

I was in a great measure ignorant of the other rivers with which it was connected; but if my knowledge then had been as extensive as it now is, I should still have considered myself justified in adopting the usage of other travellers, and giving a name to that river, down which and up which I have toiled more than 2000 miles." One day at their halt, they received a visit from a number of aborigines. Sturt's benevolent smile gained their confidence, and his presents their friendship. Mr. McLeay made himself very popular by singing songs to them. They would have it that he was their returned friend Rundi, and wanted him to strip and show his side that they might see the wound of which he had died. Four of their number accompanied the party for awhile. Shortly after, as the bark, with colours flying, was gliding down the stream, the Englishmen were paralyzed at the sight of some hundreds of natives on the heights above them, with their spears uplifted, and fiercely gesticulating threats of defiance of the intruders, and revenge for their invasion. At this awful moment of danger there was a sudden diversion of hostile intention. Sturt's native friends had rushed forward to the rescue. They told their tale of the white man's gentleness and goodness. The dark roamers of the Murray were not without sympathy for these noble qualities. The spears were lowered, the warlike glance was turned. The splash of the oars continued, and the flag of England received a mute, an astonished, a respectful gaze. This was not the only time in which our worthy explorer owed his safety to his benevolence. Proudly did he once say to the writer of this narrative, "Thank God, although I have mixed with strange Blackfellows more than any man, I have never caused the death of one."

On they sped along the flowing waters. At length a large river from the north mysteriously glided into the Murray. Sturt turned the helm, and met the new current. He conjectured rightly enough it would prove to be the mouth of his old acquaintance, the Darling. Hundreds of natives lined the rocky banks. A few miles brought the boat to a bend, across which was a weir. Instead of breaking the net and pursuing his course upwards, he relinquished his route, merely observing, that he could not disappoint the Blacks of their food that day. Unfurling the Union Jack, and giving three cheers, they descended the stream. The loquacious and curious spectators were hushed at the sight of that flag and the echo of those voices; and, when they understood the considerate kindness of their strange visit-