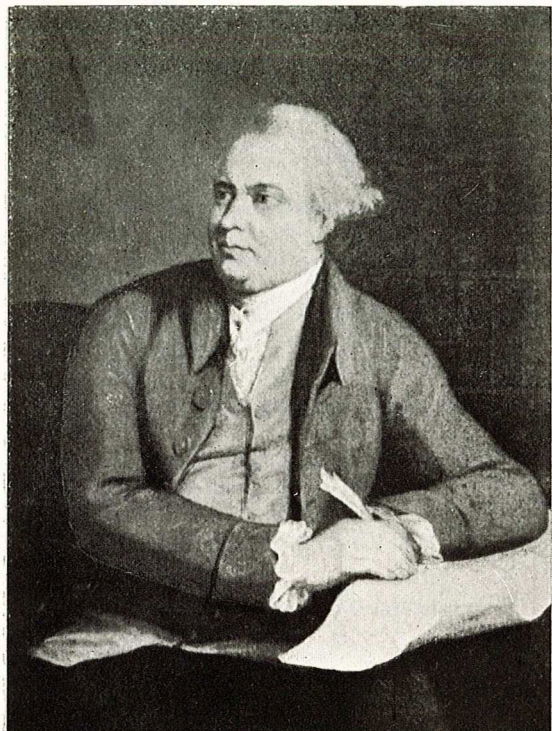
The Landing of Captain Cook.

The idea of reproducing this historic event emanated from J. R. Dacey, Esq., M.P. That gentleman placed his ideas before Sir William Lyne, K.C.M.G., Premier of the Government of New South Wales, by whom they were duly approved. Mr. Victor Cohen, the Honorary Secretary to the Trustees of Captain Cook's Landing Place (which was dedicated to the Public on the 6th May, 1899), was entrusted with carrying out the arrangements in connection with the reproduction.

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CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.



DR. DANIEL SOLANDER.

THE
LANDING OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK,
R.N.,
BOTANY BAY, 1770.

AS PRODUCED IN CONNECTION WITH THE COMMON-
WEALTH CELEBRATIONS AT KURNELL, BOTANY BAY,
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA, ON MONDAY,
7TH JANUARY, 1901, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
LIEUT. VICTOR COHEN, NAVAL BRIGADE, HON.
SECRETARY TO THE TRUSTEES 'CAPTAIN COOK'S
LANDING PLACE.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LIEUTENANT COOK, COMMANDER, R.N.
JOSEPH BANKS.
DR. DANIEL SOLANDER, F.L.S.
TUPIA *Native of (Otaheite).*
AUSTRALIA.

Seamen, Marines, Aborigines.

Incidental Music by Orchestra under the bâton of
Lewis de Groen.

THE SCENE *was enacted in the vicinity of the
actual landing of Captain Cook, which took place on
the 28th of April in the year 1770. [A certain*

amount of poetic license has been taken in regard to the formal act of taking possession, which in reality occurred some weeks after leaving Botany Bay].

It opened with an assemblage of Aborigines upon the shores, who were cooking at freshly-lighted fires. As the cooking proceeds, the Natives indulge in some of their dances or corroborrees. Suddenly a lubra espies a ship (Cook's) in the Bay, and gives the alarm to the Chiefs. The women and their piccaninnies then retire to a place of safety; the men, in a menacing manner, come to the foreshores. Captain Cook, Banks and Solander (Botanists, &c.), and Tupia, with a party of marines, are steadily approaching the shores, and Tupia, in the bows of the boat, is endeavouring to make the natives understand: by Cook's orders he is offering them emblems of peace in the shape of coloured ribbons and beads. The warlike attitude of the Natives indicates that they will maintain an obstinate resistance and act on the defensive; Cook orders a marine to discharge a musket over the heads of the Natives, but this does not have the desired effect. Finding it necessary to become more severe, he directs the marine to aim at the legs of the foremost Native. He is wounded on the legs and retreats, leaving the coast clear for a landing, which Cook and his party then effect to appropriate music, and the following words, composed by the Rev. W. H. H. Yarrington, M.A., LL.B., at the request of the Government, were then spoken. The facts were collated by Frank M. Bladen, Esq., F.R.G.S., F.R.H.S., F.R.S.C., Lond., Barrister-at-Law.

Cook (*loquitur*).

