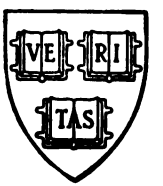

THE

BOOANDIK TRIBE

OF

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES:

A SKETCH OF THEIR

Habits, Customs, Legends, and Language.

ALSO:

An account of the efforts made by Mr. and Mrs. James Smith to Christianise and Civilise them.

By Mrs. JAMES SMITH.

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PREFACE.

IN ISSUING to the world this little work on the Booandik Tribe of South Australian Aborigines, the authoress desires to assure her readers that she does so solely from a strong sense of duty. This once numerous and powerful tribe of South-Eastern natives is now represented by a miserable remnant, which will in a few years, with the other aboriginal peoples of Southern Australia, have withered away before the new mode of life forced upon them by the advent of European colonists in their midst, assisted too often by the cruelties practised upon them by the early settlers; and in thus preserving a record of their characteristics, customs, habits, language, and legends, she feels that she is only performing a duty that her opportunities press upon her, and she trusts that in the future it will not be found unserviceable to the historian, the antiquary, and the philologist.

Having been intimately acquainted with the aborigines of the South-East for a period of over thirty-five years, as a missionary and teacher, first in union with her late husband, and, after his death, alone, she believes that she is in a better position than anyone else in the colony to write a memorial of them; and she feels that if she did not do so it would be for ever unwritten, and the very name of the tribe with whom she has been so well acquainted, for whom she has done all in

power to benefit, and who have always treated her as a friend and benefactor, would be for ever lost. The aborigines themselves are fully conscious of the decline of their race, and lament it bitterly, and many of the more intelligent of them have often requested the authoress not to allow them to be entirely forgotten.

The authoress makes no pretensions to the possession of a finished or elegant style of writing, but she trusts that the work, clothed in no garment but truth, and adorned with no charm but simplicity, will commend itself to the public of South Australia who feel an interest in the less privileged races who preceded them in the possession of this great country.

She would here acknowledge her indebtedness to several kind friends who have generously assisted her in the compilation of the work. To her son, Mr. Duncan Stewart, formerly native interpreter in the district, she returns her warmest thanks, for compiling the extensive vocabulary of the Booandik dialect that concludes the work. She also gratefully acknowledges the ready and cheerful assistance she has received from E. L. Hamilton, Esq., Sub-Protector of the Aborigines in the colony, not only in connection with the natives for many years, but also in making preparations for the publication of this work. To the South Australian Government she also offers her most grateful thanks for their kindness in printing the work for her free of cost.

Mount Gambier, May, 1880.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE aborigines of the South-East were divided into five tribes, each occupying its own territory, and using different dialects of the same language. Their names were "Booandik," "Pinejunga," "Mootatunga," "Wichintunga," and "Polinjunga."

The Booandik—of which this work specially treats—was the largest, and occupied that tract of country extending from the mouth of the Glenelg River to Rivoli Bay North (Beachport), for about thirty miles inland. The other tribes occupied the country between Lacepede Bay and Border Town, abutting on the Booandik country. The tribes, like most savage peoples, were in continual dread of each other; and although they occasionally met on friendly terms to hold a "murapena" (corroboree), it usually eventuated in a fight, in which one or two were killed and afterwards eaten.

They were divided, irrespective of their country, into two classes—"Kumite" and "Kroke." A Kroke must always take a Kumite gor (female) for a wife, and a Kumite must take a Kroke gor to wife. The children were said to belong to the mother's class.

The Kumites were classed under five "totems," or family symbols, and the Kroke under four; and all things, animate and inanimate, were said to belong to one or other of these totems. I append a few:—

KUMITE TOTEMS.

Boorte moola (fishhawk), Boorte parangal (pelican), Boorte wa (crow), Boorte willer (black cockatoo), Boorte karato

(innoxious snake), smoke, honeysuckle, blackwood, fire, frost, dog, rain, thunder, lightning, stars, moon, fish, stringy bark, seal, eel, &c.

KROKE TOTEMS.

Boorte wirmal (owl), Boorte wereo (teatree scrub), Boorte moorna (edible root), Boorte kara-al (white crestless cockatoo), duck, wallaby, opossum, crayfish, turkey, quail, poolatch, kangaroo, sheaoak, summer, sun, &c.

The above lists do not restrict the selection of a wife, but bear upon the food a man might eat. It was considered wrong to kill or use for food animals of the same totem as one's self. When forced by hunger, one might break this rule by formally expressing sorrow for having to eat one's friends, and no evil results followed; but sickness and death were the penalties of wilful wrongdoing in this particular.

They had no acknowledged chiefs. Justice was administered by the convention of "murapena" (corroboree), by some of the old men. The subject in dispute would be loudly discussed, and the strongest party would settle the matter to their own satisfaction. The following is an instance:—A powerful fellow named Permalooan, owner of several wives, was taken to Adelaide for spearing a cow. His oldest wife was too poor and diseased to attract attention. The second, who had a fine little boy, not yielding prompt compliance to the importunity of an urgent suitor, was killed with her child. The third and fattest wife, Makooning, went off cheerfully with a short young fellow named Little Harry. After a time, Permalooan got out of gaol, and reached home a crippled old man. Little Harry and Makooning could not think of parting; so Permalooan brought the matter before the tribe at a murapena and the result was that Little Harry was allowed to keep Makooning, and that, in exchange, he should give Permalooan a pair of blankets and hold his head to receive several blows

of a waddy from Permalooan. I may here say that Boonodat, the slayer of the woman and child, was killed a short time previous while trying to take away a woman of the Pinejunga tribe.

It appears from the statements of the blacks themselves that the land belonging to the Booandik tribe was handed down from father to son, and its boundaries properly marked out. They were wont to speak very proudly of their land, and of their forefathers, remarking what splendid hunters they were, and how they taught their children to love their country. I have often heard my faithful Jemmy MacIntyre (now deceased) say with great affection, "The Schanck was my father's land, "which he seldom left, except to act as chief in quarrels and "disputes, to prevent bloodshed. My uncles and my father and "mother lie buried there. I buried my wife and child there. "My heart was sorry when I left my land—I love it dearly." Their food consisted chiefly of kangaroo, fish, emu, opossum, fine roots, candart-seed, "meenatt," and honeysuckle.

PART FIRST.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS.—TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS. EARLY EVENTS.—SUPERSTITIONS, WITCHCRAFT, &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

Habits and Customs.

Marriages.

INFANTS are betrothed to one another by their parents. Girls are betrothed by the father, with the concurrence of his brothers, into some family which has a daughter to give in exchange. They term this "wootambau" (exchanging). As they grow up to maturity, the youthful pair are spoken of in terms of the warmest friendship and respect by all parties—especially by the female portion of the tribe. Presents are expected by the mothers, either directly or indirectly, from the lovers or their nearest relatives. This gains a goodwill towards the intended son-in-law — although the mother is bound not to mention his name as long as she lives. A pair of ducks, a leg of a wombat, or a young emu—whatever is eatable—is acceptable to the craving appetite. The father, of course, is the lord of the soil; and when the food is cooked in the hot ashes, or broiled, he receives his allotted share. He throws what he cannot eat over his shoulder to his female partner, who sits in the dark shade.

Once while out pleasuring towards the Woakwine, with my family and an aged couple, Mary Ann asked me what I thought of her "m'rado" (land), and said with a smile of pleasure, "There is the swamp; yonder is the lake. Here is the country "where I followed my husband when I was a 'burrich burrich' "(a girl). There are my good swans, 'lapps lapps' (small fish), "'gnarps' (apples), 'nroite' (honey), 'carlie paron marton' "(plenty plenty good). I am old, and am the only wife he "loved. He was the lord of Lake George (Narhter)."

Their marriage customs clearly indicate their sense that virtue is honor. Each tribe, as I have said, is divided into two distinct classes, the Kumite and Kroke. If a man is a Kumite, his wife must be a Kroke; and if a man is a Kroke, his wife must be a Kumite. The children belong to the mother's class. The young men sometimes exchange their sisters for wives; and woe to anyone that breaks his vows—his sister is taken back by force and given to another. Parents do not allow any familiarity between the boys and girls. If a strange boy comes on a visit with his friends to the family, the young and bashful girl turns her back, hangs her head down, or covers herself in her mother's rug. The youth sits down sullenly, as if he had no eyes to see, or understanding, now that she honored him; and partly through fear of the future, and partly out of respect to virtue, he is bound to leave her company and retire to the "natmul wurla" (male house). An old man said to me one day that I should not allow my boys and girls to play together. "He was," he said, "an old man, and knew better than me. The whites were "stupid; and he would like me to take care of my daughters."

The preliminaries concluded, the time for the ceremony at length comes, and the council meet the parents, who give up their daughter. The bride is about ten or twelve years of age, and ripe for marriage. A company, consisting of all the males and the bride, proceed to the bridegroom's wurla, where he is lying on the ground, every limb and nerve in motion at the idea of the approaching ceremony. The company approach the wurla and halt; all eyes are fixed on the bridegroom lying on the ground. One of the honored men of the tribe takes his seat beside him; the father takes the bride by the hand, and says to the bridesmen, "You give my daughter with the "consent of all her males you see standing around." The young men turn to the bridegroom, and say, "Here is your wife." She then places herself beside him, and the bridesmen politely walk away. The whole company then return to their wurlas, and leave the young couple to themselves. For five nights she sleeps about two yards from her husband; the fifth night her father goes to her, and persuades her to give up all her bashfulness. The ceremony is ended, and the married couple roam the woods in search of food. Each one lives apart.

The mother-in-law and son-in-law must not speak to each

other, or even come into each other's presence. Those persons connected by marriage (excepting husband and wife) talk to each other in a low whining tone, and use words different to those in common use. I may state that polygamy was the rule; most of the men had two wives, but some had as many as five. The Booandik words for marriage are "wooen" (given), and "manen" (taken).

Birth of Children.

When a baby is about to be born, a nurse is set to help the mother, and watch her in case she attempts to harm either herself or her baby when it is born, as they will sometimes kill it to avoid the bother of nursing it. The custom of the women is to retire to some pleasant part of the country to be confined, accompanied by a "moitmun" (nurse). Her superstitious lord will not receive his spouse until her days of purification are over. On the journey home she has to sleep with her child in the open air, without any shelter, every night, till she draws near home; when the feat is performed, she lies at her cold savage husband's door, without a kind word to soothe her. The next night he takes his wife inside. I have pleaded with the husbands to be kind to their wives, but they were too grounded in their superstitious custom to grant my request. One man, to please me, took his children before the mother. They believe that if they see the blood of any of their relatives they will not be able to fight against their enemies, and will be killed. If the sun dazzles their eyes at a fight, the first unfortunate woman they afterwards meet is sure to receive a blow from the "wirren," or waddy.

On one occasion I was asked to be present at the hour of nature and of sorrow. It was a showery day, and I found the mother lying on the ground, without a breakwind to shield her from the wet. I, with the nurse, pointed out a more suitable spot under a shady tree, and made a fire to warm the damp sandy ground, brought the mat to the fire, and covered the place with leaves and grass. A fine soft bush, called "dinge," was gathered in handsful and placed round the fire in a circle to dry. This served as baby clothes. A finer kind was gathered for a pillow,

when the baby could sit on its mother's back in a mat made of "nangroo," a large broad grass which grows on the sandy beach. It was wrapped in a kangaroo skin. The nurse's most difficult duty is to prevent the mother from killing herself or baby. In her pain she beats herself with her fist; the nurse tells her kindly to have patience, and to soothe her will repeat all the names of her tribe. The child is born (a girl), and the nurse says, "Here is a wife for the last young man I named."

My son, who was interpreter, brought me word that I was wanted for another birth. With my staff and the various necessaries I proceeded to the place, and found the women camped between two hills, which were prettily decked with yellow flowers. The sick woman, Wearwonong, was in great distress—so much so, that I almost despaired of her life. She would not permit me to help her, and the nurse told me to take care of myself for fear I might receive some injury from the patient when in pain, though she would be sorry for it afterwards. The nurse sat behind her with her hands clasped round her waist. The "moit-mum,"* would say, in jest, "Hold "her hand, 'witchinear' (white woman), she will run away "to the bush. Look out, Missie Smith," which made the patient smile. We sent for a black doctor (pangal), but he sent back an answer, "I will not come, for there is no fear, and you have "the 'witchinear' with you." The young wives were also sent for, to lay their hands across her waist to act as a charm, and they also refused to come. The nurse said, with great cheerfulness, "Try and walk up to the top of that hill, and you will be "a happy mother when you come back." When mother and babe were all right, she walked to the fire and sat down. I asked her to take a warm drink, but she refused, saying, "By-"and-bye," thanked me for my attention to her, and promised to pay me a visit the next day. I told her to be sure and not kill baby, and I would give her a blanket.

Twelve months after I attended her again (the first baby was supposed to have been killed), when she bore a boy. Three weeks later Pendowen came to me and said that the child was dead. I went with her to the wurla, where I found the woman sitting before a large fire warming herself. She did not pay the

* Moit-mum signifies "sitting behind."

slightest heed to us as we approached. Pendowen commenced talking and crying at a great rate, and at last got enraged, and went behind Wearwonong and commenced kicking the poor woman most unmercifully. I thought at every kick she would fall headforemost into the fire. As soon as the outburst was over, she was quite calm. Poor Wearwonong was crying, having suffered all the blows without retaliating. Rage then turned to lamentation and mourning for the dead. The mother told, in a singing tone, that she did not kill the baby, but that it died through the night of pain in the intestines, and cried itself to death. I asked her where the body was. She lifted up her blanket and brought it out. I examined it, and found it swollen to a great extent; but she again denied having killed it. I told her to bury it as soon as possible. On our way home I asked Pendowen what made her kick the poor creature in such a manner, and she replied, "It is our custom, for we have no con-
"fidence in what the mother says, unless some of our 'druals'
"(blacks) are witnesses to its death."

I was present on another of these eventful occasions. The young stranger was welcomed with joy by all around. The nearest relative had the honor of nursing it first. I left Pendowen behind to look after the mother, and on my way home I went to the male wurla to tell the father the happy news that he had a son, and requested him to go and see his wife. "To-morrow, to-morrow," he replied, in a rough voice, adding more fuel to the fire, without the slightest appearance of joy or even pleasure. Next morning he went to see his wife, and met her carrying the corpse of the baby, for it had died about sunrise. He showed her no kindness or sympathy, but raised his hand and struck her to the ground and kicked her. Poor creature, she merited no such cruel treatment; but he imagined that she had killed the baby. He was enraged to think that out of six sons he had only two living to help him in time of war. In a few years those two also died. Tarrawing, the youngest, died while with Dr. Hope, of Geelong, who spoke of him in the most affectionate terms. Mutbana died a drunkard—which certainly was no credit to his master.

It is customary for the women to kill their first child, as they do not wish the trouble of rearing them. Others take revenge for the sufferings they undergo on the child, by allowing it to

bleed to death. I told an intelligent old woman to tell the young wives to save their children, and I would give them a blanket. She informed them all of my wishes, and that I was sorry that they killed their babes. My name was often mentioned at births, and my displeasure at such a practice. Mary Ann (a black woman) was present at a birth once where the mother tried to murder the new-born infant. Mary Ann took the child in her apron, and said, "I am off to Willijam (Rivoli "Bay), to Missie; she will take care of the baby." The mother instantly shouted out, "No, no! I will never kill him;" and she kept her word. Mary Ann was proud of the good deed she had done, and we rejoiced together that she had at least saved one life. O, the dark places of this earth are full of cruelty! I met other mothers that were kind to their children, and suckled them till they reached the age of four or five years. Since the intercourse of the aborigines with white people the children are very few in number, and are more seldom put to death. Many of the women ate their offspring; they said it was a part of their flesh and made them strong.

Death and Burial.

The manner in which the blacks perform the burial ceremony is very interesting. The grave is dug about three feet deep, and made quite round. A fire is made in it to warm the earth, but not hot enough to heat the body. The corpse is bent together, rolled in an opossum skin, and laid in the grave with the head towards the west. It is then covered with bark, and the grave is filled up with earth. They have a superstition that the spirit, after death, goes somewhere to the sea.

I once asked an old warrior if he would show me the grave of the white man the blackfellows said they had buried. He seemed unwilling at first to comply with my wishes, but I insisted, and promised him some tea and bread. We then proceeded to a spot indicated by him, and to satisfy me he opened a grave. When he came to the bark he looked very much surprised, and said, "I think he is gone, for I laid the head to "the west." I told him to search for it, and at last he found it,

and said, smiling, "I buried my brother 'dingwean' (long time "ago); his head is here yet." After all, this was not the white man's grave the natives spoke of.

The native mind cannot conceive of any such an event as a natural death. If anyone dies they think someone must have caused his death; and as soon as they can determine who the guilty party is, he is put to death. One day a boy named Bunchy was playing with my family, and next day he went away with one of the bullock-drivers. The next news we heard was that he had been killed by one of his own tribe. The interpreter went and remonstrated with the murderer about his superstition and cruelty. He only replied, "I have killed him "for my father, for I loved my father; and would you not do "the same?"

One evening, while I stood outside my house, I heard a death-cry down at the camp, and I asked one of the native women who stood near me, "Who is it that is crying?" "My mother," was the reply, "my husband speared black man." I was very much shocked at the horrible murder brought so near to my notice, and at being told of it in such a cool, careless manner. Presently I saw a blackfellow on the hill opposite our place, and heard him calling out, "Bloody rogue! Kill my brother drual; "me kill him." He came running towards me, leaped over a wheelbarrow that stood in his way, and rushed into the house. The young woman said, "Him cranky." The fellow came out with a gun in his hand, and pointing it towards Woakwyne (Mr. Hope's station), where the poor man had been murdered (about fifteen miles distant), said, "If I could I would kill him, and "have his fat."

After burial the women keep on lamenting and mourning for the departed, chanting all his or her good deeds, and burn their hair and scratch their faces with their finger nails. The men sit silent and gloomy, meditating as to who could have put their friend out of the way, and pondering some means of vengeance. All that the deceased owned while in the flesh is burned, so that nothing shall be left to revive the sorrow of the relatives. The dead are thus utterly forgotten.

Death by sickness is invariably attributed to fetish, which they express by saying "Man-en yur-le ming" (they have taken his life; but "life" is not the proper synonym). The most

common and dreaded form of death from fetish is "kan-an on" (beaten with a waddy), and is said to be thus performed:—A man is found alone asleep. He is tapped gently all over his body and limbs with a stick called "kan-o." He remains unconscious. A stout blade of grass is thrust into his nose, and twisted round rapidly; something comes out on the grass blade, which the fetish swallows. The side of the victim is then opened with a sharp flint, and the kidney fat withdrawn. The opening closes up, and the sleeper awakes with a feeling of extreme lassitude, which continues to increase day by day until death ensues.

For burial the body is doubled up into the smallest possible compass, and secured by suitable bindings. Soon after dark the male friends of the deceased seat themselves in a half-circle about the body; and after some hours of silent watching the "bo-ong" (spirit) of the one who caused his death will appear in a human form hovering over the body, and then suddenly vanish. It is recognised. Next morning a shallow grave is scooped out in a soft place, a little grass or dry leaves is burnt in it to warm it; the body is put in in a sitting posture, sticks are placed to keep the earth from pressing on it, and the grave is filled up and smoothed over. A few bushes are placed round the spot. The following day the smooth surface is examined, and the tracks of beetles, worms, or other animals are carefully noted. If they are recognised to be of the same tuman totem as the man already suspected, he must die. Yet the death of one of his friends will equally satisfy the claim of blood! In this custom, however, they are scarcely worse than our own Christian ancestors were a century or two ago, in their treatment of suspected witches.

Rheumatism and inflammation are the most serious diseases the natives have to contend against. When anyone is ill, the "pangal" (doctor) is sent for, and he examines the patient from head to foot, squeezes the muscles with his thumb, takes a mouthful of water and spouts it all over the patient, and repeats a long chain of imprecations (which he speaks with great vehemence) till completely out of breath. This mode of treatment is believed to be infallibly efficacious in curing the patient. The pangal then sucks the sore part with his mouth, keeping fine grass between his teeth, so as not to leave the mark

of his teeth on the skin; and continues hissing and grunting till at last he finds a piece of bone or broken flint in the flesh, which he pretends he has taken out. While the doctor is operating, the patient is enduring extreme pain. The doctor pulls and drags the sufferer about most unmercifully, until he gets the foreign matter extracted, and then with great pride shows the patient the cause of the pain. A case of supposed cure by a pangal came under my own notice. An old woman named Kitty was blind for many weeks. We all thought it was owing to her old age, and that she would never receive her sight again. However, she did get her sight again, and she informed us that her good pangal performed an operation, or charm, as she called it, and brought out of her eye a long piece of grass.

Hot fomentations are very beneficial to them. They are applied to sprains in this way :—The patient heats a smooth stone, lays a lot of herbs on it, and then lays the sore part of his limbs on the hot herbs. This same remedy was found very efficacious to some of my family in allaying the swelling caused by sprains. All their cures are performed by means of herbs. I have often seen the women who were ill with rheumatism completely enveloped in leaves. In any case when danger is anticipated, a fire is kindled in the middle of their clod wurla, all kinds of green leaves are heaped on top sufficient to bear the patient, sticks are laid across for him to lie on, a bottle of water is poured on the fire, and the patient is laid on this rude construction to have a good steaming. Care is taken that he does not catch cold; and this operation generally succeeds in curing him. I was once very ill with toothache, and I asked one of the pangals to cure me. He advised me to do as the women of his tribe did in such cases, viz., to place a coal to a lock of my hair and let it swing about my face. I did so, and informed him that I received no benefit from his cure. With a hearty laugh at my simplicity he said, "Mutua ee-ong tong-a-nua" (I don't know the pain in your tooth).

They had found no cure for snake-bite before the white man came. When anyone was bitten by a snake, he left the party he was with and leaped about to try his strength, until his strength failed him, and then he sank down on the ground and died in a few hours. They compare the effects of snake-bite to

a feeling of thorough fatigue; then a stupor comes over them, accompanied by great pain if bitten by a black snake, which is very venomous. One of our native boys was bit by a snake in the calf of the leg, but he courageously burnt the part with a fire-stick, and thus saved his life.

Treatment of Widows.

A shepherd once informed me that he had found a skull in a pool of water near Lake George. He seemed rather alarmed, as his hut was close to the grave. This discovery led to enquiry, and I gathered the following melancholy story from Mary Ann, the mistress of the soil:—The schooner *Elizabeth*, a whaling vessel, was driven ashore during a storm near Cape Martin (called by the natives "Darro;" literally, "scrubby country"). This was about the year 1840, as nearly as we could ascertain. One of the native women and her husband became acquainted with the sailors. After the schooner had been made ready for sea again, and departed, a boat drifted ashore, which was supposed to have belonged to the *Elizabeth*. The young woman's husband and another native ventured to enter the boat to go to a rock not far from the land; but they had no idea of the use of the oars, though they both thought they were good sailors. As the boat began to float away from the shore one of them got frightened, and crying out "Yaki, yaki," he jumped into the sea. "Bating yarin" (water going down my throat) was his next cry. The spectators on shore, joining hands, went into the the water and rescued the poor fellow from drowning; but the other unfortunate man remained in the boat, and was carried by the rapid current far away to sea, and in all probability was drowned. In vain his wife cried and wept for him to come back to her—he was gone beyond recall. And well she might be regretful at the loss of her husband, knowing as she did the doom that awaited her. That night the blacks kindled a great fire on the shore as a signal to the lost man. His widow had a very short time to mourn his fate, as she found the boat next day floating bottom up in Guichen Bay. Next night the widow would not be comforted, and the other women mourned with her. She sat with her little child beside her, when her uncles came and roughly ordered her to go in with the men, according

to the usual custom of widows. "Winana yon" (I will not go), was her reply. The other women then rose and left the poor sorrowing creature and her child to their doom. Mary Ann's husband was the first to stamp on the ground with his foot, prancing like a horse. Soon others joined him in his savage rage. Madly they shook their flint-headed spears and flung them at her. One of them went through her heart. The blacks then rushed on and finished the horrible scene by killing the child. A few of her friends kindly buried her in the spot where the shepherd found her skull.

It is the usual custom for a woman, after her husband dies, to be forced to lead an immoral life, under the care (!) of her nearest relative. This degraded existence is considered a token of friendship, and makes peace with their warlike brethren. The widow is, however, sometimes given in marriage to some lover, who promises to give his sister in exchange.

CHAPTER II.

Traditions and Legends.—Early Events.

The First Blacks.

CRAITBUL was the name of the great giant or ancestor of the tribe, and his first camping ground was Mount Muirhead. The great desire of Craitbul and his wife and two sons was to find some place on which to settle and live in peace, free from all fear of an evil spirit called "Tennateona," or "Woor." They came from Wenger. They lived at Mount Muirhead for a considerable time in peace. They made their oven, gathered their roots, roasted and ate them, and lived happy. At length, one day, they had made up their oven, put their roots on the stones, covered them up with earth, and went to rest; but during the night they were suddenly roused out of their sleep by a bird called "bullin." In great fear they fled, for fear of the evil spirit. They say that if anyone disbelieves this story they may dig at the top of Mount Muirhead, and there they will find evidence to prove its truth. Mount Muirhead was the oven. They then set out travelling again in search of a new home, and camped at Mount Schanck, where they thought Tennateona would not come near them. They put up their wurlas, built their oven, and began to enjoy themselves; but one night, when the oven was empty, the voice of the bullin (mooning) came to them a second time, and they got up and left in great fear. They determined this time to strike inland, away from water (the sea), for it appears that this evil spirit could not exist far away from the sea. They left their camping ground at Mount Schanck, with its empty oven, and travelled to Mount Gambier (called

Berrin), and there pitched their camp. They were now at rest from Tennateona, and they lived here a long time. They, as usual, made an oven here; but one day water came up from the bottom of it and put out their fire. They then made another, with the same result—and so on, till they had four ovens. Their last home was in the cave on the side of the peak. There they had a view of all the land.

Craitbul and his woman were of immense size; Goliath must have been a dwarf in comparison. They had to stoop and bend their heads to get under the tallest gum trees. The only implements they had for digging were a large stick, termed a "canna," and their bare hands.

The Origin of the Kangaroo.

Craitbul's sons, mentioned above, were one day playing with gum bark, and, by some curious freak of nature, the bark began to move of its own accord. Every day the boys went to play with the gum bark. They made legs and stuck them on to the body; then they shaped a head and fixed it on, and told Craitbul and the woman what they had been doing. Craitbul was so pleased with what they had been doing, that he breathed his breath into the bark and gave it life. They first made a male and then a female, and from this the kangaroos multiplied and became numerous. They found they were fat and good to eat when they killed them with their spears. At this time, of course, they were tame, and could be killed without the labor of chasing them.

One day the eldest of the boys saw a "brutput" (parrot) perched on the side of Mount Gambier on a stump, making a great noise—"ca-ca-ca." He climbed up to see what all the noise was about, and found a fine fat leg of a kangaroo, which had evidently been "planted" by his brother. He was naturally enraged at the deceit of his brother, and told Craitbul about it; and Craitbul breathed a high stormy wind into the kangaroos' noses, which made them wild and take flight at the sight of man. From that time men had to hunt them down when they were in want of food. Craitbul rebuked the boy for his greed and deceit; but the latter was angry and not repentant, so that Berrin was no longer a paradise for Craitbul and the woman.

The two boys agreed to steal the kangaroos, and to this end took advantage of a dark stormy day, and drove the animals with the wind till they crossed the Glenelg River, when they came to a cave at the seaside. Here they stopped and lived, forty miles from their father's land. After a time they began to get tired of the cave, being desolate, alone, and repentant of the evil they had done in stealing the kangaroos from Craitbul, and the sorrow they had caused their mother by leaving home. One morning, as the boys were speaking about their mother, one of them said, "It is raining." The other replied, "Yes; open your mouth and drink." The water tasted like the milk from their mother's breast. They hurried out of the cave, and to their joy met their mother, whom they greeted with "Nating "watton—Nating watton" (mother's come).

