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SONGS

FROM "THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER."

The Bushman's Song, "I'm travelling down the Castlereagh and I'm a station hand." Words by A. B. Paterson, Music by E. P. Truman. 2s. net; post free, 2s. 2d.

Daylight is Dying. Words* by A. B. Paterson, Music by René Goring-Thomas. 2s. net; post free, 2s. 2d.

Last Week. "Oh! the new chum went to the back block run, but he should have gone there last week." Humorous song, words by A. B. Paterson, music by E. P. Truman. 2s. net; post free, 2s. 2d.

* *The first twelve lines of "Daylight is Dying" are from "The Man from Snowy River"; the remaining twelve have been specially written by Mr. Paterson for this song.*

IN THE DAYS
WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE
AND OTHER VERSES

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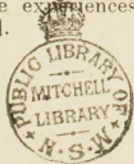
EIGHTH THOUSAND.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER AND
OTHER VERSES.

By A. B. Paterson.

ENGLISH PRESS NOTICES.

- “ Though his work may not appeal with so much force to English readers, it is yet likely to find among them admirers, as good stirring ballads with lilt and swing in their rhythm always must. At his best he compares not unfavourably with the author of ‘ Barrack Room Ballads.’ ”—**The Times.**
- “ Mr. Paterson is, without a doubt, a very good writer indeed of a kind of verse which is as legitimate a department of the art as epigrams or *vers de société*. And he need not, we venture to think, fear the inevitable comparison with Adam Lindsay Gordon. Mr. Paterson, too, has the finer gift of humour. In a more serious vein, in conveying an impression of the vast Australian solitudes Mr. Paterson is at his best. He often shows real poetical power, as distinguished from the cleverness and fun which characterize most of his verses. ‘ The Travelling Post Office ’ is one of those vivid picture pieces, more successful, we think, than the actual narratives in verse, the genuine ballads, though some of these are very good.”—**Pall Mall Gazette.**
- “ This volume is of quite remarkable merit, containing, as Rolf Boldrewood says in the short preface, ‘ the best bush ballads since the death of Lindsay Gordon.’ The verses take hold of the mind from the passionate love which they express of the Australian scenery, and from the stimulating character of the wild and lonely life of the stockman or the drover on those silent hills and plains. These lines have the true lyrical cry in them. Eloquent and ardent verses.”—**Spectator.**
- “ It has a good ‘ go ’ of its own and it covers a much wider range than the concentrated view of the older poet (Lindsay Gordon). It has the saving grace of humour ; and the work has the peculiarly satisfying quality of bearing on its own face a warrant of its fidelity to the life it describes. A book like this, though as absolute poetry it ranks in the same class with Mr. Kipling’s ballads, is worth a dozen of the aspiring, idealistic sort, since it has a deal of real laughter and a dash of real tears in its composition.”—**The Scotsman.**
- “ Because our minor poets usually hanker after female eyebrows and cypresses we turn to Mr. Paterson’s roaring muse with instantaneous gratitude, and we hope to meet him again when he has put into rhyme the experiences which are yet unsung.”—**Literary World.**



ENGLISH PRESS NOTICES.—*Continued.*

Mr. Paterson has evidently been 'there.' The ballads, especially the racing ones, are full of such go that the mere reading makes the blood tingle. But there are other things in Mr. Paterson's book besides mere racing and chasing, and each piece bears the mark of special local knowledge, feeling and colour. The poet has also a note of pathos, which is always wholesome."—**Glasgow Herald**

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" . . . This volume of verses of the bush, with their rough and ready clatter and daredevil rhyme, revives the drooping spirits of the critic weary of the carefully-dressed love lyrics of minor scribblers. Colour there is plenty, and philosophy of a kind. Sentiment, too, is here, not of a namby-pamby order, but quick to the real joys and sorrows of life."—**Dundee Advertiser.**

"His verse displays genuine humour, with pathos equally true in its ring."—**Land and Water.**

"True poetical spirit, keen observation, and a capital swing of metre in this interesting volume."—**Manchester Courier.**

"They have swing and vigour and life, a plentiful pathos and humour—neither of them in the least likely to be overlooked by the reader for want of being driven home,—and a range of subject and sympathy as wide as the island continent."—**Manchester Guardian.**

"Mr. Paterson's rendering of bush life is vivid and forcible. Mr. Paterson can produce charming poetry in sweet and natural language. . . . We are glad to welcome him among the promising band of younger Australian poets, and we shall look forward with pleasure to his next volume."—**North British Advertiser.**

"When an authority like Rolf Boldrewood declares that the author has touched this treasure trove, one turns with expectations to his work, and, we are bound to say, these are not disappointed. They deserve to be known over here, for they are instinct with the life of a new land, breathing of broad plains, and steep hills, of daring deeds and brave men."—**Sheffield Telegraph.**

"The reader in certain of the narrative poems seems carried along as by an invisible force. This book would be a capital companion on a holiday trip, for the epithet 'dull' cannot be applied to a single line of it. . . ."

Western Daily Press.

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TO THE TRADE.

Kindly distribute or exhibit on your counter the enclosed Prospectuses of "**An Emigrant's Home Letters,**" by the late SIR HENRY PARKES. Trade price will be 4s. 6d., and the book may be obtained at this rate from the various wholesale firms whose names appear below. To ensure the appearance of your subscribers' names in the List of Subscribers, you must send them to us before the 20th August through the firm from which you order the book itself.

We enclose also a Catalogue of our Publications and Announcements brought up to date. You will be pleased to notice that the Australian verdict on "The Man from Snowy River" has been endorsed by the English Press, and to hear that the book is having a large sale there at 6s. With us it is now in its Eighth Thousand, price 5s. (to the trade, 3s. 9d.)

Lawson's "When the World was Wide," and other Verses is on the point of going into its Fourth Thousand, price, 5s., (to the trade, 3s. 9d.), and we confidently expect that the English Edition when published will also be a great success.

Lawson's "While the Billy Boils," with eight full-page plates by Mahony, will be ready in a fortnight. It will run to about 350 pages, cloth, gilt top, price, 5s., (to the trade, 3s. 9d.), and will, we think, be the most successful prose work ever issued in Australia.

There will be no cheaper edition of Paterson's and Lawson's books, for two or three years at any rate.

Dyson's "Rhymes from the Mines and other Lines," will be ready in a month, price, 5s. (to the trade, 3s. 9d.) Mr. Dyson is the author of "The Golden Shanty," and as this will be the first volume of mining verse published in Australia, we hope it will have a good sale.

ANGUS & ROBERTSON,
SYDNEY.

The following Songs from "The Man from Snowy River" will be ready within a month.

The Bushman's Song, "I'm travelling down the Castlereagh and I'm a station hand." Words by A. B. Paterson ("The Banjo"), Music by E. P. Truman. Full music size, 2s. net; trade price, 1s. 4d.

Daylight is Dying. Words by A. B. Paterson, Music by René Goring-Thomas. 2s. net; trade price, 1s. 4d.

Last Week. "Oh! the new chum went to the back block run, but he should have gone there last week." Humorous song, words by A. B. Paterson, cleverly set to music by E. P. Truman. 2s. net; trade price, 1s. 4d.

* * Other songs from "The Man from Snowy River," to follow.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

In the Days when the World was Wide, and other Verses, by Henry Lawson. Cr. 8vo., cloth, gilt top, 5s.

Mr. Andrew Lang has the following notice of the Australian Edition of "In the Days when the World was Wide," in the *Daily News* of June 18th, and it augurs well, we think, for the success of the English Edition, which will be published shortly.

"In the Days when the World was Wide," by Henry Lawson (London: Pentland), is one of the numerous books of Australian verse that now cross the ocean for the verdict of the Mother Country. The first of them (The Man from Snowy River) had an interest in the curious scenery described, and in the glimpses of a life in town and country that was all new to our experience. But that interest no longer remains, and if this book had nothing else to depend on but its pieces with such titles as "Andy's Gone with Cattle," "The Shanty on the Rise," "The Ballad of the Drover," "The Great Grey Plain," "Up the Country," and "The Blue Mountains," it might attract but little notice. *But it has more than that, and, indeed, something quite original. In a spirited lyric it deals with the impatience of the Australian for a larger national life. Peace and prosperity have grown wearisome, and the country has its longings, not only for a flag that may be worth calling a flag, but for a history traced in symbols of blood and fire upon its folds. The new country, in fact, wants to become like the old one.*

We boast no more of our bloodless flag, that rose from a nation's slime;
Better a shred of a deep-dyed rag from the storms of the olden time.
From grander clouds in our "peaceful skies" than ever were there before
I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid clouds of war.
It ever must be while blood is warm and the sons of men increase;
Forever the nations rose in storm, to rot in a deadly peace.
There comes a point that we will not yield, no matter if right or wrong,
And men will fight on the battlefield while passion and pride are strong—
So long as he will not kiss the rod, and his stubborn spirit sours,
And the scorn of Nature and curse of God are heavy on peace like ours.

This is fairly done as verse, and it is quite remarkable as thought and feeling by which the verse is inspired."



IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WORLD
WAS WIDE AND OTHER VERSES

BY HENRY LAWSON AUTHOR OF "WHILE THE
BILLY BOILS"



SYDNEY
ANGUS AND ROBERTSON
LONDON YOUNG J. PENTLAND
1896

Fourth Thousand



2nd ed.



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PREFACE.

Most of the verses contained in this volume were first published in the *Sydney Bulletin*; others in the *Brisbane Boomerang*, *Sydney Freeman's Journal*, *Town and Country Journal*, *Worker*, and *New Zealand Mail*, whose editors and proprietors I desire to thank for past kindnesses and for present courtesy in granting me the right of reproduction in book form.

'In the Days When the World was Wide' was written in Maoriland and some of the other verses in Victoria, Queensland and Western Australia.

The dates of original publication are given in the Table of Contents. Those undated are now printed for the first time.

HENRY LAWSON.

TO J. F. ARCHIBALD

TO AN OLD MATE

*Old Mate ! In the gusty old weather,
When our hopes and our troubles were new,
In the years spent in wearing out leather,
I found you unselfish and true—
I have gathered these verses together
For the sake of our friendship and you.*

*You may think for awhile, and with reason,
Though still with a kindly regret,
That I've left it full late in the season
To prove I remember you yet ;
But you'll never judge me by their treason
Who profit by friends—and forget.*

*I remember, Old Man, I remember—
The tracks that we followed are clear—
The jovial last nights of December,
The solemn first days of the year,
Long tramps through the clearings and timber,
Short partings on platform and pier.*

*I can still feel the spirit that bore us,
And often the old stars will shine—
I remember the last spree in chorus
For the sake of that other Lang Syne,
When the tracks lay divided before us,
Your path through the future and mine.*

*Through the frost-wind that cut like whip-lashes,
Through the ever-blind haze of the drought—
And in fancy at times by the flashes
Of light in the darkness of doubt—
I have followed the tent poles and ashes
Of camps that we moved further out.*

*You will find in these pages a trace of
That side of our past which was bright,
And recognise sometimes the face of
A friend who has dropped out of sight—
I send them along in the place of
The letters I promised to write.*

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sketch by F. P. Mahony

IN THE DAYS
WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE
AND OTHER VERSES

IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WORLD
WAS WIDE

THE world is narrow and ways are short, and our
lives are dull and slow,
For little is new where the crowds resort, and less
where the wanderers go ;
Greater, or smaller, the same old things we see by
the dull road-side—
And tired of all is the spirit that sings of the days
when the world was wide.

When the North was hale in the march of Time, and
the South and the West were new,
And the gorgeous East was a pantomime, as it
seemed in our boyhood's view ;
When Spain was first on the waves of change, and
proud in the ranks of pride,
And all was wonderful, new and strange in the days
when the world was wide.

Then a man could fight if his heart were bold, and
win if his faith were true—

Were it love, or honour, or power, or gold, or all that
our hearts pursue ;

Could live to the world for the family name, or die
for the family pride,

Could fly from sorrow, and wrong, and shame in the
days when the world was wide.

They sailed away in the ships that sailed ere science
controlled the main,

When the strong, brave heart of a man prevailed as
'twill never prevail again ;

They knew not whither, nor much they cared—let
Fate or the winds decide—

The worst of the Great Unknown they dared in the
days when the world was wide.

They raised new stars on the silent sea that filled
their hearts with awe ;

They came to many a strange countree and mar-
vellous sights they saw.

The villagers gaped at the tales they told, and old
eyes glistened with pride—

When barbarous cities were paved with gold in the
days when the world was wide.

'Twas honest metal and honest wood, in the days of
the Outward Bound,

When men were gallant and ships were good—
roaming the wide world round.

The gods could envy a leader then when 'Follow me,
lads!' he cried—

They faced each other and fought like men in the
days when the world was wide.

They tried to live as a freeman should—they were
happier men than we,

In the glorious days of wine and blood, when Liberty
crossed the sea ;

'Twas a comrade true or a foeman then, and a
trusty sword well tried—

They faced each other and fought like men in the
days when the world was wide.

The good ship bound for the Southern seas when
the beacon was Ballarat,

With a 'Ship ahoy!' on the freshening breeze, 'Where
bound?' and 'What ship's that?'—

The emigrant train to New Mexico—the rush to
the Lachlan Side—

Ah! faint is the echo of Westward Ho! from the
days when the world was wide.

South, East, and West in advance of Time—and, ay!
in advance of Thought

Those brave men rose to a height sublime—and is it
for this they fought?

And is it for this damned life we praise the god-like
spirit that died

At Eureka Stockade in the Roaring Days with the
days when the world was wide?

We fight like women, and feel as much; the thoughts
of our hearts we guard;

Where scarcely the scorn of a god could touch, the
sneer of a sneak hits hard;

The treacherous tongue and cowardly pen, the weapons
of curs, decide—

They faced each other and fought like men in the
days when the world was wide.

Think of it all—of the life that is! Study your
friends and foes!

Study the past! And answer this: 'Are these times
better than those?'

The life-long quarrel, the paltry spite, the sting of
your poisoned pride!

No matter who fell it were better to fight as they did
when the world was wide.

Boast as you will of your mateship now—crippled
and mean and sly—

The lines of suspicion on friendship's brow were traced
since the days gone by.

There was room in the long, free lines of the van to
fight for it side by side—

There was beating-room for the heart of a man in the
days when the world was wide.

With its dull, brown days of a-shilling-an-hour the
dreary year drags round :

Is this the result of Old England's power?—the
bourne of the Outward Bound?

Is this the sequel of Westward Ho!—of the days of
Whate'er Betide?

The heart of the rebel makes answer 'No! We'll fight
till the world grows wide!'

The world shall yet be a wider world—for the tokens
are manifest ;

East and North shall the wrongs be hurled that
followed us South and West.

The march of Freedom is North by the Dawn!
Follow, whate'er betide!

Sons of the Exiles, march! March on! March till
the world grows wide!