COMRADES, who like those voyagers of old
That with Columbus crossed the mighty main,
To find an unknown world—yet not, as they,
Despairing,—since your hearts were full of faith
And hope!—You who, with me, have traversed seas
As vast and perilous round half the world
And to this distant shore, so far from home,
At length have come! Comrades, I bid you hail
Upon this glorious day, whose history,
A priceless treasure, shall from age to age
Within the hearts of all men be enshrined:

By Nations yet unborn this splendid hour,
With its events historic, yea, this spot
Which now we tread, shall e'er remembered be;—
Cherished as sacred in the annals bright
Of that New World which we this day have found:

Here on these rocks beside the shining bay,
Which spreads its ample bosom to the sky;—
Here on this rising sward beside the rill,
Whose limpid waters now have quenched our thirst,
Or where these native dwellings lowly stand,
A myriad feet through all the centuries
Shall eager tread, and men shall fondly tell
The story of this day when first our feet
Did press the shore and we beheld this scene!

Within this land shall prosperous nations dwell,
And Cities rise to splendid power and wealth,
With dome and tower, with palaces and streets

Of myriad homes, while in fair havens bright
 The countless fleets, as white-winged messengers
 Of peace, repose; and in the wide domain
 Of its interior vast, what wealth may yet
 In far-off years be found! Rich fields of gold
 O'er yonder mountain chain of distant blue
 May hidden lie, while silver, precious gems
 And boundless wealth of mine by Nature stored
 For man's advantage, may in future days
 Be found to aid him in his onward march!

And when the rising States to lofty power
 Each in some distant portion of this Land
 Have once attained, who may not dream that they
 Shall in one glorious Commonwealth unite
 To form a mighty Nation in the world;—
 An Island Empire like that Island Home
 Whence with our Viking blood we first have come:
 A splendid Commonwealth bound round with love,
 And golden chains unto the lofty Throne
 Which she perchance may aid in peril's hour
 E'en with her children's blood—the worthy sons
 Of Britain's heroes! May such scions brave
 Forever hold this glorious Land their own:—
 Comrades, I hail you on this day of days!

BANKS (*loquitur*).

This day in truth is one of omen pure
 And bright;—the harbinger of happier days
 For all the World! This day from troubled seas
 Our keel has found a haven full of rest:
 So peace comes after strife, and, lo, a Land



SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

Of Promise welcomes us to rest within
The fair white bosom of its shining strand :
Science forever seeks to spread her reign
O'er wider kingdoms : Knowledge seeks expanse ;
And we but earnest searchers after Truth,
Sent forth to herald Learning's swift advance,
Rejoice this day as Britain broadens out
Her confines over this vast Continent,
And sways her sceptre o'er New Holland's shore :
So, too, unbounded realms this glorious day
Are added to the Kingdom bright of Truth,
And Science joyful sees her ample stores
Of knowledge garnered from these unknown fields :

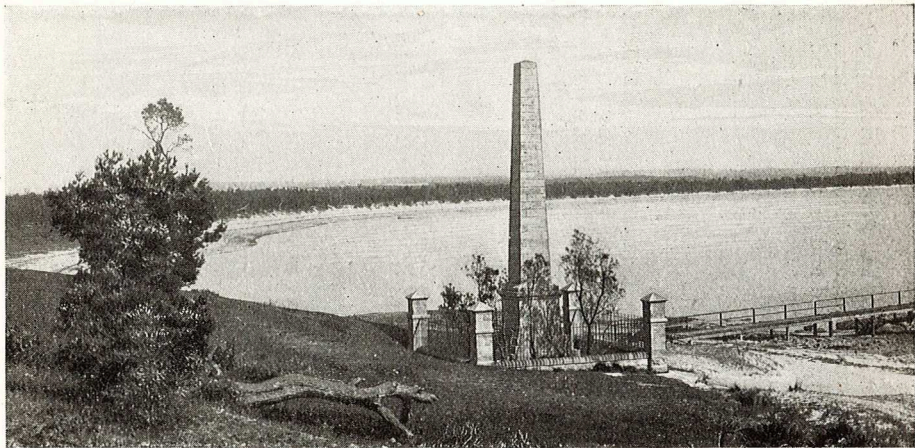
Our soul o'erflows with joy as we behold
The lovely blooms which gem the woodlands fair,
Unknown, unseen before by any eye
That kens the wonder of Botanic lore.
These trees are new, these orchids, ferns, and flowers,
With strange mysterious petals, all unknown :
They are but emblems of a myriad truths
Which yet shall yield their treasures to man's gaze !