The woman, after the boys had run away, mourned greatly for her children. She burnt her hair, scarred her flesh, beat her breasts, and took her great strong "canna" and beat the ground. She stood with her "canna" in her hand on the top of the high Berrin, and looked east, west, north, and south, and the milk flowed from her breasts in the direction the boys had gone. Thus she tracked them to the cave. She said it had thundered and lightened, and thundered in the ground ("mondle m'read"), and that she was afraid of the "mena-"nemon" (lightning), now that she was at peace.

The two boys grew up to be men, and went to seek wives for themselves. They caught a "brutput," and took its ears and made women of them, and made them their wives. The foregoing legend has often been told at the fireside by the old men to the children.

Craitbul and his wife and children, when they found themselves approaching their end, are said to have got on to a spear—the woman on the point, the boys next, and Craitbul at the end, and were translated to one of the stars. And to this day, when that star is visible, the blacks say, "Craitbul is up there."

How Fire was Obtained.

What I am about to relate is the substance of an aboriginal tradition as to how the natives who possessed the country about here first obtained fire. I may remark that I found this *story current only* among the natives who claimed the country

Neddy.

between Mount Gambier and MacDonnell Bay. The Rivoli Bay blacks, as also those of Guichen Bay, were ignorant of it; while those about the mouth of the Murray River had a story somewhat similar. More than half a score of years have elapsed since I last heard it. Those blacks who could tell it well have long since passed away. It runs thus:—A long time ago, long before my informant's father came into existence (and he was a man tottering, apparently, under the weight of 60 years), the black people lived without fire to prepare their food with, and their knowledge of its practical benefits was limited to a belief that a man called Mar (cockatoo), who lived far away in the east, had it, and that he selfishly monopolised it. Being a powerful man he was able to guard his secret possession from any force that might be brought to bear upon him. It was the current belief that Mar kept his fire concealed under the tuft of feathers which he wore on his head. However, what could not be obtained by force was obtained by craft. There arose some disputes between several of the neighbouring tribes that required immediate arrangement, and to do so a great "murapena," as the blacks call it, or corroboree, was decided on. Messengers were sent in all directions to announce the day on which this meeting would take place. Mar was among those who came. At the hunt which preceded the corroboree a kangaroo was killed. Marsupials were, it would seem, not so plentiful at that distant time as they are now; and native customs fully bear out this surmise. A kangaroo was killed; and, in order that many might partake of it, it was severed into small joints. As a mark of respect to Mar, he was asked to accept of a very choice bit, but he declined it, as he did many other offers, till asked if he would have the skin. That was just what he wanted, and he carried it away with evident pleasure to his camp, which he had fixed some distance apart. "What can he be going to do with the "skin? It will not be good eating," they said, "unless he pre-"pares it with his fire." The question was, who would go to watch him and try to learn something about the fire they had heard about. Several talkative natives stood up saying they were ready to undertake this service; but after submitting their plans for general approval, they were not considered fit—owing, in some measure, to being too much given to talk to themselves. At last an active little fellow called Prite gave proof that he

was equal to the undertaking, by sneaking through the grass around their camp without being seen. He was sent, and soon reached the place where Mar was camping. After watching patiently for some time, he saw Mar look round, as if to satisfy himself he was not watched, then yawning and putting his hand to his head as if to scratch it, he took the fire from its place of concealment, and Prite had the satisfaction of seeing the mysterious fire glowing brightly before Mar. Prite returned and told all he saw, whereupon one called Tatkanna undertook to go to learn something for them. He managed to get close to the fire, and felt its heat. Then he returned to report, and to show how the heat had singed his breast to a reddish color. Another then went up, taking with him a grasstree stick. He saw Mar singing the hair off the kangaroo skin, and managed, unobserved, to thrust his stick into the fire. Upon withdrawing it, the grass took fire. Mar sprang up alarmed, and strove, but in vain, to beat out the flames with his half-roasted skin. The fire spread rapidly over the long rank grass and dry underwood. Mar, grasping his waddies, rushed over to where the others were camped. He was in a great rage. He suspected some of them had been trying to steal his fire. He caught sight of Tatkanna, whose breast gave evidence of his having had something to do in the matter. Tatkanna, being a little fellow, began to cry; whereupon Quartang stepped up, telling Mar if he wanted to fight he was ready, and was more his match than little Tatkanna. The rest of the blacks were not long idle spectators; all found something to fight about. It is so long since I heard this that I have forgotten the names of most of those who distinguished themselves on this very eventful day. This is to be regretted, as their names are necessary to the full understanding of the story. However, Quartang soon had enough. A hit with the point of that bootjack-like waddy called "buamba," finished him. He leaped up off the ground into a tree, and was transformed into that bird now known as the laughing-jackass, and is said still to bear the mark of Mar's bootjack under his wing. Tatkanna became a robin red-breast. Prite also became a bird, but I cannot give its name in English. It is to be found among the undergrowth along the sea-coast. A big fat fellow called Kounterbull received a deep spear wound in the back of his neck. He rushed away into the sea, and was

often afterwards seen spouting water out of the spear wound. His name in English is "whale." Mar himself, uninjured, flew up into a tree, and still raging and scolding became a cockatoo; and a bare spot is pointed out on cocky's head, under his crest, where, it is said, the fire was kept secreted.

Since that eventful day, if the natives by chance let their fire go out, they can readily get a light out of the grasstree by procuring two pieces of it, placing one horizontally on the ground and inserting in a notch made in it the end of the other, and then twirling the latter rapidly between the palms of the hands. In a short time the sticks will ignite, showing that it is still as capable of setting the bush in a blaze as in the day of Mar.

They have a few other stories of men being transformed, and I have often asked who or what caused these metamorphoses, with the view of ascertaining their idea of a Supreme Governor. I found that they had no idea of an overruling power; but I am inclined to think that, at a period not very remote, they had a knowledge of a Great Cause.

The above legend is also related by some of the natives as follows —Fire originated in the red crest of a cockatoo. Mar concealed the fire from his tribe for his own sole benefit, and his fellows were angry with him for his selfishness. The wise cockatoos called a private meeting to consult on the best scheme to find out the secret from Mar. They met without loss of time among the thick gum-trees, and each one had his say in the matter. One wise old fellow said, "Let us gather all the "kangaroos to one place. I will point out to you a certain one, "and you must all throw your spears at him, and kill him. We "will then invite Mar to come and share with us. We will give "him the head, shoulders, and skin as his part, for he will take it "to his home, where he keeps the fire; and we will watch him." The plan was executed as arranged, till they killed the kangaroo. The wise old fellow then asked them what part of the spoil each would have; some said the legs, others the tail, &c. Mar's choice was the legs. "No, no, no," was the cry, "you "take the head, shoulders, and skin." So Mar took away the head, shoulders, and skin to his own secret place. The cockatoos watched him go home, prepare his meat for roasting, get stringybark and grass and lay them on the ground ready for lighting;

and they observed him scratch his head with his claws, and fire came out of his red crest. A little cockatoo volunteered to go and steal the fire from the Mar. He crept away cautiously through the grass till he came near the coveted fire. He put a grasstree stick to the fire, and, unnoticed by Mar, lit it and flew away to his fellows. The cockatoos were overjoyed at having at last found out the art of obtaining fire; but Mar was enraged, and went and set the grass on fire, and burnt the whole country from Mount Schanck to Guichen Bay. The "croom" (musk duck), enraged at the burning of his country, clapped and shook his wings, and brought the water that fills the lakes and swamps.

Why the Emu has Short Wings.

The emu and the turkey were very friendly. Their families played together, and lived together sometimes. The emu made a large fire, and asked the "laay" (turkey) to bring her children and kill them, and then she (the emu) would kill her's, and they would have a grand dinner. The simple "laay" killed all her children, roasted them at the fire, and they ate them. Then came the emu's turn to kill her children; but she refused, and hid them. After a time the "laay" made friends with the emu again, and invited her to come to Merrigpena, told her what good wings she had, and that she could brush the ashes with her wings. The emu followed to Merrigpena, and put her wings to clear the fire away; but she burned them down to a stump. Thus was the emu rewarded for telling a lie by having her wings shortened.

Origin of MacDonnell Bay.

At one time, it is said, the land extended southward as far as the eye could carry from the spot on which the township of Port MacDonnell now stands. A splendid forest of evergreen trees, including a wattle out of which oozed a profusion of delicious gum, and a rich carpet of beautiful flowers and grass, grew upon it. A man of great height, fearful in his anger and a terror to trespassers on this favored ground, was the owner. One hot summer's day, whilst taking a walk through

his land, he saw at the foot of the wattle-tree a basket full of gum. His anger rose, and in his rage, with a voice like thunder, he cried, "Who is robbing me of my food?" Looking up he saw a woman concealed among the boughs, and in a loud voice commanded the thief to come down. Trembling, she obeyed, and pleaded for her life. He was relentless, and told her he would drown her for robbing him. Filled with rage he seated himself on the grass, extended his right leg towards Cape Northumberland (Kinneang) and his left towards Green Point, raised his arms above his head, and in a giant voice called upon the sea to come and drown the woman. The sea advanced, covered his beautiful land, and destroyed the offending woman. It returned no more to its former bed, and thus formed the present coast of MacDonnell Bay.

The End of the Last of the Giants.

A man while out hunting left his wife at a temporary camping-place. On his return he saw traces which led him to conclude that the giant Brit-ngeal had carried her off. He tracked the giant, and found the partially eaten body of his wife. Close by was a deep narrow-mouthed cave, out of which the giant got water, and beside it lay the long drinking reed. The man got up into a tree that overhung the cave, having first crushed the reed to make it useless for its purpose. Presently the giant came to get a drink. He lowered the end of the reed into the cave, and tried to suck up the water, but he drew up nothing but air. He bit a piece off the end, but with the same result. He bit a piece more off, but again failed to obtain water. He repeated the same experiment; but to reach the water now he had to bend his head and shoulders right down into the hole. In doing so he exposed his only weak part to the watcher in the tree, who jumped down, struck his spear into the giant, and shoved him head first into the cave. And in this manner the last of the giants met his death.

Tennateona (the Devil).

Wirmal, Baringial, and Daroo were three good men. Tennateona was a very wicked man, of a very savage nature. He

murdered men, women, and children, it was said, and was a perfect terror to the blacks. Some, to save their lives, laid themselves on ant heaps and let the ants cover their bodies as if dead, to avoid his cruelty. The three good men consulted together how they were to rid the earth of this monster, and they agreed to kill him. One day they found him sleeping, killed him, and burned his body to ashes; and they had peace afterwards.

Baringial made the sun, moon, stars, sea, and land, and the blacks were afraid of his anger. Baringial asked Wirmal and Daroo the question, "How long would the dead lie in "their graves?" The two good men agreed that if a man had two wives living, he must lie two days; but a bird called "gillen" (magpie) perched on a high branch of a gum tree, and cried, "No, no, no; leave the dead in the earth till it turns "to earth. The spirit goes to the land in the sea, where the sun "rises, and never comes back to earth." Wirmal said all the blacks that did not kill their spirits would go to the land in the sea.

The Wreck of the "Maria."

The following is the Booandik version of the wreck of the *Maria*, near Kingston, and other early events in the history of this district:—

About thirty miles from Guichen Bay, near the site of the present township of Kingston, is the Maria Creek, so called because the ship *Maria* was wrecked on the adjacent coast. My information respecting this sad event I gleaned from three native women. Pendowen (referred to elsewhere in this work) said she saw the "oorincarto" (ship; literally, big house) and was afraid; she hid behind some bushes, and watched the "coomimor" (white folks). "Big one drual" (large number of blacks) came like sheep to see the "oorincarto." She saw white women going away west. She also saw blacks stealing goods, but did not know any more about "coomimor paron" (many whites there).

An aged and very intelligent woman gave me the following account:—"Heard about big one whaleboat. My children and "many more of the Booandik went to see white men. I went

" too, and was very frightened. Saw plenty, plenty things (that " she could not name). We were very hungry. We eat flour— " that was very good; like floury-root. Did not make 'bubble " 'bubble' (bread); eat it dry. Picaninny belonging to me die. " Many of the children died; must have been the flour. I did " not bury the children. White man went to the west." The old creature cried as the recollection passed through her mind.

Kiddie-burner informed me that he went with a great number of "coomimor" (white women) and children to Yakile (Salt Creek), as guide; that they gave him a gun, and kept him ahead to show them the road. He had to turn back at Salt Creek for fear of the Coorong blacks.

Others have said they saw the ship on the sea in a great storm for two days, and that the wind drove her on shore.

I have heard the natives express a very kindly feeling towards the poor shipwrecked sailors, remarking, "We did not kill " them." The figure-head of the vessel was a great curiosity among them after the whites left. They say a white man went and caught one of the Mootatunga blacks, and hanged him by the neck near the scene of the wreck. A little girl, pointed out to me as the daughter of the murdered man, burst into tears on over-hearing us speak of the circumstance.

First Ship at Rivoli Bay.

About the year 1822 or 1823 the first ship was seen by the natives in Rivoli Bay. Some of them thought it was a drifting island, and all who saw it became alarmed, and began to think of a hiding-place. Mothers with their children secured themselves in some safe retreat, while others courageously watched the movements of this strange visitor. One morning some of the women went along the beach for shellfish, and returning were surprised by two white men. In running away one of the women dropped her child, and, on stopping to pick it up, was captured and taken away to the ship. About three months after the ship put into Guichen Bay, and the woman took opportunity to escape, taking with her some clothing. She reached the Narrow Neck, and came across a *posse* of her countrywomen lamenting her loss. She did not give a very favorable account

of the treatment she received from the crew. Even as late as 1846 the black women, in speaking of this event, made all sorts of grimaces signifying disgust. The woman's son (Panchy, brother of John Ball) related the story to me, adding, "I do "not know the truth myself, but just what I was told by "drual."

First Cattle and Horses seen by the Natives.

Pendowen, Neenimin, and Barakbouranu, my favorite old women, gave me an interesting account of the first sheep, cattle, and horses seen by them. They said that "one night a party of "blacks were encamped on the range between Mount Muirhead "and Guichen Bay, and were greatly frightened by a shock of "earthquake" ('mondle m'read;' literally, thunder in the ground). One of them asked me, "Did you hear it?" I said, "No. We were in Scotland at the time, far, far from this "country." "Oh," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "we "were all frightened; the ground shook; we grasped one "another by the hand, and cried 'We will be killed.' Even "the birds were screaming out with fear. When daylight came "we heard a ghost calling out, 'Mac, mae, mae-a-ae,' and we "were afraid. One of our men went to see where the ghost "was. He came back and told us he did not know what it "was: he could not compare the great thing to anything in "the country. We had a peep through the bushes, and saw "what we now know to have been sheep, cattle, and horses, "and a dray. The bullocks' bellowing was a terror to us. We "saw the tracks of the cattle, sheep, and horses, and could not "imagine what it could be that made them. We followed them "for days, till they camped near the Salt Creek. We mustered "pretty strongly here, and appointed a 'cranky' fellow to visit "the white men; and they gave him a sheep's head, which he "brought back. It was a great curiosity, and we examined it "all—teeth, mouth, eyes, and ears—and sent the 'cranky' fellow "back again. He brought back a shoulder of mutton this time, "and some damper. We tasted the mutton, and found it very "good; but we buried the damper, as we were afraid of being "poisoned. We were very much afraid of the bellowing of the

" cattle; we took it for an expression of rage, and were afraid " to go near them lest they would bite us." However, they managed to steal a sheep in the night, and took it away to their camp, half a mile from the white men. To spear the bullocks and horses was the next attempt. They speared one horse, and the rest galloped back to the camp, which raised the alarm; and the whites came out, fired a gun, and pursued a number of the blacks into the swamp, where they remained all the night in the water. After the white men went away the natives went back to the fire, and found one of their men shot dead.

CHAPTER III.

Superstitions, Witchcraft, &c.

Idea of the Hereafter—Witchcraft—Dreaming—Doctors.

THEIR notions of the hereafter are few and vague. They say their "bo-ong" (spirit) after death would go "kan ngaro" (up above), where everything is to be found better than on earth. A fat kangaroo is said, by way of praise, to be perfect, like the kangaroo of the clouds. They had no object of worship that I could discover.

The following legend is suggestive of a power to punish, but they have now forgotten the personality of such a power:—"Bulingmarè" and his family were encamped near the site of some remarkable rocks, eighteen miles from Mount Gambier. One of his dogs, while gnawing some bony fragments, got a piece fast in its throat. Bulingmarè did not attempt to relieve the poor brute, and it died; when its master and his family were immediately transformed into that mass of rock now known as the Up and Down Rocks.

One of the boys at the Home caught a severe cold, and was very ill. The women made a great noise about him, and wanted to take him away. The pangal came and asked him whom he supposed had "mullad" him, *i.e.*, bewitched him. The boy said he was playing with another black boy, and they disputed about something. The strange boy threatened to speak to the "Wirr" to bewitch him. I reasoned on the matter with the doctor, making him aware of the fact that the

boy was not away from us for months, and could not therefore have been in the company of blackfellows. It was of no use. He insisted that he knew more about it than any white woman. He declared he understood the thing perfectly, and commenced work. He stripped the sick boy naked, and felt him all over for the sore parts. He then took a cloth and washed his whole body with cold water, biting and sucking the sore parts till the poor child's cries were most heartrending. Mr. Smith went to rescue the boy, and rebuked the doctor for such savage cruelty: a sarcastic laugh was the only answer. Then the doctor, commanding the boy to stand up on his feet and stretch out his arms, pronounced him cured. Three of the blacks were looking on, and confirmed it. Bits of flesh and bone were shown to the boy as having come out of his body. The boy informed his father when he returned from hunting, that the white man's medicine was better than the biting of the pangal. "Ah, yes," the father said, "both very good."

To dream of a woman brings on disease; but if the woman dreamed of sponges the dreamer all over with cold water, it will counteract the effects of the dream. I know myself of a case in point. A young man named Comrat was very ill. When I attended him he attributed his illness to having dreamed of seeing and loving a woman of the tribe. She sat beside him, and looked so kindly at him, that she won his heart. When he awoke next day he sent for her; but she would have nothing to say to him. All my reasoning could not shake his opinion that this was the cause of his illness. He entreated me to go and ask the young woman to sponge him. I thought that if she could be got to wash him his imagination might help him to overcome the disease. I accordingly went to the young woman's wurla, and asked her to go and do the needful; but she refused, saying, "You say it is wrong, and yet you ask "me to go and do it: how is that?" I tried to explain my idea; but she either could not or would not understand me—and poor Comrat died.

When the laughing-jackass sends forth his discordant "ha, "ha, ha," the picaninnies have got to hold their hands above "their heads and dance, and at the same time sing "Bup, bup, "bup, we'll all grow up to be men and women." Should they fail to do this their growth is stopped.

"Do you know what that is tied to that stick?" said a black-fellow to me one day, pointing to a weapon in a hut. "No; "what is it?" I asked. "It's the hair of a dead man," was the answer. "Untie it and let me see it?" I requested. "No, no, "I am afraid," he said, and then went out and called his uncle in to show it to me. The uncle untied it, and displayed to my view a quantity of human hair spun into yarns, and well daubed over with ochre and grease. "What's the use of it?" I asked. He replied that by tying some of it round a "prahm" (a wooden rod) it would turn away lightning. It is used by them for catching ducks. By burning a small portion of it between some lighted bark near where the ducks are, the smoke that arises stupifies the birds and renders them unconscious of danger, and they approach so near the shore that they become an easy prey to the hunter.

The pangal, or doctor, is supposed to have intercourse with the dead—the people in the sky, and is supposed to visit them. I knew a very smart intelligent young fellow, named Katawar, who was a pangal. His usual mode of proceeding was as follows:—He would let it be known that he was going to visit the skies at such a time, which was usually on a dark night. At the appointed time everybody gathered at the rendezvous. He commands them to bow their faces to the ground; none are to look around. He then puts out the fire, dead silence reigning, and stealthily climbs a tree. Then disguising his voice, he calls the name of some dead person, and immediately changes the sound of his voice again as if the person whose name he called was answering him, "What "name you want?" After some conversation he throws down some damper, tobacco, and pipes, and drops with a heavy bump out of the tree, making the simple people at the foot believe he has dropped from the sky, and that the tobacco, &c., had come from the same place!

PART SECOND.

CAPABILITY OF THE ABORIGINES FOR EVANGELISING AND CIVILISING.—MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

Evangelisation and Civilisation.

IT is a general opinion among Europeans that the aborigines of Australia are too low, intellectually and morally, to be either Christianised or civilised. That this is an entirely erroneous belief is abundantly proved by the successful efforts that have been made to improve them at the several mission stations in South Australia, and by the success which, under God's blessing, attended Mr. Smith's efforts and my own among the Booandik tribe since 1845. True it is, they do not possess the mental strength and grasp of the average European, but they are capable of a high degree of culture; and their moral and religious nature is not too dead to be revivified by the warmth and elevating power of the religion of Jesus. As they profess no proper system of religion, the missionary amongst them meets no false ideas to overturn—no vain gods to overthrow; and they realise with sufficient keenness the hardships and privations of their present existence to grasp earnestly the divine promise of a better life beyond. But the intercourse of the natives with the European colonists has been their ruin in the South-East, as elsewhere. They have generally adopted the worst vices of the superior race, and the results are swift and terrible. Unable to accommodate themselves to their altered conditions of life, they have become more susceptible to disease than before their country was invaded by the white man; and this fact, aided by drink and infanticide, has nearly extinguished the once numerous and fine race of aborigines that peopled this district.

Our own efforts for the benefit of the aborigines of this district were blessed to a degree that surprised even ourselves. Mr. Smith and myself arrived with our family at Greytown, Rivoli Bay South, in January, 1845; and as the blacks were numerous in the locality, we very soon made their acquaintance. Mr. Smith was a man of great zeal in the cause of Christ; he had a true missionary spirit, and was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity which presented itself to preach to them Jesus. We remained at Rivoli Bay ten years—Mr. Smith acting for two years as agent for his brother-in-law, and for eight years as postmaster and agent for the South Australian Company and some settlers inland. During nearly the whole of that time we exerted ourselves to benefit the natives in a spiritual way; and Mr. Smith, at the request of Dr. Moorhouse (the then Protector of Aborigines), visited and reported on the condition of those employed on the stations in the interior. We received no food nor blankets for them, but Mr. Smith was not unmindful of any cases of want that came under his notice, as the following extract from one of his letters to Dr. Moorhouse, dated August 9th, 1850, will show:—

"I have always been kind to the aborigines, which they will testify when "asked. When in Adelaide last January, I bought four hundredweight of "biscuits from the surplus stores of a passenger ship called the *Asiatic*, "which I have served out to the natives. We have also a boiling down "establishment here; and many of the settlers in the district think little of "giving the natives a bag or two of flour and half a dozen sheep or calves "to enable them to make merry at night. Most of the settlers having "cattle stations, kill the heifer calves, which they give to the blacks. * * * * "They not only get flour and bread here, but plenty of beef and mutton. "May I ask if the Government allow the natives of Guichen Bay any "animal food? If not, you are far behind in liberality. We who live in "this district anticipate the Government and their officers. There is one "thing the natives are sadly in need of here, viz., education. It may be "truly said of them, 'No man careth for their souls.'"

The following extract from a report sent by Mr. Smith to the Protector in April, 1851, furnishes an idea of the condition of the natives in the district at that time:—

"Dear Sir—Agreeably to promise, I have visited most of the stations in "the district, and have to inform you that the natives belonging to the Rivoli "Bay tribe [Booandik] are all quiet, and most of them usefully employed in "*one* way or another by the settlers. Mr. Leake informed me that he has "*about 18,000 sheep* shepherded by the natives at present. At the cattle

Queen Caroline.

"stations some of the young men are employed as assistants to the stock-
"keepers. We endeavor to instruct them in their duty to each other and the
"Europeans. They are very cautious now of giving offence. I am sorry to
"say that infanticide has been and is still practised among the natives here.
"We have no means of making an example of one to deter others. The
"females, when near their confinement, generally retire to the bush, followed
"by one or more females as assistants. No men are allowed to be present on
"these occasions. When the child is born, it is generally killed by one of the
"native women in attendance. * * * * * Mrs. Smith has promised to give
"all the lubras a blanket who will preserve their children alive. I am also
"sorry to say that the relations existing between the native women and the
"Europeans are very discreditable."

Shortly after we got settled we saw a crowd of blackfellows approaching the hut. Mr. Smith at once brought some tobacco and pipes out of the storehouse, and taking the baby from me, went out to meet them. I was too terrified to know what to do. Something had to be done, however, and I got two of the youngest children—the eldest had disappeared—and locked them up in the store, and then went for the gun, which, unfortunately, was broken. I thought it would perhaps serve to frighten them, and so I brought it out and stood at the door with it. The sable crowd stood around Mr. Smith, jabbering and feeling the baby all over, while he was endeavoring to teach them the filthy habit of smoking. We had an old horse we called Rodney—which we kept tethered near in order that, if attacked, our eldest boy might ride to one of the nearest stations for help; the nearest was about fifteen miles distant. When he saw the blacks coming, he slipped off, mounted the horse, and came riding up to the door at full gallop. As soon as the blackfellows saw this to them strange animal, they vanished into the bush, and we did not see one for months afterwards; though we lived in continual dread of them coming upon us in the night and murdering us. Our trust was in God. My attitude, standing at the door of the hut with a "bung "bung" (as they called the gun) in my hand, made a great impression on the savages, and they remember it to this day. The old men often tell by the camp fire their first sight of a "witchinear" (white woman). They told me afterwards, when we were on friendly terms with them, that they were terribly afraid when they saw the horse, as they feared it would pursue them and bite them.

Some time after this occurrence, Mr. Smith was at Mr. Leake's station on business, and on his way home he heard a terrific noise at some distance from the track. He rode in that direction, and beheld a curious and melancholy scene. A woman was lying dead on the ground, and an infant, apparently about eleven months old, sucking at her breast, while around were men and women howling, yelling, shrieking, tearing their hair, and plastering themselves over with mud. After the body was buried with the usual ceremonies, Mr. Smith told them his white lubra would nurse the child for them. They replied that the father was not present, but as soon as he came they would tell him what Mr. Smith said. He had, therefore, to be satisfied with that and left them. As he was riding along home, meditating on the depraved condition of the aborigines, and blessing the Providence that had placed him among them and enabled him to preach the Gospel of glad tidings to them, there leaped out of the teatree scrub two tall and naked savages, armed with spears and shields. Their long matted hair and beards gave them a most ferocious appearance. They cried "Bacca, bacca, bipe" (probably the only words of English they were acquainted with, and very likely those they did not understand). Mr. Smith pointed in the direction of Rivoli Bay, and rode on; but seeing that they followed him, he turned back and motioned to them to lead, thinking that if he was to have their company it was better to preserve a full view of them in case of treachery. In this way he reached home. I was much surprised to see my husband arrive with such an escort, and very thankful that he had got home at all. Mr. Smith then told them, partly by signs and broken words in the drual tongue, about the woman and child. One of the men gave us to understand that he was the widower, but he showed no sorrow at his bereavement. We then asked him for the child, to bring it up; and he consented to let us take it, on condition that we should allow it to return to the tribe when it grew up, counting on his fingers at the same time and pointing to the sun. We understood that he would bring us the child in eleven days; and at the end of that time he came, accompanied by all his wives and children and the motherless child, which he delivered up to me. I took charge of the poor thing (it was a boy), and washed, dressed, and placed

it in a cradle, which pleased them very much. The father again expressed his desire to have the boy back when he grew up, and after getting some tobacco and pipes, went away.

Almost every one who heard of our having adopted the child wondered at our foolishness, as they termed it, when we had so many children of our own, and of our being so attentive to a little "black devil!"

It was at this time that the idea occurred to me to open a "home" for the black children, where they would be educated and instructed in the Gospel of Christ. Little Nathaniel—for so my husband called the boy—was not a very prepossessing child; he had a broad nose, wide mouth, small eyes, and a projecting chin. He became very much attached to me, and to us all. He was delicate, and sometimes seemed to be in great pain, and, strange to say, would not take the sago or arrowroot I prepared for him—preferring the native roots. He gradually pined away, and breathed his last in my arms at about the age of fourteen months. Despite this untoward circumstance, we trusted in God to bless our efforts to bring souls to Christ.