FACES IN THE STREET

THEY lie, the men who tell us in a loud decisive tone
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's
 unknown ;
For where the nearest suburb and the city proper
 meet
My window-sill is level with the faces in the street—
 Drifting past, drifting past,
 To the beat of weary feet—
While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the
 street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and
 fair,
To see upon those faces stamped the marks of Want
 and Care ;
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and
 sweet

In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the
street—

Drifting on, drifting on,
To the scrape of restless feet ;

I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

In hours before the dawning dims the starlight in the
sky

The wan and weary faces first begin to trickle by,
Increasing as the moments hurry on with morning feet,
Till like a pallid river flow the faces in the street—

Flowing in, flowing in,
To the beat of hurried feet—

Ah ! I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the
street.

The human river dwindles when 'tis past the hour of
eight,

Its waves go flowing faster in the fear of being late ;
But slowly drag the moments, whilst beneath the
dust and heat

The city grinds the owners of the faces in the street—

Grinding body, grinding soul,
Yielding scarce enough to eat—

Oh ! I sorrow for the owners of the faces in the
street.

And then the only faces till the sun is sinking down
Are those of outside toilers and the idlers of the town,
Save here and there a face that seems a stranger in
the street,

Tells of the city's unemployed upon his weary beat—
Drifting round, drifting round,
To the tread of listless feet—

Ah! My heart aches for the owner of that sad face
in the street.

And when the hours on lagging feet have slowly
dragged away,

And sickly yellow gaslights rise to mock the going day,
Then flowing past my window like a tide in its retreat,
Again I see the pallid stream of faces in the street—

Ebbing out, ebbing out,
To the drag of tired feet,

While my heart is aching dumbly for the faces in the
street.

And now all blurred and smirched with vice the day's
sad pages end,

For while the short 'large hours' toward the longer
'small hours' trend,

With smiles that mock the wearer, and with words
that half entreat,

Delilah pleads for custom at the corner of the street—

Sinking down, sinking down,

Battered wreck by tempests beat—

A dreadful, thankless trade is hers, that Woman of
the Street.

But, ah! to dreader things than these our fair young
city comes,

For in its heart are growing thick the filthy dens and
slums,

Where human forms shall rot away in sties for swine
unmeet,

And ghostly faces shall be seen unfit for any street—

Rotting out, rotting out,

For the lack of air and meat—

In dens of vice and horror that are hidden from the
street.

I wonder would the apathy of wealthy men endure

Were all their windows level with the faces of the
Poor?

Ah! Mammon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your
hearts in terror beat,

When God demands a reason for the sorrows of the
street,

The wrong things and the bad things

And the sad things that we meet

In the filthy lane and alley, and the cruel, heartless
street.

I left the dreadful corner where the steps are never
still,

And sought another window overlooking gorge and
hill ;

But when the night came dreary with the driving
rain and sleet,

They haunted me—the shadows of those faces in the
street,

Flitting by, flitting by,

Flitting by with noiseless feet,

And with cheeks but little paler than the real ones in
the street.

Once I cried: 'Oh, God Almighty! if Thy might
doth still endure,

'Now show me in a vision for the wrongs of Earth a
cure.'

And, lo! with shops all shuttered I beheld a city's
street,

And in the warning distance heard the tramp of many
feet,

Coming near, coming near,

To a drum's dull distant beat,

And soon I saw the army that was marching down
the street.

Then, like a swollen river that has broken bank and
wall,

The human flood came pouring with the red flags
over all,

And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolution's
heat,

And flashing swords reflecting rigid faces in the street.

Pouring on, pouring on,

To a drum's loud threatening beat,

And the war-hymns and the cheering of the people in
the street.

And so it must be while the world goes rolling
round its course,

The warning pen shall write in vain, the warning
voice grow hoarse,

But not until a city feels Red Revolution's feet
Shall its sad people miss awhile the terrors of the
street—

The dreadful everlasting strife
For scarcely clothes and meat
In that pent track of living death—the city's cruel
street.

THE ROARING DAYS

THE night too quickly passes
And we are growing old,
So let us fill our glasses
And toast the Days of Gold ;
When finds of wondrous treasure
Set all the South ablaze,
And you and I were faithful mates
All through the roaring days !

Then stately ships came sailing
From every harbour's mouth,
And sought the land of promise
That beacons in the South ;
Then southward streamed their streamers
And swelled their canvas full
To speed the wildest dreamers
E'er borne in vessel's hull.

Their shining Eldorado,
 Beneath the southern skies,
Was day and night for ever
 Before their eager eyes.
The brooding bush, awakened,
 Was stirred in wild unrest,
And all the year a human stream
 Went pouring to the West.

The rough bush roads re-echoed
 The bar-room's noisy din,
When troops of stalwart horsemen
 Dismounted at the inn.
And oft the hearty greetings
 And hearty clasp of hands
Would tell of sudden meetings
 Of friends from other lands ;
When, puzzled long, the rew-chum
 Would recognise at last,
Behind a bronzed and bearded skin,
 A comrade of the past.

And when the cheery camp-fire
 Explored the bush with gleams,
The camping-grounds were crowded
 With caravans of teams ;

Then home the jests were driven,
And good old songs were sung,
And choruses were given

The strength of heart and lung.
Oh, they were lion-hearted

Who gave our country birth !
Oh, they were of the stoutest sons
From all the lands on earth !

Oft when the camps were dreaming,
And fires began to pale,
Through rugged ranges gleaming
Would come the Royal Mail.

Behind six foaming horses,
And lit by flashing lamps,
Old 'Cobb and Co.'s,' in royal state,
Went dashing past the camps.

Oh, who would paint a goldfield,
And limn the picture right,

As we have often seen it
In early morning's light ;
The yellow mounds of mullock
With spots of red and white,
The scattered quartz that glistened
Like diamonds in light ;

The azure line of ridges,
The bush of darkest green,
The little homes of calico
That dotted all the scene.

I hear the fall of timber
From distant flats and fells,
The pealing of the anvils
As clear as little bells,
The rattle of the cradle,
The clack of windlass-boles,
The flutter of the crimson flags
Above the golden holes.

Ah, then our hearts were bolder,
And if Dame Fortune frowned
Our swags we'd lightly shoulder
And tramp to other ground.
But golden days are vanished,
And altered is the scene ;
The diggings are deserted,
The camping-grounds are green ;
The flaunting flag of progress
Is in the West unfurled,
The mighty bush with iron rails
Is tethered to the world.

‘FOR’ARD’

IT is stuffy in the steerage where the second-classers
sleep,

For there’s near a hundred for’ard, and they’re stowed
away like sheep, —

They are trav’lers for the most part in a straight ’n’
honest path ;

But their linen’s rather scanty, an’ there isn’t any
bath—

Stowed away like ewes and wethers that is shore ’n’
marked ’n’ draft.

But the shearers of the shearers always seem to travel
aft ;

In the cushioned cabins, aft,

With saloons ’n’ smoke-rooms, aft—

There is sheets ’n’ best of tucker for the first-salooners,
aft.

Our beef is just like scrapin's from the inside of a
hide,

And the spuds were pulled too early, for they're
mostly green inside ;

But from somewhere back amidships there's a smell
o' cookin' waft,

An' I'd give my earthly prospects for a real good
tuck-out aft—

Ham an' eggs 'n' coffee, aft,

Say, cold fowl for luncheon, aft,

Juicy grills an' toast 'n' cutlets—tucker a-lor-frongsy,
aft.

They feed our women sep'rate, an' they make a
blessed fuss,

Just as if they couldn't trust 'em for to eat along
with us !

Just because our hands are horny an' our hearts are
rough with graft—

But the gentlemen and ladies always *dine* together,
aft—

With their ferns an' mirrors, aft,

With their flow'rs an' napkins, aft—

'I'll assist you to an orange'—'Kindly pass the
sugar,' aft.

We are shabby, rough, 'n' dirty, an' our feelin's out
of tune,

An' it's hard on fellers for'ard that was used to go
saloon ;

There's a broken swell among us—he is barracked, he
is chaffed,

An' I wish at times, poor devil, for his own sake he
was aft ;

For they'd understand him, aft,

(He will miss the bath-rooms aft),

Spite of all there's no denyin' that there's finer feelin's
aft.

Last night we watched the moonlight as it spread
across the sea—

'It is hard to make a livin',' said the broken swell
to me.

'There is ups an' downs,' I answered, an' a bitter
laugh he laughed—

There were brighter days an' better when he always
travelled aft—

With his rug an' gladstone, aft,

With his cap an' spyglass, aft—

A careless, rovin', gay young spark as always travelled
aft.

There's a notice by the gangway, an' it seems to come
amiss,

For it says that second-classers 'ain't allowed abaft o'
this ;'

An' there ought to be a notice for the fellows from
abaft—

But the smell an' dirt's a warnin' to the first-
salooners, aft ;

With their tooth and nail-brush, aft,

With their cuffs 'n' collars, aft—

Their cigars an' books an' papers, an' their cap-peaks
fore-'n'-aft.

I want to breathe the mornin' breeze that blows
against the boat,

For there's a swellin' in my heart—a tightness in my
throat—

We are for'ard when there's trouble ! We are for'ard
when there's graft !

But the men who never battle always seem to
travel aft ;

With their dressin'-cases, aft,

With their swell pyjamas, aft—

Yes ! the idle and the careless, they have ease an'
comfort, aft.

I feel so low an' wretched, as I mooch about the
deck,

That I'm ripe for jumpin' over—an' I wish there was
a wreck!

We are driven to New Zealand to be shot out over
there—

Scarce a shillin' in our pockets, nor a decent rag to
wear,

With the everlastin' worry lest we don't get into
graft—

There is little left to land for if you cannot travel
aft;

No anxiety abaft,

They have stuff to land with, aft—

Oh, there's little left to land for if you cannot travel
aft;

But it's grand at sea this mornin', an' Creation almost
speaks,

Sailin' past the Bay of Islands with its pinnacles an'
peaks,

With the sunny haze all round us an' the white-caps
on the blue,

An' the orphan rocks an' breakers—Oh, it's glorious
sailin' through!

To the south a distant steamer, to the west a coastin'
craft,

An' we see the beauty for'ard, better than if we were
aft ;

Spite of op'ra-glasses, aft ;

But, ah well, they're brothers aft—

Nature seems to draw us closer—bring us nearer
fore-'n'-aft.

What's the use of bein' bitter ? What's the use of
gettin' mad ?

What's the use of bein' narrer just because yer luck
is bad ?

What's the blessed use of frettin' like a child that
wants the moon ?

There is broken hearts an' trouble in the gilded first
saloon !

We are used to bein' shabby—we have got no over-
draft—

We can laugh at troubles for'ard that they couldn't
laugh at aft ;

Spite o' pride an' tone abaft

(Keepin' up appearance, aft)

There's anxiety an' worry in the breezy cabins aft.

But the curse o' class distinctions from our shoulders
shall be hurled,

An' the influence of woman revolutionize the world ;
There'll be higher education for the toilin' starvin
clown,

An' the rich an' educated shall be educated down ;
An' we all will meet amidships on this stout old
earthly craft,

An' there won't be any friction 'twixt the classes
fore-'n'-aft.

We'll be brothers, fore-'n'-aft !

Yes, an' sisters, fore-'n'-aft !

When the people work together, and there ain't no
fore-'n'-aft.

THE DROVER'S SWEETHEART

An hour before the sun goes down
 Behind the ragged boughs,
I go across the little run
 And bring the dusty cows ;
And once I used to sit and rest
 Beneath the fading dome,
For there was one that I loved best
 Who'd bring the cattle home.

Our yard is fixed with double bails,
 Round one the grass is green,
The bush is growing through the rails,
 The spike is rusted in ;
And 'twas from there his freckled face
 Would turn and smile at me—
He'd milk a dozen in the race
 While I was milking three.

I milk eleven cows myself
Where once I milked but four ;
I set the dishes on the shelf
And close the dairy door ;
And when the glaring sunlight fails
And the fire shines through the cracks,
I climb the broken stockyard rails
And watch the bridle-tracks.

He kissed me twice and once again
And rode across the hill,
The pint-pots and the hobble-chain
I hear them jingling still ;
He'll come at night or not at all—
He left in dust and heat,
And when the soft, cool shadows fall
Is the best time to meet.

And he is coming back again,
He wrote to let me know,
The floods were in the Darling then—
It seems so long ago ;
He'd come through miles of slush and mud,
And it was weary work,
The creeks were bankers, and the flood
Was forty miles round Bourke.

THE DROVER'S SWEETHEART

He said the floods had formed a block,
The plains could not be crossed,
And there was foot-rot in the flock
And hundreds had been lost ;
The sheep were falling thick and fast
A hundred miles from town,
And when he reached the line at last
He trucked the remnant down.

And so he'll have to stand the cost ;
His luck was always bad,
Instead of making more, he lost
The money that he had ;
And how he'll manage, heaven knows
(My eyes are getting dim),
He says—he says—he don't—suppose
I'll want—to—marry—him.

As if I wouldn't take his hand
Without a golden glove—
Oh ! Jack, you men won't understand
How much a girl can love.
I long to see his face once more—
Jack's dog ! thank God, it's Jack !—
(I never thought I'd faint before)
He's coming—up—the track.

OUT BACK

THE old year went, and the new returned, in the
withering weeks of drought,
The cheque was spent that the shearer earned, and
the sheds were all cut out ;
The publican's words were short and few, and the
publican's looks were black—
And the time had come, as the shearer knew, to carry
his swag Out Back.

*For time means tucker, and tramp you must, where the
scrubs and plains are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain
peak to guide ;
All day long in the dust and heat—when summer is on
the track—
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet, they carry their
swags Out Back.*

He tramped away from the shanty there, when the
days were long and hot,

With never a soul to know or care if he died on the
track or not.

The poor of the city have friends in woe, no matter
how much they lack,

But only God and the swagmen know how a poor
man fares Out Back.

He begged his way on the parched Paroo and the
Warrego tracks once more,

And lived like a dog, as the swagmen do, till the
Western stations shore ;

But men were many, and sheds were full, for work in
the town was slack—

The traveller never got hands in wool, though he
tramped for a year Out Back.

In stifling noons when his back was wrung by its
load, and the air seemed dead,

And the water warmed in the bag that hung to his
aching arm like lead,

Or in times of flood, when plains were seas, and the
scrubs were cold and black,

He ploughed in mud to his trembling knees, and paid
for his sins Out Back.

He blamed himself in the year 'Too Late'—in the
heaviest hours of life—

'Twas little he dreamed that a shearing-mate had care
of his home and wife ;

There are times when wrongs from your kindred come,
and treacherous tongues attack—

When a man is better away from home, and dead to
the world, Out Back.

And dirty and careless and old he wore, as his lamp
of hope grew dim ;

He tramped for years till the swag he bore seemed
part of himself to him.

As a bullock drags in the sandy ruts, he followed the
dreary track,

With never a thought but to reach the huts when
the sun went down Out Back.

It chanced one day, when the north wind blew in his
face like a furnace-breath,

He left the track for a tank he knew—'twas a short-
cut to his death ;

For the bed of the tank was hard and dry, and
crossed with many a crack,

And, oh ! it's a terrible thing to die of thirst in the
scrub Out Back.