COOK (*loquitur*).

What say you, Comrade good ;—that these fresh
fields
Shall prove a habitation fit for man ?

BANKS (*loquitur*).

I know it from these flowers which wondrous grow
From fertile soil whose vegetation, rife
With beauty, clothes the undulating hills :



KURNELL LANDING PLACE.

Along these shores shall gardens rich appear ;—
 These marshy lands a golden harvest bear,
 And meadows broad and pasturage abound
 For herds and flocks throughout yon spreading plains :
 So, countless populations here may dwell,
 And in the distant days their cities build !

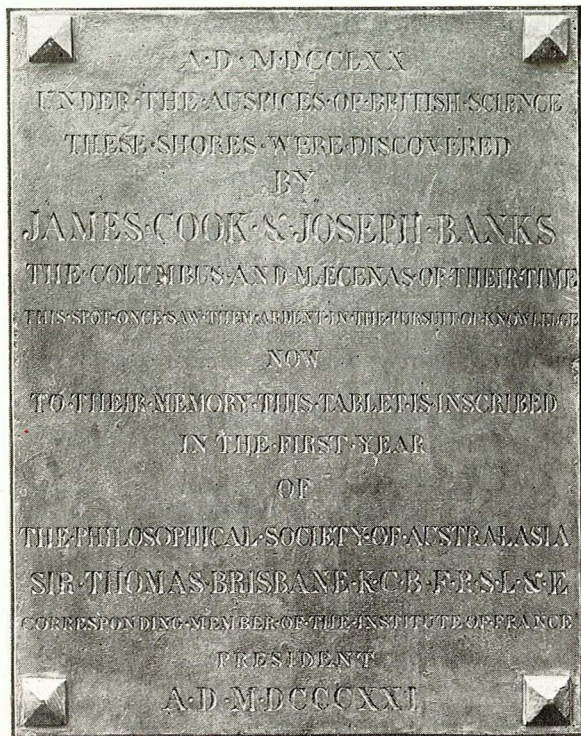
Cook (*loquitur*).

Thanks for these pleasant words of hopeful cheer.
 Be all thy forecast true ; and yet me thinks
 One tribute more this day we rightly yield
 To bright-eyed Science : She has led the way
 To these resplendent lands and unknown seas.

BANKS (*loquitur*).

Thou say'st truly,—she has been our guide
 As the Wise Men of old from Eastern Lands
 Were by the guidance of a Star led on
 To Bethlehem and sought the Truth of Truths ;
 So by the loveliest star in all the sky—
 Fair Venus, crossing o'er the great Sun's disc—
 Were we directed to these distant seas
 In search of truth, which Science holds so dear,
 And here beheld the glittering Southern Cross
 Which ever watches o'er this sleeping Isle ! *

* The expedition of which Lieutenant Cook was commander was specially sent out to observe the transit of Venus, which took place on June 3, 1769, and was observed at Tahiti in a most satisfactory manner.



MEMORIAL TABLET, KURNELL.

COOK (*loquitur*).

Thou, too, Solander, Scientist, and Friend,
Say what thou thinkest of this Sunny Land.

SOLANDER (*loquitur*).

As on her happy path fair rosebuds bless
The sweet Bride's earliest steps; so flowers bestrew
This earliest pathway of the 'fair young Queen,'
And birds of brightest plumage glance and sing
Their songs of gladness 'mid the foliage green:—
Auspicious omens of a future joy!

Our hearts were filled with pity at the sight
Of those poor, dusky savages who sought
But now so bravely to defend their Land
'Gainst our invading steps. We thought no harm,
But rather would protect their little ones
Now cowering in those tents behind their shields.

As shadows flee before the dawn of day,
So the dark tribes of Earth in terror flee
Before the white man's ever onward tread;
And all the night of ignorance and sin
Doth vanish as the light of Truth's fair day
Dawns in the East and spreads o'er all the Earth!

COOK (*loquitur*).

In Britain's name, and in the Royal name
Of George our King, I claim this glorious land.

*(Standard hoisted, and volley fired on shore and
returned by ship).*

Now is this Island Continent our own,
Which kindly Providence ordained for us,
Repelling from its shore each venturing keel
Save ours, as yonder headlands spurn
The billows breaking at their mighty feet.
Hail, then, to Britain's Empire and her flag,
That now first waves above this Southern Land:
Hail with loud cheers that Standard now unfurled—
Emblem of Right—victorious o'er the World:
This Land is England's! God preserve it so!