In August, 1853, my son, Duncan Stewart, was appointed native interpreter for this district by the Government, at a salary of £50 per annum. In those days an interpreter was an absolute necessity in the trials of natives in the Criminal Court in Adelaide. My son had acted in this capacity as early as the beginning of 1848, when only fourteen years of age, and his thorough acquaintance with the native tongue elicited warm commendation from Mr. Smiley, Advocate-General, in a letter to His Excellency the Governor.

Whilst at Rivoli Bay we gained the fullest confidence of our sable neighbors by means of kindness to, and honest dealing with them; and the following short narrative will prove to what an extent I could trust myself unprotected to their care:—

I received a message from Mr. McIntyre, of Mount Schanck, that a family I had known in Scotland had arrived at his station, and that they desired to see me. The desire was reciprocal. To shake hands and talk with one who had talked with my mother in far-away Scotland, was a pleasure not to be delayed on any consideration. I arranged my domestic affairs, and got a blackfellow and his lubra to guide me through the bush.

At dawn of day I started on foot to the place where I was to meet my guides, Pendowr and Calluin. The idea of my travelling alone through the bush with them seemed to amuse them very much, for they received me with shouts of laughter. "What white people say when they hear you travel with "drual, you white lady?" As we progressed on our journey they asked me to call them brother and sister when talking to them, which I did after that. Calluin was laden with an immense bundle, consisting of old rugs, teapot, crockery, and old boots (what she wanted with them I couldn't make out), damper, tea, sugar, &c. They gave me a "canna" to support me and kill snakes with, should we come across any of those reptiles. At midday we halted. Pendowr made a fire; we got water from a lagoon, and the billy was soon boiling. While we were discussing dinner I observed, coming towards us, a blackfellow, armed with spears and shield. I pointed him out to Calluin, who said, "Don't speak; but sit close to me. We "will take care he doesn't hurt you." While she was speaking he had come up to us, for he walked at a great rate. He stood his spears up against a tree, and one he stuck in the ground. No salutation passed between him and Pendowr. He stood there glaring at us in a most ferocious manner. I was frightened; he seemed to turn me to stone. Presently he broke out into a fit of laughter, and said, "Why you not wait "till I come with you? We will not hurt you, sister." Just then the men saw a kangaroo, and gave chase, but lost it. Calluin then received her orders to camp that night at Crumbel, about fifteen miles from the bay; and the two men then went on ahead.

Just at sundown we got to Crumbel, and found a fire lit, wood chopped, and water in the billy ready to put on the fire. After tea my guides made a breakwind of green branches of trees, and dried grass was gathered for me to lie on.

Several young men, on their way to Crumbel swamp to catch ducks, observing the smoke from our camp fire, came see who we were. They all shook hands with us heartily, and asked if I liked to walk with my sister and brother in their country. They were very much pleased at my son (the interpreter) learning the Booandik tongue. Calluin said the young drual were going to kill ducks for the white mother. Each

one made up a bundle of sticks, and disappeared in the dark, among the bushes, to the lagoons, where the ducks had "turned "in" for the night. The drual made a great noise; and as the game rose on the wing, the hunters threw the sticks at them and brought them down. Pendowr and Calluin asked me to go and see the sport; and on my consenting they gave me a waddy, telling me when I saw them falling to the ground I was to kill them. But I was more intent on saving my head than killing ducks, which caused great merriment among the hunters. We then returned to camp, Calluin laughing till her sides ached at the recollection of my awkwardness in handling the waddy. They tried to amuse me as well as they could; and as I had my Testament with me, I told them the story of Jesus and of the happy land. Calluin and I had a breakwind to ourselves, and Pendowr took good heed that I was not disturbed.

Next morning seven young men came to our camp and made us presents of a pair of ducks each for our breakfast and journey, for which I expressed my thanks. They asked me how I liked to sleep in a wurla, and said I was not like other white women, afraid of the drual. I trusted them, and they would never forget it. They promised to visit me at Willijam (Rivoli Bay), and when they had bade me good-bye we proceeded on our journey. It was a beautiful day, and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. My guide talked much about the treatment the blacks received from the early settlers; how when they killed a sheep—which was merely lawful game in their eyes, just the same as kangaroos, or emus, or any animal fit for food—they were hunted and shot down like dogs.

We came to "Taman Taman," and camped for the night. Next day we came to a shepherd's hut on Benaira station, where I was very kindly received. My thankful heart praised God for His goodness in bringing me thus far on my journey without mishap. Here I left my kind friends Pendowr and Calluin, as they were exhausted—he with watching, and she with carrying the "swag"; but they procured for me a female, who took me to Mount Schanck, where I met my son (the interpreter) and my kind friends from Scotland.

I remained a fortnight at the Schanck, and after a loving good-bye I started home with my guide. We could not converse much, as she did not know any English. After walking

till nearly sundown I was getting very tired, and wished to sit down on a log and rest for a bit; but she looked sullen, pouted her lips, and yabbered at a great rate. She uttered the word "muitboy" very often, till I wondered what it meant. I resolved to keep it in mind, and ask Pendowr when I saw him; but I began to be seriously alarmed at my guide's conduct. She seemed to have wrought herself into a great rage. She had a bag carrying with her: this she flung to the ground savagely, and demanded white money, my bonnet, my dress, my shawl—putting her hand on them. I shook her off, and she disappeared in the bush. It was now dusk, and I was at my wit's end; but God was my guide. The welcome barking of dogs directed me to my kind friends on Benaira station; and very thankful I was when safely housed for the night. Goorminap was my treacherous guide's name; and her sisters punished her for her conduct by giving her several blows on the back with a canna. I subsequently learned the meaning of the word "muitboy." A certain woman of the Booandik tribe had been famed for her hospitality and goodness, and her name was held in respect and reverence by all the coast tribes. They told me she had lost one of her great toes, and had died "mangyoon" (long, long ago), and they believed that I was "muitboy," *i.e.* "jumped up a white woman." In vain I showed them both my feet, and that I had my full complement of toes: in vain I told them I was born on an island sixteen thousand miles from this place. No; I was "muitboy" or I was nobody—and as it was very evident I was somebody, it naturally followed that I was "muitboy"; and so I had to let it be. I got Pendowr and Calluin to guide me home, and arrived there in safety.

The following incident, which occurred in 1846, will show that the natives—even in their wildest state—were not insensible to feelings of humanity; and that, although constantly shot down and exasperated to the last degree by many of the early settlers, they sometimes obeyed (without being taught) the command of the gracious Saviour of all mankind—"Do good to "them that hate you, who despitefully use you, and persecute "you":—

A young man at MacFarlane's Station, Mount McIntyre, was taken ill. He gave up his situation in consequence, and started

to walk to Guichen Bay Police Station. At that time the natives of the South-East were a continual source of dread to the settlers; nobody thought of travelling without fire-arms. However, this man reasoned thus with himself, "If I stay here, "I will die certainly. If I make for Guichen Bay, I have a "chance, however slight, of getting there, and then I have a "chance of getting cured." He made up his swag and started, got to Reedy Creek without meeting anyone, and there camped. Next day he felt very bad, and was falling every two or three yards, being so weak. He rested for a short time, when he heard the crack of a stockwhip. He started up and made the best of his way to where the sound came from, thinking it would lead him to some white man; but, to his horror, he met a wild ferocious-looking blackfellow, attired in an old blue shirt only. "Now," thought he, "I am done for." He went up to the black and spoke to him, pointed in the direction he came from, and where he was going to. Two more natives then made their appearance, with a boy. "Blue-shirt" told the boy to guide the white man; but he just then put his hand in his pocket, for his handkerchief. The natives fled, thinking he was feeling for his "bung bung" (pistol)! He moved on, stumbling and falling every few steps, wondering what could have made the blacks "bolt" so suddenly, and thinking he was very lucky to get rid of them so easily, when Blue-shirt came up to him again and made him rest his hand on his (Blue-shirt's) shoulder. Gently and patiently did this "ferocious cannibal" help the poor fellow along. He guided him to the natives' track, which was easier walking than through the scrub. He gathered native figs for him when the damper was finished. When night came on, he signed to him to lie down under a tree, then rolled him in his blanket, and signed to him to go to sleep; and at the end of six or seven days left him within a few hundred yards of Mr. Gifford's out-station. He would not go any closer to the hut: he only shook his head, and said "Bung bung!" Who will say, after this, that the natives are utterly depraved, and incapable of being Christianised?

In the end of 1854 we removed to Mount Gambier, where Mr. Smith had purchased a farm. A few months after our arrival he opened a private school, just above the cave which now occupies the centre of the town. This he kept for about

sixteen months, when, finding the demands of his farm press urgently upon him, he gave it up, and confined his attention in an educational way to a night school for adults. Amongst his pupils at both schools were several half-caste children, whom he at first maintained at his own expense. The Government subsequently allowed a small sum for clothing and victualling them.

On January 4th, 1860, in the midst of his efforts for the improvement of the condition of the unfortunate aborigines of this district, Mr. Smith died; but, God strengthening me, I carried on to the best of my ability the work that laid so near to my dear husband's heart. In my humble efforts I was ably assisted by that excellent gentleman and sincere Christian, the Lord Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Short), and a number of charitable residents at Mount Gambier. The establishment of an Aborigines' Home, a wish that Mr. Smith and I had cherished for many years, was at length realised. In July, 1865, the Lord Bishop, having at his disposal certain funds which were given by an English lady for the improvement of the aborigines of South Australia, obtained a lease for seven years, at a peppercorn rental, of an acre of ground from the trustees under Mr. Smith's will, the lessee engaging during the term to erect and finish a substantial stone building for the purposes of an Aborigines' Home and school. The building was erected in the same year, and I and my family took charge of the Home. We labored hard for our less privileged fellow-creatures, and a large number of the young availed themselves of the advantages it presented. The Home was supported by funds supplied by the Lord Bishop, and a weekly allowance of five shillings each for the native children granted by the Government. The following extract from the report for the first half of 1867, addressed to the Venerable Archdeacon Twopeny, affords a good idea of the nature of the work carried on:—

"Sir—I have the honor to report to you, for the information of the Lord "Bishop of the diocese, that our Aboriginal Home continues to increase in "usefulness, and no less than eight children have been added to our numbers "during the present year. There are now sixteen children and young "persons who make this place their home, viz.—half-castes, nine girls and "three boys; and black children, three boys and two girls—and they are "of various ages, ranging from five to sixteen years. Four of the eldest "*girls are* generally out at service, but they always return to the Home in

"case of sickness and want of employment. Since the beginning of this "year thirteen sick and infirm adults have availed themselves of the "advantages of the Home, and received Government rations from us, and "also medical comforts under the kind able treatment of Dr. Peel, the "Assistant Colonial Surgeon. Whenever a dispute or quarrel occurs in any "of the tribes, it invariably happens that some of the weaker ones have to "come to the Home for protection, and remain there until matters have "been amicably settled. The native parents and guardians now give up the "children more willingly than they did some time ago. They now see that "the children who have been some years under my charge have been greatly "benefited, both in a worldly and in a religious sense; and the mother of "four of the children recently added to our numbers requested in her dying "moments that her children should be permanently under my charge, and "that they were to receive the education and religious instruction which "have hitherto been imparted to colored children placed in my charge. "Other black parents have since followed the example of the dying mother "I have mentioned, and brought their children to the Home.

"The Home is conducted in the following manner:—The mornings and "evenings are devoted to religious exercises. No particular form is used, "but the prayers are based on Scriptural truth, and conclude with the Lord's "prayer and such simple petitions as "Gentle Jesus," &c., &c. On Sundays "the elder children, except three of the elder girls, are sent to the Church of "England Sunday School, where they are under your own care, and the "younger ones receive religious instruction at home, and take great delight "in singing together any favorite hymns started by their teachers. Those "who attend the Church of England Sunday School go to church after "school is over; and the three girls before-named attend the Wesleyan "chapel.

"The household matters are conducted in the following manner:—The "elder girls act as servants to the younger ones. One is cook; another is "waitress, and keeps the Home clean; a third acts as laundress, and does all "the washing and ironing. The food consists of beef, mutton, soup, rice, "vegetables, and dairy produce, with tea morning and evening. I have to "provide clothing for them all, and am glad of any little help in the shape "of cast-off clothes and other contributions of warm garments suitable for "the children. The little ones are provided with all kinds of suitable "amusements, and are always very happy and contented."

The late Rev. Mr. Needham took a deep interest in the Home. He was truly a father to the little black race, by whom he was greatly beloved, and watched over them with a parent's solicitude. His death cast a gloom over us which will not easily be effaced. The interest taken by Mrs. and Miss Needham was also very encouraging. They were as zealous as the late Mr. Needham himself, and always showed the deepest concern in the welfare of our institution.

Death, however, found its way amongst our Home inmates, and was very severe. The report for the last six months of 1867 was much less cheering than that for the first six. In August, sickness and death came upon our black people suddenly, and for some time we had one or two funerals every week. The sickness was very general among all the neighboring tribes. I supplied many of them with rations of tea and sugar, and called Dr. Peel's attention to those who were in need of medical comforts, and they were promptly attended to by that gentleman. But while the details of the report were in one respect gloomy, in another they were encouraging; as, since the opening of the Home, eight black people had passed away, whom I had reasonable hope God accepted into his happiness as believers on His Son Jesus Christ.

The Home was broken up about the end of 1867, in consequence of the funds in the hands of the Lord Bishop declining; but for several years after that we kept four half-castes there, supporting and educating them by means of a monetary allowance from Government and the charitable contributions of a few kind friends at Mount Gambier. Besides the late Revs. R. W. Needham and T. N. Twopeny—Drs. Peel, Graham, and Clindening, and the late Dr. Wehl, and Messrs. W. J. Browne, J. Watson (editor of the *Border Watch*), C. G. Doughty, W. H. Harrald, and Mrs. D. Power, deserve to be immortalised (were it in my power to do so) for their kindness and liberality towards myself and my native charges. As soon as my young natives were old enough, they went out to service; but not before they were well grounded in the three R's. I have the great pleasure—a pleasure that I doubt if anyone else can feel as deeply as I do—of knowing that all of the natives who survive who were taught in the Home have led honest lives, and are now earning their livelihood in service in this district and Victoria, or are married. Three of the half-caste girls are married to Europeans, and are comfortably settled; and one of the young lads is learning the tailoring trade.

CHAPTER II.

Memoirs.

THE following are a few short memoirs of natives who have come under our training at Rivoli Bay and Mount Gambier, to whom we pointed out the way of salvation. These memoirs will, I trust, convey a better idea of the results of our work among the aborigines than any general sketch I can present.

WERGON.

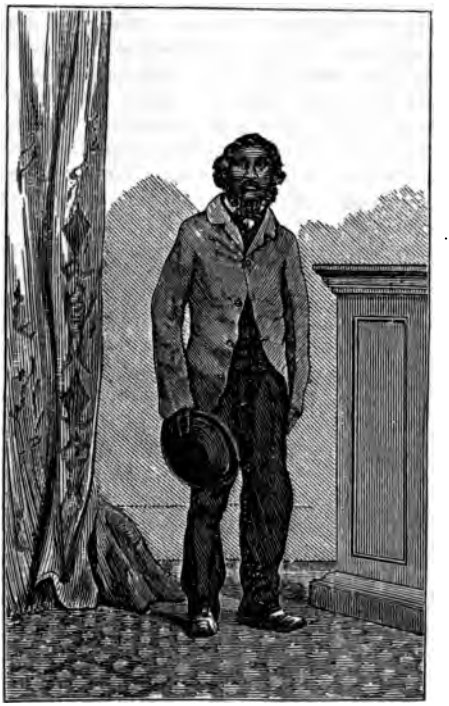
The following memoir was published, as a pamphlet, in 1864:—

Wergon will be long held in sweetest remembrance by myself and family. His parents belonged to the Booandik tribe, and—fortunately for himself, perhaps—they died whilst he was of tender age. Wergon, with his brother, Benebar, were now left to provide for their own maintenance, and therefore roamed the forest and occupied themselves in hunting, fishing, &c., as all their forefathers had done. Wergon was of a weak and sickly constitution, and was kindly taken care of by some charitable European (whose name I am unacquainted with) until he was capable of following his tribe.

Leakburmen and Lackleeg adopted him as their son, and subsequently placed him in my family. I very gladly received him—not merely that I might become his benefactress, but that he might become instructor to my son D——. I was desirous that D—— should become acquainted with the "drual," or native language, that he might be of service to my Divine Master in proclaiming His Gospel to the Australian heathen, should it be

the will of Almighty God to honor him with such an important work. I may here mention a circumstance which will no doubt seem strange to some of my readers. Previous to their placing Wergon under my care, Leakburmen and Lackleeg had betrothed to him their daughter, a child of about five years of age, who was to become his lubra when he should attain the age of a young man—at which time his beard would be plucked out by the older men of his tribe. This painful operation he often reverted to with apparent horror. In my opinion he was the loveliest of his tribe. His pleasant countenance, mild black eyes, and jet black hair, were admired by all who saw him. His natural politeness, and a readiness to anticipate our slightest wish, soon won the hearts of all my family. To conform to our customs, and to make himself agreeable was his chief study: he sympathised in our sufferings, and delighted in our happiness. He was willing to instruct D—— in the house or by the wayside. He was the object of our solicitude, and the subject of our daily prayers that he might be brought to a "saving knowledge of the truths of the Gospel," and be the bearer of "glad tidings" to his own people.

Wergon often told us of white men offering him bribes to go with them, telling him Mr. Smith "no good;" but his uniform answer was, "No; me like Mr. Smith"—and each of the family, mentioning them by name, "Me no want to go long-a bush—"D—— want me, me stop; no like too much walk. Me sit "down long-a Mr. Smith. No good bullock-driver—say bad "word—he no good; no like you. Very good missus—very "good massa—very good D——; learn un drual Booandik like "blackfellow." Two black men came once and told him Rivoli Bay was not his country, and that he must go with them, or they would kill him when he would be alone in the bush. He told us what they had threatened, and we assured him of safety if he would not go far from the house. We also rebuked the two blacks for their cruel threat, and told them we were anxious to keep the black boy that he might instruct our son in their language. Wergon appeared to place implicit confidence in our promises of safety. One afternoon we were standing at the door of our dwelling. Wergon cast quick and timid glances towards the road; he said, "There come drual; one black man "*there* kill my father." With a revengeful air he said, "Me



Patchuerimen (Jemmy MacIntyre).

" kill that one blackfellow when me 'jump-up' (meaning when " he became a man). That one no good—he want kill me too, " me think." We impressed upon him the fact that God would be displeased with him even for revenging murder, and that such an act would be rewarded with eternal punishment. He gave me to understand that their only fear was the policeman, with the " big knife" and " wiggil " (meaning the handcuffs).

My son made considerable progress in the native dialect, at the same time making use of every opportunity to impress the great truths of religion upon the mind of the little savage. We found much difficulty in communicating these truths to a dark and heathenish mind; but endeavoring, by uniformity of conduct, to convince him that ours was a religion of truth, we had no doubt that God would ultimately crown our efforts with glorious success. One day he was sitting by the fireside for some time in a pensive mood, his dark eyes fixed on the brilliant embers, apparently in deep thought, when he heaved a deep sigh, and looked at me as I sat opposite him; then he said, " Missus." " Well, Wergon," I said, " what name." He replied, " Me bad boy, naughty boy me, Missus," and proceeded to relate the following incident connected with his earlier history:—

" I remember, long time ago, taking my ' werren,' and giving " my mother a blow on the head, which brought her to the " ground. My father, enraged at such conduct, made after me, " as I thought to kill me. I ran, expecting every moment to " fall either by his spear or ' werren;' but fortunately he missed " his aim. I soon disappeared, and was alone and hungry in " the bush, and without fire. Soon after I met with a drual " boy, who gave me fire and part of a quail to eat. I remained " in the woods many days, and hunted for birds, rats, and " lizards to appease my hunger. I began to think of my " mother, and thought perhaps she was crying for me. I " hunted and killed a few birds to give my father and mother, " and proceeded on my way home; but fearing lest on my " return my father should kill me, I used caution. Having " arrived within sight of my father's ' wurley,' I stood on an " eminence until my mother saw me. As a sign I was anxious " to return, I held up in my hands the birds I had brought. She " called me by name, and, with endearing accent, invited me

" as her son to return. I did return, and with genuine penitence " acknowledged my fault, and sought and obtained pardon. " Missus," he said, " your children are good; you correct " them when they do wrong. Drual no beat their children " when 'um do wrong—no tell 'um they do wrong. Drual say " if they beat their children they no grow—blackfellow very " ignorant, very stupid; but him no have white woman to tell " him how to train children."

Wergon now began to think himself superior to his fellows, and wished us to give him an English name: therefore, to please him, one evening after family worship we gave him the name of Peter. After my family had retired to rest I sat with him at the fire, and after a few minutes' silence he said, in a plaintive tone, " Missus, you think my mother go to hell?" I was so confused and affected by such an inquiry that I could not answer him immediately. He therefore continued silent, and appeared to muse on eternal realities. When I had recovered from the surprise the momentous question had given me, I said to him kindly, " Peter, your mother never heard of the Big " Spirit, and therefore could not ask him to take her soul to " heaven. The wicked will go to hell—the Big Spirit only " knows where every soul will go." He replied, " Me like " mother to go to 'marmanu'" (Father of us all), and his eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered, and his whole frame trembled with deep emotion. I observed this dawning of intelligence with anxiety, lest his old companions should entice him away, and these favorable symptoms should be erased from his mind, and perhaps he would be lost to us for ever, as it had happened to us in other instances previously.

One evening three native boys came to our house, one of whom had been sent from a station twelve miles distant, and had received strict injunctions to return the following morning. On occasions of these visits our custom was to treat them with kindness and hospitality, and become their pupils for the time being—as my son could better improve by hearing them converse in their own dialect. Peter was in high glee, as he could talk freely, without being troubled with English phrases, and tell his companions of the interest manifested by his master and D—— in the welfare of their people. They sat in amazement, *casting scrutinising* glances from under their black-haired brows

on one or other of our family, apparently half doubtful as to the truthfulness of this intelligence. At last their incredulity gained the victory, which they did not forget to manifest by their savage yells, which greatly damped our ardor and cast a gloom of temporary despair over all our efforts to reclaim them from a savage and heathen life.

Mr. Smith read the Holy Scriptures, after which the family joined in singing several hymns from Mr. Wesley's collection. Our singing was interrupted at intervals by the yells of our young sable friends. During family worship poor Peter always enjoined silence on such of the natives as happened to be with us, telling them "Mr. Smith speak to Big Spirit in the sky." The inspired volume, from which we read portions, was to them a great curiosity. How we could read and understand the contents they could not comprehend. Peter endeavored to explain to them that the book told us what to say, and spoke about the people in the sky, or those above us. We retired to rest, and told them to do the same. The oldest of the boys (the one sent from the station) whispered to Peter, "Let us "bolt, and go to Mayura. I would not stop here. There "plenty bullocky sit down, get 'um plenty tuck-out—here only "picaninny tuck-out." Towards midnight I heard a rattling of pannicans to the tea-kettle, which were succeeded by whispers and suppressed yells, mingled with the rolling surf a few paces from our dwelling. It appeared evident they had accomplished their design. Soon all was silent, save the rolling surf. I therefore arose in haste, and went to the kitchen door. I sought, but in vain, for my poor black boy. I called him several times by name, and received no reply. I returned to my bed with reluctant submission to this, another disappointment, and must say that at this time felt extreme pain of mind. Yet my own faith in Christ gave me hopes that my labor would not be entirely fruitless. I had faint hopes that he would find the habits of his old companions distasteful to him, and would probably return; but was resolved in future never to allow my mind to become so fully bent on training any of them with my family; but my prayer was, "Lord, my hope is in Thee; I "devote my son to Thy work. O grant that he may be Thy "messenger to convey Thy Word to the natives of this our "adopted country."

I felt lonely in the absence of the little black boy. My children were attached to him, and there appeared a something wanting—a vacancy in our family circle. The very infant in arms appeared to miss him. An occasional visitor said to me one day after Peter's disappearance, "If I were you, Mrs. Smith, "I would take the bullock-whip to him, and make the blood "stream about his black shanks—it would be a lesson he would "not soon forget. You are too kind to him and the rest of the "darkies who come about you. They are a set of useless, "degraded brutes, unworthy of your care." I expressed my disapproval of such a method, and gave my friend to understand that I considered they had intellect, well worthy of cultivation, and, moreover, souls that would live for ever; and that if we had opportunities of giving them religious instruction, and neglected to improve those opportunities, we should have much to account for in the day of judgment.

A few weeks subsequent to the events narrated in the preceding page, I and several of the members of my family stood upon a hill a short distance from our dwelling, taking a view of the surrounding country, when my son G—— suddenly exclaimed, "Here come two blacks," and D——, my eldest son, said to me, "Mamma, I think one of them is Peter; see, "he has his blanket over his shoulder, and appears very much "fatigued—he can hardly walk." D—— said, "Mother, I "will disappear, and not speak to him, to show that I am angry "with him for going away." I discouraged a manifestation of such feelings on his part, and explained to him that an exhibition of kindly feeling would be likely to have a far more beneficial effect upon him than an appearance of austerity. I told my children to sit down on the grass until Peter should reach us, that we might see what sort of an explanation he would give of his conduct. He approached us slowly, with downcast eye. I quickly observed in him a true sign of penitence, as he threw his blanket on the ground, and exclaimed, in deep humility—the tears coursing each other down his cheeks at the same time—"Missus, me bad boy—me run away; me hear "you call after me, and black boy tell me no speak." He told me that his companions told him a lie, and thereby had deceived him, as they could get nothing to eat at Mayura. He said to them he would return to Mrs. Smith, at Rivoli Bay, where he

would have plenty to eat and a good bed to lie on. When I saw his penitence and candour I could not speak unkindly to him, but said I would forgive and receive him again on condition that he would promise never again to requite our kindness with such ingratitude, which terms he readily agreed to. He next sought a reconciliation with the children, which was soon accomplished, when we returned to our dwelling. Until he had seen Mr. Smith, Wergon seemed rather fearful lest he should be horsewhipped; but was soon satisfied that he had no such punishment to fear. His companion, through Peter, expressed a desire to remain with us also; but as he had left a good master we thought it most proper to send him back to Mr. W——, availing ourselves of the opportunity of sending a few lines by him, expressive of our displeasure with his *protegé* for having been a party to enticing away our poor black boy, thereby depriving D—— of his native tutor. We learned afterwards that he appeared exceedingly surprised on his master's reading the letter and reprimanding him for his conduct. He could not conceive how the news could be contained in that piece of paper, and was inclined to attribute it to some supernatural agency. This little incident had more effect upon him than the most severe flogging would have had.

A short time after the occurrence of the events just recorded, two black men were committed for trial, at the Supreme Court, Adelaide, for spearing cattle in our neighborhood. Their very names had been a terror to hutkeepers and stockkeepers. Berenaluen and Deredowen were supposed to be the ringleaders of a drove of natives whose constant occupation was stealing horses, cattle, and sheep.

Deredowen left a wife and two step-children, a boy and girl, who sought protection from us, which was granted on the condition that they made themselves generally useful. Pendowen (step-mother to the children), grateful for our kindness, undertook to herd our milch cows. Berenaluen left four wives and four children. Through the intercession of Peter, two of his wives were received under the protection of our family. They erected their ngoorla near our house, in case an attack should be made on them by any of the more hostile tribes. Peter was highly delighted at having so many of his own country people near him. He was very frequently found seated

in the midst of the group, entertaining them with portions of Scripture history, such as the destruction of the world, the final judgment, &c. I have frequently been asked by them if the world would be burnt, and how long it might be before such an event would take place; if their dead would rise again, and whether or not the Son of the Big Spirit, who came down to this world, had not left a wife behind him. When their conversation turned to such subjects, I generally improved the opportunity to the best of my ability, but was very much discouraged to hear their yells of ridicule or disapprobation, and could only raise my heart in fervent prayer, "O Lord, arise and plead "Thine own cause; open Thou the eyes of their understanding: "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few;" and I could not refrain from cherishing the idea that ultimately my feeble efforts for the promotion of God's glory and the salvation of at least some of the natives, would be crowned with success.