A drover came, but the fringe of law was eastward
many a mile ;

He never reported the thing he saw, for it was not
worth his while.

The tanks are full and the grass is high in the mulga
off the track,

Where the bleaching bones of a white man lie by his
mouldering swag Out Back.

*For time means tucker, and tramp they must, where the
plains and scrubs are wide,*

*With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain
peak to guide ;*

*All day long in the flies and heat the men of the out-
side track*

*With stinted stomachs and blistered feet must carry
their swags Out Back.*

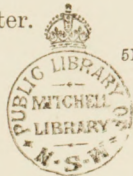
THE FREE-SELECTOR'S DAUGHTER

I MET her on the Lachlan Side—
A darling girl I thought her,
And ere I left I swore I'd win
The free-selector's daughter.

I milked her father's cows a month,
I brought the wood and water,
I mended all the broken fence,
Before I won the daughter.

I listened to her father's yarns,
I did just what I 'oughter,'
And what you'll have to do to win
A free-selector's daughter.

I broke my pipe and burnt my twist,
And washed my mouth with water ;
I had a shave before I kissed
The free-selector's daughter.



Then, rising in the frosty morn,
I brought the cows for Mary,
And when I'd milked a bucketful
I took it to the dairy.

I poured the milk into the dish
While Mary held the strainer,
I summoned heart to speak my wish,
And, oh! her blush grew plainer.

I told her I must leave the place,
I said that I would miss her ;
At first she turned away her face,
And then she let me kiss her.

I put the bucket on the ground,
And in my arms I caught her :
I'd give the world to hold again
That free-selector's daughter !

‘SEZ YOU’

WHEN the heavy sand is yielding backward from
your blistered feet,

And across the distant timber you can *see* the flow-
ing heat ;

When your head is hot and aching, and the shadeless
plain is wide,

And it's fifteen miles to water in the scrub the other
side—

Don't give up, don't be down-hearted, to a man's
strong heart be true !

Take the air in through your nostrils, set your lips
and see it through—

For it can't go on for ever, and—‘ I'll have my day ! ’
says you.

When you're camping in the mulga, and the rain is
falling slow,

While you nurse your rheumatism 'neath a patch of
calico ;

Short of tucker or tobacco, short of sugar or of tea,
And the scrubs are dark and dismal, and the plains
are like a sea ;
Don't give up and be down-hearted—to the soul of
man be true !
Grin ! if you've a mate to grin for, grin and jest and
don't look blue ;
For it can't go on for ever, and—' I'll rise some day,'
says you.

When you've tramped the Sydney pavements till
you've counted all the flags,
And your flapping boot-soles trip you, and your
clothes are mostly rags,
When you're called a city loafer, shunned, abused,
moved on, despised—
Fifty hungry beggars after every job that's adver-
tised—
Don't be beaten ! Hold your head up ! To your
wretched self be true ;
Set your pride to fight your hunger ! Be a *man* in
all you do !
For it cannot last for ever—' I will rise again !'
says you.

When you’re dossing out in winter, in the darkness
and the rain,

Crouching, cramped, and cold and hungry ’neath a
seat in The Domain,

And a cloaked policeman stirs you with that mighty
foot of his—

‘ Phwat d’ye mane? Phwat’s this? Who are ye?
Come, move on—git out av this!’

Don’t get mad; ’twere only foolish; there is nought
that you can do,

Save to mark his beat and time him—find another
hole or two;

But it can’t go on for ever—‘ I’ll have money yet!’
says you.

.

Bother not about the morrow, for sufficient to the
day

Is the evil (rather more so). Put your trust in God
and pray!

Study well the ant, thou sluggard. Blessed are the
meek and low.

Ponder calmly on the lilies—how they idle, how they
grow.

A man's a man! Obey your masters! Do not blame
the proud and fat,

For the poor are always with them, and they cannot
alter that.

Lay your treasures up in Heaven—cling to life and
see it through!

For it cannot last for ever—'I shall die some day,'
says you.

ANDY'S GONE WITH CATTLE

OUR Andy's gone to battle now
 'Gainst Drought, the red marauder ;
OUR Andy's gone with cattle now
 Across the Queensland border.

He's left us in dejection now ;
 'Our hearts with him are roving.
It's dull on this selection now,
 Since Andy went a-droving.

Who now shall wear the cheerful face
 In times when things are slackest ?
And who shall whistle round the place
 When Fortune frowns her blackest ?

Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now
 When he comes round us snarling ?
His tongue is growing hotter now
 Since Andy cross'd the Darling.

The gates are out of order now,
In storms the 'riders' rattle ;
For far across the border now
Our Andy's gone with cattle.

Poor Aunty's looking thin and white ;
And Uncle's cross with worry ;
And poor old Blucher howls all night
Since Andy left Macquarie.

Oh, may the showers in torrents fall,
And all the tanks run over ;
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover ;

And may good angels send the rain
On desert stretches sandy ;
And when the summer comes again
God grant 'twill bring us Andy.

JACK DUNN OF NEVERTIRE

It chanced upon the very day we'd got the shearing
done,

A buggy brought a stranger to the West-o'-Sunday
Run ;

He had a round and jolly face, and he was sleek and
stout,

He drove right up between the huts and called the
super out.

We chaps were smoking after tea, and heard the
swell enquire

For one as travelled by the name of 'Dunn of
Nevertire.'

Jack Dunn of Nevertire,

Poor Dunn of Nevertire ;

There wasn't one of us but knew Jack Dunn of
Nevertire.

- ‘Jack Dunn of Nevertire,’ he said ; ‘I was a mate
of his ;
- ‘And now it’s twenty years since I set eyes upon his
phiz.
- ‘There is no whiter man than Jack—no straighter
south the line,
- ‘There is no hand in all the land I’d sooner grip in
mine ;
- ‘To help a mate in trouble Jack would go through
flood and fire.
- ‘Great Scott! and don’t you know the name of Dunn
of Nevertire ?
- ‘Big Dunn of Nevertire,
 ‘Long Jack from Nevertire ;
- ‘He stuck to me through thick and thin, Jack Dunn
of Nevertire.
- ‘I did a wild and foolish thing while Jack and I
were mates,
- ‘And I disgraced my guv’nor’s name, an’ wished to
try the States.
- ‘My lamps were turned to Yankee Land, for I’d some
people there,
- ‘And I was right when someone sent the money for
my fare ;

- ‘ I thought ’twas Dad until I took the trouble to
enquire,
‘ And found that he who sent the stuff was Dunn of
Nevertire,
 ‘ Jack Dunn of Nevertire,
 ‘ Soft Dunn of Nevertire ;
‘ He’d won some money on a race—Jack Dunn of
Nevertire.
- ‘ Now I’ve returned, by Liverpool, a swell of Yankee
brand,
‘ To reckon, guess, and kalkilate, ’n’ wake my native
land ;
‘ There is no better land, I swear, in all the wide
world round—
‘ I smelt the bush a month before we touched King
George’s Sound !
‘ And now I’ve come to settle down, the top of my
desire
‘ Is just to meet a mate o’ mine called ‘ Dunn of
Nevertire.’
 ‘ Was raised at Nevertire—
 ‘ The town of Nevertire ;
‘ He humped his bluey by the name of ‘ Dunn of
Nevertire.’

- ‘I’ve heard he’s poor, and if he is, a proud old fool
is he ;
- ‘But, spite of that, I’ll find a way to fix the old
gum-tree.
- ‘I’ve bought a station in the North—the best that
could be had ;
- ‘I want a man to pick the stock—I want a super
bad ;
- ‘I want no bully-brute to boss—no crawling, sneaking
liar—
- ‘My station super’s name shall be ‘Jack Dunn of
Nevertire !’
- ‘Straight Dunn of Nevertire,
 ‘Old Dunn of Nevertire ;
- ‘I guess he’s known up Queensland way—Jack Dunn
of Nevertire.’

The super said, while to his face a strange expression
came :

- ‘I *think* I’ve seen the man you want, I *think* I know
the name ;
- ‘Had he a jolly kind of face, a free and careless
way,
- ‘Gray eyes that always seem’d to smile, and hair just
turning gray—

‘Clean-shaved, except a light moustache, long-limbed,
an’ tough as wire?’

‘THAT’S HIM! THAT’S DUNN!’ the stranger roared,
‘Jack Dunn of Nevertire!

‘John Dunn of Nevertire,

‘Jack D. from Nevertire,

‘They said I’d find him here, the cuss!—Jack Dunn
of Nevertire.

‘I’d know his walk,’ the stranger cried, ‘though
sobered, I’ll allow.’

‘I doubt it much,’ the boss replied, ‘he don’t walk
that way now.’

‘Perhaps he don’t!’ the stranger said, ‘for years
were hard on Jack;

‘But, if he were a mile away, I swear I’d know his
back.’

‘I doubt it much,’ the super said, and sadly puffed
his briar,

‘I guess he wears a pair of wings—Jack Dunn of
Nevertire;

‘Jack Dunn of Nevertire,

‘Brave Dunn of Nevertire,

‘He caught a fever nursing me, Jack Dunn of
Nevertire.’

We took the stranger round to where a gum-tree
stood alone,

And in the grass beside the trunk he saw a granite
stone ;

The names of Dunn and Nevertire were plainly
written there—

‘I’m all broke up,’ the stranger said, in sorrow and
despair,

‘I guess he has a wider run, the man that I require ;

‘He’s got a river-frontage now, Jack Dunn of Never-
tire ;

 ‘Straight Dunn of Nevertire,

 ‘White Jack from Nevertire,

‘I guess Saint Peter knew the name of ‘Dunn of
Nevertire.’”

TROOPER CAMPBELL

ONE day old Trooper Campbell
Rode out to Blackman's Run,
His cap-peak and his sabre
Were glancing in the sun.
'Twas New Year's Eve, and slowly
Across the ridges low
The sad Old Year was drifting
To where the old years go.

The trooper's mind was reading
The love-page of his life—
His love for Mary Wylie
Ere she was Blackman's wife ;
He sorrowed for the sorrows
Of the heart a rival won,
For he knew that there was trouble
Out there on Blackman's Run.

The sapling shades had lengthened,
The summer day was late,
When Blackman met the trooper
Beyond the homestead gate.
And if the hand of trouble
Can leave a lasting trace,
The lines of care had come to stay
On poor old Blackman's face.

'Not good day, Trooper Campbell,
'It's a bad, bad day for me—
'You are of all the men on earth
'The one I wished to see.
'The great black clouds of trouble
'Above our homestead hang ;
'That wild and reckless boy of mine
'Has joined M'Durmer's gang.
'Oh! save him, save him, Campbell!
'I beg in friendship's name!
'For if they take and hang him,
'The wife would die of shame.
'Could Mary or her sisters
'Hold up their heads again,
'And face a woman's malice
'Or claim the love of men?

‘And if he does a murder
 ‘Twere better we were dead.
‘Don’t take him, Trooper Campbell,
 ‘If a price be on his head ;
‘But shoot him ! shoot him, Campbell,
 ‘When you meet him face to face,
‘And save him from the gallows,
 ‘And us from that disgrace.’

‘Now, Tom,’ cried Trooper Campbell,
 ‘You know your words are wild.
‘Though he is wild and reckless,
 ‘Yet still he is your child ;
‘So bear up in your trouble,
 ‘And meet it like a man,
‘And tell the wife and daughters
 ‘I’ll save him if I can.’

.

The sad Australian sunset
 Had faded from the west ;
But night brings darker shadows
 To hearts that cannot rest ;
And Blackman’s wife sat rocking
 And moaning in her chair.
‘I cannot bear disgrace,’ she moaned ;
 ‘Disgrace I cannot bear.

‘ In hardship and in trouble
‘ I struggled year by year
‘ To make my children better
‘ Than other children here.
‘ And if my son’s a felon
‘ How can I show my face ?
‘ I cannot bear disgrace ; my God,
‘ I cannot bear disgrace !
‘ Ah, God in Heaven pardon !
‘ I’m selfish in my woe—
‘ My boy is better-hearted
‘ Than many that I know.
‘ And I will face the world’s disgrace,
‘ And, till his mother’s dead,
‘ My foolish child shall find a place
‘ To lay his outlawed head.’

With a sad heart Trooper Campbell
Rode back from Blackman’s Run,
Nor noticed aught about him
Till thirteen miles were done ;
When, close beside a cutting,
He heard the click of locks,
And saw the rifle muzzles
Were on him from the rocks.

But suddenly a youth rode out,
And, close by Campbell's side :
'Don't fire! don't fire, in heaven's name!

'It's Campbell, boys!' he cried.

Then one by one in silence
The levelled rifles fell,
For who'd shoot Trooper Campbell
Of those who knew him well?

Oh, bravely sat old Campbell,
No sign of fear showed he.
He slowly drew his carbine ;
It rested by his knee.

The outlaws' guns were lifted,
But none the silence broke,
Till steadfastly and firmly
Old Trooper Campbell spoke.

'That boy that you would ruin
'Goes home with me, my men ;
'Or some of us shall never
'Ride through the Gap again.
'You know old Trooper Campbell,
'And have you ever heard
'That bluff or lead could turn him,
'That e'er he broke his word ?

‘That reckless lad is playing
‘A heartless villain’s part;
‘He knows that he is breaking
‘His poor old mother’s heart.
‘He’ll bring a curse upon himself;
‘But ’tis not that alone,
‘He’ll bring dishonour to a name
‘That *I’d* be proud to own.

‘I speak to you, M’Durmer,—
‘If your heart’s not hardened quite,
‘And if you’d seen the trouble
‘At Blackman’s home this night,
‘You’d help me now, M’Durmer—
‘I speak as man to man—
‘I swore to save that foolish lad,
‘And I’ll save him if I can.’

‘Oh, take him!’ said M’Durmer,
‘He’s got a horse to ride.’
The youngster thought a moment,
Then rode to Campbell’s side—

. . . .

' Good-bye ! ' the outlaws shouted,
As up the range they sped.
' A Merry New Year, Campbell,'
Was all M'Durmer said.

.
Then fast along the ridges
Two bushmen rode a race,
And the moonlight lent a glory
To Trooper Campbell's face.
And ere the new year's dawning
They reached the home at last ;
And this is but a story
Of trouble that is past !

WHEN YOUR PANTS BEGIN TO GO

WHEN you wear a cloudy collar and a shirt that isn't
white,
And you cannot sleep for thinking how you'll reach
to-morrow night,
You may be a man of sorrows, and on speaking terms
with Care,
But as yet you're unacquainted with the Demon of
Despair ;
For I rather think that nothing heaps the trouble on
your mind
Like the knowledge that your trousers badly need a
patch behind.

I have noticed, when misfortune strikes the hero of
the play,
That his clothes are worn and tattered in a most
unlikely way ;

And the gods applaud and cheer him while he whines
 and loafs around,
 And they never seem to notice that his pants are
 mostly sound ;
 But, of course, he cannot help it, for our mirth would
 mock his care,
 If the ceiling of his trousers showed the patches of
 repair.

