

**A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN
GIRL; OR, THE
BABES IN THE BUSH; AND
JIM: A LITTLE NIGGER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649333622

A little Australian girl; or, The babes in the bush; and Jim: a little nigger by Robert Richardson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT RICHARDSON

**A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN
GIRL; OR, THE
BABES IN THE BUSH; AND
JIM: A LITTLE NIGGER**

A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN GIRL;

AND

JIM; A LITTLE NIGGER.

A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN GIRL;

OR,

THE BABES IN THE BUSH;

AND

JIM: A LITTLE NIGGER.

BY

ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF 'PHIL'S CHAMPION,' 'THE YOUNG CRAGMAN,' 'LITTLE FLOTSAM,' ETC.

EDINBURGH:

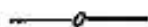
OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER.

1881.

2531 . f . 3 .



A LITTLE AUSTRALIAN GIRL.



LET me try to give my young readers an idea of what the home of the Alister family was like. It was on the border of a great forest, or what in Australia is called the 'Bush.' Outside, the house had a somewhat rough look, being built chiefly of slabs and rudely-hewn planks of wood, upon which little care had been bestowed in regard to smoothing and polishing. Inside, however, the cottage was comfortable enough, plainly but sufficiently

furnished, and showing unmistakable signs that those who occupied it had all the necessaries and a good many of the comforts of life.

There was a garden in front of the house, and paddocks, stables, and outhouses behind; and behind these again, fields of grain, and meadows in which horses and cows stood knee-deep in the long grass. All around the cleared space which formed Mr. Alister's farm, the bush spread unbroken for miles and miles.

It was a bright morning in April, which in Australia is not a spring but an autumn month. The three Alister children, Katie, George, and Willie, stood at the door of the house, and with them their mother. Katie was nine years old, George seven, and Willie five. Katie held in her hand a small hatchet, and George a coil of cord.

'It's nice, small pieces I want, for kindling—you understand, Katie. The winter will be upon

us soon, and we shall need fine big fires in the evenings ; so we must begin to get in a good stock of kindling wood. Father and Macandrew are making a fine pile of big logs, you know ; but I think you and George could help with the small wood.'

'Oh yes, mother, we'll manage it all right,' said George.

'Be sure you don't go far from the track, and never wander into places you don't know about. You'd best keep by the creek ; you'll get plenty of the right sort of wood there.'

'Very well, mother,' replied Katie ; and the three children set off in the direction of the forest.

Katie was a rather grave and sober-faced little girl, with soft, intelligent eyes. George was a sturdy, active youngster, with cheeks tanned as brown as a nut ; and Willie, a curly-haired little fellow, with bright blue eyes.

8 *A Little Australian Girl.*

They very soon reached the forest, and a half-hour's walk after entering it brought them to the banks of a little creek or stream. Here, as their mother had said, they found plenty of the sort of wood they wanted. Young saplings of blue-gum, and other native trees, grew along the banks of the creek, and upon these Katie and George began to work with a will. The stems of the young trees were quite slender enough for the little woodcutters to be able to fell them without much difficulty, for Katie and George were strong and hardy, as a settler's children should be.

The brother and sister took the hatchet turn about, and when they had brought down one little tree they chopped it up into small lengths and passed on to the next. In this way they kept moving slowly down the stream, followed closely by Willie, who amused himself, while his brother and sister worked, in gathering wild