Pendowen was not long a widow before she was taken forcibly by another native to be his lubra, to share his affection with two others, who, being younger than herself, were treated with considerably more regard. A short time afterwards, as she returned in the evening with our cows, she had occasion to pass her husband; and having done so without speaking to him, or his more affectionate partners, she excited his indignation, and caused him to manifest his extreme displeasure, which was evinced by his throwing after her a spear, which so much alarmed her that she fled towards the house, leaving my youngest son (who was with her) to the mercy of the savage. I was sitting in my room when she came in, with hair erect from fear. She called for D—— and Peter, exclaiming, "Gun! gun!" (Mr. Smith being from home). I perceived danger was near, and ran out to look after the children. I met my faithful Peter coming with the child in his arms, who immediately desired me to remain in the house. Pendowen was desirous of having her husband shot without further ceremony, which desire we had some difficulty in suppressing. All our protection from the angry natives lay in the walls of our house, which, being of timber, afforded very little in case they made use of fire—which we had no doubt they would do during the night. However, Peter (with his usual readiness to do a good turn) prepared himself for our defence. His first step was to pay a

visit to their ngoorlas, in order that he might ascertain whether their anger had in any way subsided. On finding that they still appeared in a very angry mood he returned; and having obtained a loaded gun, went out and fired it in the air as a warning to them to keep off, which had the desired effect, as they did not come near us during the night.

Sometime after this occurrence Peter came to me in haste, saying Britaming (the daughter of Pendowen) was frightening the children with a snake. I went to the door and saw the girl throwing a dead viper around the children's feet, which very much alarmed me. Peter took a piece of rope in his hand, went up to her, and after reasoning with her on the imprudence of such conduct severely flogged her with the rope, saying at the same time, "Do not play with the white man's children so "again;" after which I always felt confident my children were safe whilst Peter was near them.

On another occasion a black man came from a neighbouring station with two horses to get a bag of flour, which, having obtained, he desired Peter to take to our horse and accompany him. Without forethought, he took the bridle to catch the horse; but before he had gone far he stood still a short time, scratching his head. Then he returned, apparently ashamed of himself at having yielded so far without consulting us. He said, "Missus, me stupid blackfellow—me no want horse." He also told me the other black was angry with him for not taking the horse. However, to please his friend he followed him on foot. After he had gone a considerable distance, and when they were some miles from the place, his friend desired Peter to steal some flour from the bag for the black women, and leave it on a stump of a tree until they could come for it. He replied, "No, "no; me no steal, because the Big Spirit see me, and be angry "with me." The other began to argue on the improbability of such a thing, when they could not see the Big Spirit themselves. But Peter, not liking his companion, thought best to return. When my poor black boy related to me what had passed between them, I felt very great encouragement, and truly my heart rejoiced within me. My son D—— was also very much pleased to find that his native teacher had the fear of God before his eyes, and was enabled, through that fear, to resist temptation.

At another time I missed his blanket, and asked him where it was [I knew myself, but was desirous of proving his honesty]. He said, "I have lent it to a poor old lubra, who was quite "naked, but I will bring it back again." During his whole life I never knew him to tell a lie, to swear, or to steal. He appeared to have the greatest respect for honesty and truth, and, moreover, a continual desire to become acquainted with the truths of Scripture. Frequently whilst I have sat by him, and endeavoured to explain the nature of Christ's sufferings, their cause and effect, he has listened with eager attention. He would reply, "Me hear, me hear—me no stupid; very good you "—no like 'nother 'cummor.'"—

"Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul."

One morning I overheard Peter saying to D——, "Me dream "last night dat old Rodney (the horse) throw me coming down "the hill." Not more than two hours afterwards he was riding down the hill referred to, on the very horse mentioned, when he did unfortunately fall off; and so severely was his ankle sprained, that for several days he was unable to walk. I used greatly to enjoy a walk or a ride in his company. He was so attentive and obliging, and would give me the native name for any strange shrub or flower we met with. I was greatly amused with his description of the method adopted by himself or any of his tribe, when travelling along through the country, for the purpose of safety at night whilst taking rest. He would make his bed on the top of a bushy sheaoak tree. This feat was exhibited to me; and so cleverly was it done, that to the eye of a casual observer it would not be discernible. During his early years his father once took him with himself, in company with some other natives, to steal sheep. He and the other boys had to drive the sheep to a convenient place for slaughtering them. Peter was afraid the white man would track the sheep, overtake, and kill them. He related his fears to his father, who gave no heed to them. The white man soon did follow and nearly caught them, and they consequently had to run and hide themselves in the jungle. On his relating this incident to me, I asked him if he had ever eaten human flesh—

a question which I could discern brought unpleasant recollections to his mind. However, he told me he once went to a murapena (a native festival), and that after the dancing was over the men ran after each other with their spears. He saw one fall, and soon after heard the death-cry. The poor man was killed and speedily divided and devoured by his comrades; but although Peter was very hungry, he could not eat the flesh of a black man. He said he was resolved never again to go to a murapena.

He was asked whether he would like to go to England and other foreign countries, as other natives do. He replied, "I "would like to go very well if Master or D—— would go with "me, and return again; but not to remain away from my own "land." It is customary for the natives, on particular occasions, to paint themselves with red ochre and a sort of whitening obtained from oyster shells, thus presenting a most ludicrous appearance. With this habit Peter was now so thoroughly disgusted that he entirely gave it up, and appeared to look with pity on those who were so ignorant and foolish as to continue it. The following incident exhibits the strength of his attachment to those to whom he had been taught to look as his relatives. His foster-father paid him a visit; and after the ceremony of embracing each other was over, he went aside with his parent, and after a short conversation returned to me and said, "I am going to give my clothes to my father." I reasoned with him on the impropriety of such a step, but he maintained that it was his duty, according to usage, and he must do it—which he accordingly did. His father said he did not wish to take Peter away. He could see he was very happy with us, and also very fond of the children. He mentioned that he would also be glad to leave his own son with us; and after sundry solicitations for pipes, tobacco, bread, &c., he took his departure.

It affords the writer of this work much gratification, in taking a retrospective view of the past, to call to mind the many pleasing incidents connected with the short and eventful history of this poor black boy. Peter was very fond of singing, and frequently when joined by a number of his semi-civilised comrades, he would sit down with them and spend hours in singing the praises of God.

On one occasion he said, "In the dark woods, when no "drual (native) near, den me look up to heaben and send up "cry—so low dat man not hear, but God on high in shining "places hear, and see big tears run down my face."

Many times when I have spoken to him on those subjects he has remarked, "I no stupid like other black boys; I under-"stand." He made several attempts at translating the Lord's prayer, but never arrived at any satisfactory termination. Being so very fond of singing with his companions, Mr. Smith (who had become partially acquainted with the drual, or native language), for their amusement, composed the following simple words :—

"Doll karden virro,
Onedo vengno hollock,
Ungno laloo haloo,"

Which, when translated, runs something like the following :—

"Magpie sitting on a tree,
One time we throw, two times, we throw,
Halloo! halloo!"

This little composition was a source of much amusement to them for some time afterwards.

Peter was very fond of getting a number of the native youths together and relating to them the story of the Cross, and would use his utmost endeavours to make them understand the cause of Christ's sufferings, and the advantages to mankind in general arising therefrom. But, alas! all his endeavours appeared to be ineffectual. Yet it cannot be doubted, when the facts already stated are taken into consideration, that the persevering efforts of those whose hearts are fired with a holy zeal in the cause of Christ, under the blessing of God, will eventually be crowned with great and glorious success.

It may not be out of place here to record a rather amusing conversation which took place between Peter and his pupil D——. Peter observed, "The drual wish me to go away from "this country." "For what reason do they wish you to leave "us?" "They say there is a 'tunnage' (plague) coming to take "women and children away, and the earth will be burnt. The "drual want me to flee away to another country with them. I "told them I would speak to D—— about it, and that they

"would see that it was not true." "Quite right, Peter; well, "let us make a large fire around us, and let us remain within "the circle of flames, and see what effect that will have on the "drual." Peter (who was rather inclined to favor the superstitious ideas of his colored friends) replied, "The fire will not "save us from the 'tunnage!'—we do not see it." D—— intimated that God would protect those who put their trust in Him. Peter replied, "I told them Mr. and Mrs. Smith were not "afraid of the 'tunnage.'" D—— asked whether they supposed the sea would be burnt up too? "Yes," replied Peter, "the drual say so." "Then we shall have plenty of fish" said D——. "Oh! but what good will the fish be to us when we "are all dead?" "Certainly, none at all." Peter learnt afterwards that the natives, actuated by selfish motives, had made use of these suggestions for the purpose of getting him away with them.

One bright summer's morning, a party of us, four in number, took a journey of some distance to one of the nearest swamps, partly for pleasure and partly for the purpose of catching leeches. On arriving at the desired spot, we lit a fire on the banks of a small lagoon, and boiled our quart-pot for the purpose of making a drink of tea to refresh us after our journey. Whilst thus engaged, Peter, who was one of our party, suggested the idea of our being entertained with a story from an aged black woman who was with us. After sundry shrugs of her shoulders and woeful expressions of countenance, she began. Pointing to a certain spot, the lubra related as follows:—"I have "seen an awful death there. I have seen a husband tie his "wife's hands and feet, and throw her into a large fire." "What had she done wrong?" asked Peter. "She had "committed no crime," was the reply, "but was so punished "because she was weak and sickly. The day on which this "took place, she had been told by her husband to go and fetch "water. She attempted to do so, but being unable to walk, "she stumbled and fell, spilling the water. She then crawled "back to the ngoorla, where there was a large fire, and told her "husband to go for water himself. He immediately caught "hold of her and tied her hands and feet, and threw her head-"first into the fire. Her cries for a time were heartrending; "but soon all was over." The old woman concluded her story

by saying that this took place before the white man came to the country. The above was related by the old black woman in her own language and interpreted by Peter, upon whom it had a very beneficial effect. He now felt anxious to go forth amongst the natives, and endeavor to teach them what he knew of the plan of salvation, of God, of heaven, of hell, and the eternal existence of the soul.

Soon after Peter took a journey of some distance to visit the Wattatonga tribe, though at the peril of his life, so anxious was he to make good use of his small stock of Scriptural knowledge. After being absent a week, he returned and reported to us the massacre of eleven of the tribe he had visited, by two white men. It appeared from his story the white men had shown no mercy to either the grey-headed old man or to the helpless infant on its mother's breast. Peter persuaded a youth, who had escaped from the hands of the white men, to return with him. Often afterwards have I seen the tears of grief run down his sable cheeks, when the fate of his parents was spoken of. The cause of this unmerciful step being taken was the killing by the natives of a number of sheep, belonging to a settler in the Guichen Bay district. The case was taken up by the authorities, but discharged for want of evidence. Doubtless had the natives been the murderers instead of the murdered, sufficient evidence would have been found, or perhaps less conclusive proof would have been deemed sufficient to justify a sentence of death. But let those who are concerned remember that a day of retribution is at hand, when impartial justice will be dealt to all, irrespective of rank or color. At that day all the evidence required will be brought forth—the Judge will be an impartial one; and those eleven victims, whose bodies the flames consumed, will stand forth and witness against the real criminals, whose doom will be to endure the torments of the eternal fire, unless, like the Psalmist, they cry from their hearts, "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of "my salvation, and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteous-"ness."

The writer of these pages had a conversation with a very interesting-looking young man (who was a stockkeeper in the neighborhood) on the best method of taming the natives. From his appearance something sensible was expected, but the reader

must judge for himself as to the advisability of pursuing such a course of treatment as this young man proposed. He spoke as follows:—"In this part they don't understand how to manage "the darkies. My plan is, to keep a good pair of dogs to run "them down, until they catch them by the flesh, and make "them roar like calves when they are attacked by the dogs. If "they are treated in this manner, I'll warrant in a few days "there will not be one found on the run. Where I stop I "have hunted them off in this manner for many a mile." Reader, what think you of this method of taming the natives of Australia? Think you, had the missionaries adopted such means in the South Sea Islands and elsewhere, they would have had so many converts to Christianity as they have at present?

When the young man left, I felt grieved to think that a person from whom I had expected better things was possessed of such a depraved and cruel heart, and more especially as my faithful Peter was present, and heard the whole of this hard-hearted harangue. I asked him what he thought of it. With an expression of heartfelt grief, he answered, "Wrong, wrong: "no good, no good, that one." Peter appeared to understand that his people were a degraded race, who were ruled by the white man as with a rod of iron; and these ideas caused him to exhibit at times feelings of deep depression. It had long been my desire to send Peter to the native school in Adelaide, that he might acquire a better knowledge of the English language, that at a future time he might return and, under more favorable circumstances, go forth and "proclaim the glad tidings of "salvation" to his own people. As has been previously mentioned, my desire at first was, that through the teachings of Peter, D—— should be instructed in the drual language, in order to his becoming fitted for this important work. But experience proved to me that it was not altogether feasible: it was in a great measure impracticable. I was therefore desirous, if possible, to avail myself of the only alternative, so far as Peter was concerned. He was informed of the project, and also of the kindness he might expect from Mr. Moorhouse, the Protector of Aborigines, and also from Mr. Ross, the teacher of the native school; and his opinion was asked on the subject. He replied, "If Mr. Smith wish me to go, me go."

Mr. Smith at once sanctioned the project, and Peter set about preparing for the journey. As there was a vessel lying in the Bay just about starting for Adelaide, I asked the captain to take charge of my poor black boy, and see him safe to Adelaide, which he very kindly promised to do. Peter was at once dressed up as neatly as circumstances would permit, and provided with a few shillings in his pocket, when he took a most affecting leave of us and embarked on board the vessel, which soon after disappeared over the dark blue waves of the Southern Ocean. Before he took his departure, we had promised him that in a short time D—— should pay him a visit, and that if he did not like to remain at the school he might then return. He enjoyed the trip to Adelaide very much, after overcoming a slight attack of sea-sickness. The captain and passengers on board were very kind to him, more especially when they found him so polite and well-behaved. They amused him by describing what he would see and hear when he reached Adelaide. After about fifty hours they arrived at the Port, and Peter was conducted to Adelaide and introduced to Mr. Moorhouse—whom he spoke of as being kind like a father to him—after which he was placed under the care of Mr. Ross, whose kindness he never forgot. For a time he was greatly charmed with the arrangements of the school. The organ, which he heard after marching in procession to the church, also pleased him greatly for a time. But eventually the discipline of the school became more than his roving mind could endure, being always at liberty whilst with us to go for a ramble in the woods whenever he thought proper—although, of course, after he had been some time with us he would not take it upon himself to go away far without either asking permission or acquainting us with his intention. He felt the restraint of school regulations too severe for him, and consequently, when an opportunity occurred, made his escape. According to promise, after Peter had been (as we supposed) at school several months, D—— took a trip to Adelaide for the purpose of paying him a visit. Immediately on arriving in Adelaide, D—— called on Mr. Ross, who, to his surprise and mortification, told him that Peter had some time previously made his escape, and that although he had used every means available to recover him or to ascertain what had become of him, he had failed to

Mary Anne (wife of Tiger).

do so. After seeking information from every source he could think of without success, D—— returned quite dejected.

On a bright summer's day, some weeks afterwards, as I was standing gazing over the smooth waters of the ocean, occasionally casting a glance over the beautiful landscape to the north and east—yet at times completely absorbed in thought respecting the fate of my poor black boy—I beheld at a short distance walking along the beach towards me, at such a pace as indicated extreme fatigue or weakness, an individual, apparently a native. Several of my children being near me, I said to them, "There is some poor creature coming who appears "quite overcome with the heat." They immediately ran to meet him. He appeared to be a stranger to them, and was a tall emaciated black boy. G—— asked him his name. Taking him by the hand he replied—"Peter my name, don't you know "Peter S——?" G—— at once ran to me, saying, "I think "this is Peter returned again." It was indeed my poor black boy returned. He was unable to approach us quickly in consequence of weakness and ill-health; but so soon as he reached the spot where I stood, he grasped my hand with all the warmth and earnestness of a dear friend. I thought at the time of the following lines:—

"With parching heat the summer shone
On the slender stem that was stooping;
The verdure of the leaves was gone,
The fading flower was drooping."

His countenance exhibited unmistakeable signs of past illness—from which it was evident he had not yet recovered. We therefore proceeded to the house as quickly as his feeble state would permit, where he was soon provided with refreshment, and recommended to seek some repose. The delight his unexpected return afforded us as a family may be better understood than described, when the reader considers our isolated condition—living so far from any populated district, and so seldom seeing a stranger, either white or black. After he had taken a little rest, he arose as from a pleasant dream, and scanned the place from side to side, apparently trying to remember whether all things remained as when he left. Then he exclaimed, in tender and affectionate tones, "You all here, "father, mother, and children—all same when me go away!"

He appeared moved with deep emotion, and the big tears coursed each other down his swarthy cheeks in quick succession. What were the immediate causes of this outburst of feeling I could not positively ascertain, but have no doubt they arose from the contemplation of his present position. He appeared to be suffering from consumption, and evidently could not live long. Of these facts he appeared to be fully aware; and, no doubt, at this time, was led to reflect on the eternal destiny of mankind.

I felt no little anxiety on his account, for although his previous conduct had been so exemplary, yet I still had doubts as to his having experienced that change of heart which is absolutely necessary to salvation in all those who have been made acquainted with their lost condition as sinners against God, and the atonement made for them by Jesus Christ our Lord. Thoughts of his approaching end, therefore, to me were painful in the extreme, and caused me to shed tears; but they were as the tears of a mother when her heart yearns for the salvation of her son or daughter. The language of my heart was, "Infinite "Wisdom, who can say what Thine almighty power shall do? "Teach him to sing Thy redeeming love, and warm his soul with "heavenly love." After the tea things had been removed that night, and all the family were seated around the table, that was was a happy hour for every heart. Mr. Smith struck up the old favourite tune—

"Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more."

Peter seemed to be himself again, and, together with Pendowen, united heart and soul in the singing, and enjoyed himself wonderfully. After he had recovered in a measure from the fatigue of his long journey of over two hundred and fifty miles, he was enabled to relate his adventures on the way.

At sundown on the day of his departure from Adelaide, he found himself miles away from his kind teacher and schoolmates, fatigued and hungry. He saw at a short distance, by the roadside, a dwelling, towards which he directed his steps. On approaching the house he scrutinized the premises, lest there should be savage dogs to molest him. To his great satisfaction a kind and amiable looking woman came to the door and en-

quired what he wished for. He replied—"Please ma'am, me "want road to go to my country." She kindly replied, "You "have run away from black boys' school." "Yes, ma'am, me "like my own country best." "What is your name, and "where is your country, my boy?" "Peter Smith my name; "my fader, Mr. Smith, Rivoli Bay; he send me to Adelaide to "school; me no like this country; me like my white broders "and sisters." "Poor boy, you are a long way from your "country; you must be hungry and tired. Come in, sit down "and have your tea," she replied. Peter timidly complied with the thoughtful request of his new-found friend. After he had satisfied the cravings of nature, his kind friend informed him that he might remain until a dray passed *en route* to Mount Barker, so that he might not lose his way in travelling alone. The following day he had an opportunity of travelling as far as Mount Barker, in company with a party who were journeying thither. So, having thanked his kind hostess, who supplied him with food for the journey and sixpence to put into his pocket, he took his departure. He arrived safely at Mount Barker in the afternoon, when another door was opened to him by Providence. A kind-hearted individual, whose name I could not ascertain, but who kept a butcher's shop at that place, gave Peter permission to remain with him until an opportunity occurred for his travelling in company towards Rivoli Bay. During his stay with this person he was induced to mount a young horse, which ran away with him and threw him, breaking two of his ribs. He suffered greatly, and was unable to get about for some time. The butcher's wife, however, took great care of him, and attended to his wants. For more than two months he remained at Mount Barker [where he happened to be when D—— passed that way looking for him, yet unable to find him out], when he had an opportunity of pursuing his journey to the Murray station in company with a married couple, who were travelling overland with a bullock, on which they rode alternately. Mr. Mason kindly supplied him with food for the journey. This couple brought him to within thirty miles of Rivoli Bay. On separating from them, Peter directed his course towards the coast. He soon reached a station, where he remained until next morning, and then started for home, where he arrived safely as before stated.

I asked him, "Did you think of Jesus when alone and "so far from home." He replied, "Yes, missus, me think "and speak to Jesus; me kneel on ground and speak to "Him." He expressed himself with such fervour, and exhibited such manifest tokens of gratitude, that I could not refrain from raising my voice aloud to God for the evident tokens of a regenerated heart, and exclaimed in the language of Holy Writ, "My words shall not return unto me void," and "He will gather His elect from all nations and "kindreds and peoples and tongues, neither shall any pluck "them out of His hand, for His own name's sake." One day, a short time after his return, Peter came in in haste, his countenance beaming with delight, and as if desirous of communicating something which gave him pleasure. He stood before me. I said, "Well, Peter, what name?" He replied, "D—— "tell me of Jesus; he speak to me like drual—'tunbun tunbun "'low, mamin de ceumana'" (true, true, speak our father in heaven). He remarked, with much feeling, "The drual do not "hear the name of Jesus." On another occasion he met with a native woman, whose infant son was at the point of death, and recommended her to come to me for advice. She brought it and I took it into my arms. It was a half-caste, and quite emaciated from continued sickness. I told Peter to inform its mother that the child was dying. She said she knew it would not live, and desired me to pray to my Father in heaven that its soul might go to heaven. Through Peter I informed her of the love of the Saviour for little children, whether white or black. Shortly after the child expired, and poignant was the grief of its mother.

Peter appeared to take great delight in recounting his adventures during his absence to a few of his former companions, who had returned to take up their quarters near us. They seemed greatly delighted with his description of various things he had seen in Adelaide—the great buildings, handsome shops, &c., not forgetting the confectioners. After his return Peter spent the greater part of his time with his colored friends. He urged upon them to the utmost of his abilities the necessity for a change of heart; and the writer sincerely trusts these feeble endeavours on the part of an Australian aborigine to point his fellows to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the

world, were not entirely in vain. She also trusts that this poor native boy may not rise in the great "Day of Judgment" to condemn his more highly favoured white brethren of Australia.

Peter's disease was beginning to affect him in various ways. He was frequently overcome by drowsiness, and would sleep for hours during the day time, and when waked up would say, "I "very sleepy; I don't know what make me so sleepy." He often complained of headache and sickness, and although he suffered severely at times, yet he never murmured. One day he went out and lay in the sun, at the same time sprinkling himself with water. I said to him, "Peter, you had better come "into the house, the sun is too hot." He replied, "Missus, "drual like cold water and sun together." Shortly after I heard him cry out feebly, "Missus Smith." I ran to the door and saw him grasping the side of the house. He said, "I fall, "I fall; me no see." I took him by the hand and led him to his bed. After he had lain down I bathed his temples with water, but he had fainted. I stood by his side with his hand in mine until he regained consciousness, when he exclaimed, "Me "think me die soon, Mrs. Smith." "Well," I replied, "my "dear boy, where will your soul go if you die." "To Jesus "Christ in heaven," he said, with such earnestness, that I shall never forget. I assured him that if he trusted in Jesus Christ he would bring him safe home to his Father in heaven. He expressed himself as fully satisfied that through the sacrificial death of Christ alone he could be saved, and that he relied on the merits of his death for acceptance with God I was indeed pleased to hear him express his convictions so plainly, and rejoiced with him that he had such a bright hope of future glory. Day after day the people of his tribe came to see him. They moaned and cried over him. Apparently their grief was extreme, yet Peter seemed heedless of their cries, and appeared to have but little confidence in its being genuine. "Do not groan "there like a lot of pigs," he said, "the white man does not do "such things; do go away and let me alone. Your pangal "(doctor) do me no good; I am sore all over me from the bite "of his teeth. The white man is good to me." I was forcibly reminded of the converted chief of the South Sea Islands, who was guide to John Williams, addressing his countrymen—who were in a state of perfect nudity—who said, "Can the religion of

"these white men be any other than wise and good? Look at "them and then look at ourselves. We are without house and "home. We are like the white man's cattle—wild in the bush. "We tremble at the bellowing of their cattle. We thought "their horses were made to bite us, and to their sheep we could "not give a name. Their bread we buried in the ground lest it "should poison us. Were we not ignorant before the white "man came, whose ships brought to our land so many good "things we could not name. We are taught by them to know "all these things."

Peter's foster-father had heard of his illness, and came thirty miles to see him. Their meeting was a most affecting sight. I had scarcely anticipated such an exhibition of feeling from them, and was very much afraid lest Peter would be persuaded to leave us and go away with the other natives. However, he promised me he would not do so, but would merely go with his friends to their wurley on the hillside. He was evidently failing fast, and could take very little nourishment; the only thing he appeared to relish was sugar and water. At the wurley he was surrounded by his drual sisters, who were ready to administer to his wants. Cold and chilly breezes blew over the hillside where stood the open wurley, and Peter found the accommodation scanty and the comforts few, and notwithstanding the officious attention of the pangal (doctor), he found himself far from comfortable. I desired him to return with me to the house, but he preferred enduring the discomforts of the wurley to being any trouble to me, saying I might send him any little comforts I had to spare, and he would be content to remain where he was. Britaming (a little girl previously mentioned) was his constant attendant, and was frequently sent by him to tell me how he was. She was constantly by his side, either keeping the flies off him or getting him anything he required. I went over to see him one morning, and found a great change in him; his eyes appeared heavy, his voice rough, and his general appearance that of one whose end was near. I sat down by his side, and said, "Peter, do "you know me?" He replied, "Yes, yes, Missus, but me no "see—me soon die. I am very ill; it will soon be over." I said, "God will soon make you better, and will free you from "pain. He sees you, and will hear your prayer." He said,

"Oh yes! oh yes! I often pray to Him, and try to sing; but I "cannot sing, and these women think I am cranky." I explained to him how mindful the Saviour is of His afflicted followers—that He is ever near to guard and protect them. His reply was something like the following:—"I know Jesus "Christ died for me: I know He loves me, and that He will "soon take me to live where He lives; then I shall have no "more suffering; then I shall be happy for ever." I knelt a few moments in silent prayer—experiencing much power in prayer, and enjoying very sweet communion with the Father of spirits. I left him for the time, feeling fully satisfied that he was quite prepared for the solemn change which appeared so nigh at hand. When I saw him again he appeared much worse. I asked him if he felt happy? He said, "Yes, "Missus, me know Jesus Christ, the Son of God; me now feel "that what Mr. Ross, in Adelaide, tell me, and what you tell me, "all true; and now me soon go to live with Jesus, in heaven." Britaming told me she often heard him say, "Jesus Christ save "me." The next day I went to see him, and took some food for him, but, to my surprise, he was not there. Anxiously I looked round the hill; at last I discovered him some distance down the side of the hill, covered in dust: apparently he had rolled down. At first I could scarcely tell whether he was living or dead. I asked him if he knew me? He replied, "Yes, Missus." I said, "You can still pray?" "Oh, yes! "me still pray—Jesus Christ, my Saviour." I said, "My dear "boy, are you afraid to die?" He said, "Oh no! no! me no "afraid to die; me go to heaven; me see Jesus." Then I could not help exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous, "and let my last days be like his." When I was about to leave him, he partly raised himself and exclaimed with extraordinary vehemence, "Oh, Missus, me no afraid to die; Jesus "died for me; Mr. Moorhouse told me that. Missus, me loves "Jesus!" I said, "Yes, my boy, he loves you too, and soon he "will take you to Himself; soon your sufferings will be over, "and I trust some day we shall have a happy meeting at the "right hand of God."