You are none the less a hero if you elevate your chin
 When you feel the pavement wearing through the
 leather, sock, and skin ;
 You are rather more heroic than are ordinary folk
 If you scorn to fish for pity under cover of a joke ;
 You will face the doubtful glances of the people that
 you know ;
 But—of course, you're bound to face them when your
 pants begin to go.

If, when flush, you took your pleasures—failed to
 make a god of Pelf,
 Some will say that for your troubles you can only
 thank yourself—
 Some will swear you'll die a beggar, but you only
 laugh at that

While your garments hang together and you wear a
decent hat ;
You may laugh at their predictions while your soles
are wearing low,
But—a man's an awful coward when his pants begin
to go.

Though the present and the future may be anything
but bright,
It is best to tell the fellows that you're getting on all
right,
And a man prefers to say it—'tis a manly lie to
tell,
For the folks may be persuaded that you're doing
very well ;
But it's hard to be a hero, and it's hard to wear a
grin,
When your most important garment is in places very
thin.

Get some sympathy and comfort from the chum who
knows you best,
That your sorrows won't run over in the presence of
the rest.

There's a chum that you can go to when you feel
inclined to whine,
He'll declare your coat is tidy, and he'll say: 'Just
look at mine!'
Though you may be patched all over he will say it
doesn't show,
And he'll swear it can't be noticed when your pants
begin to go.

Brother mine, and of misfortune! times are hard, but
do not fret,
Keep your courage up and struggle, and we'll laugh
at these things yet.
Though there is no corn in Egypt, surely Africa has
some—
Keep your smile in working order for the better days
to come!
We will often laugh together at the hard times that
we know,
And get measured by the tailor when our pants begin
to go.

.

Now the lady of refinement, in the lap of comfort
rocked,

Chancing on these rugged verses, will pretend that
she is shocked.

Leave her to her smelling-bottle; 'tis the wealthy
who decide

That the world should hide its patches 'neath the
cruel cloak of pride ;

And I think there's something noble, and I swear
there's nothing low,

In the pride of Human Nature when its pants begin
to go.

THE GLASS ON THE BAR

THREE bushmen one morning rode up to an inn,
And one of them called for the drinks with a grin ;
They'd only returned from a trip to the North,
And, eager to greet them, the landlord came forth.
He absently poured out a glass of Three Star.
And set down that drink with the rest on the bar.

' There, that is for Harry,' he said, ' and it's queer,
' 'Tis the very same glass that he drank from last year ;
' His name's on the glass, you can read it like print,
' He scratched it himself with an old piece of flint ;
' I remember his drink—it was always Three Star '—
And the landlord looked out through the door of the
bar.

He looked at the horses, and counted but three :
' You were always together—where's Harry?' cried he.
Oh, sadly they looked at the glass as they said,
' You may put it away, for our old mate is dead ;'

But one, gazing out o'er the ridges afar,
Said, 'We owe him a shout—leave the glass on the
bar.'

They thought of the far-away grave on the plain,
They thought of the comrade who came not again,
They lifted their glasses, and sadly they said :
'We drink to the name of the mate who is dead.'
And the sunlight streamed in, and a light like a star
Seemed to glow in the depth of the glass on the bar.

And still in that shanty a tumbler is seen,
It stands by the clock, ever polished and clean ;
And often the strangers will read as they pass
The name of a bushman engraved on the glass ;
And though on the shelf but a dozen there are,
That glass never stands with the rest on the bar.

THE SHANTY ON THE RISE

WHEN the caravans of wool-teams climbed the ranges
from the West,

On a spur among the mountains stood 'The Bullock-
drivers' Rest ;'

It was built of bark and saplings, and was rather
rough inside,

But 'twas good enough for bushmen in the careless
days that died—

Just a quiet little shanty kept by 'Something-in-
Disguise,'

As the bushmen called the landlord of the Shanty on
the Rise.

City swells who 'do the Royal' would have called the
Shanty low,

But 'twas better far and purer than some toney pubs
I know ;

For the patrons of the Shanty had the principles of
men,

And the spieler, if he struck it, wasn't welcome there
again.

You could smoke and drink in quiet, yarn, or else
soliloquise,

With a decent lot of fellows in the Shanty on the
Rise.

'Twas the bullock-driver's haven when his team was
on the road,

And the waggon-wheels were groaning as they
ploughed beneath the load ;

And I mind how weary teamsters struggled on while
it was light,

Just to camp within a cooey of the Shanty for the
night ;

And I think the very bullocks raised their heads and
fixed their eyes

On the candle in the window of the Shanty on the
Rise.

And the bullock-bells were clanking from the marshes
on the flats

As we hurried to the Shanty, where we hung our
dripping hats ;

And we took a drop of something that was brought
at our desire,

As we stood with steaming moleskins in the kitchen
by the fire.

Oh! it roared upon a fireplace of the good, old-
fashioned size,

When the rain came down the chimney of the Shanty
on the Rise.

They got up a Christmas party in the Shanty long
ago,

While I camped with Jimmy Nowlett on the river-
bank below ;

Poor old Jim was in his glory—they'd elected him
M.C.,

For there wasn't such another raving lunatic as he.

'Mr. Nowlett, Mr. Swaller!' shouted Something-in-
Disguise,

As we walked into the parlour of the Shanty on the
Rise.

There is little real pleasure in the city where I am—

There's a swarry round the corner with its mockery
and sham ;

But a fellow can be happy when around the room he
whirls

In a party up the country with the jolly country
girls.

Why, at times I almost fancied I was dancing on the
skies,
When I danced with Mary Carey in the Shanty on
the Rise.

Jimmy came to me and whispered, and I muttered,
‘Go along!’
But he shouted, ‘Mr. Swaller will oblige us with a
song!’
And at first I said I wouldn’t, and I shammed a
little too,
Till the girls began to whisper, ‘Mr. Swallow, now,
ah, *do!*’
So I sang a song of something ’bout the love that
never dies,
And the chorus shook the rafters of the Shanty on
the Rise.

Jimmy burst his concertina, and the bullock-drivers
went
For the corpse of Joe the Fiddler, who was sleeping
in his tent;
Joe was tired and had lumbago, and he wouldn’t
come, he said,

But the case was very urgent, so they pulled him out
of bed ;

And they fetched him, for the bushmen knew that
Something-in-Disguise

Had a cure for Joe's lumbago in the Shanty on the
Rise.

Jim and I were rather quiet while escorting Mary
home,

'Neath the stars that hung in clusters, near and
distant, from the dome ;

And we walked so very silent—being lost in
reverie—

That we heard the settlers'-matches rustle softly
on the tree ;

And I wondered who would win her when she said
her sweet good-byes—

But she died at one-and-twenty, and was buried on
the Rise.

I suppose the Shanty vanished from the ranges long
ago,

And the girls are mostly married to the chaps I used
to know ;

My old chums are in the distance—some have crossed
the border-line,
But in fancy still their glasses chink against the rim
of mine.
And, upon the very centre of the greenest spot that
lies
In my fondest recollection, stands the Shanty on the
Rise.

THE VAGABOND

WHITE handkerchiefs wave from the short black
pier

As we glide to the grand old sea—
But the song of my heart is for none to hear
If one of them waves for me.
A roving, roaming life is mine,
Ever by field or flood—
For not far back in my father's line
Was a dash of the Gipsy blood.

Flax and tussock and fern,
Gum and mulga and sand,
Reef and palm—but my fancies turn
Ever away from land ;
Strange wild cities in ancient state,
Range and river and tree,
Snow and ice. But my star of fate
Is ever across the sea.

A god-like ride on a thundering sea,
When all but the stars are blind—
A desperate race from Eternity
With a gale-and-a-half behind.
A jovial spree in the cabin at night,
A song on the rolling deck,
A lark ashore with the ships in sight,
Till—a wreck goes down with a wreck.

A smoke and a yarn on the deck by day,
When life is a waking dream,
And care and trouble so far away
That out of your life they seem.
A roving spirit in sympathy,
Who has travelled the whole world o'er—
My heart forgets, in a week at sea,
The trouble of years on shore.

A rolling stone!—'tis a saw for slaves—
Philosophy false as old—
Wear out or break 'neath the feet of knaves,
Or rot in your bed of mould!
But *I'd* rather trust to the darkest skies
And the wildest seas that roar,
Or die, where the stars of Nations rise,
In the stormy clouds of war.

Cleave to your country, home, and friends,
Die in a sordid strife—

You can count your friends on your finger ends
In the critical hours of life.

Sacrifice all for the family's sake,
Bow to their selfish rule !

Slave till your big soft heart they break—
The heart of the family fool.

Domestic quarrels, and family spite,
And your Native Land may be
Controlled by custom, but, come what might,
The rest of the world for me.

I'd sail with money, or sail without !—
If your love be forced from home,
And you dare enough, and your heart be stout,
The world is your own to roam.

I've never a love that can sting my pride,
Nor a friend to prove untrue ;
For I leave my love ere the turning tide,
And my friends are all too new.
The curse of the Powers on a peace like ours,
With its greed and its treachery—
A stranger's hand, and a stranger land,
And the rest of the world for me !

But why be bitter? The world is cold
To one with a frozen heart ;
New friends are often so like the old,
They seem of the past a part—
As a better part of the past appears,
When enemies, parted long,
Are come together in kinder years,
With their better nature strong.

I had a friend, ere my first ship sailed,
A friend that I never deserved—
For the selfish strain in my blood prevailed
As soon as my turn was served.
And the memory haunts my heart with shame—
Or, rather, the pride that's there ;
In different guises, but soul the same,
I meet him everywhere.

I had a chum. When the times were tight
We starved in Australian scrubs ;
We froze together in parks at night,
And laughed together in pubs.
And I often hear a laugh like his
From a sense of humour keen,
And catch a glimpse in a passing phiz
Of his broad, good-humoured grin.

And I had a love—'twas a love to prize—
But I never went back again . . .
I have seen the light of her kind brown eyes
In many a face since then.

.

The sailors say 'twill be rough to-night,
As they fasten the hatches down,
The south is black, and the bar is white,
And the drifting smoke is brown.
The gold has gone from the western haze,
The sea-birds circle and swarm—
But we shall have plenty of sunny days,
And little enough of storm.

The hill is hiding the short black pier,
As the last white signal's seen ;
The points run in, and the houses veer,
And the great bluff stands between.
So darkness swallows each far white speck
On many a wharf and quay.
The night comes down on a restless deck,—
Grim cliffs—and—The Open Sea !

SWEENEY

It was somewhere in September, and the sun was
going down,
When I came, in search of 'copy,' to a Darling-River
town ;
'Come-and-have-a-drink' we'll call it—'tis a fitting
name, I think—
And 'twas raining, for a wonder, up at Come-and-
have-a-drink.

'Neath the public-house verandah I was resting on a
bunk
When a stranger rose before me, and he said that he
was drunk ;
He apologised for speaking ; there was no offence, he
swore ;
But he somehow seemed to fancy that he'd seen my
face before.

'No erfence,' he said. I told him that he needn't
mention it,

For I might have met him somewhere ; I had travelled
round a bit,

And I knew a lot of fellows in the bush and in the
streets—

But a fellow can't remember all the fellows that he
meets.

Very old and thin and dirty were the garments that
he wore,

Just a shirt and pair of trousers, and a boot, and
nothing more ;

He was wringing-wet, and really in a sad and sinful
plight,

And his hat was in his left hand, and a bottle in his
right.

His brow was broad and roomy, but its lines were
somewhat harsh,

And a sensual mouth was hidden by a drooping, fair
moustache ;

(His hairy chest was open to what poets call the
'wined,'

And I would have bet a thousand that his pants were
gone behind).

He agreed: 'Yer can't remember all the chaps yer
chance to meet,'

And he said his name was Sweeney—people lived in
Sussex-street.

He was campin' in a stable, but he swore that he was
right,

'Only for the blanky horses walkin' over him all
night.'

He'd apparently been fighting, for his face was black-
and-blue,

And he looked as though the horses had been treading
on him, too;

But an honest, genial twinkle in the eye that wasn't
hurt

Seemed to hint of something better, spite of drink
and rags and dirt.

It appeared that he mistook me for a long-lost mate
of his—

One of whom I was the image, both in figure and in
phiz—

(He'd have had a letter from him if the chap were
living still,

For they'd carried swags together from the Gulf to
Broken Hill.)

Sweeney yarned awhile and hinted that his folks were
doing well,
And he told me that his father kept the Southern
Cross Hotel ;
And I wondered if his absence was regarded as a
loss
When he left the elder Sweeney—landlord of the
Southern Cross.

He was born in Parramatta, and he said, with humour
grim,
That he'd like to see the city ere the liquor finished
him,
But he couldn't raise the money. He was damned if
he could think
What the Government was doing. Here he offered
me a drink.

I declined—'twas self-denial—and I lectured him on
booze,
Using all the hackneyed arguments that preachers
mostly use ;
Things I'd heard in temperance lectures (I was young
and rather green),
And I ended by referring to the man he might have
been.

Then a wise expression struggled with the bruises on
his face,

Though his argument had scarcely any bearing on the
case :

‘ What’s the good o’ keepin’ sober ? Fellers rise and
fellers fall ;

‘ What I might have been and wasn’t doesn’t trouble
me at all.’

But he couldn’t stay to argue, for his beer was nearly
gone.

He was glad, he said, to meet me, and he’d see me
later on ;

He guessed he’d have to go and get his bottle filled
again,

And he gave a lurch and vanished in the darkness
and the rain.

.

And of afternoons in cities, when the rain is on the
land,

Visions come to me of Sweeney with his bottle in his
hand,

With the stormy night behind him, and the pub
verandah-post—

And I wonder why he haunts me more than any
other ghost.

Still I see the shearers drinking at the township in
the scrub,

And the army praying nightly at the door of every
pub,

And the girls who flirt and giggle with the bushmen
from the west—

But the memory of Sweeney overshadows all the rest.

Well, perhaps, it isn't funny; there were links between
us two—

He had memories of cities, he had been a jackeroo;

And, perhaps, his face forewarned me of a face that I
might see

From a bitter cup reflected in the wretched days
to be.

.

I suppose he's tramping somewhere where the bush-
men carry swags,

Cadging round the wretched stations with his empty
tucker-bags;

And I fancy that of evenings, when the track is
growing dim,

What he 'might have been and wasn't' comes along
and troubles him.

MIDDLETON'S ROUSEABOUT

TALL and freckled and sandy,
Face of a country lout ;
This was the picture of Andy,
Middleton's Rouseabout.

Type of a coming nation,
In the land of cattle and sheep,
Worked on Middleton's station,
' Pound a week and his keep.'

On Middleton's wide dominions
Plied the stockwhip and shears ;
Hadn't any opinions,
Hadn't any 'idears.'

Swiftly the years went over,
Liquor and drought prevailed ;
Middleton went as a drover,
After his station had failed.