AUSTRALIA *now appears as a beautiful maiden*
(*loquitur*).

Here as a vision bright I come to you,
After a hundred summer suns have fled,
To tell you that your dreams have been fulfilled;—
Your hopes of future greatness realized!
The mighty Continent has been explored;
Nations have sprung to life, and myriad homes
Have spread throughout this happy Austral Land;
Cities have risen into pomp and power;
The golden mines have poured their treasure forth,
And veins of Silver thread the mountain's side;
The Earth from her vast Cornucopia
Yields ample store, while Commerce with her fleets—
Rich laden argosies of wealth untold—
Decks the bright harbours with her welcome sails:

Now o'er our Empire reigns a gracious Queen—
Victoria—whom we love with loyal hearts.
Yea, and the youthful Nations of our Land

Have bound themselves in Federation grand
Beneath our Queen,—a mighty Commonwealth,
Ruled o'er by one whose presence now we greet !

Australia, thus United, is a Power,
Whose glory shall increase from hour to hour ;
Whose strength is Truth, and Love her richest dower !

“At the close of the dialogue, which was enthusiastically appreciated, several speeches were made. The Hon. E. W. O'Sullivan, on behalf of the Committee, thanked the Rev. W. H. H. Yarrington for the composition of the dialogue to which they had listened with so much delight. The whole concourse, united in singing a hymn of thanksgiving, after which the National Anthem was also sung.”—(*Condensed from “Government Record,” compiled by Mr. J. J. Keenan.*)

The number of persons attending was estimated at 6,000.

The hymn of thanksgiving was composed by same author.



COMMONWEALTH CELEBRATIONS, 1901.—Landing of Captain Cook,

Commonwealth Hymn.

Tune: "Old Hundredth."

- 1.—Great Father of the Universe,
Whose presence fills the realms of space,
We would with gladsome hearts rehearse
The boundless glories of Thy grace.
- 2.—In pealing Anthem now we raise,
Our grateful songs before Thy Throne ;
We offer up our heartfelt praise,
And all Thy gracious mercy own.
- 3.—We praise Thee for this glorious Land,
Our fair Australia, bright and blest ;
Enriched by Thine all bounteous Hand,
A sunlit home of peaceful rest.
- 4.—We thank Thee for the golden mine,
The forest and the fertile field ;
The treasures of the earth are Thine,
Yet all to us their bounty yield.
- 5.—Before Thy Throne a Nation kneels,
In deepest reverence and prayer,
To speak the gratitude it feels
For all Thy providential care.
- 6.—Ten thousand voices lift their psalm
Of joy and universal praise
To Thee, O Lord, whose mighty arm
Hath shielded us in all our ways !

7.—We pray Thee bless our Commonwealth,
And crown our Union with Thy love ;
Grant us prosperity and health,
And shower Thy blessings from above.

8.—May greed and jealous hate expire,
While mutual love and trust increase,
So hasten, Lord, the world's desire—
The reign of universal peace.

9.—“Keep far our foes, give peace at home,—
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.”
Help us, O Lord, to live to Thee
Through all the new born Century.

AMEN.

COMMONWEALTH CELEBRATIONS.

Landing of Captain Cook, R.N., at Botany Bay

(28th April, 1770).

*(Reproduced under the authority of the Government of New
South Wales in the vicinity of the Historic Spot)*

On Monday, 7th January, 1901.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lieutenant James Cook, R.N. (usually called Captain Cook)	... Mr. D. J. AMOS.
Joseph Banks ... (afterwards Sir Joseph Banks)	... Mr. J. P. WEST.
Dr. Solander ... (Naturalist)	... Mr. NEWTON CARROLL.
Tupia ... (native of Otaheite)	... Mr. SAM POOLE.
Australia ... (nymph)	... Miss LILIAN BETHELL, of the Hawtrey Comedy Company (by kind permission of W. F. Hawtrey, Esq.).

Sailors, Marines, Aborigines.

Stage Manager ... Mr. HARRY LESTON, assisted by
Mr. SAM POOLE.

Musical Director ... Mr. L. DE GROEN.
Costumes by Mr. and Mrs. MORRISON.

By kind permission of the Government of Queensland, the
Aborigines will be grouped and perform under the
direction of Mr. Meston.