A few days before his death he expressed a wish to be brought nearer our house. Accordingly he was carried by some of his sable friends back to our place, where he was

supplied with more bed clothes, that he might be kept warm during the cold nights. He appeared very grateful for the attention paid him. He was asked whether he thought he would get better. He said, "No; me no want to get better; "me soon die and go Fadder in heaben, hallowed be His name." He suffered very considerably, in consequence of which he was unable to converse with me to that extent I desired; but whatever doubts I had relative to his experimental acquaintance with the power and willingness of Christ to save to the very uttermost were all removed. I may here narrate a fact in proof of the reality of his conversion. He manifested a very deep concern for the conversion of those around him; notwithstanding the severity of his sufferings, he would not permit an opportunity to pass unimproved. He would reprove, exhort, and entreat on behalf of that Saviour who was his chief comfort in time of need, with such earnestness as I have seldom seen equalled by any of his more highly favored white brethren. At ten o'clock the next day my son G—— came running to me, and said, "Come away quickly, Peter wants you; he is dying." I was soon by his side, when I found an old native man rolling him on the ground. I bade him desist, which he did at once, Poor Peter recovered from the rough treatment in a short time, and said to me, "Missus, will you give me a drink?" I gave him some drink, for which he thanked me, and then said, "I "soon die; Jesus come for me to-day." He appeared quite calm and peaceful. He desired me not to leave him, as he believed he was dying. A short time before, two black women, who had been staying with him, had gone away. He said, "Why they go away? Why not stay and see Peter die?" He told Britaming to call them back, but they were gone too far to hear her calls. Shortly after he fell asleep, but did not sleep long before he woke up, and seemed to be suffering severely. When the pain had somewhat abated, he folded his hands, and raising them over his breast, exclaimed, "Our Father who art in "heaven, hallowed be Thy name." The remainder of the Lord's Prayer he repeated in his own language, concluding with "Lord Jesus Christ, save poor black boy. Poor black man." I said, "A few more hours, and you will be with Jesus, my "good boy." He replied, "Bad boy me, bad me." All at once his countenance lit up with such a heavenly smile, while

he said, "Me see Jesus! me see Him now!" He again asked for a drink, after which he fell asleep for a few minutes, when he again awoke quite refreshed. He looked me steadfastly in the face, and said, "Where master?" I said, "Do you wish "to see Mr. Smith, Peter?" "Yes, ma'am." I called G—— and a little black girl, and told them to go for Mr. Smith. I shall never forget the earnest expression of Peter as he urged upon them not to delay, saying, "Tell Mr. Smith I am dying— "I am dying; I am going to Jesus—I will soon go—make "haste." Again he slept for a short time. When he awoke, he said, "Is master come? very long coming." I asked, "What do you want master for, Peter?" "Me like master to "pray," he replied. I left him, and went a few paces towards the house to see if Mr. Smith was coming. I had not gone far, when Britaming came running after me, and said that Peter breathed very hard. I returned immediately, and only just in time to hear his last words, "I go to Jesus." Shortly afterwards Mr. Smith and D—— arrived; but how great their disappointment to find that poor Peter had so suddenly passed away to the world of spirits. It was indeed painful to part from one to whom we had become so strongly attached; yet it was a source of comfort to know that one of the natives of South Australia, whom we had been so long endeavoring to train for glory, was at last safely in heaven. It was a source of comfort, also, as a proof that the natives of Australia, though ignorant, are not so much so as to be beyond the reach of Gospel truth. Christians, to you this memoir is commended, with a hope that it may stimulate you to perseverance in seeking to spread the truths of the Gospel, till every nation and kindred and people and tongue shall have learned to lisp the Messiah's name.

UTCOONIN.

Utcoonin, son of my old nurse, Pendowen, died at Mount Gambier in December, 1864. After the death of his mother and sister he went to the bad, followed his tribe, and emulated the worst of them in vice and drunkenness for eleven years. During this time he often visited my family—he seemed to be very much attached to the children. The interpreter would take the

opportunity of telling him the story of Jesus Christ. At last I received a message from a blackfellow that there had been a drunken fight at a place on Mayura station. Among the wounded was Utcoonin, whom I brought home, with another black. They were very sorely wounded, and their bodies were much debilitated by the excesses they had indulged in. Dr. Clindening did all in his power to lessen their sufferings; but consumption seized on their wasted frames. They were much attached to one another. They were very shy at first; but after a while that wore away, and they both became very friendly with me and my family. They used to call me their "white mother." We talked to them of Jesus, of His loving-kindness, of how He left His home in heaven, and came to this earth to suffer and die for poor sinners. On the night previous to Utcoonin's death we talked together of the happiness of faith in Jesus; and before I left them for the night I knelt down with joyous heart and praised God for this glorious manifestation of his love to my sable sons. Next morning I hurried to go and see the sick men. I found one standing up in great fear, saying, "Help me, help me, mother! a message from God." "Broin "yenon cangin martle, Jesus tropoin bo-ong!" (Be not afraid my son, God will make our souls good.) He was struggling for breath. I took his cold hand in mine, and raised him into a sitting posture. He said, "Jesus Christ, son of God——I can't "speak!" Hemorrhage ensued, and he died in my arms before I could call assistance.

His companion, poor Harry, pined away visibly after this, and died ten days after Utcoonin—"a brand plucked from the "burning." Just before his death he called one of my sons, and said, "I see Jesus Christ!" and turning to me, he added, "Tell the good word to all the blacks. You all very good." Then, after shaking hands with my sons and myself, he died. Both these young men found a grave on our own land, as I was refused a place for them in the cemetery—so degraded did these poor creatures appear in the eyes of our white "Christians" at Mount Gambier, in 1864.

KOTAWAR.

Kotawar was a very smart and intelligent young man. He became much attached to Mr. Smith and family when we came

to Rivoli Bay, and was always willing to give every instruction to Mr. Smith and D—— in the drual language. He was very quick to learn English, was kind and gentle to the young children, and was an excellent nurse. For years he made our house his head quarters. He was exceedingly fond of singing "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" and also of his murapena. He always gained something from us that would interest his friends. Our manner of cooking, washing, and sweeping and cleaning the house was a novelty to him. The art of reading and writing was magic, pure and simple, to his unsophisticated mind. After some time he would pick up a piece of paper and run his finger along the line, muttering to himself, as if it was no difficulty to him to read, when any of his black friends were around. He would sometimes point to a word, and ask, "What name this one?" After being told he would say, "Ooch, ooch" (yes, yes), as if it was quite familiar to him, but he had forgotten it at the moment. It came to our ears that he was trying to make believe that he had communication with people in the sky (see "Superstitions.") On one occasion he was to give an exhibition of his skill, and some of my family went to see him. An Englishman was present; and when everyone was waiting to hear the dead speak, he jumped up with a big stick in his hand, declaring that he would break it across the pangal's back if he ever attempted such foolery again, and effectually broke up that meeting.

Kotawar counted to the interpreter eight wives he had had, saying, in a pitiful tone of voice—"Wives belonging to me all "dead; none left to wash 'um shirt." With delight he boasted of nursing five of my children, now grown up. He was a good servant, and faithful, but liked his grog too well.

CABOO, AND HIS WIFE, CHILDREN AND BROTHER.

They belonged to the Booandik tribe, joining the Walroa country, on the Glenelg River. I made the acquaintance of the two brothers, Billy and Johnny Caboo, and soon gained their confidence; for mine was not a selfish motive, but an earnest attempt to raise them from the degraded state into which they had fallen. I say *fallen*, for, however cruel and degraded the blacks are in their natural state, they are immeasurably worse

when the white man brings his "fire-water" and other agents of civilisation to bear upon them!

Mooreckey, wife of Johnny Caboo, when quite a child, was stolen from the blacks by a black woman, under rather peculiar circumstances. When Mount Schanck was first settled upon by the whites, they were very much annoyed by the blackfellows stealing the sheep. A party of them were surprised one night, and pursued right over the Glenelg to the Victorian side of the river by the settlers, armed with guns. At this place one of the women stopped to listen for sounds of the pursuers, when she was shot dead. She had her child in her arms when she fell, and the enraged husband buried the living child and the dead mother in one shallow grave. One of the black women stole Mooreckey (the child), and took her back with them; and a kind-hearted woman adopted her and brought her up. I often attended Mooreckey in her illness, and her two children in theirs. The boy took the croup, and was at the point of death, when Dr. Clindening, without the slightest hope or thought of remuneration, gave his professional services and sent nourishing food from his own table to the sufferer, and probably saved his life. His parents on this occasion promised to give me the boy, to be educated at the Home, when old enough to leave his mother.

I was always received with respect, and had a clean bag at all times spread for me to sit on. They often congratulated themselves on the interest my son was showing in learning their language, because they could understand better about Jesus Christ in the drual than they could in the English language.

Little Flora, Caboo's daughter, died that same year. They sent for me; but all was over. The weeping parents said she was well at night, but dead in the morning. Thanks to Mr. Crouch's kindness, she was buried in a coffin. The kindly sympathy evinced by the whites at their bereavement was treasured in the hearts of the parents. They sent the boy to our school, and he took his place among his black brethren. It was pleasing to see the work increasing and growing in favor. In God we placed our trust.

Caboo's wife, Mooreckey, did not live long after this. She took ill and suffered greatly; but she had every attention from *Dr. Clindening* and myself to soothe her path to the grave.

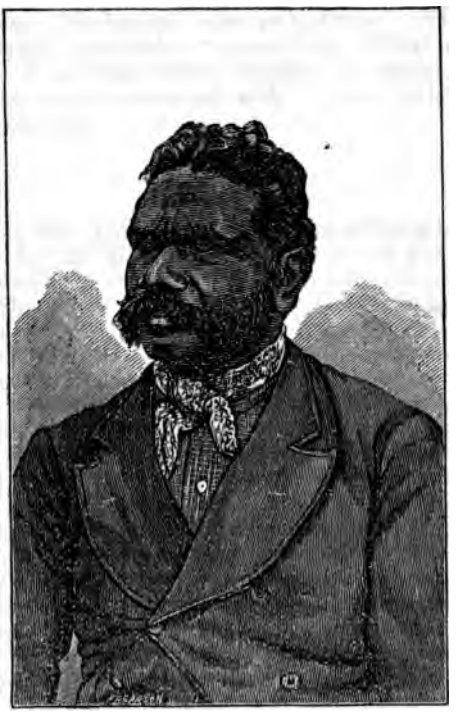
She was conscious of having a sinful heart, and embraced Jesus Christ as her Saviour. The Rev. Mr. Thomas, Primitive Methodist minister at Mount Gambier, administered the truth of God's Holy Word, which she received with joy. She spoke of her death without fear, and previous to her decease gave a cheering hope of her acceptance in Christ. She shook hands with Mr. Thomas, and said, "To-morrow me die!" and the next day her spirit passed away. Caboo suffered from disease of the heart, and looked forward to the time when he would be called away. Frequently I visited his ngoorla, and mostly found him thoughtful. He said once he was thinking of the good things of God; another time he said, "Last night I was so glad "that I walked away to tell God. I could not walk far; so I "sat down on a log and said to myself, 'God made all things— "I will soon go to God and see my wife and child;' and God made "my heart glad." The very night he died he told his brother he was going to leave him, and said, "You will soon follow me. "Tell Mrs. Smith that my soul is glad to meet God. We will "all meet there." He shook hands with his brother, and said, "Good night, I'm going to sleep," and fell asleep in Jesus. The two brothers once told me that one night, when restless with pain, they could not fall asleep, they saw the stars looking down upon them, and rejoiced that they spoke to Mam-bo-ong (Great Spirit). Billy said, "Mam-bo-ong, take our bo-ong "(spirit) to his good place;" adding, "Weep dredbon lo-on; "weep mootoh, coonamena" (no hunger, nor cold, nor winter there, brother). "It won't be long now, brother," he said; "berin lon doing wahrgulla" (do not be sorry for me).

I went next day to see Johnny, to ascertain if he had made arrangements for his brother's funeral. He received me with a sorrowful smile, and sat silent for a time—such being their custom on such occasions. After a time I broke the silence, and made my enquiries. He spoke of his own helplessness— not being strong enough to carry the body to the grave, or even to dig the grave. I made the case known to the magistrate, and stated how one brother lay dead, the other almost dying— deserted by their tribe, and no one to bury the dead. He tried to assume an air of dignity, but failed (for who can look dignified while doing or saying anything mean?), and said, "Let "the dead bury their dead. I have nothing to do with it."

That was encouraging to me! I next went to the corporal of police for help, and he promised to send one of his men to inter the body. I carried the news to the brother that help was coming, and bade him good-bye. A few days after I returned to know if I could be of any service to Johnny. I found he had carried the body to a shallow grave in a wheelbarrow all by himself; no one had come to his assistance. Thus the body was at last buried.

A very short time after Johnny, too, died, and was buried in the old cemetery at Mount Gambier.

Willie Caboo, the last of the family, was living at the Home, being educated. One day he ran away from us; but his schoolfellows went after him, and brought him back. I gave him something to eat, warmed his feet at the fire, and put him to bed. This little kindness was an effectual cure. He would say, "I'se a good boy, Missa." He was very ready and willing to do anything, and eager to please me and his teacher. One day at dinner he forgot to say grace, and I reminded him of the omission. He said, "Can't say grace, Missa, when I'se not "like my dinner!" One night, when going to bed, we all knelt down to offer up the evening prayer. The natives said, "God "bless Queen Victoria; bless Lord Bishop that gave us this "good home; bless our good Mr. Needham, and dear Missa "Smith, our good mother;" when Willie, from his corner, said, "You forget Mr. Mansell, who gave us nice seat in church" (Church of England). He was very fond of singing. "Happy "Land" was his favorite hymn—he would sing that with his whole heart and soul. He was one who had to leave when the school was broken up for want of means. I found him one day after that standing crying, shivering with cold, and very ill, beside his mother's grave. I took him home with me, and called in a doctor to his assistance. Willie was suffering from bronchitis, and the doctor had no hopes of his recovery. We did all we could to ease his sufferings, and told him how Jesus loved little children. He often spoke of his father and mother, and Flora, his sister. "All gone to the good place: I'se like to "be there," he would say. "I might die soon. You speak of "Jesus; Willie loves Jesus." As he was drawing towards his end, I brought him to the parlor fire. He was unable to lie down, and I propped him up in a chair. He asked for my son.



Tiger.

I told him he was in Adelaide. He said, "I'se die soon." He then leaned forward and laid his head on my knee, and said, "Jesus loves Willie—Willie loves Jesus," over and over again. I said to him "My boy will soon go to Jesus." "I'se like you "Missa 'mith," he said; "Jesus loves Willie, Jesus loves "Willie." I laid him down, thinking he might sleep. He opened his eyes once more, and said, "Missa 'mith," and then peacefully expired.

LOHWOOLA.

Lohwoola, wife of Walley, was for years suffering from disease, occasioned by the ill-usage she had received from the tribe. When in health she shunned me, for fear I should speak to her of heaven. She was of a sullen temper. Great was my joy when, at her own request, I was sent for. I prayed with her at the foot of the Cross. Jesus died for poor sinners. She stretched out her hand to me, and looking up into my face, said, "I shall "soon die; pray for me." She said to one of those attending on her, "I will not go to fire after death; I shall go to Jesus "Christ. I leave Walley to God; leave all my friends, every-"thing in this world, and go to God in heaven, that call me "away. Teenateona cannot come to me." Her husband, thinking Satan was coming in person, caught up a fire-stick and threw it in the direction his wife was looking at the moment. It fell into the lap of an old woman, who leaped up and ran yelling from the camp. When he turned round after the disturbance was over, his wife was dead.

To one of the white women Lohwoola remarked that my sayings followed her wherever she went. God had blessed my labors. To Him be the praise.

YANBO-ARAMING.

Yanbo-araming was the wife of King William, who died a Christian. After this event she came to spend the few remaining years of her life with me at my home. She was truly a Christian woman, and of great service in spreading the Gospel among her countrymen. Nothing delighted her more than to

see all my family sitting around her camp fire, attempting to speak in the drual language. One day a lady visited Yanbo-araming when she was sick, and spoke to her in English; Yanbo-araming answered her in drual, saying how happy she was in the prospect of death. One of her daughters interrupted her, saying that the lady did not understand drual. She said, "I forgot: but Jesus knows what we say about Him."

I was sitting beside her bed one night with her two daughters. We thought she was asleep, and we were talking together very low, when she began singing a drual song. One of the girls asked, "Mother, what are you singing about?" She paid no heed to the question, but went on singing. The girl asked her again, and she said, "If you all see what I see in my soul! I "see heaven. I see Jesus Christ standing on the step, my good "husband standing behind him." She looked beautiful as she spoke, and went off singing again. Her daughter told me one day that she heard her mother saying "I see Jesus and the "angels; an angel takes me by the hand. I hear them saying, "Here comes Old Mary." She often went by that name. "Where is my sister, Mrs. Smith? Tell her come quick; my "soul speak to God." When I got to her ngoorla she said, "I "am waiting to go; perhaps at sundown." She sent a messenger to her tribe to be present, and she would tell them of the good way. We all gathered around her, and she said, "I hear "angels singing all around me—Jesus come soon." After a while she roused herself, and said, "I want my tomahawk, my "canna, my basket, my pipe." All these articles were put beside her bed. Her daughter asked her, "What for you want "all these things?" She said, "This is all I got in this world. "When I am dead, give my canna to Mrs. Smith. You will "have my tomahawk, grandson." She looked at her pipe and smiled, saying, "Burn my basket in the fire."

Next morning I went down early to see her. She was still alive. "My good sister," I said, "Jesus will soon come and "take you to Himself." She smiled, and answered, "Jesus "speak, take me by the hand. You see me by'm-bye," and so she died. When placed in her coffin she looked so gentle, so mild, with such a heavenly smile seeming just to flutter over her lips, that no one could resist kissing her—though she was black, and old, and wrinkled. Her end was peace.

THE DYING WOMAN.

The interpreter was riding through the bush one day, when he was attracted by an object lying on the ground beside a fire, covered with a blanket. He called out, "Nanue luman?" (Who is there?), and received a very faint, unintelligible reply—and a woman, apparently very ill, raised her head. She knew his voice, and was glad to see him. He had often told her the story of the Cross, and she had yelled and laughed at what she considered the foolishness of it. Jeaney, for so she was called, was now deserted, to perish alone. No loving words or kind attentions had she to soothe her dying hours. He spoke gently to her, and told her again of the love of Jesus. She raised her worn, wasted form, and said "Once me young, "strong, good looking; flesh on my bones, white men praise "me, take me to their wurlas, give me 'nangroo' (poison). "I am too weak to call loud to your God. He can't hear "me; He is far above me. Speak for poor Jeaney." "Jeaney, speak for yourself to Jesus, who died for you; "he will hear anyone. He will hear black as well as "white, even from the ground." He then prayed with and for her, and had the unspeakable happiness of leaving her calm, and prepared for death, through the cleansing blood of the Lamb who was slain for all mankind.

He went to procure assistance, and brought some of her tribe to nurse her; but she was dead before their arrival. She died with a smile of peace on her lips.

CAROLINE, AND HER FAMILY.

The following memoir of an aboriginal woman and her half-caste daughters was published, in pamphlet form, in 1865:—

Mingboaram, a female member of the Booandik tribe, was, at the commencement of my acquaintance with her, about twenty-five years of age. She was counted good-looking; and after becoming acquainted with some of the earliest settlers, was commonly known among them by the name of Caroline. At this period she resided at Compton, a station in the vicinity of Mount Gambier, where she made herself useful in the kitchen. She had permission from her black "cooley," or husband, to remain with the whites, since for her sake he would be allowed

his "tucker" and a blanket—also a little tobacco and grog. While at Compton, Caroline became the mother of a fine half-caste female child, of whom mention is made below under the name of Maria. Spending, afterwards, some time with her husband at Mount Gambier, where they stayed in close proximity to the police station (then newly established), she there gave birth to another half-caste girl, who is mentioned below under the name of Annie. A third half-caste child, a boy, was afterwards born, but survived only a few days.

Being resident at this time at Rivoli Bay, I frequently heard the bullock-drivers speaking of this Caroline; her own good qualities, and her fine-looking little ones being made a great deal of. I felt a real love for them in my heart, and often prayed to God that he would preserve them from the death-blow of the "canna." Caroline, well aware of the treachery of her sable brethren, continued, therefore, to remain under the protection which the police-troopers afforded.

Once meeting her at Mount Schanck, I asked her for the two girls, and promised that I would bring them up as my own. At this request she became furious, indignantly telling me that I had "canapeenan" (children) of my own, and that she loved hers and would not part with them. A year rolled on, and poor Caroline and her girls were cast upon their own resources —once more to wander through the wild woods. Seven more years passed; when, one day, to my surprise, Caroline came to take up her abode, and erect (as it proved) her last wurley under some gum trees near my dwelling. Being at once invited by her cooley to call upon her, I hastened to her rough couch and found poor Caroline in great pain. She was evidently approaching her end, but shook hands, and seemed pleased to see me. Her first words were, "You very good, Missie 'mith, come "see me quick; me stop die long-a you—me die quick." Raising her emaciated form to a sitting posture, she called the attention of the two girls to what she was about to say; then, in her broken English, thus gave me charge of her children. "Missie, you look out my children; you send them long-a school "with J—— M—— (a half-caste girl I had in my charge); you "no let them go with blackfellows." Then to the children— "My children, Missie will be your mother; do as she tells you. "*Me die very* soon—me very bad." I then enquired as to the

nature of her complaint. She said, "Me inside burnt with "grog; no more drink grog. Public-house no good—only "grog, grog." I gathered from her statements that she was dropsical, and also that she had been under the medical treatment of Dr. Wehl, of Mount Gambier. Her brother, whom we called Jemmy, and who had been some years already in my family, acted towards Caroline and her children with much kindness and attention. Her husband paid very little regard to her, and his neglect could scarcely be wondered at, considering her previous unfaithfulness. I pointed to the sky, and told her "mar manu" (our father) would take care of her. A Christian woman named Mrs. MacDermot was with her late and early, attending to her spiritual and temporal wants.

One day we took her some gruel. Sitting up on her bed of straw she took a little, and then fell back in a fainting state. Recovering somewhat, she held out her hand, and said, "Good-"bye Missie 'mith." She shook hands with all, including her two children, to whom she said, "Never leave Missie 'mith—"she good one long-a you, Maria, Annie; no more wild." All our family that were present were in tears. It was truly affecting to behold this savage mother thus addressing her poor children.

Mrs. MacDermot asked her where her soul would go after death. She said, "Me think go long-a sky;" and then added, mentioning four of us by name, "You speak to Jesus for me." My son G—— could speak the native dialect, in which it gave her much pleasure to converse. Once he asked her where her soul would go after death. Raising her eyes to heaven, she said she hoped to that place I had been speaking about while telling her of Jesus—the kingdom of heaven. Then in a soft, never-to-be-forgotten tone of voice she said, "When Missie "come to heaven, look out me." She appeared quite sensible of her approaching end, and said, "Me think me gone just now." I answered, "Jesus will soon take you, Caroline; you will not "wait long." She afterwards said, "Me no sorry me never "get better. Drual (the blacks) beat lubra always—like kill "me many times; no husband look out me now—no black "woman care for me, only 'marton, marton, white-neer' "(good, good, white woman); no like 'nother one white woman, "what no care for poor black lubra." It was also very pleasing

to observe that she told her girls to love "Missie" as their mother.

The night before she died I asked her whether I should stay with her, she replied, "No; brother stop with me." During that night she told her brother and children that she would leave them the next day, and that then myself and Mrs. MacDermot would take care of them. She added, "Father "belonging to you dead, Maria. Mr. W—— good one gentle-"man." These expressions poor Caroline's brother repeated to us after her decease—affecting indeed to the hardest heart!

I hurried to the ngoorla next morning, and found her apparently better than usual. I left her for a few minutes, telling her I would immediately return; but before I could do so her daughter came running, breathless, and said, "Mother wants "you, Missie; she said she is dying." I was of course by her rough bed at once; but she spoke no more, although about two hours elapsed ere her spirit took its flight to the eternal state. In vain her husband called to her and shook her body; savage as he was, however, he could not, on my assuring him of her death, refrain from a flood of tears. He subsequently performed such final duties to poor Caroline's remains as lay in his power. He fanned her, prevented the flies from approaching, and afterwards rolled the body in the blankets, burnt her few household articles, and joined in the funeral procession.

Her brother, Jemmy, with our family, joined in the procession. Her body was interred in our own cemetery. A psalm was read by Mr. Smith, and prayer offered; and then her husband and her brother covered her body with earth. Maria and Annie, like thoughtless children, shed but a few tears at their great loss; and I took them under my care from that time, 6th February, 1858. I was comforted by the consideration of this passage of God's word, "I was found of them that sought "me not;" my earnest petition having been, together with Mr. Smith and Mrs. MacDermot, "Save this one soul, for Thy name's "sake." I felt a conviction within myself that God had indeed saved her at the eleventh hour.

Mr. Smith having taken the two children under his care, they came to live henceforward a new life—to be trained in the practices of civilised society, to forget their wandering unsettled habits, and to be educated according to European and Christian

ideas. It was not without some apprehension of non-success—for unless a divine power preserved them, it is easily to be seen that the evil-disposed of either race might prevail over such unformed characters as these girls possessed, and lead them astray. I comforted Mr. Smith sometimes by recalling to his memory how strikingly a Divine Providence was exhibited in the mother having been changed as from a savage to a lamb, and in her darling ones having been left to our instruction and care. This was the Lord's doing, and was marvellous in our eyes; and in the event, as will be seen, God answered our expectation even by the fulfilment of our every desire. Maria was now about nine years of age; Annie, the younger, about eight years. Maria was comparatively of a fair complexion, with something very pleasing about her countenance and manners. Annie was of a darker cast—her heavy brows, black eyes, dark brown hair, and slender legs, made her possess a much closer resemblance to the true aborigine. At this early age even they were familiar with the vices of drunkenness, swearing, smoking, lying, cursing, and fighting, and were also gifted with the ability to dance and sing. Conscious that the Gospel alone could effect that change which would result in submission, contentment, and the other graces of the spirit, we were anxious to draw their attention to the good tidings as frequently as possible. The other half-caste inmate of our house, Jenny M——, felt herself almost qualified to be their instructor, on account of her earlier abode in our home circle. As Mr. Smith was a teacher at Mount Gambier, these three girls had the advantage of Sabbath and day-school instruction. First he had to correct their mode of speaking, and teach them good English. It was a great trial to them when rude children lifted the finger of scorn—for they were keenly sensible of unkindness, and would hide their heads in some corner; so also the customary confinement of school was felt a good deal at first. The kindness and respect, however, that they received from the family soon convinced them that they were not treated by us as inferior to our own race. It was pleasant, truly, to see them with their teacher and his daughters skipping and jumping on their road homeward from school. A few months brought a great change to the girls, both in body and mind. It was a hard task to them to relinquish

their mother tongue; but on account of one of our number being an interpreter, their progress in English was pretty rapid. Maria in particular we found to be very intelligent. After five months' instruction she said to Jemmy, "I am so glad that I "came here; I can now learn about Jesus. If I had not come "I would not know how to pray, for no creature ever told us; "nor had we any mother before—that good Jesus makes me "glad. Mr. Young, our Sunday School teacher, tells me about "Jesus—and I can sing the 'Happy Land.'" At another time they said—"We hear now many things that we never heard "before from whites. We were either blind or dumb then, or "else they did not care for us, only wanting our services to "bring them wood and water, and mother's labor in washing; "and so we were thought of as dogs—we might stand at their "door and, they would give us a bone." Again, one of them said, "I am so glad, when I go to school, to see so many nice "things. I wish I could tell Eliza, for poor Eliza is wild, with "her mother. I will speak to Jesus for poor Eliza, that she may "be brought to mother." This Eliza was a playmate of theirs —also a half-caste. Another intercsting remark was made to this effect—"Let me think now what I will do by-and-bye "when I shall have learned at school all about Jesus. If I get "plenty of money I will build a large house; and then I will go "through the bush and bring all the black children to mother, "who will take care of them. Father will teach them to sing "'Oh, that will be joyful,' and I will try and teach them to "know something about heaven. They curse and swear, and "yet think it is right because white man laugh at them, and "say, 'Very good, you picaninny.'" We did watch, indeed, for the dawning of day upon their souls. As to Annie in particular, she was very thoughtful; sometimes, indeed, sullen and gloomy. For some time she sought to indulge herself in a pipe occasionally behind a log or bush, and we had to watch her and prevent her persisting in so filthy a habit. When angry, poor Annie would either close her lips in obstinate silence or else shout at the height of her voice, stamp her feet, and bite her pinafore or frock. I reasoned with her at such times, and desired Jane also to explain to Annie how bad it looked in pretty girls to be naughty and rude. These children, as they rose from their low depraved life, manifested a great

taste for dress, and sought the notice and approbation of friends (of our race); and in proportion as these dispositions grew in them, did they exhibit hatred and disgust towards the rude and savage habits they had so lately practised. I took them with me to the Presbyterian Church, and my soul rejoiced to know that God had honored me in guiding their ways towards heaven. Maria was of a sickly constitution, and suffered from one sickness after another. In these seasons they proved Dr. Wehl to be an attentive friend to them. It would seem that their blood manifested a corrupt and impoverished condition—probably from scanty and improper food at an earlier period in their life. Rheumatism in their limbs, severe colds, and coughs were their chief ailments—and were, indeed, of a sufficiently trying nature. While poor Maria was so great a sufferer we did all that lay in our power for her, and within our neighborhood other kind friends also lent their assistance. From the Government I received for each child's maintenance sixpence per day, or one pound per month. Every little amount in money, or otherwise, enabled us the more widely to afford clothing to the naked and food to the hungry amongst our neglected and suffering fellow-creatures. When in want, I used to lead them to the Father of orphans, and ask Him in the simplicity of a child to give to these three whom I had in charge that which was wanted; and on our requests being answered, I would lead them to a private place and tell them to thank God for this frock or that hat (as it might be), which, in His providence, had just been supplied them. On May 20th, 1859, the three aboriginal girls, Jenny, Maria, and Annie, were baptised—after a careful examination, with most satisfactory results, by Mr. Hill, a Wesleyan Missionary, on his way to the Fiji Islands. Each one of them was presented with a copy of God's Holy Word, which was ever valued by these wards of ours—now professing Christians, as well as civilised residents among their European fellow-creatures. Mr. Smith being now laid aside by sickness, I thought it advisable to let Maria go to service, by which her manners and habits might be still further improved. This was therefore done; and at the same time Annie became reader to Mr. Smith, when he was unable (as was now often the case) to read himself. Her reading was clear and distinct; and he often said during his illness, "I have received more

" benefit from poor Annie, in the simplicity of her reading, than " from all those orators." When he became blind Annie was his guide in the short walks which he took; and once becoming giddy when walking near the house, his fall was rendered less than it might have been by poor Annie, whose outstretched arms did something to prevent the accident being more severe. Mr. Smith did not withhold the meed of praise which was due to such conduct; and as she knew and anticipated his usual wants, so he, on his part, had always some little trifle to contribute to her enjoyment—imparted such items of information as were adapted to be stored up in her memory, and more than all endeavored to lead the youthful mind of his attendant to a Divine Saviour.