Type of a careless nation,
Men who are soon played out,
Middleton was :—and his station
Was bought by the Rouseabout.

Flourishing beard and sandy,
Tall and robust and stout ;
This is the picture of Andy,
Middleton's Rouseabout.

Now on his own dominions
Works with his overseers ;
Hasn't any opinions,
Hasn't any 'idears.'

THE BALLAD OF THE DROVER

Across the stony ridges,
 Across the rolling plain,
Young Harry Dale, the drover,
 Comes riding home again.
And well his stock-horse bears him,
 And light of heart is he,
And stoutly his old pack-horse
 Is trotting by his knee.

Up Queensland way with cattle
 He travelled regions vast ;
And many months have vanished
 Since home-folk saw him last.
He hums a song of someone
 He hopes to marry soon ;
And hobble-chains and camp-ware
 Keep jingling to the tune.

Beyond the hazy dado
 Against the lower skies
And yon blue line of ranges
 The homestead station lies.
And thitherward the drover
 Jogs through the lazy noon,
While hobble-chains and camp-ware
 Are jingling to a tune.

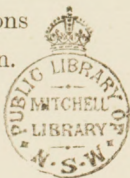
An hour has filled the heavens
 With storm-clouds inky black ;
At times the lightning trickles
 Around the drover's track ;
But Harry pushes onward,
 His horses' strength he tries,
In hope to reach the river
 Before the flood shall rise.

The thunder from above him
 Goes rolling o'er the plain ;
And down on thirsty pastures
 In torrents falls the rain.
And every creek and gully
 Sends forth its little flood,
Till the river runs a banker,
 All stained with yellow mud.

Now Harry speaks to Rover,
The best dog on the plains,
And to his hardy horses,
And strokes their shaggy manes ;
'We've breasted bigger rivers
'When floods were at their height
'Nor shall this gutter stop us
'From getting home to-night !'

The thunder growls a warning,
The ghastly lightnings gleam,
As the drover turns his horses
To swim the fatal stream.
But, oh ! the flood runs stronger
Than e'er it ran before ;
The saddle-horse is failing,
And only half-way o'er !

When flashes next the lightning,
The flood's grey breast is blank,
And a cattle dog and pack-horse
Are struggling up the bank.
But in the lonely homestead
The girl will wait in vain—
He'll never pass the stations
In charge of stock again.



The faithful dog a moment
Sits panting on the bank,
And then swims through the current
To where his master sank.
And round and round in circles
He fights with failing strength,
Till, borne down by the waters,
The old dog sinks at length.

Across the flooded lowlands
And slopes of sodden loam
The pack-horse struggles onward,
To take dumb tidings home.
And mud-stained, wet, and weary,
Through ranges dark goes he ;
While hobble-chains and tinware
Are sounding eerily.

The floods are in the ocean,
The stream is clear again,
And now a verdant carpet
Is stretched across the plain.
But someone's eyes are saddened,
And someone's heart still bleeds
In sorrow for the drover
Who sleeps among the reeds.

TAKING HIS CHANCE

THEY stood by the door of the Inn on the Rise ;
May Carney looked up in the bushranger's eyes :
' Oh ! why did you come ?—it was mad of you, Jack ;
' You know that the troopers are out on your track.'
A laugh and a shake of his obstinate head—
' I wanted a dance, and I'll chance it,' he said.

Some twenty-odd bushmen had come to the 'ball,'
But Jack from his youth had been known to them all,
And bushmen are soft where a woman is fair,
So the love of May Carney protected him there ;
And all the short evening—it seems like romance—
She danced with a bushranger taking his chance.

'Twas midnight—the dancers stood suddenly still,
For hoofs had been heard on the side of the hill !
Ben Duggan, the drover, along the hillside
Came riding as only a bushman can ride.
He sprang from his horse, to the shanty he sped—
' The troopers are down in the gully !' he said.

Quite close to the homestead the troopers were seen.
‘Clear out and ride hard for the ranges, Jack Dean!
‘Be quick!’ said May Carney—her hand on her
heart—
‘We’ll bluff them awhile, and ’twill give you a start.’
He lingered a moment—to kiss her, of course—
Then ran to the trees where he’d hobbled his horse.

She ran to the gate, and the troopers were there—
The jingle of hobbles came faint on the air—
Then loudly she screamed: it was only to drown
The treacherous clatter of slip-rails let down.
But troopers are sharp, and she saw at a glance
That someone was taking a desperate chance.

They chased, and they shouted, ‘Surrender, Jack Dean!
They called him three times in the name of the Queen.
Then came from the darkness the clicking of locks;
The crack of the rifles was heard in the rocks!
A shriek and a shout, and a rush of pale men—
And there lay the bushranger, chancing it then.

The sergeant dismounted and knelt on the sod—
'Your bushranging's over—make peace, Jack, with
God!'

The bushranger laughed—not a word he replied,
But turned to the girl who knelt down by his side.
He gazed in her eyes as she lifted his head :
'Just kiss me—my girl—and—I'll—chance it,' he said.

WHEN THE 'ARMY' PRAYS FOR WATTY

WHEN the kindly hours of darkness, save for light of
moon and star,
Hide the picture on the signboard over Doughty's
Horse Bazaar ;
When the last rose-tint is fading on the distant
mulga scrub,
Then the Army prays for Watty at the entrance of
his pub.

Now, I often sit at Watty's when the night is very
near,
With a head that's full of jingles and the fumes of
bottled beer,
For I always have a fancy that, if I am over there
When the Army prays for Watty, I'm included in
the prayer.

Watty lounges in his arm-chair, in its old accustomed
place,

With a fatherly expression on his round and passive
face ;

And his arms are clasped before him in a calm, con-
tented way,

And he nods his head and dozes when he hears the
Army pray.

And I wonder does he ponder on the distant years
and dim,

Or his chances over yonder, when the Army prays for
him ?

Has he not a fear connected with the warm place
down below,

Where, according to good Christians, all the publicans
should go ?

But his features give no token of a feeling in his
breast,

Save of peace that is unbroken and a conscience well
at rest ;

And we guzzle as we guzzled long before the Army
came,

And the loafers wait for 'shouters' and—they get
there just the same.

It would take a lot of praying—lots of thumping on
the drum—

To prepare our sinful, straying, erring souls for
Kingdom Come ;

But I love my fellow-sinners, and I hope, upon the
whole,

That the Army gets a hearing when it prays for
Watty's soul.

THE WRECK OF THE 'DERRY CASTLE'

DAY of ending for beginnings !
Ocean hath another innings,
 Ocean hath another score ;
And the surges sing his winnings,
And the surges shout his winnings,
And the surges shriek his winnings,
 All along the sullen shore.

Sing another dirge in wailing,
For another vessel sailing
 With the shadow-ships at sea ;
Shadow-ships for ever sinking—
Shadow-ships whose pumps are clinking,
And whose thirsty holds are drinking
 Pledges to Eternity.

Pray for souls of ghastly, sodden
Corpses, floating round untrodden
 Cliffs, where nought but sea-drift strays ;

Souls of dead men, in whose faces
 Of humanity no trace is—
 Not a mark to show their races—
 Floating round for days and days.

.

Ocean's salty tongues are licking
 Round the faces of the drowned,
 And a cruel blade seems sticking
 Through my heart, and turning round.

Heaven ! shall *his* ghastly, sodden
 Corpse float round for days and days ?
 Shall it dash 'neath cliffs untrodden,
 Rocks where nought but sea-drift strays ?

God in heaven ! hide the floating,
 Falling, rising, face from me ;
 God in heaven ! stay the gloating,
 Mocking singing of the sea !

BEN DUGGAN

JACK DENVER died on Talbragar when Christmas Eve
began,

And there was sorrow round the place, for Denver
was a man ;

Jack Denver's wife bowed down her head—her
daughter's grief was wild,

And big Ben Duggan by the bed stood sobbing like
a child.

But big Ben Duggan saddled up, and galloped fast
and far,

To raise the longest funeral ever seen on Talbragar.

By station home

And shearing shed

Ben Duggan cried, 'Jack Denver's dead !

'Roll up at Talbragar !'

He borrowed horses here and there, and rode all
Christmas Eve,

And scarcely paused a moment's time the mournful
news to leave ;

He rode by lonely huts and farms, and when the day
was done

He turned his panting horse's head and rode to Ross's
Run.

No bushman in a single day had ridden half so far
Since Johnson brought the doctor to his wife at Tal-
bragar.

By diggers' camps

Ben Duggan sped—

At each he cried, 'Jack Denver's dead !

'Roll up at Talbragar !'

That night he passed the humpies of the splitters on
the ridge,

And roused the bullock-drivers camped at Belin-
fante's Bridge ;

And as he climbed the ridge again the moon shone on
the rise ;

The soft white moonbeams glistened in the tears that
filled his eyes ;

He dashed the rebel drops away—for blinding things
they are—

But 'twas his best and truest friend who died on
Talbragar.

At Blackman's Run
Before the dawn,
Ben Duggan cried, 'Poor Denver's gone!
'Roll up at Talbragar!'

At all the shanties round the place they'd heard his
horse's tramp,
He took the track to Wilson's Luck, and told the
diggers' camp;
But in the gorge by Deadman's Gap the mountain
shades were black,
And there a newly-fallen tree was lying on the
track—
He saw too late, and then he heard the swift hoof's
sudden jar,
And big Ben Duggan ne'er again rode home to Tal-
bragar.

'The wretch is drunk,
'And Denver's dead—
'A burning shame!' the people said
Next day at Talbragar.

For thirty miles round Talbragar the boys rolled up
in strength,
And Denver had a funeral a good long mile in
length ;
Round Denver's grave that Christmas day rough
bushmen's eyes were dim—
The western bushmen knew the way to bury dead
like him ;
But some returning homeward found, by light of
moon and star,
Ben Duggan dying in the rocks, five miles from Tal-
bragar.

They knelt around,
He raised his head
And faintly gasped, 'Jack Denver's dead,
' Roll up at Talbragar !'

But one short hour before he died he woke to under-
stand,
They told him, when he asked them, that the funeral
was ' grand ;'
And then there came into his eyes a strange victorious
light,
He smiled on them in triumph, and his great soul took
its flight.

And still the careless bushmen tell by tent and shanty
bar

How Duggan raised a funeral years back on Talbragar.

And far and wide
When Duggan died,
The bushmen of the western side
Rode in to Talbragar.

THE STAR OF AUSTRALASIA

WE boast no more of our bloodless flag, that rose from
a nation's slime ;

Better a shred of a deep-dyed rag from the storms of
the olden time.

From grander clouds in our 'peaceful skies' than
ever were there before

I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid
clouds of war.

It ever must be while blood is warm and the sons of
men increase ;

For ever the nations rose in storm, to rot in a deadly
peace.

There comes a point that we will not yield, no matter
if right or wrong,

And man will fight on the battle-field while passion
and pride are strong—

So long as he will not kiss the rod, and his stubborn
spirit sours,
And the scorn of Nature and curse of God are heavy
on peace like ours.

.

There are boys out there by the western creeks, who
hurry away from school
To climb the sides of the breezy peaks or dive in the
shaded pool,
Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains quake
to the tread of a mighty war,
And fight for Right or a Grand Mistake as men
never fought before ;
When the peaks are scarred and the sea-walls crack
till the furthest hills vibrate,
And the world for a while goes rolling back in a
storm of love and hate.

.

There are boys to-day in the city slum and the home
of wealth and pride
Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and
fight for it side by side,

Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that
batter a coastal town,
Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls come
crashing down.
And many a pink-white baby girl, the queen of her
home to-day,
Shall see the wings of the tempest whirl the mist of
our dawn away—
Shall live to shudder and stop her ears to the thud of
the distant gun,
And know the sorrow that has no tears when a battle
is lost and won,—
As a mother or wife in the years to come, will kneel,
wild-eyed and white,
And pray to God in her darkened home for the 'men
in the fort to-night.'

.

But, oh ! if the cavalry charge again as they did when
the world was wide,
Twill be grand in the ranks of a thousand men in that
glorious race to ride
And strike for all that is true and strong, for all
that is grand and brave,

And all that ever shall be, so long as man has a soul
to save.

He must lift the saddle, and close his 'wings,' and
shut his angels out,

And steel his heart for the end of things, who'd ride
with a stockman scout,

When the race they ride on the battle track, and the
waning distance hums,

And the shelled sky shrieks or the rifles crack like
stockwhip amongst the gums—

And the 'straight' is reached and the field is 'gapped'
and the hoof-torn sward grows red

With the blood of those who are handicapped with
iron and steel and lead ;

And the gaps are filled, though unseen by eyes, with
the spirit and with the shades

Of the world-wide rebel dead who'll rise and rush
with the Bush Brigades.

.

All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give
every class its due—

And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride of
the jackeroo.

They'll fight for honour and fight for love, and a few
will fight for gold,
For the devil below and for God above, as our fathers
fought of old ;
And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some
stiff-lipped, stern-eyed,
For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old
eternal pride ;
The soul of the world they will feel and see in the
chase and the grim retreat—
They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur
of defeat.

The South will wake to a mighty change ere a
hundred years are done
With arsenals west of the mountain range and every
spur its gun.
And many a rickety son of a gun, on the tides of the
future tossed,
Will tell how battles were really won that History
says were lost,
Will trace the field with his pipe, and shirk the facts
that are hard to explain,
As grey old mates of the diggings work the old
ground over again—

How 'this was our centre, and this a redoubt, and
that was a scrub in the rear,
'And this was the point where the guards held out,
and the enemy's lines were here.'

They'll tell the tales of the nights before and the tales
of the ship and fort
Till the sons of Australia take to war as their fathers
took to sport,
Their breath come deep and their eyes grow bright at
the tales of our chivalry,
And every boy will want to fight, no matter what
cause it be—
When the children run to the doors and cry: 'Oh,
mother, the troops are come!'
And every heart in the town leaps high at the first
loud thud of the drum.
They'll know, apart from its mystic charm, what
music is at last,
When, proud as a boy with a broken arm, the regiment
marches past.
And the veriest wreck in the drink-fiend's clutch, no
matter how low or mean,
Will feel, when he hears the march, a touch of the
man that he might have been.

And fools, when the fiends of war are out and the
city skies aflame,
Will have something better to talk about than an
absent woman's shame,
Will have something nobler to do by far than jest
at a friend's expense,
Or blacken a name in a public bar or over a back-
yard fence.
And this you learn from the libelled past, though its
methods were somewhat rude—
A nation's born where the shells fall fast, or its lease
of life renewed.
We in part atone for the ghoulish strife, and the crimes
of the peace we boast,
And the better part of a people's life in the storm
comes uppermost.

The self-same spirit that drives the man to the depths
of drink and crime
Will do the deeds in the heroes' van that live till the
end of time.
The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of the
selfish town,
And even the creed of the outlawed push is chivalry—
upside down.

'Twill be while ever our blood is hot, while ever the
world goes wrong,
The nations rise in a war, to rot in a peace that lasts
too long.
And southern nation and southern state, aroused
from their dream of ease,
Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their stormy
histories.