Maria, in her new situation, gave much satisfaction to her employers. One Sabbath morning she came to us very early, and meeting me at the door exclaimed in much excitement, " Mother, I have had a dream about father." She then related her dream; she thought she was in the prayer meeting (at my house)—" Father came in: he sang, 'Begone unbelief! My Saviour " 'is near;' after singing he prayed, and then expired. I awoke," said she, " and got up to the fire. I did not like to leave Johnny " and come to see father. I cried awhile and went to bed again. " I dreamed in a similar way. I was crying for father—my " heart was sorry. I came soon to the Sabbath School, that " before it commenced I might have time to see what was the " matter." We went into the bed-room, and I told her that her father was very ill, that he had fallen over the bed the previous night, and struck his head on a piece of wood and injured his eyebrow—being still very feverish. Maria was not satisfied until she had seen him. She asked him, " Father, are " you better?" in a soft tone of voice; and he replied that he fell over the bed recently and had been hurt; upon this she related to him her dream. Soon after I was walking with him a few yards from the house, supporting him as well as I could, Maria came up to us, saying, " I am so glad to see father out." Soon he went into his bed-room again—" Come Maria, come " girls," said he, " we will sing 'Begone unbelief! My Saviour " 'is near.'" They all sung this hymn through for the last time with their beloved teacher, for he had never again power to sing on earth. The fall he received, together with his previous

painful affliction, proved too much for him. Maria and the rest stood by his death bed whilst he bestowed on them his blessing, told them to be good and to love Jesus, to whom he was going, and to whom, when they died, he hoped they too would go. The three aboriginal girls joined with the rest in singing, as he had desired, "The hour of my departure's come." He then fell asleep in Jesus, and the poor girls mourned truly for him—more than they had done for their mother. Maria soon after had to return to me through sickness, and was ill and under the care of Dr. Wehl a long time. I had to clothe her, for which she showed true gratitude; and after the lapse of some months I got her into a respectable family. She showed herself a trustworthy and active servant, and became a great favorite with the old gentleman, her employer, for whom she had to watch the store and take down goods from the shelves. Dressed smartly in her little blue frock, she became a great favorite also of the customers. But not long was she to remain here. An illness, which proved fatal, seized her master, and it became Maria's anxiety to take her bible and choose every opportunity of reading to him for his improvement and comfort. She could cherish but little hope in regard to his soul, but the prayers which she sent up on his behalf were many and earnest. On his decease (shortly after) Maria found herself friendless; and about the same time injuring herself in a fall, I brought her back again to her former home, and food, clothing, and medical attendance were all necessary; the latter was kindly given by Dr. Wehl. Again she was in health, and suited herself with a situation in a German family, at four shillings per week wage; but feeling the effect of that fall return, she unfortunately was compelled to relinquish service again. The care of friends and ease from labor soon wrought a change for the better; and my own health at this time being very indifferent, and funds being low (for Maria had been able to make no savings), we again looked for Providence to open the way before her. This proved to be with a kind family named McC——, where she was employed as nurse; still holding to the principles instilled by Mr. Smith, and proving herself a trustworthy girl. It was a great trial for her to remove to so great a distance from us—as she said she thought she would live with me till she died. I endeavored to show that by continuing with me

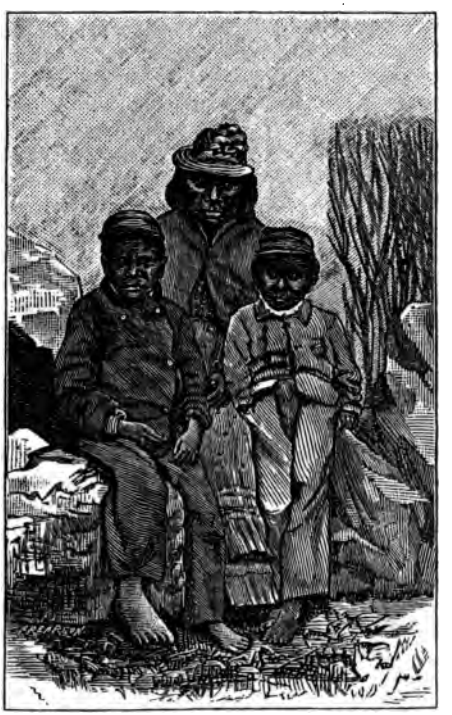
she would be less able to help herself on my decease, which might rather be anticipated than her own, and assured her that without doubt Mr. and Mrs. McC—— would be found to fill our place to her. When upwards of twelve months with this family she came to see us; she told me she was very happy, that her employers were as kind to her as to their own children. She was much grieved to hear of my illness. I spoke to her then about the interest of her soul, when she said, "I never "forget to love Jesus—how often do I think of poor father (Mr. "Smith) and of his kind instruction." She requested permission to take his hymn-book, which contained the hymns beforementioned, remarking, "I will sing them to Mr. and Mrs. "McC——." After bending our knees in prayer to God we said "Good-bye," and parted with the affectionate remark from Maria, accompanied by a sigh, "I *do* like the old home." On February 12th, 1863, Mr. and Mrs. McC—— called with Maria to see me. I was at this time most seriously ill. Very kind remarks were made by them in reference to poor Maria's lameness, and they mentioned how greatly she sometimes suffered. Mrs. McC—— made me happy by speaking of the attachment which existed between Maria and her little charge, Johanna, and did not omit to show me how the little one's petticoat had been trimmed with crotchet—the handiwork of her nurse. Maria was wearing, too, a pair of handsome earrings: these had been kindly bestowed by Mrs. McC—— as a reward for early rising. The dear girl was indeed raised something above her mother's condition—being on horseback with the proper costume of an *equestrienne*. This much change can civilising influences bring about, looking at the exterior simply, and far greater in heart and head. At the interview, also, Maria's talents were highly spoken of, and her usefulness as nurse—in particular her natural taste for music; and a promise made that she should be taught the piano. Annie McC——, her sister, was of course all on tiptoe with pleasure—skipping across the floor, clasping her hands, and exclaiming, "O! "Maria, I am so happy to see you; I do love you, and wish we "could stop together. To-night we shall have a great chat "about everything, shall we not?" But Maria was occupied that evening in taking care of the baby, while the rest, including Annie, attended a missionary lecture delivered by the Rev. Mr.

Paton. Annie paid the greatest attention to all that was said about the natives of the South Sea Islands, and observed particularly the war instruments, &c., which were exhibited. She subsequently showed how fully she comprehended the remarks which had been made as to the dangers and privations of the Christian missionary. When he spoke of Jesus Christ and what he could do for ignorant and perishing sinners, Annie seemed greatly affected. She regretted much that I was not present, "for," said she, "he spoke so much like father." The following morning she was driven up, in company with Mr. and Mrs. McC—— and Maria, to the residence of the Rev. J. Don; and they were introduced by him to Mr. Paton, who most cordially conversed with them, and besought on them a blessing. Annie had been observed by Mr. Paton in the meeting of the previous night, and he now took the opportunity of making many enquiries relative to the two sisters. Such an interest should be shown, we do not hesitate to say, not by ministers alone, but by all members of the Christian church. Maria we now leave for a time with her kind and benevolent friends, Mr. and Mrs. McC——, possessing opportunities of drinking at the crystal fountain of knowledge, and allowed indulgences which rendered her residence there more a home than a sphere of mere labor.

I might even make bold to compare Maria, Annie, and Jenny with those who belong altogether to the Aryan race, and have had all the customary advantages of civilised life. As to Annie, she accumulated a good stock of useful information: she loved to read memoirs of pious children, and had often in her hand "Early Days," or some other of the good books bestowed as prizes from the Wesleyan Sabbath School, or from the day school. How different had she become since the time when she knew nothing beyond the little circle that she lived in. She was fond of perusing English newspapers in her spare moments, and was not now at all deficient in her ideas of geography. She had taken a great delight in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and whilst perusing it would often shed tears for the poor suffering slaves. By referring to such as poor "Topsy" I am enabled to point out how important are the privileges possessed by herself and her sister in having instruction and care, such as usually do not fall to the lot of the sable race, who are growing up almost

in the same ignorance and grossness as of old—without the knowledge of the one true God or of Jesus the Saviour. Annie was very attentive to the Sabbath School. Wet or dry, and even when suffering from pain, she would be seen bound for the school, which was more than a mile distant; and would often mention to my children the pleasure she experienced, as the Sabbath came round, in meeting with her dear teacher. Her teacher (Mrs. Graham) said, on an occasion when Annie was absent, "How much I miss Annie; she is the leader in learning, "reading, and singing." Often in her conversation she would speak of father, of his way of singing, his great kindness, and the interesting anecdotes he would relate. On one of her visits to his grave, with two of my younger children, they sat weeping while they talked of his goodness to them. Says one little thing, "Father used to give us prunes and cakes." While the little group sat thus, there came a pretty bird, which sang its sweet notes over his grave. "Hush!" said Annie, "do not "disturb the beautiful bird; God sent it to sing that sweet note "to father. That bird used to perch on the apple tree in the "early morning. Father used to tell me not to disturb the "warbling bird, which was designed to afford us much pleasure "by its songs; and now, see how it comes to visit father's grave." On their return I was informed about the sweet bird, when I told them how vainly now the little bird sang, for that "father" (although his lifeless body was there) now listened in heaven to the singing of the holy angels. Annie evinced a true missionary spirit, desiring to teach the little black children the only way by which they could become happy and free from the savage habits of their gloomy lives.

The girls, Maria and Annie, had an uncle named Jemmy, who for upwards of seven years resided with us. As a friend and relation of theirs, his sable companions in the tribe appointed him to act as their guardian. In order to test his affection for his nieces, I one day said to him that Maria wanted a pair of boots. He replied, "Well, well, me see. Got plenty "children—no father; me see. No stupid this one head; see, "me got no money—by-and-bye me work—me get money. "Poor Maria get cold feet, get cough, then die perhaps." Next morning I found Jemmy very thoughtful, leaning his head on his hand, and glancing at me with a somewhat discon-



Tiger's Children, with Mother.

certed air. "Well," said I, "what is the matter, Jemmy?" He replied, "Well, well, me think a long-a this breast; me "very sorry for master and you. Me say to God, 'Where's "'good man give me money to get boots long-a Maria?' Me no "sleep all night; but think, think. By-and-bye me tell you, "Missus." Jemmy went up to the township with a very sorrowful heart, and not knowing at all to whom he should apply. After soliloquizing upon the subject of his embarrassment, he bent his steps towards the shop of Mr. S——, and entering, was accosted by that gentleman as follows:—"Well, "Jemmy, you not well, eh?" Jemmy had to scratch his head, and could only respond, "Oh! yes." Mr. S—— interrogated his visitor again, "Well, Jemmy, what is it you want?" Jemmy looked round the shop in bewilderment. If he recollected what he did need, he doubtless recollected also that he had come to market without money. By this time, however, it became apparent to the kind shopkeeper that Jemmy was in distress; and putting his hand into the till, Mr. S—— took out five shillings, which he presented to the poor confused fellow, who could not help demanding, "Who told you give me five "shillings?" "God," replied the kind-hearted man. "Well, "well," said Jemmy, "now me sure God hear me;" and thereupon he bought the needed boots for Maria, and returned to tell us in his own simple language, and in his own child-like faith, the little story of how the boots were provided.

Jenny M——, the third of our half-caste girls, was born at the Avenue Station, then the property of Mr. Power. Her father was a stockkeeper in the employ of that gentleman; her mother was an aboriginal woman, named Wegearmin.

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After the lapse of many years her father became an innkeeper at Grey Town, Rivoli Bay. I asked him for the child to be given me, that I might train her up away from the vicious and degraded sphere in which otherwise it would be her lot to grow up. He replied to the effect that I was the only woman with whom he could leave (willingly) his little Jane; but just then he did not like to hurt the mother's feelings by taking her forcibly away. In 1851 this man parted with his aboriginal concubines, and left the neighborhood. Jane was transmitted

to the wife of the nearest innkeeper, and a message sent me by one of the blacks to the effect that when he had left I was to take possession of Jane. It was a fierce woman with whom I had to contend; and as she had no family of her own, I could almost sympathise with her in the efforts she made to keep Jane. On the other hand, I could not but agree in the representations of Mr. Smith, that to take her from such a house might most certainly be viewed as a measure warranted by a regard to her moral character in the future. Mr. Smith took this wise view of the matter—that the leadings of Providence were to be followed, and that we were not to be led by our impulse to any hasty step.

In our efforts on behalf of the poor aborigines we met with contradiction and opposition sometimes from those who ought, in reason, to be only the authors of peaceful words and deeds. Our intention, however, was to rescue the immortal spirits of these wild beings, by God's help, from the dire consequences of ignorance and sin. One day, while I was at our summer-house —a mile from the Bay—I saw Wegearmin, with her child on her back, crossing the hill above the house. The sable beauty was escorted by a lover, to be reunited to her tribe. Upon my calling her she sat down until I came up to the spot. I took Jane off her back, and carried her in my arms to the house, saying to the others, "Come, and get damper and tea." She followed, with the young savage, to the house, and the latter came in and sat down. Soon his mood became really frightful, evidenced by his wild and staring eyes. At last I broke the silence, by saying, "You go long-a bush with 'burrich' "(girl)?" "Me thinkum," said the woman. "Hush," exclaimed my son (the interpreter), "we are all in danger of our lives." Conscious of our helplessness should the young blackfellow attack us, we were almost cold with terror. At that instant I heard the voice of a boy who was on the top of the hill. I shouted as loudly as possible, "Call the shoemaker, quick!" Our neighbor, the shoemaker, thereupon left his work, and hastened to us, exclaiming, "What is the matter?" for the boy divined that we were in alarm, by my voice, and his apprehension was shared by our welcome friend. Taking courage to open the door to him, I said, "All right;" upon which the *young savage* gathered up his instruments of war, and went his

way, dispatching Wegearmin and the child back again to the publican with whom she had been staying. Thus did we escape from impending danger. Wegearmin remained with her child as long as she thought proper in the vicinity of the public-house I have referred to, and then, a few weeks having elapsed, disappeared from that neighborhood and joined her tribe. After observing certain customs incumbent on her by the laws of the tribe, she was given in marriage to an ugly old black-fellow—whose favorite spouse, however, she had the honor of being.

The name of her former lord, the father of Jane, became a word of terror to the natives, who greatly feared that he would come and retake possession of Wegearmin; and under these circumstances the question of the propriety of killing little Jane was greatly discussed. As soon as we received, through friendly blacks, this intelligence, we spoke boldly of Morgan's intention that Jane should be in our care, and sent messages to the effect that Jane must be sent to Rivoli Bay. Wegearmin's husband sent word, in reply to us, that if Mr. Smith and the interpreter would write him a letter, like another white gentleman, and if we would also pay him what Jane's value was, he would persuade her to relinquish Jane in our favor. Our reply to this was delivered through an aboriginal named Mary Ann, an intelligent motherly woman, and was to the effect that we did not buy or sell people, either white or black, and that consequently we declined to give any money for Jane. Mary Ann delivered the message to the native, and made him understand that his stepdaughter ought not to be sold like cattle, sheep, or opossum rugs. Jane passed another twelve months roaming the bush with her mother; frequently they would call at the huts of the shepherds, &c. Occasionally a frock would be given to the girl; but according to her uncultivated mind there was more freedom in walking without clothes—and a piece of old blanket or a red handkerchief tied round the back of her neck, and hanging loosely over her shoulders and back, would quite content her. At last we began to despair of ever getting Jane from her savage kindred. While Mr. Smith, however, was one day busily engaged storing goods for the settlers, Cuneminar (the young man who had put us in bodily fear at the summer-house), came to tell him that whilst bringing Jane to us, the

publican's wife, who desired to have her, had taken her off the dray into her house. This woman offered Cuneminar an old pair of trousers to pacify him, and endeavored to prove that I had too many to supply with damper and tea already. We could see that he was really sorry and vexed with himself for not having been cautious, and for not having avoided the inn, and passed by the hills. All his endeavors to recover Jane were in vain, and we had to submit to our disappointment.

Jane was kept very close in the house, and a month or two passed away, But one night the man and his wife made a secret flight towards Victoria, leaving Jane in care of another couple, who were instructed by all means to prevent her from falling into the hands of the psalm-singers (ourselves). On the Monday after they left, this man who had charge of Jane, went to Guichen Bay, and on his return was accidentally drowned in a swamp. Soon after he left for Guichen Bay I saw Jane near my house, and went and took her in my arms. Carrying her in to Mr. Smith, "Now," said I, "I have gained my object." "Oh!" said he, "you have yet to fight the battle of the tongue "for her." By-and-bye came the woman, in great anger, and informed me of the strict injunctions she had received from Jane's last possessors to keep her from us. I reasoned with her calmly, and told her the wishes of the father and of the mother's tribe. Both left me at liberty to take and keep her when opportunity offered. The woman had, of course, to return by herself to the desolate and forsaken inn. A day or two after a message came, requesting me to go and communicate to her the distressing news of her husband's death. This I did, and was also compelled to bring her to our house, and maintain her until able to forward her on to Guichen Bay. She confessed to us her regret now at the part she had taken, and was glad of the end of the matter, as concerned Jane, who, soon after, might be seen on the beach jumping and skipping about—but somewhat disconcerted at the sight of any natives who might chance to appear.

Our task began now, which was to make Jane accustomed to the social habits prevalent among ourselves. She was by nature (or by ill training) extremely ready to tell a lie and to screen her own faults. The adults of her race, indeed, cherish some*what similar views*, and usually deem some person to be guilty

of having bewitched them (as we should say) in every instance of sickness and ill fortune.

Jane began to learn her alphabet; and Mr. Smith took much care in training her up, like our own family, in the fear of the Lord. She now began to grow more tractable and useful, following the example of the elder children, who were accustomed to perform little domestic duties. Sometimes they would arrange the plates, cups, and saucers, sometimes sweep the rooms, sometimes dress a doll. One winter's evening, all being assembled round a comfortable fire, Mr. Smith began to expound to them that portion of Scripture where it is related how Jezebel "painted her face and tired her head, and looked out of the "window," &c. Jane stood most attentively, her eyes fixed on him, believing apparently that the vividly drawn picture was before her. He then came to the words, "Who is on my "side—who?"—at which his voice was raised with considerable animation, and so maintained while he again repeated, "Throw her down; so they threw her down, and some of her "blood was sprinkled on the wall" (see 2 Kings, ix. 30-33). Jane at this grasped the corner of the chimney place, and looking up at the window, exclaimed, "Poor Jane was so "frightened when the three men threw her down!" As she turned to me I could discern that she was greatly stirred; but we had reason afterwards to consider the shock of a beneficial nature, for she was evidently awakened to higher ideas than were wont to visit her. Above all, we rejoiced that the Gospel does not need argument indispensably.

Jane's mind was daily led to Jesus at this time by her favorite playmate, my little daughter, M—— E——. My child was extremely delicate—ripening, alas! for the grave. The little native girls had in her a sweet example and amiable instructor. Jane was taught by M—— to read; and I am reminded here of an amusing incident. One day, duly seated in her arm-chair, with pointer in hand, and the large alphabet properly adjusted—"Come, now," said M——, "be a "good girl, Jane; be better than Topsy, and don't say 'don't "'know.'" Before this prefatory address was fully complete, down comes chair, little teacher and all. Amidst loud laughter was heard a call, "Lift your mistress, scholars, won't you?" which naive sally of poor M——'s compelled me to join in the

chorus of mirth. On the pleasant beach, or under the green bushes, the little group would assemble for prayers, of which the burden was that Jane might be united with them in heaven. While at play Jane would stop to enquire, "M——, what does God do?" M—— answered to the effect that everything had been made by Him. The next enquiry by Jane was, "Did God make me?" M—— replied in the affirmative. "Can God see me under this place," resumed Jane. M—— responded that He could, and that when they were naughty He knew it.

We now removed from Rivoli Bay to Mount Gambier, and four months afterwards we settled on some land there, and had to encounter those discomforts connected with a bush life. The saddest result of our exposure was that M—— took cold, and inflammation of the lungs set in. After only a fortnight's illness, death was permitted to remove her from our midst in her eighth year. On the day she had been taken ill she had been playing with her two younger sisters and Jane. Their innocent little game was playing at "housekeeping." Their mistress was giving her orders; one of the others was cooking, another cleaning house, &c. Whilst thus happily engaged in their domestic duties, M—— called on them to join her in a "prayer meeting," and each one in their turn, Jane included, knelt humbly before Him whose anointed Saviour said, "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of "heaven." Soon Jane came to me and said M—— was not well, "her face so red, and her feet cold," said Jane. I hastened to my little daughter, and brought her within; so she laid her head on my lap while her extremities were being warmed and chafed by the fire. Mr. Smith told poor Jane, who was her constant attendant, and the others, that it was to be feared that M—— was about leaving them—that she was doubtless prepared to be happy for ever in glory.

The day previous to her removal to that better world, she caused her parents, brothers, sisters, and companions, to gather around, specifying Jane by name. She glanced calmly at each sorrowful face in silence; but Jane was privileged to render her the last little service, by supplying her at her request with a glass of water. To her last farewell she added the request that her father would speak to all her companions frequently of the

joys of heaven, and assured us she was very happy, and could hear the songs of the birds "praising God." At daybreak M——'s spirit had left, on its way to a brighter home in the skies. Jane was extremely sorrowful, yet could scarcely believe she had really lost her dear little teacher so long as she lay on the snowy bed, encircled by the scattered roses. But this respite was but short, and Jane had to join us in burying beneath the sod the form so much beloved. No more could she gather the wild flowers, as had been her wont, to adorn dear M——'s head, nor join with her again in artless praise or prayer. A few days after the funeral, Jane, with others, occupied herself in gathering buttercups and other wild flowers. Every accustomed haunt brought to their memories some past scene; so they naturally directed their footsteps towards the small fresh grave where they had seen her interred. Mr. Smith and myself could not but be touched at their simple but sweet expressions; and my husband informed poor Jane that M—— was, as to her spirit, present with the Lord, and that her tongue would utter no more until all the dead were quickened. Jane had lost, we all knew, a kind friend, who was able towards her to blend mirth with instruction, and was most gratefully remembered amongst a few others, less beloved, perhaps, who could pity, as she said, "a poor black girl, running wild in the "bush." One day, in great haste, Jane and the others came running to the house, exclaiming "Maggie! Maggie!"—meaning her mother. "Oh! blackfellow take me away!" She ran behind me, caught hold of my dress, and screamed "I won't go "with Maggie." I silenced her cries by promising that she should not be taken away. At last the natives arrived. Wegearmin stood like a statue at the door, overpowered with the thought, as she gazed on us, that her own child was afraid to look on her. One leap she gave, as if to snatch her little daughter to herself; but Jane screamed in extreme terror, and seemed ready to pass into a fit. To please the poor mother, I placed the girl (Jane) between us, confidently assuring her first that Maggie should not be suffered to take her away to the blacks. Giving vent to her grief in a loud yell, she exclaimed in her own tongue, "That white woman makes my child forget "her language; she will not speak to me!" On the next occasion that Maggie visited us I insisted on Jane's speaking for

a while to her mother, and on her making her some little present, as I felt we had no reason to induce forgetfulness of that respect due at all times to parents.

The last time Wegearmin came to see Jane, when leaving, she bade her be a good girl, and do what we told her. She would have stayed a longer time; but one of the blacks threw a spear at her, though without effect. Upon this she became exasperated, and used bad language, which we feared the girls would learn if repeated, and so she was sent away. Before departing she gave Jane a bunch of emu feathers (which of course are choice and valuable in their eyes) to wear in her hat. I sincerely sympathised with the poor mother, who undoubtedly loved Jane—who was, it would seem, her only child. Several attempts were made by the blacks to get Jane from me. One offered me a few shillings as the purchase-money of Wegearmin's daughter; but we were of course confident as to what our duty was, and could not think of undoing all that had been accomplished by relinquishing her. Mr. Smith being a teacher, Jane had good opportunities of learning knowledge. Ere long she could read well and distinctly—she sought, and became capable of apprehending "the truth as it is in Jesus." She went to service, and gave satisfaction to her employers as a modest and prudent girl. Jane was unfortunately afflicted with a tendency to inflammation of the lungs—a complaint which I often observed the aborigines seemed predisposed to. Probably their exposure to inclement weather, conjoined with their decaying vigor of late years, renders them generally defective in these organs. While at service she seemed to act up to my advice well, and abstained, I understand, from falsehood, tale-bearing, and such-like crimes. For my part, I endeavored that she should only find a home with people of pious or of virtuous principles, where a blessing might be expected from God, and where ideas of eternity should not be banished. When about to take a situation, or when one had been left when distress came, or sickness befell, we accustomed ourselves to kneel down —Jane and I—that our voices might ascend, and our desires be known to Him who heareth at all times; and at all seasons have friends been raised up as they were wanted, to assist my dear half-castes. As my husband's days drew to a close, he would *often express his* entire satisfaction at the result of such poor

attempts as we had been able to make for the benefit of the aboriginal race, and his desire that opportunities had been more largely afforded us. In these sentiments I shared myself; and most willingly have I endured those discomforts, and that expenditure of time and patience, which has been my own contribution to the interests of the natives. Nor did we remain without a reward.

A few weeks previous to Mr. Smith's decease, Jane's sins were openly confessed—her sins and her trust in Jesus. At this serious period of her history she was greatly affected by dreaming that I had died; but, by whatever special means, saving grace did come. We rejoiced, and angels in glory with us, over outward and visible evidences of a conversion from nature's darkness effected in the girl whose brief history has been narrated.

THE CONVERSION OF BLACK BOBBY.