THE GREAT GREY PLAIN

OUT West, where the stars are brightest,
Where the scorching north wind blows,
And the bones of the dead gleam whitest,
And the sun on a desert glows—
Yet within the selfish kingdom
Where man starves man for gain,
Where white men tramp for existence—
Wide lies the Great Grey Plain.

No break in its awful horizon,
No blur in the dazzling haze,
Save where by the bordering timber
The fierce, white heat-waves blaze,
And out where the tank-heap rises
Or looms when the sunlights wane,
Till it seems like a distant mountain
Low down on the Great Grey Plain.

No sign of a stream or fountain,
No spring on its dry, hot breast,
No shade from the blazing noontide
Where a weary man might rest.
Whole years go by when the glowing
Sky never clouds for rain—
Only the shrubs of the desert
Grow on the Great Grey Plain.

From the camp, while the rich man's dreaming,
Come the 'traveller' and his mate,
In the ghastly dawnlight seeming
Like a swagman's ghost out late ;
And the horseman blurs in the distance,
While still the stars remain,
A low, faint dust-cloud haunting
His track on the Great Grey Plain.

And all day long from before them
The mirage smokes away—
That daylight ghost of an ocean
Creeps close behind all day
With an evil, snake-like motion,
As the waves of a madman's brain :
'Tis a phantom *not* like water
Out there on the Great Grey Plain.

There's a run on the Western limit
Where a man lives like a beast,
And a shanty in the mulga
That stretches to the East ;
And the hopeless men who carry
Their swags and tramp in pain—
The footmen must not tarry
Out there on the Great Grey Plain.

Out West, where the stars are brightest,
Where the scorching north wind blows,
And the bones of the dead seem whitest,
And the sun on a desert glows—
Out back in the hungry distance
That brave hearts dare in vain—
Where beggars tramp for existence—
There lies the Great Grey Plain.

'Tis a desert not more barren
Than the Great Grey Plain of years,
Where a fierce fire burns the hearts of men—
Dries up the fount of tears :
Where the victims of a greed insane
Are crushed in a hell-born strife—
Where the souls of a race are murdered
On the Great Grey Plain of Life !

THE SONG OF OLD JOE SWALLOW

WHEN I was up the country in the rough and early
days,

I used to work along ov Jimmy Nowlett's bullick-
drays ;

Then the reelroad wasn't heered on, an' the bush was
wild an' strange,

An' we useter draw the timber from the saw-pits in
the range—

Load provisions for the stations, an' we'd travel far
and slow

Through the plains an' 'cross the ranges in the days
of long ago.

Then it's yoke up the bullicks and tramp be-
side 'em slow,

An' saddle up yer horses an' a-ridin' we will
go,

To the bullick-drivin', cattle-drovin',

Nigger, digger, roarin', rovin'

Days o' long ago.

Once me and Jimmy Nowlett loaded timber for the
town,
But we hadn't gone a dozen mile before the rain
come down,
An' me an' Jimmy Nowlett an' the bullicks an' the
dray
Was cut off on some risin' ground while floods around
us lay ;
An' we soon run short of tucker an' terbacca, which
was bad,
An' pertaters dipped in honey was the only tuck we
had.

An' half our bullicks perished when the drought was
on the land,
An' the burnin' heat that dazzles as it dances on the
sand ;
When the sun-baked clay an' gravel paves for miles
the burnin' creeks,
An' at ev'ry step yer travel there a rottin' carcass
reeks—
But we pulled ourselves together, for we never used
ter know
What a feather bed was good for in those days o'
long ago.

But in spite ov barren ridges an' in spite ov mud an'
heat,

An' dust that browned the bushes when it rose from
bullicks' feet,

An' in spite ov cold and chilblains when the bush was
white with frost,

An' in spite of muddy water where the burnin' plain
was crossed,

An' in spite of modern progress, and in spite of all
their blow,

'Twas a better land to live in, in the days o' long ago.

When the frosty moon was shinin' o'er the ranges like
a lamp,

An' a lot of bullick-drivers was a-campin' on the
camp,

When the fire was blazin' cheery an' the pipes was
drawin' well,

Then our songs we useter chorus an' our yarns we
useter tell ;

An' we'd talk ov lands we come from, and ov chaps
we useter know,

For there always was behind us *other* days o' long
ago.

Ah, them early days was ended when the reelroad
 crossed the plain,
 But in dreams I often tramp beside the bullick-team
 again :
 Still we pauses at the shanty just to have a drop er
 cheer,
 Still I feels a kind ov pleasure when the campin'-
 ground is near ;
 Still I smells the old tarpaulin me an' Jimmy useter
 throw
 O'er the timber-truck for shelter in the days ov long
 ago.

I have been a-driftin' back'ards with the changes ov
 the land,
 An' if I spoke ter bullicks now they wouldn't under-
 stand,
 But when Mary wakes me sudden in the night I'll
 often say :
 'Come here, Spot, an' stan' up, Bally, blank an' blank
 an' come-eer-way.'
 An' she says that, when I'm sleepin', oft my elerquince
 'ill flow
 In the bullick-drivin' language ov the days o' long
 ago.

Well, the pub will soon be closin', so I'll give the thing
a rest ;

But if you should drop on Nowlett in the far an'
distant west—

An' if Jimmy uses doubleyou instead of ar an' vee,
An' if he drops his aitches, then you're sure to know
it's he.

An' yer won't forgit to arsk him if he still remembers
Joe

As knowed him up the country in the days o' long
ago.

Then it's yoke up the bullicks and tramp be-
side 'em slow,

An' saddle up yer horses an' a-ridin' we will
go,

To the bullick-drivin', cattle-drovin',

Nigger, digger, roarin', rovin'

Days o' long ago.

CORNY BILL

His old clay pipe stuck in his mouth,
His hat pushed from his brow,
His dress best fitted for the South—
I think I see him now ;
And when the city streets are still,
And sleep upon me comes,
I often dream that me an' Bill
Are humpin' of our drums.

I mind the time when first I came
A stranger to the land ;
And I was stumped, an' sick, an' lame
When Bill took me in hand.
Old Bill was what a chap would call
A friend in poverty,
And he was very kind to all,
And very good to me.

We'd camp beneath the lonely trees
And sit beside the blaze,
A-nursin' of our wearied knees,
A-smokin' of our clays.
Or when we'd journeyed damp an' far,
An' clouds were in the skies,
We'd camp in some old shanty bar,
And sit a-tellin' lies.

Though time had writ upon his brow
And rubbed away his curls,
He always was—an' may be now—
A favourite with the girls ;
I've heard bush-wimmin scream an' squall—
I've see'd 'em laugh until
They could not do their work at all,
Because of Corny Bill.

He was the jolliest old pup
As ever you did see,
And often at some bush kick-up
They'd make old Bill M.C.
He'd make them dance and sing all night,
He'd make the music hum,
But he'd be gone at mornin' light
A-humpin' of his drum.

Though joys of which the poet rhymes
Was not for Bill an' me,
I think we had some good old times
Out on the wallaby.
I took a wife and left off rum,
An' camped beneath a roof ;
But Bill preferred to hump his drum
A-paddin' of the hoof.

The lazy, idle loafers what
In toney houses camp
Would call old Bill a drunken sot,
A loafer, or a tramp ;
But if the dead should ever dance—
As poets say they will—
I think I'd rather take my chance
Along of Corný Bill.

His long life's-day is nearly o'er,
Its shades begin to fall ;
He soon must mount his bluey for
The last long tramp of all ;
I trust that when, in bush an' town,
He's lived and learnt his fill,
They'll let the golden slip-rails down
For poor old Corný Bill.

LAKE ELIZA

(Commonly pronounced 'Elizar')

THE sand was heavy on our feet,
A Christmas sky was o'er us,
And half-a-mile through dust and heat
Lake 'Liza lay before us.
'You'll have a long and heavy tramp'—
So said the last adviser—
'You can't do better than to camp
'To-night at Lake Eliza.'

We quite forgot our aching shanks,
A cheerful spirit caught us ;
We thought of green and shady banks,
We thought of pleasant waters.
'Neath sky as niggard of its rain
As of his gold the miser,
By mulga scrub and lignum plain
We tramped to Lake Eliza.

A patch of grey discoloured sand,
A fringe of tufty grasses,
A lonely pub in mulga scrub
Is all the stranger passes.
He'd pass the Lake a dozen times
And yet be none the wiser ;
I hope that I shall never be
As dry as Lake Eliza.

No patch of green nor water seen
To cheer the weary plodder ;
The grass is tough as fencing-wire,
And just as good for fodder.
And when I see it mentioned in
Some local ADVERTISER,
'Twill make me curse, or make me grin—
The name of 'Lake Eliza.'

UP THE COUNTRY

I am back from up the country—very sorry that I
went—

Seeking for the Southern poets' land whereon to pitch
my tent ;

I have lost a lot of idols, which were broken on the
track,

Burnt a lot of fancy verses, and I'm glad that I am
back.

Further out may be the pleasant scenes of which our
poets boast,

But I think the country's rather more inviting round
the coast.

Anyway, I'll stay at present at a boarding-house in
town,

Drinking beer and lemon-squashes, taking baths and
cooling down.

'Sunny plains!' Great Scott!—those burning wastes
of barren soil and sand

With their everlasting fences stretching out across
the land!

Desolation where the crow is! Desert where the
eagle flies,

Paddocks where the lunny bullock starts and stares
with reddened eyes;

Where, in clouds of dust enveloped, roasted bullock-
drivers creep

Slowly past the sun-dried shepherd dragged behind
his crawling sheep.

Stunted peak of granite gleaming, glaring like a
molten mass

Turned from some infernal furnace on a plain devoid
of grass.

Miles and miles of thirsty gutters—strings of muddy
water-holes

In the place of 'shining rivers'—'walled by cliffs and
forest boles.'

Barren ridges, gullies, ridges! where the ever-
madd'ning flies—

Fiercer than the plagues of Egypt—swarm about your
blighted eyes!

Bush! where there is no horizon! where the buried
bushman sees

Nothing—Nothing! but the sameness of the ragged,
stunted trees!

Lonely hut where drought's eternal, suffocating
atmosphere

Where the God-forgotten hatter dreams of city life
and beer.

Treacherous tracks that trap the stranger, endless
roads that gleam and glare,

Dark and evil-looking gullies, hiding secrets here
and there!

Dull dumb flats and stony rises, where the toiling
bullocks bake,

And the sinister 'gohanna,' and the lizard, and the
snake.

Land of day and night—no morning freshness, and
no afternoon,

When the great white sun in rising bringeth summer
heat in June.

Dismal country for the exile, when the shades begin
to fall

From the sad heart-breaking sunset, to the new-
chum worst of all.

Dreary land in rainy weather, with the endless clouds
that drift

O'er the bushman like a blanket that the Lord will
never lift—

Dismal land when it is raining—growl of floods, and,
oh! the woosh

Of the rain and wind together on the dark bed of the
bush—

Ghastly fires in lonely humpies where the granite
rocks are piled

In the rain-swept wildernesses that are wildest of the
wild.

Land where gaunt and haggard women live alone
and work like men,

Till their husbands, gone a-droving, will return to
them again :

Homes of men! if home had ever such a God-
forgotten place,

Where the wild selector's children fly before a
stranger's face.

Home of tragedy applauded by the dingoes' dismal
yell,

Heaven of the shanty-keeper—fitting fiend for such a
hell—

And the wallaroos and wombats, and, of course, the
curlew's call—

And the lone sundowner tramping ever onward
through it all!

I am back from up the country, up the country
where I went

Seeking for the Southern poets' land whereon to pitch
my tent;

I have shattered many idols out along the dusty
track,

Burnt a lot of fancy verses—and I'm glad that I am
back.

I believe the Southern poets' dream will not be
realised

Till the plains are irrigated and the land is
humanised.

I intend to stay at present, as I said before, in
town

Drinking beer and lemon-squashes, taking baths and
cooling down.

KNOCKED UP

I'm lyin' on the barren ground that's baked and
cracked with drought,
And dunno if my legs or back or heart is most wore
out ;
I've got no spirits left to rise and smooth me achin'
brow—
I'm too knocked up to light a fire and bile the billy
now.

*Oh it's trampin', trampin', tra-a-mpin', in flies an' dust
an' heat,
Or it's trampin' trampin' tra-a-a-mpin' through mud and
slush 'n sleet ;
It's tramp an' tramp for tucker—one everlastin' strife,
An' wearin' out yer boots an' heart in the wastin' of yer
life.*

They whine o' lost an' wasted lives in idleness and
crime—

I've wasted mine for twenty years, and grafted all the
time

And never drunk the stuff I earned, nor gambled
when I shore—

But somehow when yer on the track yer life seems
wasted more.

A long dry stretch of thirty miles I've tramped this
broilin' day,

All for the off-chance of a job a hundred miles away ;
There's twenty hungry beggars wild for any job this
year,

An' fifty might be at the shed while I am lyin' here.

The sinews in my legs seem drawn, red-hot—'n that's
the truth ;

I seem to weigh a ton, and ache like one tremendous
tooth ;

I'm stung between my shoulder-blades—my blessed
back seems broke ;

I'm too knocked out to eat a bite—I'm too knocked
up to smoke.

The blessed rain is comin' too—there's oceans in the
sky,

An' I suppose I must get up and rig the blessed fly ;
The heat is bad, the water's bad, the flies a crimson
curse,

The grub is bad, mosquitoes damned—but rheuma-
tism's worse.

I wonder why poor blokes like me will stick so fast
ter breath,

Though Shakespeare says it is the fear of somethin'
after death ;

But though Eternity be cursed with God's almighty
curse—

What ever that same somethin' is I swear it can't be
worse.

*For it's trampin', trampin', tra-a-mpin' thro' hell across
the plain,*

*And it's trampin' trampin' tra-a-mpin' thro' slush 'n
mud 'n rain—*

*A livin' worse than any dog—without a home 'n wife,
A-wearin' out yer heart 'n soul in the wastin' of yer life.*

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

ABOVE the ashes straight and tall,
Through ferns with moisture dripping,
I climb beneath the sandstone wall,
My feet on mosses slipping.

Like ramparts round the valley's edge
The tinted cliffs are standing,
With many a broken wall and ledge,
And many a rocky landing.

And round about their rugged feet
Deep ferny dells are hidden
In shadowed depths, whence dust and heat
Are banished and forbidden.

The stream that, crooning to itself,
Comes down a tireless rover,
Flows calmly to the rocky shelf,
And there leaps bravely over.

Now pouring down, now lost in spray
 When mountain breezes sally,
The water strikes the rock midway,
 And leaps into the valley.

Now in the west the colours change,
 The blue with crimson blending ;
Behind the far Dividing Range,
 The sun is fast descending.

And mellowed day comes o'er the place,
 And softens ragged edges ;
The rising moon's great placid face
 Looks gravely o'er the ledges.

THE CITY BUSHMAN

It was pleasant up the country, City Bushman, where
you went,
For you sought the greener patches and you travelled
like a gent ;
And you curse the trams and buses and the turmoil
and the push,
Though you know the squalid city needn't keep you
from the bush ;
But we lately heard you singing of the ' plains where
shade is not,'
And you mentioned it was dusty—'all was dry and
all was hot.'
True, the bush 'hath moods and changes'—and the
bushman hath 'em, too,
For he's not a poet's dummy—he's a man, the same
as you ;

But his back is growing rounder—slaving for the
absentee—

And his toiling wife is thinner than a country wife
should be.

For we noticed that the faces of the folks we chanced
to meet

Should have made a greater contrast to the faces in
the street ;

And, in short, we think the bushman's being driven
to the wall,

And it's doubtful if his spirit will be 'loyal thro' it
all.'

Though the bush has been romantic and it's nice to
sing about,

There's a lot of patriotism that the land could do
without—

Sort of BRITISH WORKMAN nonsense that shall perish
in the scorn

Of the drover who is driven and the shearer who is
shorn,

Of the struggling western farmers who have little
time for rest,

And are ruined on selections in the sheep-infested
West ;

Droving songs are very pretty, but they merit little
thanks

From the people of a country in possession of the
Banks.

And the 'rise and fall of seasons' suits the rise and
fall of rhyme,

But we know that western seasons do not run on
schedule time ;

For the drought will go on drying while there's any-
thing to dry,

Then it rains until you'd fancy it would bleach the
sunny sky—

Then it pelters out of reason, for the downpour day
and night

Nearly sweeps the population to the Great Australian
Bight.

It is up in Northern Queensland that the seasons do
their best,

But it's doubtful if you ever saw a season in the West ;
There are years without an autumn or a winter or a
spring,

There are broiling Junes, and summers when it rains
like anything.

In the bush my ears were opened to the singing of
the bird,

But the 'carol of the magpie' was a thing I never
heard.

Once the beggar roused my slumbers in a shanty, it
is true,

But I only heard him asking, 'Who the blanky blank
are you?'

And the bell-bird in the ranges—but his 'silver
chime' is harsh

When it's heard beside the solo of the curlew in the
marsh.

Yes, I heard the shearers singing 'William Riley,'
out of tune,

Saw 'em fighting round a shanty on a Sunday after-
noon,

But the bushman isn't always 'trapping brumbies in
the night,'

Nor is he for ever riding when 'the morn is fresh and
bright,'

And he isn't always singing in the humpies on the
run—

And the camp-fire's 'cheery blazes' are a trifle over-
done ;

We have grumbled with the bushmen round the fire
on rainy days,

When the smoke would blind a bullock and there
wasn't any blaze,

Save the blazes of our language, for we cursed the
fire in turn

Till the atmosphere was heated and the wood began
to burn.

Then we had to wring our blueys which were rotting
in the swags,

And we saw the sugar leaking through the bottoms of
the bags,

And we couldn't raise a chorus, for the toothache
and the cramp,

While we spent the hours of darkness draining
puddles round the camp.

Would you like to change with Clancy—go a-droving?
tell us true,

For we rather think that Clancy would be glad to
change with you,

And be something in the city; but 'twould give your
muse a shock

To be losing time and money through the foot-rot in
the flock,



And you wouldn't mind the beauties underneath the
starry dome

If you had a wife and children and a lot of bills at
home.

Did you ever guard the cattle when the night was
inky-black,

And it rained, and icy water trickled gently down
your back

Till your saddle-weary backbone fell a-aching to the
roots

And you almost felt the croaking of the bull-frog in
your boots—

Sit and shiver in the saddle, curse the restless stock
and cough

Till a squatter's irate dummy cantered up to warn
you off?

Did you fight the drought and pleuro when the
'seasons' were asleep,

Felling sheoaks all the morning for a flock of
starving sheep,

Drinking mud instead of water—climbing trees and
lopping boughs

For the broken-hearted bullocks and the dry and
dusty cows?

Do you think the bush was better in the 'good old
droving days,'

When the squatter ruled supremely as the king of
western ways,

When you got a slip of paper for the little you could
earn,

But were forced to take provisions from the station
in return—

When you couldn't keep a chicken at your humpy on
the run,

For the squatter wouldn't let you—and your work
was never done ;

When you had to leave the missus in a lonely hut
forlorn

While you 'rose up Willy Riley'—in the days ere you
were born ?

Ah ! we read about the drovers and the shearers and
the like

Till we wonder why such happy and romantic fellows
strike.

Don't you fancy that the poets ought to give the bush
a rest

Ere they raise a just rebellion in the over-written
West ?

Where the simple-minded bushman gets a meal and
bed and rum
Just by riding round reporting phantom flocks that
never come ;
Where the scalper—never troubled by the ‘war-
whoop of the push’—
Has a quiet little billet—breeding rabbits in the
bush ;
Where the idle shanty-keeper never fails to make a
draw,
And the dummy gets his tucker through provisions in
the law ;
Where the labour-agitator—when the shearers rise in
might—
Makes his money sacrificing all his substance for The
Right ;
Where the squatter makes his fortune, and ‘the
seasons rise and fall,’
And the poor and honest bushman has to suffer for it
all ;
Where the drovers and the shearers and the bushmen
and the rest
Never reach the Eldorado of the poets of the
West.

And you think the bush is purer and that life is
better there,

But it doesn't seem to pay you like the 'squalid street
and square.'

Pray inform us, City Bushman, where you read, in
prose or verse,

Of the awful 'city urchin who would greet you with
a curse.'

There are golden hearts in gutters, though their owners
lack the fat,

And we'll back a teamster's offspring to outswear a city
brat.

Do you think we're never jolly where the trams and
buses rage?

Did you hear the gods in chorus when 'Ri-tooral'
held the stage?

Did you catch a ring of sorrow in the city urchin's
voice

When he yelled for Billy Elton, when he thumped
the floor for Royce?

Do the bushmen, down on pleasure, miss the ever-
lasting stars

When they drink and flirt and so on in the glow of
private bars?

You've a down on ' trams and buses,' or the ' roar ' of
'em, you said,

And the ' filthy, dirty attic,' where you never toiled
for bread.

(And about that self-same attic—Lord! wherever
have you been?

For the struggling needlewoman mostly keeps her
attic clean.)

But you'll find it very jolly with the cuff-and-collar
push,

And the city seems to suit you, while you rave about
the bush.

You'll admit that Up-the-Country, more especially in
drought,

Isn't quite the Eldorado that the poets rave about,

Yet at times we long to gallop where the reckless
bushman rides

In the wake of startled brumbies that are flying for
their hides ;

Long to feel the saddle tremble once again between
our knees

And to hear the stockwhips rattle just like rifles in
the trees !

Long to feel the bridle-leather tugging strongly in
the hand

And to feel once more a little like a native of the
land.

And the ring of bitter feeling in the jingling of our
rhymes

Isn't suited to the country nor the spirit of the
times.

Let us go together droving, and returning, if we
live,

Try to understand each other while we reckon up the
div.

EURUNDEREE

THERE are scenes in the distance where beauty is not,
On the desolate flats where gaunt appletrees rot.
Where the brooding old ridge rises up to the breeze
From his dark lonely gullies of stringy-bark trees,
There are voice-haunted gaps, ever sullen and strange,
But Eurunderee lies like a gem in the range.

Still I see in my fancy the dark-green and blue
Of the box-covered hills where the five-corners grew ;
And the rugged old sheoaks that sighed in the bend
O'er the lily-decked pools where the dark ridges end,
And the scrub-covered spurs running down from the
Peak

To the deep grassy banks of Eurunderee Creek.

On the knolls where the vineyards and fruit-gardens
are

There's a beauty that even the drought cannot mar ;
For I noticed it oft, in the days that are lost,

As I trod on the siding where lingered the frost,
When the shadows of night from the gullies were
gone
And the hills in the background were flushed by the
dawn.

I was there in late years, but there's many a change
Where the Cudgegong River flows down through the
range,
For the curse of the town with the railroad had come,
And the goldfields were dead. And the girl and the
chum
And the old home were gone, yet the oaks seemed to
speak
Of the hazy old days on Eurunderee Creek.

And I stood by that creek, ere the sunset grew
cold,
When the leaves of the sheoaks are traced on the
gold,
And I thought of old things, and I thought of old
folks,
Till I sighed in my heart to the sigh of the oaks ;
For the years waste away like the waters that leak
Through the pebbles and sand of Eurunderee Creek.

MOUNT BUKAROO

ONLY one old post is standing—
Solid yet, but only one—
Where the milking, and the branding,
And the slaughtering were done.
Later years have brought dejection,
Care, and sorrow ; but we knew
Happy days on that selection
Underneath old Bukaroo.

Then the light of day commencing
Found us at the gully's head,
Splitting timber for the fencing,
Stripping bark to roof the shed.
Hands and hearts the labour strengthened ;
Weariness we never knew,
Even when the shadows lengthened
Round the base of Bukaroo.

There for days below the paddock
How the wilderness would yield
To the spade, and pick, and mattock,
While we toiled to win the field.
Bronzéd hands we used to sully
Till they were of darkest hue,
'Burning off' down in the gully
At the back of Bukaroo.

When we came the baby brother
Left in haste his broken toys,
Shouted to the busy mother :
'Here is dadda and the boys !'
Strange it seems that she was able
For the work that she would do ;
How she'd bustle round the table
In the hut 'neath Bukaroo !

When the cows were safely yarded,
And the calves were in the pen,
All the cares of day discarded,
Closed we round the hut-fire then.
Rang the roof with boyish laughter
While the flames o'er-topped the flue ;
Happy days remembered after—
Far away from Bukaroo.

But the years were full of changes,
And a sorrow found us there ;
For our home amid the ranges
Was not safe from searching Care.
On he came, a silent creeper ;
And another mountain threw
O'er our lives a shadow deeper
Than the shade of Bukaroo.

All the farm is disappearing ;
For the home has vanished now,
Mountain scrub has choked the clearing,
Hid the furrows of the plough.
Nearer still the scrub is creeping
Where the little garden grew ;
And the old folks now are sleeping
At the foot of Bukaroo.

THE FIRE AT ROSS'S FARM

THE squatter saw his pastures wide
Decrease, as one by one
The farmers moving to the west
Selected on his run ;
Selectors took the water up
And all the black soil round ;
The best grass-land the squatter had
Was spoilt by Ross's Ground.

Now many schemes to shift old Ross
Had racked the squatter's brains,
But Sandy had the stubborn blood
Of Scotland in his veins ;
He held the land and fenced it in,
He cleared and ploughed the soil,
And year by year a richer crop
Repaid him for his toil.

Between the homes for many years
The devil left his tracks :
The squatter pounded Ross's stock,
And Sandy pounded Black's.
A well upon the lower run
Was filled with earth and logs,
And Black laid baits about the farm
To poison Ross's dogs.

It was, indeed, a deadly feud
Of class and creed and race ;
But, yet, there was a Romeo
And a Juliet in the case ;
And more than once across the flats,
Beneath the Southern Cross,
Young Robert Black was seen to ride
With pretty Jenny Ross.

One Christmas time, when months of drought
Had parched the western creeks,
The bush-fires started in the north
And travelled south for weeks.
At night along the river-side
The scene was grand and strange—
The hill-fires looked like lighted streets
Of cities in the range.

The cattle-tracks between the trees
Were like long dusky aisles,
And on a sudden breeze the fire
Would sweep along for miles ;
Like sounds of distant musketry
It crackled through the brakes,
And o'er the flat of silver grass
It hissed like angry snakes.

It leapt across the flowing streams
And raced o'er pastures broad ;
It climbed the trees and lit the boughs
And through the scrubs it roared.
The bees fell stifled in the smoke
Or perished in their hives,
And with the stock the kangaroos
Went flying for their lives.

The sun had set on Christmas Eve,
When, through the scrub-lands wide,
Young Robert Black came riding home
As only natives ride.
He galloped to the homestead door
And gave the first alarm :
' The fire is past the granite spur,
' And close to Ross's farm.'

' Now, father, send the men at once,
 'They won't be wanted here ;
' Poor Ross's wheat is all he has
 'To pull him through the year.'
' Then let it burn,' the squatter said ;
 'I'd like to see it done—
' I'd bless the fire if it would clear
 'Selectors from the run.

' Go if you will,' the squatter said,
 ' You shall not take the men—
' Go out and join your precious friends,
 ' And don't come here again.'
' I won't come back,' young Robert cried,
 And, reckless in his ire,
He sharply turned his horse's head
 And galloped towards the fire.

And there, for three long weary hours,
 Half-blind with smoke and heat,
Old Ross and Robert fought the flames
 That neared the ripened wheat.
The farmer's hand was nerved by fears
 Of danger and of loss ;
And Robert fought the stubborn foe
 For the love of Jenny Ross.

But serpent-like the curves and lines
Slipped past them, and between,
Until they reached the bound'ry where
The old coach-road had been.

'The track is now our only hope,
'There we must stand,' cried Ross,
'For nought on earth can stop the fire
'If once it gets across.'

Then came a cruel gust of wind,
And, with a fiendish rush,
The flames leapt o'er the narrow path
And lit the fence of brush.
'The crop must burn!' the farmer cried,
'We cannot save it now,'
And down upon the blackened ground
He dashed the ragged bough.

But wildly, in a rush of hope,
His heart began to beat,
For o'er the crackling fire he heard
The sound of horses' feet.
'Here's help at last,' young Robert cried,
And even as he spoke
The squatter with a dozen men
Came racing through the smoke.

Down on the ground the stockmen jumped
And bared each brawny arm,
They tore green branches from the trees
And fought for Ross's farm ;
And when before the gallant band
The beaten flames gave way,
Two grimy hands in friendship joined—
And it was Christmas Day.

THE TEAMS

A CLOUD of dust on the long white road,
And the teams go creeping on
Inch by inch with the weary load ;
And by the power of the green-hide goad
The distant goal is won.

With eyes half-shut to the blinding dust,
And necks to the yokes bent low,
The beasts are pulling as bullocks must ;
And the shining tires might almost rust
While the spokes are turning slow.

With face half-hid 'neath a broad-brimmed hat
That shades from the heat's white waves,
And shouldered whip with its green-hide plait,
The driver plods with a gait like that
Of his weary, patient slaves.

He wipes his brow, for the day is hot,
And spits to the left with spite ;
He shouts at ' Bally,' and flicks at ' Scot,'
And raises dust from the back of ' Spot,'
And spits to the dusty right.

He'll sometimes pause as a thing of form
In front of a settler's door,
And ask for a drink, and remark ' It's warm,'
Or say ' There's signs of a thunder-storm ;'
But he seldom utters more.

But the rains are heavy on roads like these ;
And, fronting his lonely home,
For weeks together the settler sees
The teams bogged down to the axletrees,
Or ploughing the sodden loam.

And then when the roads are at their worst,
The bushman's children hear
The cruel blows of the whips reversed
While bullocks pull as their hearts would burst,
And bellow with pain and fear.