On the 25th April, 1864, I was taking a walk in the garden as Parchburmin, *alias* Jemmy, was engaged cleaning the weeds from the gooseberry bushes. I accosted him. He replied, "Well, well! so many no good—that one grow bery quick—"can't keep'em that one down; but finger pull up better—never "mind'em spade." I said that there were now plenty of weeds in the garden, owing to the rain which had fallen. Jemmy responded, "Oh! yes;" and then raising his head and bestowing a scratch upon it, resumed, "Me think'em no more blackfellow "grow, only soon die—no more brother—poor fellow me! "Brother Jerry and 'malanne' (wife) dead—Bobby soon die. "Me don't know what for Jerry die. Bobby get quick bad—"him very sick six months: you go see him. Missus—him "want'em you." I said, "When your good brother Jerry died, I "told you to bring poor Bobby here; he would be better attended "than in his ngoorla." "Well," said Jemmy, "me tell him "come; him always say 'yes, me come.' No more walk, me "think—me very sorry—that one good boy—me tell him of "that good one place. When brother Jerry sick, me tell him "what you say, 'Pray to Jesus Christ'—Bobby there when me "tell him. 'Nother one, Harry, tell him what you say, that one "time you sick, like die; poor Jerry say, him very glad along-a "heart—him like to go along-a heaven. Jerry tell me to tell

"you, Missus, Bobby hear 'em brother tell blackfellow—no "say bad words—no drink—blackfellow no hear good one man "say, 'Go to hell:' you see me no stupid—me no forget what "good Mr. Smith belonging to you say—no forget that one "prayer learn'em me one long time ago, when brother long-a "you and children." I learned from my faithful servant, Jemmy, that sixteen of his relations had now passed away to the silent tomb, and that Bobby, whom he dearly loved, was the last of his brothers. On the 26th I visited poor Bobby. I found him sitting in his ngoorla, much exhausted and fatigued after being removed by his friends to a chosen spot in Mr. M———'s paddock, opposite to the Wesleyan Chapel. Five ngoorlas had been erected, each family living separate. When the uproar of the dogs had been silenced by sharp blows from the "werrin" by Jacktaboi, I was welcomed by the young man, Bobby. After shaking hands, he politely begged me to sit down near him on a little box, which served, he told me, to support his head when he was worse and unable to lie down. I said to him "You are very ill, my son." He said that he was, and complained much of the difficulty of breathing, of pain in his side, of weakness and inability to walk, and of want of sleep. He said that drunken people and a great many noisy dogs rendered matters worse as to rest. He said also that he wished to be quite away from the public-house, where no drunken man could come. I asked him whether his illness were brought on through drink and lying on damp ground. His reply was to to the effect that he never cared to drink grog, and he always had a dry bed. I said to him, "How long have you been ill?" He replied, "Since shearing time." "Well, my son," said I, "do you think you will get better?" "I don't know—me very "weak." "If you do not get better, where do you think your "'boong' (soul) will go to after death?" "Me don't know." "Would you like to go to heaven with me and see Jesus Christ, "the Son of God, and be happy for ever." "Oh, yes," he said, removing a pannican of hot tea that had been cooling beside him. "If you, my son," said I, "will speak to Jesus Christ "and say, 'Jesus Christ, take poor Bobby to heaven—give him "'a good heart,' he will hear you." He listened with the simplicity of a child. I told him Jesus Christ would make his soul *happy—that* his happiness would be better than the happiness

he had had on earth with his friends, in dancing at their "murapena" (hunting meeting). The joy he had then felt had been mixed with sorrow and pain, but he must ask Jesus Christ to make him happy; He would hear him and render his soul happy for ever. That without love for Jesus Christ his soul would be lost. I felt, indeed, warmed with love towards him. "Oh! pity and instruct the ignorant; comfort the feeble-"minded; snatch this soul as a brand from the burning; fill "him with joy and peace in believing. Is not this young heathen "thine, O Lord?" These were the breathings of my soul for the dying. In calm and silent aspect, his eyes fixed on the ground, he drank in the sacred truth. He said to me, "Me pray "to that One you tell." I asked him, "Would you wish me to "speak to Jesus Christ for you?" He desired me to do so. He drew the attention of a male and a female aborigine, who were completing his ngoorla, upon which they came, bowed down their heads, and joined in our worship. As we four bowed thus in the Divine Presence, I felt strong in faith, believing Jesus Christ died to save this poor degraded son of Adam; that He indeed gave Himself a ransom for his soul. Before I left him, when putting the question to him, "Would he wish to go to "heaven and see Jesus?" tears dropped from his eyes. I bade him good-bye, and said that if he would come to my house I should see that he was attended to by my family and his brother Jemmy, who had resided with my family for eight years. He objected that he could not walk. I offered to send a cart, and engaged one, so that good friends beside myself should visit him and speak of Jesus Christ. Poor fellow! I observed his breathing to be very laborious: so I left him, and proceeded to call on old King William, who was also sick in his ngoorla. I was cordially received by himself and the three lubras whom I found in attendance. He was informed by old Queen Mary who had called on him. He was to all appearance blind and somewhat deaf. The poor old fellow, who, on my arrival, was reclining in his blanket before the fire, apologised that until he heard my name he had been sleeping. He told me that he expected soon to die—and, indeed, he was reduced to a skeleton. His grey hair and wrinkled face gave signs of the sixty years which had, I believe, passed over his head. He told me that nearly all his friends were dead, and that I was his sister. I pointed him to

the Saviour, who was manifested for the enlightenment of heathen darkness; and I was occupied in prayer that the express image of Jesus might supersede the corrupt natural heart of the aged king. I saw him no more.

Three days after my visit to the natives' camp, as narrated, a message was sent to me early in the morning to the effect that the black people wanted me to go and speak to Bobby, who seemed near death. I was desired to hasten, and informed that many were waiting to hear me address the dying young man. I followed my guide, who took the "short cut" through the paddock, which made a distance of about a mile. As we came in sight of the ngoorla, Jemmy said, "Bobby not dead; me see "lubra walk about—'em no cry." When we entered, I felt within an amazement and a joy which seemed forerunners of the true satisfaction for which soon after I had abundant cause. Five men and four women were seated around the fire. The poor fellow whom I went to see was sitting between two men, leaning his head on the shoulder of the one on his left, evidently near to the final struggle. His breath was quick. The solemnity and silence of the scene caused emotion which I shall ever remember. Our silence was broken by his saluting me, and by the greetings of all present. I enquired of Bobby if he knew me. "Oh, yes," he answered in low tones, "Mrs. Smith." His left-hand friend rose and made room for me to occupy his position, while another spread a blanket for me to sit down upon. As I sat down, his friend on the other side took my hand and placed it on poor Bobby's chest, that I might perceive the rattling from his lungs. "My son," said I, "you are very ill—you will soon die; did you yet pray to Jesus Christ?" His countenance lighted up, and raising his head he was able to say, "Me never lose'em that one way—always, always, me think." I asked him then whether he was happy. He said, "Me sorry "when me think of that one bad place—me glad when me think "of Jesus Christ." "You speak to Him; Jesus will hear you: "He will take your soul to heaven," said I. Bobby, lifting his eyes to heaven, uttered in a very low tone of voice some few words, of which I caught only the name of Christ as they died away on his lips. What sweetness was it to my heart that this precious name was used thus among his last words. I told him *that Christ was* doubtless present; that it was His love to us

made our souls happy. I told him, putting my hand beside his swarthy ones, that there would, in heaven, be no distinction of race or color. "Oh! yes, oh! yes," he ejaculated, and my attentive black friends surrounding us gave evidence of their acceptance of this truth. Bobby said, "Me soon go to that one "good place," and a cheering response rose from each one present. The poor fellow now seemed extremely exhausted. His pulse was very slow. For a moment he seemed as if he was in a fainting fit, and bowed down his head. At this instant one of the natives, crawling on his hands up to poor Bobby, whispered to him, "What Mrs. Smith say is the right way for you to think "of; never lose'em that way." A secret rapture seemed thereupon to seize his soul, and a glorious vision to present itself to him. Bobby raised himself to a sitting posture, and his eyes were apparently becoming dim, but with a smiling countenance he exclaimed to me, "Me see Him—me see Him!" The lovely image of Jesus is ere long to be reproduced in even this humble believer. All that were present were in profound silence, and I trust that God's Spirit was in the midst of us. In such language as this I sought to give the glory to God—"Lord, Thou art "here; my soul doth magnify Thy name. This day hast Thou "given proof to us that the soul of this dying heathen has been "quickened by Thee. By Thy Spirit he has thus been brought "out of darkness into Thy marvellous light. It hath pleased "Thee this day to reveal Thy Son to us." In such terms as these I lifted up my voice to heaven, whilst a devout and silent attention was cheerfully given by the little aboriginal flock. After partaking of some trifling refreshment, which I had brought him, he seemed to revive. I promised them that I would call on Dr. Singleton and desire him to come and speak of the dying love of Jesus to poor black men. I felt that I could with truth speak thus of Dr. Singleton, who is now known to the poor aborigines as a kind gentleman, and sincerely anxious for their temporal and spiritual good. Bobby then took my hand and bade me good-bye. Jemmy went with me to the residence of Dr. Singleton, who was not at home at that time, but we took the liberty of leaving a message, perfectly believing he would not fail to do in our cause whatever lay in his power. Soon afterwards I learned that Dr. Singleton was guided by Jemmy to the wurla of his sick brother Bobby, where the same

company that I have spoken of were awaiting his arrival. The Divine Presence seemed to be again in their midst, and Dr. Singleton was both glad and earnest as he gave to the dying man such simple exhortations as were adapted to his capacity and condition, and sought to pour the calm-giving solace of the gospel into the ears of the dying native.

This kind gentleman did not content himself with a single visit, for, doubtless, he found it "good to be there;" and, as he afterwards said, he gained true consolation himself from the Word that he thus dispensed. On enquiring of one of their number how Bobby was, "Very bad," was the reply, "but the "new doctor gave him very good medicine." I told him to give my love to Bobby. The night before he was removed to Ellis's station, at which place he received much attention, he said to his brother Jemmy, "You tell Missus Smith this heart kind to "her and children, and you, brother; my heart glad when me "go that way she tell me." The day before Bobby died Dr. Singleton was by his bedside, and told him he was praying for him. On the day of his death Bobby called his fellow-aborigi-nals together and gave them the most excellent advice, *i.e.*, to abstain from swearing and the use of any other bad language, and from drink. He desired them to follow him to heaven, and to inform Dr. Singleton and myself that "He was going away "to Jesus, and that his soul was glad." He asked one of his friends, whom he loved, to wash his face and comb his hair, and after she had done so he lay down on his pillow and expired. As remarked by his friend, "he looked very good in death." He died 3rd May, 1864. Death came to him with friendly hand, and removed him away from pain, and sickness, and con-tempt, and ended both his temptations and his transgressions. The example which he furnished of true faith and love, and con-sequent peace and joy, seemed to be most beneficial to the rest of his tribe.

A few days after Bobby's death King William was carried to his grave by his friends without pomp or splendour. One of the number, called Jim Crow, passed away nine months after to the silent land, giving evidence to the truth he received from the Rev. Mr. Caldwell. Dr. Singleton kindly instructed him in the path of truth and happiness. His last testimony was, *was, "Boung* de yan canmanea God" (My soul is going to God).

The familiar words of a hymn most aptly express the dying sentiments of Caroline and her two brothers, Jerry and Bobby—

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my sorrowing eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

[*The following sketches are extracted from the report of the Home for the six months ending December 31st, 1867.*]

BOONDUIN.

Boonduin, otherwise called "Tailor Tommy," died on the 9th August, 1867, a meek and humble Christian. He was possessed of a shrewd mind and disposition. He belonged to the Rivoli Bay tribe, and was the sole survivor of his family. Twenty-two years previous he first ventured to visit "the white woman" and her family, and, gradually gaining confidence through the kindness shown him, he carried away a good impression of us, and shortly returned with other natives. He instructed my son in the Booandik dialect during his residence with us, and, in return, received religious instruction from my late husband and Boonduin's pupil, who used unwearied perseverance in learning the dialect in order to communicate to the heathen around us the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus Christ. Boonduin carried away a good stock of knowledge, and communicated it to those of his race with whom he came in contact during that period of twenty-two years. For the last two years of his life he suffered severely from asthma. He was much respected by settlers, who gave him employment in consequence of his industry and honesty. When at length unable to work, he sought an asylum at the Aborigines' Home, Mount Gambier. During the remainder of his life he showed much attachment to me, whom he called his "white mother," and to my family. He often referred to by-gone days, when his tribe was numerous and strong, and all alike were in a wild and savage state. He showed gratitude for the interest taken in his welfare, several instances of which occurred during his stay at the Home, and his frequent visits to the sea-coast. Among other things, he

constituted me registrar of deaths which occurred in his tribe. Every year he furnished me with the names of individuals who had died in the meanwhile, and sometimes would observe, with a sigh, "By-and-bye no more; all die; no more young women "grow up." Boonduin had an inclination to matrimony, but although he lived in hope he died a bachelor. All my efforts to procure a wife for him proved failures—over which failures he would often laugh heartily, and excite much merriment among those whom his cheerful temper attracted around him. The first time he came to the Home there was much sickness, and several of the inmates died. The death of one young woman, who evinced no sensibility of Christian truth, cast at that time considerable gloom over the sick inmates; but Boonduin had a companion in his illness who excited reasonable hope as to his faith in Jesus Christ. The numerous ministerial visits of that devoted and pious clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Needham, proved a great blessing to the young man, and he passed away in confident hope of eternal life. The good impression made on Boonduin's mind by that incident was a lasting one. Having recruited his health, he left the Home for a station, at which he continued some time, but returned again to the Home. He was then very ill, being unable to walk far or take much exercise; yet he was cheerful, and fond of talking of the love of the Saviour towards dying sinners. On one occasion I found him, as I thought, in a deep sleep. On arousing him he said, in a pleasant tone, "What for Mrs. Smith call me back?" I asked, "Where have you been?" He said, "Up in heaven; good, "good to go to Jesus' good place." He said "he liked to "speak and think of God." Boonduin assisted the cause of our institution. His influence over both parents and children—the former of whom he convinced of the benefit which the latter would receive from early training in civilisation—assisted to overcome their prejudices against white people. He attended punctually to hear the children at their lessons, and would often join them at night in singing their little hymns, and then kneel with them in prayer. Blacks from different tribes would sometimes join. He was always ready to commend religion as the true way to heaven. Sometimes he would visit children near *stations, on* horseback, to induce them to enter the Institution. *Once he persuaded* a half-caste girl, living with a shepherd on

German Flat, to leave, and enter the Home. He told me the following dialogue occurred:—"What you going to do with "that girl?" said Boonduin. The young man, rather puzzled, replied, "Marry her, to be sure." "What do you teach her— "about God?" The other did not reply, and Boonduin continued, "You teach her the Bible?" and the other, in his surprise, answered "Yes." He soon saw the girl in the Home receiving religious instruction. Children, and other strange blacks, he was continually bringing to the Home. One Sabbath day I had a congregation of seventeen in the schoolroom, he acting as interpreter. He spoke to them of salvation, and of the punishment of the wicked after death. They behaved well, and listened attentively, the children seeming much pleased with the singing. From the time he first came to the Home, Boonduin abstained from all intoxicating drinks, and advocated abstinence by others from that which had swept so many of his people from the face of the earth. The eternal welfare of the souls of many of his employers often occupied his thoughts, and he would sometimes, as if addressing them, say "that Jesus "Christ, the Son of God, would take care of a poor blackfellow, "however vile he might appear in the eyes of his employer." On one occasion a native came to me to cure a sore arm, when Boonduin told him to knock off drinking and he would be a right man—that medicine would do him more good than grog. When nearly all our inmates were patients, suffering from whooping-cough, fever, or measles, he would often, in the early part of the night, relieve me in watching the sick, and would express his anxiety lest I should be laid up; and "what would poor "blackfellow do then?" As long as his health permitted, he passed much of his time in tailoring and patching clothes for the native children, and in this way he was serviceable to me. He suffered much from a scald on the foot, which was inflicted during a fit he had in the night, and had to walk on crutches. Supported by his crutches, he stood, with other natives, to have his likeness photographed, observing that he would soon be gone. A few mornings after, having taken his breakfast, he rose from the fireside, lay down on his back, and, apparently without a struggle, died. He anticipated such a death, and often said, "I don't want to know whether at night, cock- "crow, or morning, but God send angel of death for me some

"time. Jesus Christ call me to happy, happy land." His age was about thirty years.

NATHAN.

Nathan expired on the 14th of August, 1867. He was about thirteen years of age, and was one of the family of Panchey, who resided at Glencoe, the station of the late Messrs. R. and E. Leake. His mother at her death requested that Nathan and three more of her family should be placed under my care in the Home, being afraid that after her death the tribe would take her son to the bush. Patchuerimen, or Jemmy MacIntyre, of whom I shall have occasion to write presently, was a kind friend to the mother and children, who were much neglected by the father. He was greatly rejoiced when he found himself and his charge within the protection of the Home, receiving religious instruction and possessing the comforts of civilisation in exchange for the privations of the bush. The family arrived at the Home on the 19th of January. Nathan was of a weak constitution and asthmatic, and consequently incapable of doing any hard work. Naturally he was active and lively, and made rapid progress in reading, writing, singing, &c.; and having a good memory retained the instruction he received, which was very gratifying to his teachers, and especially to myself. He was among the first children who were visited by whooping-cough, and had the complaint very severely. He never regained his usual strength; but inflammation of the lungs was the immediate cause of death. Measles he escaped, although occupying the same room with three children who had the disease. I never heard him express a desire to return to his tribe; on the contrary he spoke gratefully of the comforts he enjoyed, and always at meal times offered thanks to the Giver of all good. He never neglected prayer, but led his companions also to seek Jesus. I little thought that the happy circle would be so soon broken up, and by the death of one so young—for Nathan was only thirteen years old. Blessed be God that gave and hath taken away—His name be praised. Every means for restoring him to health was used by Dr. Peel, the local Colonial Surgeon, but in vain. The day previous to his death, while my attention *was diverted to the* other sick children, Nathan called out

aloud, "Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smith, I am done, I am done! I "cannot breathe." I asked him if he meant that he was going to heaven to be with Jesus? He replied, "Yes." I said, "God, my dear Nathan, is the best doctor; when here on "earth medicine will not give relief—it is best to look to Jesus "for help." He said, "O God! have mercy on my soul, and "make me well again." Dr. Peel was in attendance, but all remedies failed. In the evening he asked me to remove him to his sick father's camp close to the house, so that I might obtain some rest. His request was complied with, and I placed him in his father's charge. For some time I sat with him. He spoke readily, and without reserve. In reply to my questions he said, "Jesus is the Son of God;" and when I asked, "Do you believe "that you will go to heaven?" he said, in a clear voice, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died on the cross for me." On being asked what Jesus said, he answered with a smile, looking in my face, and then towards his father and another sick man who were listening attentively, "Little children come unto me; "of such is the kingdom of heaven." I patted him on the cheek and encouraged him to look alone to Jesus, the Son of God, who was ready to receive him to His arms. I spoke to him of the everlasting happiness of heaven. He said "he had no fear "of dying—he would soon be with Jesus." When I was about to retire at eleven o'clock he shook hands with me and with the native boys of the establishment, and bade us good night. He evidently felt full assurance and hope of the life to come. Early on the following morning he fell asleep, as I firmly believe, in the arms of Jesus. His father wept much for his loss, remarking, "My heart so love my son." I consoled him with the fact that his son was in heaven. The poor man told me that Nathan spoke of me several times during the night, and said, "When I die all I want to be here are Mrs. Smith and you "father; tell her I am going to the good place." He then laid his head on his father's arm and died. Before his death he expressed a wish to see his schoolmates and his sister, to bid them farewell. He told his father not to be sorry for him, that he could not keep him in this world. "You cannot help me, "father," he said; "I am going father, going;" and those were his last words, except to ask for water. His father sobbed aloud, and said to me, "You are good mother, take your son

" and dress him." Nathan was buried in the cemetery, and the burial service was read by the Ven. Archdeacon Twopeny.

PATCHUERIMEN.

Patchuerimen, or Jemmy MacIntyre, who died on September 9th, 1867, was about thirty years of age. We always found him faithful, honest, and industrious, and he evidently had the interest of the family at heart. He gave up drink, and made evident to his tribe and the white people that he was a better man without the intoxicating cup that brings so many of the young men of his tribe to premature graves. Patchuerimen was a favorite with all who knew him. He left in search of a wife, and took charge of Panchey's family at Glencoe station, where he resided for two years. On the death of Panchey's wife, and at her dying request, he placed the children in the Home under my care—for Panchey cared little for the welfare of his children, and squandered his money chiefly in drink. This was why Patchuerimen desired that the children should be placed with me, and saved from the effects of their father's evil example. Patchuerimen having made the Home his abode, promised never to leave it. He afforded me great assistance in securing the well-being of the other inmates, and especially of the children of Panchey. Poor Panchey afterwards came to the Home, and I was afraid that his boy and girl would be enticed away by him. His constitution was completely broken—he was desirous to secure a home, and was received as a sick inmate of the Institution. Patchuerimen suffered much from the coldness of the winter, and he also became a patient. He often spoke of approaching death, and said that we should see by-and-bye that he was right, and his friends " would miss poor James when " he did not go for their firewood—poor fellow, he gone dead." During his illness he liked to speak of his faith in Jesus Christ, who, he said, was the true and only way of salvation. He told the children he would meet them in heaven, and admonished them to be obedient and good to me. Two gentlemen called on him, one of whom was the Rev. Mr. Meischel. Mr. Meischel prayed with the dying man, and Patchuerimen responded to every sentence uttered by the minister in his behalf, and told him that *heaven was his resting* place. To another visitor he said, " No

" change in me; all the same love Jesus Christ." Previous to his death I asked if he knew me. He answered, " I know you " since me little boy." Two of my sons entered the room, when he fixed his eyes on them, and then turning to me with a smile, nodded his head, and said. " My good young masters," with much fervor. He afforded many proofs of his earnest hope of salvation through Jesus Christ. Poor Panchey paid very little attention to Patchuerimen during his illness. He expressed kind wishes towards my son, who had mastered the dialect of the tribe, and thereby enabled himself and others of our family to speak freely to him in his own tongue of the things of God. He received every attention from the Assistant Colonial Surgeon, and from myself as far as lay in my power. The illness of Patchuerimen, or Jemmy MacIntyre, was long and painful, accompanied by fever and terminating in inflammation. He was the last but one of Old Man Duncan's family, who was chief of the Mount Schanck tribe, which is now extinct.

EMMA, OR TENUNG.

Emma, only sister of Nathan, died on the 16th of September, 1867. She had been afflicted for years and bore her suffering with calmness and patience. She felt much on account of her brother. On the morning of his death she stepped into the room where the corpse was lying in its shroud, and with tears in her eyes pressed her lips to his cold cheeks. " My brother " gone to heaven," she said, and sobbed aloud. She saw her brother's funeral leave the house, but was too ill to join in the procession. On my return from the funeral I found the sick natives in great trouble. On enquiring the cause I found that the old women of the tribe had been there endeavouring to induce them to leave the place before my return. Emma and the others told them they preferred staying to going into the bush homeless and friendless to starve. In the Institution they had a a home, and in God a friend. A few soothing words restored their calmness. Every week made the fact more apparent that Emma was drawing near to her last home. She did not require to be reminded that her end was approaching; she felt convinced that her body would soon be laid in the grave, and her soul become a glorified spirit. With the simplicity of a child

she listened to the glad tidings of joy. Often when I was sitting by her death-bed she would talk and question me about heaven. She said she was sure she would not live—that no medicine would cure her. She was kindly attended to by the doctor, but fever, whooping-cough, and inflammation, rendered it certain that Emma would no more stand in her class, nor mingle her voice with the singing. Her teacher was not left without the cheering hope that her instruction was being blessed by the Holy Spirit to her eternal welfare. I observed her in the evening on her feeble knees, together with a little black girl, repeating the Lord's Prayer and "Gentle Jesus, meek and "mild." She requested me to be with her in her last moments. I found her faith firm, saying, "One Jesus, one Jesus—heaven." She breathed her last, a brand plucked from the burning, little more than a month after the death of her brother Nathan. Her age was about fourteen years.

YARA-NAR-A-MEN.

Yara-nar-a-men, or Short Billy, died on the 7th of December, 1867. He belonged to the Pinchunga tribe, who call Penola their country. In December, 1866, Mr. Hunter, of Tarpeena, sent Billy to the Home to receive the attention of Dr. Peel, both his legs being paralysed. His general health was good. He was sent to the Hospital in Adelaide, but returned uncured. Sometimes he gave way to grief and despair on account of his helplessness. His own countrymen forsook him because they found attending on him troublesome: they would do nothing to assist him in his pitiable condition. He lay upwards of four months only able to move from place to place by slow and painful efforts. Dr. Peel's kindness was a great solace, and he indulged the hope of being an inmate of the Mount Gambier Hospital. He sent several messages to the blacks that he was dying, but none came to watch his eyes closing in death. He would sometimes fancy them gathered round him, and would say, "Jesus Christ love your souls." Shortly before his death I asked him what made him so contented and calm? He replied, "Christ all day, Christ all night, make me right." At his own request he was baptised by the Rev. Archdeacon Twopeny, professing belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. I asked him if

he had any message to the kind friends he so often alluded to in the Adelaide Hospital. He said, "Tell those good friends poor "Billy is gone to heaven." With evident gratitude he spoke of the kind words and comfort he received from visitors and those who attended him. Four days previous to his departure he shook hands with me, his eyes apparently closing in death, and seemed to wish to speak but was unable. He said once to one of my sons, "Going to God in heaven;" and at another time, to another of my family, he said, "He would see Christ soon." Once he called to me in a strong voice, "Mother, mother, going "to Jesus Christ." I asked him if he was afraid? He replied, "Happy!" At last he called me to raise his head and said he felt cold. I admonished him to look to Jesus Christ, and told him he would soon be free from pain in heaven. His spirit passed away on the date before mentioned.

PART THIRD.

STRUCTURE OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE BOOANDIK TRIBE—VOCABULARY—RELATIONSHIPS—SONGS.

Language of the Tribe.

Structure of the Tongue.

THEY call their language *Drualat-ngolonung* (speech of man), or *Booandik-ngolo* (speech of the Booandiks). Although not nearly so extensive as some of the languages of the more advanced races of mankind, it is elaborate in structure, and has several cases and inflexions more than English; and the nouns have three numbers—the singular (one), dual (two), and plural (any number above two). It possesses all the parts of speech we have in English, except the article. The dual number in nouns is restricted to those designating persons. The following are examples:—

barite (singular), *a girl*	moorongal (singular), *a boy*
barite-bol (dual), *two girls*	moorong-al-wol (dual), *two boys*
barite-barite (plural), *girls*	moorongal-ngara (plural), *boys.*

Ngara is the most generally used plural affix. For the sake of euphony, it gives place to *bro* and *mine-ger* in some instances; thus, *mala-bro* (many wives), and *yowermineger-ine* (my many aunts).

Ine, affixed to a noun, means the addition of mine, as *marm-ine* (my father).

Nouns are declined as follows:—

drual, *a man*, or *men*	druala, *is a man*
drual-at, *belonging to a man*, or *men*	drual-er, *by a man*
drualo, *go to* or *with a man*, or *men*	drual-on, *from a man.*

The above, as will be observed, has no dual or plural form.

Nouns of three numbers are thus declined:—

Singular.

ngat, *a mother*	ngata, *is a mother*
ngat-at, *belonging to a mother*	ngat-la, *by a mother*
ngat-o, *to* or *with a mother*	ngat-anung, *from a mother*

Dual.

ngat-bol, *two mothers*	ngat-bola, *are two mothers*
ngat-bol-at, *belonging to two mothers*	ngat-bolor, *by two mothers*
ngat-bolo, *to* or *with two mothers*	ngat-bolon, *from two mothers*

Plural.

ngat-ngara, *mothers*	ngat-ngara-a, *are mothers*
ngat-ngara-at, *belonging to mothers*	ngat-ngara-la, *by mothers*
ngat-ngara-o, *to* or *with mothers*	ngat-ngara-on, *from mothers*.

To express "my mother" in the foregoing declension, requires the affix of *ine* to each. The affix *on* signifies "your" mother; and *ung* "his," "her," "its," or "the" mother. The same rule governs other nouns having the three numbers.

PRONOUNS.

First Person Singular.

ngatho, *I*	ngatho-at, ngan-a, or ngan-a-nine, *mine.*

Second Person Singular.

ngoor-o, *thou*	ngooro-at, or n-gan-a-on, *thine.*

Third Person Singular.

nung, *he, she,* or *it*	noo-nger-e-ngat, *his, hers,* or *its.*

First Person Dual.

ngatho-al, *we two*	ngan-a-alo, *ours two.*

Second Person Dual.

ngoot-pool, *you two*	ngana-ong, *your two.*

Third Person Dual.

nung-kol, *they two*	nunkolat, *theirs two.*

First Person Plural.

ngatho-e, *we*	ngan-a-anu, ours.

Second Person Plural.

ngoot-paler, *you* ngoot-paler-orong, *yours.*

Third Person Plural.

nung-paler, *them* nung-paler-at, *theirs.*

When a pronoun is used with a verb, the distinctive form of the pronoun is dropped, and an affix is appended to the verb—e.g., *yanang-a* (I am going); *yanang-in* (thou art going).

The verbs have four tenses, viz., a remote past, as *tip-e* (we ate long ago); the past, *tin-e* (we ate recently); present, *dirn-e* (we are eating); and future, *dirwin-ge* (we will eat). Their verbs have no infinitive mood; they must express present or past action.

In counting, they reckon by twos, and when they reach ten they express further numbers by *kar-li-e* (many). Thus, *boolite ba boolite ba wando* (two and two and one), equal five. While reckoning they touch the tips of two fingers. They seem unable to comprehend any number beyond ten, and simply say, *kar-li-e* (many). *Wando* is "one;" *boolite*, "two;" *boolite-ba-wando* (two and one), "three;" *boolite-ba-boolite* (two and two), or *wrow-wong* (few) "four;" and *karleur-ner* "many times."

Vocabulary.

The following is a vocabulary of the more important words of the Booandik dialect:—

COMMON NOUNS.

Be—Pipeclay (pronounced short).
Barit-e—A girl.
Baroo-murt—A young woman.
Boop-ik—A hill.
Boot-ong—A liver.
Bar-ing-ine— My knee.
Birm-birm—Meadow quail.
Boop—Head.
Baa-aa—A bone (pronounced short).
Bool-e—Stomach.

COMMON NOUNS—(continued).

Ba-ba-ter—A young man.
Boongil—The planets observable.
Boo-tho—Grass.
Bo—An eatable root.
Bat—Hail.
Bool-oin—Smoke.
Boon-er-do-dir—A mallee-wood spear.
Brooal—A shield to keep off spears.
Boo-amba—A heavy sharp-pointed angular club.
Boom-boom-ert—A light shield-like arrangement of bushes for hunting game.
Boog-ang—Vegetable food.
Bir-wir—The red-bill.
Boo-in kool—A reed necklace.
Bol-at—A leaf.
Burtber—Smoke, a pipe.
Bal-et-ung—Fear, discretion.
Bo-ong—Life, or soul. [Some held they had two bo-ongs. At death one went down west into the sea, and would return as a white man; the other went into the cloud-land, which was a sort of paradise.]
Druam—Flesh (masculine).
Dirling—The elbow.
Drual—An aboriginal, mankind.
Jongine—A robe.
Koor-aa—A male "forester" kangaroo.
Kee—A wild cat.
Koor-amo—An opossum of the largest kind.
Kal, karl—A tame dog.
Kar-na-chum—A wild native dog.
Kower, or kowber—An emu.
Koo-art-ung—A laughing jackass.
Kar-a-al—A white cockatoo.
Kil-en—A black magpie.
Koo-no-wor—A swan.
Koo-ler—An egg.
Kal-ingal, koo-a-da—Parrots.
Koil—A waterhen coot.
Kro-an-dum—A cormorant.
Kunt-ar-bool—A whale.
Koo-ren—A pigeon
Kok-ber—The mullet.
Konkro—The fresh water crayfish.
Keler—The salt water crayfish.
Kol-ong-kel—An octopus.
Koo-ro—Shellfish.
Kee-cho—A small ant.
Kine-kine-nool—A black woman.
Kow—The nose.
Kin-e—Forehead, a headland.
Koorn—The neck.
Kro-mil-it—Red.
Kro—Blood.
Koat-am-ngurla—Grey hair.
Krip—The thigh.
Koo-ngap-urn-ine—Children.
Koon-atgo—A male baby.
Koon-am—A female baby.
Koat-par-e—An old man.
Kow-ine—Rain.
Koo-na-maa—Winter.
Karo—The sun.
Kan-ngara—The east.
Karra—The fern-leaved wattle.
Koo-ra—The teatree.
Kirp—The boxwood.
Keeng-a—Pigface (a plant).
Kapen-kar-o—Sunset.
Kur-ooder—A winter house.
Kra—A well of water.

COMMON NOUNS—(continued).

Koorich—A valley.
Koot-ap—Stone
Kar-ko-be—A stone axe.
Kel-la-or—Lancewood.
Kar-a-ke—Marks, ornamental carving.
Koo-en—A heavy barbed spear.
Kan-a—A straight heavy club.
Koom-bine—A lever for throwing a spear.
Kaar—A sharp-edged club.
Kan-a—A club, the lubra's yam stick.
Ketum-ketum—A boomerang.
Kal-a-pa—To-morrow.
Karo—Day, the sun.
Ker-e-or—A native bag.
Ker-e-orgo—A little bag.
Kar-at-kripe—Trowsers.
Ko-lan-droam—A spirit, a ghost.
Kar-le-moon—A liar.
Koor—A cold, a cough.
Kar-im—A lizard.
Kro-mel-ite—Red.
Ker-e-ko-bite—Red.
Kearn—A bad woman, a widow.
Koorn—The neck.
Kee-cho—A stinking ant.
Kolkol-ine—My bashfulness.
Kallala—A general kangaroo hunt.
Laa—The bastard turkey.
Lo—The mouth (pronounced short).
Lo—A swamp.
Mar-e—A female "forester" kangaroo.
Mar — The white cockatoo with yellow crest.
Minam-minam—A shag.
Moo-ner—A penguin.
Mir-an—The cockatoo parrot with fish-colored feathers.
Moo-a—A seal.
Moo-raa—A wombat.
Marma—The sting-ray.
Moon-o-erp—A mosquito.
Mur-na—A hand, fingers.
Mir—The eye.
Murt—The chest.
Mar-a-woo—The right arm.
Moorn—The skin, clouds.
Mro—A sinew.
Mar-moon—White.
Mraad—Earth, country.
Mur-lite-mraad — Autumn, ripe earth.
Min-an-mum—Lightning.
Man kin mraad—Dark is the world, night.
M'raa—The stringy-bark tree.
Mooth-a—The blackwood tree.
Munter—A kind of native apple grown on the seacoast.
Mir-nat—A bulrush.
Mar-o-ngire, Moor-na } Edible roots.
Moal—Night.
Me-a-kee — The kangaroo apple bush.
Maa-aa—The fern root.
Mur-long—Sand.
Mur-e—Stone.
Malkar—A heavy narrow shield.
Mroon—A large ant.
Mountbullo—Fat.
Mal-a—A swamp weed.
Mooger—A rug.
Mooger-boop—A head cloth, a hat.
Mar-e-do—A kangaroo skin.

COMMON NOUNS—(continued).

Murn-dal—Thunder.
Murlong—The sandy beach.
Mrada-al—A fellow-countryman.
Mar-a woba tara-wo—The right arm and left arm.
Maa-yera—Fern straws; also the name of Mr. Glen's station.
Mangor—A ball.
Moo chert drual—A strange black man.
Mroin—A large ant.
Mur-a-pena — A corroboree, or native meeting and dance.
M'raa-aline—My countryman.
M'raadon—Your country.
Nir-i-cha—The wind.
Ngal-e—Frost.
Ngal-o-kar-o—Midday.
Ngir-aa-da—The white-gum tree.
Nal-a-wort — The broad-leaved wattle.
Ngurp—Native apples that grow on the coast.
Ngoor-le—The white currant bush.
Ngoor-la—A house.
Nur-om—A halting place.
Ngur-ter—A lake.
Ngee-re—An eaglehawk.
Noor-la—A nest, a house, a camp.
Ngar-at—Seaweed.
Ngir—Sheoak, *casuarina*.
Ngoon-ap—A lizard.
Ngorn-da—To follow footprints.
Ngoor-la kar-o-dor — A hut, a house.
Ngar-a-pine—A slate-colored crane
Ngum-at—The salt water crayfish.
Noon-kolar—A shark.
Ngum-at—The sea.
Ngatmur-na—The thumb.
Ngat-teen-a — The great toe (literally, mother toe).
Ngur-la—Hair.
Ngur-la nger-ne—Beard.
Ngich—The shoulder.
Ngat-mal—A female.
Ngiring gee—An old man.
Ngaa-long—An echo.
Ngurla-wro—A moustache.
Ngrang—A hole in the rocks.
Ngumer-oing — A girl's string, fringe, or apron.
Nat-min-ing—A thief.
Nan-gor-ong — Poison, anything unfit for food.
Nurip-nurip—Ordinary songs.
Ngan-grine—Sweat.
Noorno—A louse.
Nur-e—A name.
Pringer—A kangaroo-catching dog.
Pur-ner—A black duck.
Par-ang-al—A pelican.
Pat-om—A magpie, a goose.
Pea-na-wir-ter—The high ground quail.
Pin-ang-ol—Large gulls.
Pool-an—The bittern.
Pan-a—The back.
Prum—Leg, the root of a tree.
Por-peg-ngara—An old woman.
Par-e—Water.
Par-mon-karo—Sunrise.
Purter—A white ant egg.
Pa-woor—A river.
Pen-am-bol—A stringybark forest.
Prahm—A snaring rod.
Pe-rang—Time-beating sticks.

COMMON NOUNS—(continued).

Pempi—Bread.
Pap-am-boop—Milk.
Prung-kart—The root of a tree.
Poat—The fresh water tortoise.
Pan-u-ba-a—The backbone.
Pan-ke—A gun.
Pone wurter, brim-brim—Quails.
Pan-or—A grave.
Ping-koom—Water, a skin-bag.
Pem—Notches in a tree.
Pang-al—A native doctor or medicine man.
Patawa—A plait or string.
Ter-e-murt—A precipice.
Trum—A rainbow.
Toongoom—The moon, a month.
Tar-oo-ki—A seagull.
Tor-o-to—A blowfly, a maggot.
Toom-bal—A March fly.
Teen-a—Foot-tracks, spoor.
Tung-a—The teeth.
Tal-e—The tongue.
Tar-o-woo—The left arm.
Tin-bal-ang—The musk duck.
Tuman-tuman—Birds.
Treen—The black cockatoo, with red feathers in wings.
Toal—The magpie.
Toon-ngoon—The moon.
Tum-an-ba-ngal-um—The stars, constellations.
Tart-pen-a—The red gum.
Tar-ang—A cherry.
Tenap—A frog.
Tat-a-a—A snipe.
Taar-pur-ne—A girl's feather fringe or apron.
Turlo—Early rain, beginning of the wet season.
Tat-kana—A robin-red-breast.
Wil-er—The black cockatoo, with yellow feather in wings.
Wan-di—The native companion bird.
Wa—The crow.
Woi-ong—The whistling jay.
Wa-poat—Mutton-fish, shell-fish.
Woor-lo—Dark colored, black.
Wor-loong—Green.
Wiling-mur-e—Blue, sky-blue.
Wur-aa—The cheek.
Wrung—The ear.
Wro—A lip.
Woo—An arm.
Wa-wor-gal—A young man.
We-at-a-ere—An old woman.
Woat—Early summer.
Wur-nap—Firewood.
Win-ger—North.
Wep-er—South.
Wung-ar-o—West.
We-o—Down west.
Wor-loong-bootho—Green grass.
Wroit—The honeysuckle.
War-e—A road, a path.
Wra-gar-ite—The blacks who lived on the plain to the north of the Booandik territory.
We-re-o-dir—A teatree spear.
Wirlap—Ochre.
Woo—The wrist.
Wan-do—One.
Wirter—A feather.
Wer-ing—A stick used to throw a birds and other small animals
Wol—A shadow, a reflection.
Wothong wothong kol—A hir wind.

COMMON NOUNS—(continued).

Wra—Plains.
Woo-ong—Arms, wings.
We-arto-ere—An old woman.
Woor doo-in—Yesterday.
Woo-ine—My arm.
Woor, or Walim—Evil beings that are supposed to prowl about in the dark. They avoid light; and the natives, therefore, make fires to scare them.
Woor—A human corpse.
Wunine-wunine — A motherless child.
Werat—A rope.
Ulul—The small housefly.
Ulon—A cave.
Ye-ir—A rib.
Yar-o—A stream.
Yinmoom—A coward.
Yo-long—A cave.
Yer-a—A leaf.
Yoong-in-karo—The rising sun.

NAMES OF PLACES.

Waawor—The Blue Lake, Mount Gambier.
Yatton-loo—The Leg of Mutton Lake.
Kettla Malpe—The Valley Lake.
Palon—The south side of the Kettla Malpe.
Krower-at-war-e—The lake next to Moorak, Mount Gambier. (literally, Emus' road)
Karremarter—The banks of the lakes.
Kaingum—The steep descent to the water.
Kroit Bul—Kroitbul's residence at Punchbowl, Mount Gambier.
Kootel—The Narrow Neck.
Maayera — Mr. Glen's station (literally, fern straw).
Mirn—Mount Graham (literally, a small cockatoo).
Beleter—Mount Muirhead (literally, timid).
Moi-wal—Mount Lookout, Bald Hill (literally, an ant-heap).
Ereng Balam—The peak of Mount Gambier (literally, the eagle-hawk).
Nan-an-an-an—The swamp near Rivoli Bay South.
Darro — The place where the *Elizabeth* was stranded.
Balambool — Mr. Umpherston's cave (literally, the buttercup, a flower).
Bulley Murre—The Up and Down Rocks.
Belit—The Bluff (literally, an innocuous snake).
Pawer — The Glenelg River (literally, the river).
Ngaranga—Port MacDonnell.
Lie—The site of Allandale.
Kalayin — Wattle Range (Mrs. Cameron's station).
Thu-ghee—The cave in the town of Mount Gambier.
Wirmal-ngrang—Rivoli Bay North, where Beachport stands (literally, the owl's cave).

NAMES OF PLACES—(continued).

Wilichum—Rivoli Bay South.
Woakwine—A station near Rivoli Bay (literally, my arm).
Lo-on—The Millicent Ranges.
Prunkart—The swamp next Greytown, Rivoli Bay South (literally, the root of a tree).
Gilap—Glencoe (literally, deep).
Kirp—Lake Leake (literally, box-wood).
Wringen wurnap Kroand-umer—Lake Frome (literally, by the cormorant the wood was removed).

OTHER PARTS OF SPEECH.

Bool-e ngine-go gat-on—Stomach full.
Boort-ane-a—Hardened, burnt.
Boolite—Two.
Boolito ba boolito—Four.
Bar-a-tene—Do it again.
Boolite ba wando—Three.
Boo-lite ur-ner—Two times.
Boort-a mon—Recognise, know.
Broota—Untie, undo.
Boon-dir—Speared.
Ben wer-ing—Hit with a waddy.
Birwat—Old.
Ba-wad-wa—And what? (Said by the hearer of a story to the narrator).
Baa-ra-an—Do not.
Burnt-an papam boop — Milked milk.
Ba—And.
Be-ne-a—Hard.
Boop-o-o—On the hill.
Boop-o-ngong—On your head.
Boora—A long way.
Boong-ing—Dive, bathe.
Cuma doo—Wash cloth.
Droin—Narrow.
Drit-ban—Hungry.
Dir-a—Eat (a command).
Ding wen—A long time ago.
Ding-owan-an karo-o — By-and-bye, on another day.
Dretat—New.
Grinta—Shear, shave.
Glut-coorn—Savage, unfriendly.
Ing-ga—Sit down (imperative).
Kuk-i—Come hither.
Kard-a—Stand up, rise.
Kurt—Inland.
Koornon-ine pare-er — Thirsty, needing water.
Keto—To-day, now, immediately.
Keto-noo-in-a—By-and-bye.
Kal-im bool—Before.
Kol kol-ine-ban—I am bashful.
Kar-li-e ngoin pool—Many, plenty, numerous.
Kap-on—Descending.
Krip-a—Warding off a blow.
Kolo porn—Blind.
Kurn-da—Call out.
Krit-an-in-ine—You are scratching me.
Krit-a pan-u-ngine—Scratch my back.
Kar-lin-a—It is a lie.
Karle-au-nin—Tell no lies.
Klut—Bitter, nauseous.

OTHER PARTS OF SPEECH—(continued).

Kram-boo-in—Vomiting.
Kar liur-ner—Many times.
Kan-murna—Above.
Kan-murn-a moorn-o-noong — Up in the clouds.
Kir-won ngoorla—To go visiting.
Kap-an-a-karo—The sun has set.
Kooma murna—Wash hands.
Kooma kin-e ngon—Wash your face.
Kol-o-tornin—Sulky.
Koo-le—Savage, angry.
Kal-a wow-we-al—Let us converse.
Kooma—Wash.
Kro-a-mon-a kin kin-ule—I love a woman.
Koor-do-ma do-on—Put on your shirt.
Koop-on pramer—Catching with snaring rod.
Kolo porn—Blind.
Kor-o-dan—Mar, obliterate.
Koon goon—Heavy.
Kor-e-a—Be quite silent.
Kep-a—Tell, inform.
Kra-wanau—You two go shares.
Kra-we-al—We two will share together.
Kin-e-pa—Carry on the back.
Kin-e be-a-ton—I will carry you.
Krang-a—Nurse a child.
Koon-a-a—Carry a child on back.
Kan-a-a—Fasten, tie.
Lum-a—Lie down, sleep.
Loong-a—Shed tears.
La-wan—Scolding, quarrelling.
Lan-ka—Speak.
Langgow-in—Speechless,
Malambel—Married.
Murtong-a—Good, well, right.
Moorn-dart—Bark from moorn skin.
Mur tong—Good.
Mang-yenata—Long time ago.
Ming-ro—Near.
Moo-ro-ke—Little.
Moot-er—Short.
Maa noo-gin—Beyond.
Marmon—White.
Mornon pem-pi—Knead bread.
Men don-a—Flew away.
Mana—Get, take, bring.
Man-a-maa-ngine—Bring for me.
Man-an mur-na—Taking hands.
Manan-woo—Taking a woman by the wrist to make her one's wife.
Mo-ning-or-a—To pour out, to spill.
Me-nan on—They are looking at you.
Meenga nin-ine—Don't look at me.
Moor-o-ke-a-braan—When I was little.
Mel-ba—Fold.
Mrooi-wan—Growling, quarrelling
Ma-pon ngar—On horseback.
Moo-chun-a—Not to know, not to recognise.
Mro-an pan-or-e—Buried in the grave.
Mam-a—Wrestle.
Mur-nat—Naked.
Murten—Wear, use.
Man-an-a nga—Nearly caught it.
Murn ga-maa-ngine—Wait for me.
Mel-at—Thin, not thick.

OTHER PARTS OF SPEECH—(continued).

Mo ming-ra—Pour out water.
Moort—Blunt.
Mar-oo-a—Hold fast.
Moochert—Strange.
Moor chon a ngal-o-ngon—I do not understand your language.
Kramboo—Vomiting.
Kriton—Scratching.
Nur-ip-a—Sing.
Ngir-it-an—Shook, or caused to move.
Ngaa won-a-ort—What like.
Ngan-oo-ngat—Whose.
Ngen-don—Thinking.
Nan—What.
Ngan noo-at—Whose.
Ngan-oo wean ban—Who is fighting.
Noo-in-noo-a—Enough, no more.
Ngot pul—You two.
Nung-kol—These two.
Ngi-ing—No.
Nor-o-da—Smell it.
Ngang-on—Pant, breathe fast.
Nap-er—How many.
Ngan-nure-ngon?—What is your name?
Nan-u wing ar-a-ngon?—Who are your relations?
Ngat-u-ngon—It will bite you.
Nan in koo-le ban?—What are you angry about?
Net-ing-wrung-ung—Deaf ears shut.
Ngan-a onbooe—Let it be yours.
Ngabul keeto—Directly.
Naw-et—When.
Na—Where.
Noo—Here.
Na-in-yan?—Where are you going?
Na-wer-in-wata?—When will you return, or come?
Nukine-waa?—What for, why?
Ngen-don—Thinking.
Nga bula ngen do—Wait till I think, or recall.
Nraa an-a par-e—Water dried up.
Nur-i-pan-ine—Sang about me. (Considered a very great insult).
Nat-chim-a—Awake.
Ngan—Yes.
Ngatho—Me.
Ngoor-o—You.
Naan—Saw.
Naa—See.
Na-wea—Let me see.
Na-we—Let (him) see.
Ngoo-an-ngoo-an ngooinpul—Numerous.
Noo-an—Dead.
Ngine-ung-a-ye-noon we ne-ngon—I am not afraid of you (literally, not am I afraid of you).
Noo noo gin—This side.
Ngatho—I.
Oo-an-oo-an—Many, plenty, numerous.
Oka—Giving.
Pat-ong—Soft.
Papa ngurla—Burn hair, mourn for the dead, as the women do by singing all the hair off the deceased.
Par-e-ngine-grong—An expression of pity—its meaning can scarcely be expressed.

OTHER PARTS OF SPEECH—(continued).

Pung-pung-pano—Boggy.
Pe-nakup — Possessions, belongings.
Poor tong-or-o burr—A long way.
Par oong kar-li-e—Abundant.
Pra-wol-o—Between.
Proon nga—Play, make fun of in a dance, amuse.
Proon-an-ban druol—Natives corroboreeing or dancing.
Pi-cha-koorn—Tart, acid.
Papa—Set fire, to light and cook.
Pal-a-woin-a—Hot, burning.
Pon doom a—Tie, make fast.
Per lambooring—Hunting game.
Papam-boop—Milk
Tan-art—Elder born, or older.
Toa won-a—Unwell.
Tat-a—Drink.
Toon kin-a ngin—You are tired.
Tata par-e—Drink water.
To-to-a—To cut.
Toom-boan tuman—To bake flesh or roast.
Turn-a—Dig.
Tine-born—Mocking.
Tin-gorn ging—Sneezing.
Taa—There.
Taa-ing-a—There sit (a request).
Tap a wor-wor—Open the door.
Taa-won—Ill.
Toonking—Tired.
Tor-ta—Count.
Toor koo pa pena—To chop a stick or tree.
Too worn—True.
Toog-orn—To spit.
Troom bon ta-le—Putting out the *tongue offensively*.
Tap—Light, not weighty.
Ur-le-a—Alive.
Win o ngine—With us.
Wom ban—Accompanied.
Wi-a—Ask, beg.
Wo-taim-ban—Exchanging.
Wrang-koon-an — Done wrong, badly done.
Werin-er—Crooked.
Wol—Signal, make a united effort.
We-arto—Tough.
Waa in koon ?—What did you say ?
Wil kering bad-a-ine—My bones ache; or, I am exhausted.
Win jon—Overlie.
We-an-ma—Twist.
Wil-ich-a—Asleep.
Wirl pan a—Broken.
Woor-a—Dead.
Wilich-a-wa—Sleep (a command).
Woo-rong—Big.
Woo-rong-bool-e—Long.
Wunine-wunine—Fatherless.
Wrang—Bad.
Win-an-a-nane—I did not see it; I don't know of it.
Win-an-a wung-an—I did not hear.
We ne-ang-aton noo-e ung-in—I will hit you that you will die (literally, Beat will I you die will you).
Wirlip—Sore.
We-a-an—Laughed.
Wan-do—One.
Wean-ban—Fighting.
Wan-do ur-ner—Twice.
We-a-an-nin-ine—Don't laugh at me.
Wul-an-don—Relish.

OTHER PARTS OF SPEECH—(continued).

Wil koop-a wurnap—To split firewood.
Wuing or un-a—Forgotten.
Wa-to-a—To reconnoitre, to spy.
Wo-a—Give.
Woang ine, or Wo-at ngine—Give me.
Wrow-wong—Few, four.
Wrang nger-e—Bad, wrong.
Wraan—Run.
Weep-malla—Wifeless.
Yan ka wa—Go away.
Yap—Light a fire.
Yanka—Walk.
Yan—Goes.
Ya murn-a—That side.
Yerp-a—To lift.
Yerp-an—Gave birth to, brought forth.
Ye-on—Painful.
Yin-noon—Afraid.
Yoonda—Push.
Yoar-le-a—It is alive.
Yer-am ban-a — To hunt with bushes.
Ye-rong-a—Make it.
Yaranda—Sweep.
Yooch-ba—Chase, run after.
Yoo-a koor-e-a—Make haste.
Ya-lo-an—Dreamt of.
Ya-lo-ing—Dreaming.
Yumpa—Speak aloud.
Yela-pine—It is my fault.

Relationships.

The following words express the relationships recognised by the tribe:—

Marm—Father.
Marmine—My father.
Ngat—Mother.
Ngatine, or ngat-arine-at — My mother.
Mala—Wife.
Nganap—Husband.
Kooer—Daughter.
Koonge—Son.
Marmine-wau — Other father, or stepfather.
Nere—A younger brother.
Nere-er—Younger sister.
Do-a-te—A younger brother.
Kro—Grandmother.
Koor-ap—Grandfather.
Ngum-e—Uncle.
Krinong—A mother-in-law.
Panang—A brother-in-law, a wife's brother.
Wargul-e—An elder brother.
Dat-e—An elder sister.
Wuna-ngar-e—A nephew.
Nguper—A niece.

RELATIONSHIPS—(continued).

Cupn-nin — The second daughter-in-law.
Datine—My elder sister.
Dotine—My younger brother.
Daton—Your elder sister.
Mala-ngine—My wife.
Mala-boline—My two wives (dual).
Mala-ngar-angine — My wives (plural).
Mala-ngal-on—Your wives (dual).
Ne-re-ung—His younger sister.
Ngaton—Your mother.
Wargalon—Your elder brother.
Koonerine malanung—The wife of my son, or my son's son's wife. She calls me Marmine (father).
Waitine—My father's brother, if a young man. If old he is called Marmine wau (other father).
Pana-ngine—My mother's sister's husband.
Moongine-ine — My mother's younger sister.
Moongine-ine—My father's second wife.
Yowrine — My mother's brother's wife.
Yowrine—My father's sister.
Ngumine—My mother's brother.
Pana-ngine—My father's sister's husband.
Pana-ngine — All those of my totem.
Koong-ine—My son.
Koorine—My daughter.
Waitine—My brother's son.
Ne-re-er-ine—My younger sister.
Koorapine—My father's father, or my mother's father.
Kro-ine, or Poline — My father's mother, or my mother's mother.
Ngup-rine — My father's sister's daughter.

Songs.

The Booandik have no songs, properly so called. The following are two fair specimens:—

ABOUT THE BIRDS—

Yul-yul, thumbal,
Kallaball, moonarebul
Nana nan molanin,
Korotaa, king nal,
Yongo birrit.

This is repeated over and over.

Translation of the foregoing :—

Fly March-fly, beetle;
Fly beetle, bat, night
Parrot, little parrot,
Wattle bird, minah bird.

ABOUT THE WHALE—

Waton aa young naa,
Konterbul walonaa,
Young naa konterbul.

This also is repeated over and over. Translation :—

The whale is come,
And thrown up on land.

government. I also send you two papers with paragraphs marked and these pars I think will be of interest & oblige in them. Should you not care for the books on may I ask you to kindly forward them on to person who takes an interest in the subjects. Wishing you a merry Christmas & a happy New Year

I am dear Sir
Yours faithfully
R. J. Rapanda

To the Principal
of Harvard College
Harvard Cons.
United States of America

Registrar Office

Adelaide South Australia

2nd December 2. 1881

Dear Sir

Per this Steamer I send you three works on the manners customs &c of our natives. as these a race of people are fast disappearing I thought that perhaps they might be of some interest to you and perhaps worthy of a place on the shelves of your college library. They are scarce here and