And thus with little of joy or rest
Are the long, long journeys done ;
And thus—'tis a cruel war at the best—
Is distance fought in the mighty West,
And the lonely battles won.

CAMERON'S HEART

THE diggings were just in their glory when Alister
Cameron came,

With recommendations, he told me, from friends
and a parson 'at hame;'

He read me his recommendations—he called them a
part of his plant—

The first one was signed by an Elder, the other by
Cameron's aunt.

The meenister called him 'ungodly—a stray frae the
fauld o' the Lord,'

And his aunt set him down as a spendthrift, 'a rebel
at hame and abroad.'

He got drunk now and then and he gambled (such
heroes are often the same);

That's all they could say in connection with Alister
Cameron's name.

He was straight and he stuck to his country and
spoke with respect of his kirk ;
He did his full share of the cooking, and more than
his share of the work.
And many a poor devil then, when his strength and
his money were spent,
Was sure of a lecture—and tucker, and a shakedown
in Cameron's tent.

He shunned all the girls in the camp, and they said
he was proof to the dart—
That nothing but whisky and gaming had ever a place
in his heart ;
He carried a packet about him, well hid, but I saw it
at last,
And—well, 'tis a very old story—the story of
Cameron's past :
A ring and a sprig o' white heather, a letter or two
and a curl,
A bit of a worn silver chain, and the portrait of
Cameron's girl.

It chanced in the first of the Sixties that Ally and I
and McKean
Were sinking a shaft on Munderin, near Fosberry's
puddle-machine.
The bucket we used was a big one, and rather a
weight when 'twas full,
Though Alister wound it up easy, for he had the
strength of a bull.
He hinted at heart-disease often, but, setting his
fancy apart,
I always believed there was nothing the matter with
Cameron's heart.

One day I was working below—I was filling the
bucket with clay,
When Alister cried, 'Pack it on, mon! we ought to
be bottomed to-day.'
He wound, and the bucket rose steady and swift to
the surface until
It reached the first log on the top, where it suddenly
stopped, and hung still.
I knew what was up in a moment when Cameron
shouted to me :
'Climb up for your life by the footholes. *I'll stick tae
th' hain'le—or dee!*'

And those were the last words he uttered. He groaned,
for I heard him quite plain—

There's nothing so awful as that when it's wrung
from a workman in pain.

The strength of despair was upon me ; I started, and
scarcely drew breath,

But climbed to the top for my life in the fear of a
terrible death.

And there, with his waist on the handle, I saw the
dead form of my mate,

And over the shaft hung the bucket, suspended by
Cameron's weight.

I wonder did Alister think of the scenes in the dis-
tance so dim,

When Death at the windlass that morning took cruel
advantage of him ?

He knew if the bucket rushed down it would murder
or cripple his mate—

His hand on the iron was closed with a grip that was
stronger than Fate ;

He thought of my danger, not his, when he felt in his
bosom the smart,

And stuck to the handle in spite of the Finger of
Death on his heart.

THE SHAME OF GOING BACK

WHEN you've come to make a fortune and you haven't
made your salt,

And the reason of your failure isn't anybody's fault—

When you haven't got a billet, and the times are very
slack,

There is nothing that can spur you like the shame of
going back ;

Crawling home with empty pockets,

Going back hard-up ;

Oh ! it's then you learn the meaning of humiliation's
cup.

When the place and you are strangers and you
struggle all alone,

And you have a mighty longing for the town where
you are known ;

When your clothes are very shabby and the future's
very black,
There is nothing that can hurt you like the shame of
going back.

When we've fought the battle bravely and are beaten
to the wall,
'Tis the sneers of men, not conscience, that make
cowards of us all ;
And the while you are returning, oh ! your brain is
on the rack,
And your heart is in the shadow of the shame of
going back.

When a beaten man's discovered with a bullet in his
brain,
They *post-mortem* him, and try him, and they say he
was insane ;
But it very often happens that he'd lately got the
sack,
And his onward move was owing to the shame of
going back.

Ah! my friend, you call it nonsense, and your upper
lip is curled,
I can see that you have never worked your passage
through the world ;
But when fortune rounds upon you and the rain is on
the track,
You will learn the bitter meaning of the shame of
going back ;
 Going home with empty pockets,
 Going home hard-up ;
Oh, you'll taste the bitter poison in humiliation's cup.

SINCE THEN

I MET Jack Ellis in town to-day—

Jack Ellis—my old mate, Jack—

Ten years ago, from the Castlereagh,

We carried our swags together away

To the Never-Again, Out Back.

But times have altered since those old days,

And the times have changed the men.

Ah, well! there's little to blame or praise—

Jack Ellis and I have tramped long ways

On different tracks since then.

His hat was battered, his coat was green,

The toes of his boots were through,

But the pride was his! It was I felt mean—

I wished that my collar was not so clean,

Nor the clothes I wore so new.

He saw me first, and he knew 'twas I—
The holiday swell he met.
Why have we no faith in each other? Ah, why?—
He made as though he would pass me by,
For he thought that I might forget.

He ought to have known me better than that,
By the tracks we tramped far out—
The sweltering scrub and the blazing flat,
When the heat came down through each old felt hat
In the hell-born western drought.

The cheques we made and the shanty sprees,
The camps in the great blind scrub,
The long wet tramps when the plains were seas,
And the oracles worked in days like these
For rum and tobacco and grub.

Could I forget how we struck 'the same
Old tale' in the nearer West,
When the first great test of our friendship came—
But—well, there's little to praise or blame
If our mateship stood the test.

• Heads!' he laughed (but his face was stern)—
 'Tails!' and a friendly oath;
 We loved her fair, we had much to learn—
 And each was stabbed to the heart in turn
 By the girl who—loved us both.

Or the last day lost on the lignum plain,
 When I staggered, half-blind, half-dead,
 With a burning throat and a tortured brain;
 And the tank when we came to the track again
 Was seventeen miles ahead.

Then life seemed finished—then death began
 As down in the dust I sank,
 But he stuck to his mate as a bushman can,
 Till I heard him saying, 'Bear up, old man!'
 In the shade by the mulga tank.

.

He took my hand in a distant way
 (I thought how we parted last),
 And we seemed like men who have nought to say
 And who meet—'Good-day,' and who part—
 'Good-day,'
 Who never have shared the past.

I asked him in for a drink with me—
 Jack Ellis—my old mate, Jack—
But his manner no longer was careless and free,
He followed, but not with the grin that he
 Wore always in days Out Back.

I tried to live in the past once more—
 Or the present and past combine,
But the days between I could not ignore—
I couldn't help notice the clothes he wore,
 And he couldn't but notice mine.

He placed his glass on the polished bar,
 And he wouldn't fill up again ;
For he is prouder than most men are—
Jack Ellis and I have tramped too far
 On different tracks since then.

He said that he had a mate to meet,
 And 'I'll see you again,' said he,
Then he hurried away through the crowded street,
And the rattle of buses and scrape of feet
 Seemed suddenly loud to me.

And I almost wished that the time were come
 When less will be left to Fate—
When boys will start on the track from home
With equal chances, and no old chum
 Have more or less than his mate.

PETER ANDERSON AND CO.

HE had offices in Sydney, not so many years ago,
And his shingle bore the legend, 'Peter Anderson
and Co.,'

But his real name was Careless, as the fellows under-
stood—

And his relatives decided that he wasn't any good.
'Twas their gentle tongues that blasted any 'character'
he had—

He was fond of beer and leisure—and the Co. was
just as bad.

It was limited in number to a unit, was the Co.—
'Twas a bosom chum of Peter, and his Christian
name was Joe.

'Tis a class of men belonging to these soul-forsaken
years:

Third-rate canvassers, collectors, journalists and
auctioneers.

They are never very shabby, they are never very spruce—

Going cheerfully and carelessly and smoothly to the deuce.

Some are wanderers by profession, 'turning up' and gone as soon,

Travelling second-class, or steerage (when it's cheap they go saloon);

Free from 'ists' and 'isms,' troubled little by belief or doubt—

Lazy, purposeless, and useless—knocking round and hanging out.

They will take what they can get, and they will give what they can give,

God alone knows how they manage—God alone knows how they live!

They are nearly always hard-up, but are cheerful all the while—

Men whose energy and trousers wear out sooner than their smile!

They, no doubt, like us, are haunted by the boresome 'if' or 'might,'

But their ghosts are ghosts of daylight—they are men who live at night!

Peter met you with the comic smile of one who knows
you well,

And is mighty glad to see you, and has got a joke to
tell ;

He could laugh when all was gloomy, he could grin
when all was blue,

Sing a comic song and act it, and appreciate it, too.

Only cynical in cases where his own self was the jest,
And the humour of his good yarns made atonement
for the rest.

Seldom serious—doing business just as 'twere a
friendly game—

Cards or billiards—nothing graver. And the Co. was
much the same.

They tried everything and nothing 'twixt the shovel
and the press,

And were more or less successful in their ventures—
mostly less.

Once they ran a country paper till the plant was
seized for debt,

And the local sinners chuckle over dingy copies yet.

They'd been through it all and knew it in the land of
Bills and Jims—

Using Peter's own expression, they had been in
'various swims.'

Now and then they'd take an office, as they called it,
—make a dash

Into business life as 'agents'—something not re-
quiring cash.

(You can always furnish cheaply, when your cash or
credit fails,

With a packing-case, a hammer, and a pound of two-
inch nails—

And, maybe, a drop of varnish and sienna, too, for
tints,

And a scrap or two of oilcloth, and a yard or two of
chintz).

They would pull themselves together, pay a week's
rent in advance,

But it never lasted longer than a month by any
chance

The office was their haven, for they lived there when
hard-up—

A 'daily' for a table cloth—a jam tin for a cup;

And if the landlord's bailiff happened round in times
like these

And seized the office-fittings—well, there wasn't much
to seize—

They would leave him in possession. But at other
times they shot

The moon, and took an office where the landlord knew
them not.

And when morning brought the bailiff there'd be
nothing to be seen

Save a piece of bevelled cedar where the tenant's
plate had been ;

There would be no sign of Peter—there would be no
sign of Joe

Till another portal boasted 'Peter Anderson and Co.

And when times were locomotive, billiard-rooms and
private bars—

Spicy parties at the café—long cab-drives beneath
the stars ;

Private picnics down the Harbour—shady campings-
out, you know—

No one would have dreamed 'twas Peter—no one
would have thought 'twas Joe !

Free-and-easies in their 'diggings,' when the funds
began to fail,

Bosom chums, cigars, tobacco, and a case of English
ale—

Gloriously drunk and happy, till they heard the
roosters crow—

And the landlady and neighbours made complaints
about the Co.

But that life! it might be likened to a reckless
drinking-song,

For it can't go on for ever, and it never lasted long.

.

Debt-collecting ruined Peter—people talked him
round too oft,

For his heart was soft as butter (and the Co.'s was
just as soft);

He would cheer the haggard missus, and he'd tell
her not to fret,

And he'd ask the worried debtor round with him to
have a wet;

He would ask him round the corner, and it seemed
to him and her,

After each of Peter's visits, things were brighter than
they were.

But, of course, it wasn't business—only Peter's care-
less way ;

And perhaps it pays in heaven, but on earth it
doesn't pay.

They got harder up than ever, and, to make it worse,
the Co.

Went more often round the corner than was good for
him to go.

'I might live,' he said to Peter, 'but I haven't got
the nerve—

'I am going, Peter, going—going, going—no reserve.

'Eat and drink and love they tell us, for to-
morrow we may die,

'Buy experience—and we bought it—we're experi-
enced, you and I.'

Then, with a weary movement of his hand across his
brow :

'The death of such philosophy's the death I'm dying
now.

'Pull yourself together, Peter ; 'tis the dying wish of
Joe

'That the business world shall honour Peter Anderson
and Co.

‘When you feel your life is sinking in a dull and
useless course,

‘And begin to find in drinking keener pleasure and
remorse—

‘When you feel the love of leisure on your careless
heart take holt,

‘Break away from friends and pleasure, though it
give your heart a jolt.

‘Shun the poison breath of cities—billiard-rooms and
private bars,

‘Go where you can breathe God’s air and see the
grandeur of the stars!

‘Find again and follow up the old ambitions that
you had—

‘See if you can raise a drink, old man, I’m feelin’
mighty bad—

‘Hot and sweetened, nip o’ butter—squeeze o’ lemon,
Pete,’ he sighed.

And, while Peter went to fetch it, Joseph went to
sleep—and died

With a smile—anticipation, maybe, of the peace to
come,

Or a joke to try on Peter—or, perhaps, it was the
rum.

Peter staggered, gripped the table, swerved as some
old drunkard swerves—

At a gulp he drank the toddy, just to brace his
shattered nerves.

It was awful, if you like. But then he hadn't time
to think—

All is nothing! Nothing matters! Fill your glasses
—dead man's drink.

Yet, to show his heart was not of human decency
bereft,

Peter paid the undertaker. He got drunk on what
was left;

Then he shed some tears, half-maudlin, on the grave
where lay the Co.,

And he drifted to a township where the city failures
go.

Where, though haunted by the man he was, the
wreck he yet might be,

Or the man he might have been, or by each spectre
of the three,

And the dying words of Joseph, ringing through his
own despair,

Peter 'pulled himself together' and he started busi-
ness there.

But his life was very lonely, and his heart was very
sad,

And no help to reformation was the company he
had—

Men who might have been, who had been, but who
were not in the swim—

Twas a town of wrecks and failures—they appre-
ciated him.

They would ask him who the Co. was—that queer
company he kept—

And he'd always answer vaguely—he would say his
partner slept ;

That he had a 'sleeping partner'—jesting while his
spirit broke—

And they grinned above their glasses, for they took
it as a joke.

He would shout while he had money, he would joke
while he had breath—

No one seemed to care or notice how he drank him-
self to death ;

Till at last there came a morning when his smile was
seen no more—

He was gone from out the office, and his shingle from
the door,

And a boundary-rider jogging out across the neigh-
b'ring run
Was attracted by a something that was blazing in
the sun ;
And he found that it was Peter, lying peacefully at
rest,
With a bottle close beside him and the shingle on his
breast.
Well, they analysed the liquor, and it would appear
that he
Qualified his drink with something good for setting
spirits free.
Though 'twas plainly self-destruction—'twas his
own affair,' they said ;
And the jury viewed him sadly, and they found—
that he was dead.

WHEN THE CHILDREN COME HOME

ON a lonely selection far out in the West
An old woman works all the day without rest,
And she croons, as she toils 'neath the sky's glassy
dome,
'Sure I'll keep the ould place till the childer come
home.'

She mends all the fences, she grubs, and she ploughs,
She drives the old horse and she milks all the cows,
And she sings to herself as she thatches the stack,
'Sure I'll keep the ould place till the childer come
back.'

It is five weary years since her old husband died ;
And oft as he lay on his deathbed he sighed
'Sure one man can bring up ten children, he can,
'An' it's strange that ten sons cannot keep one old
man.'

Whenever the scowling old sundowners come,
And cunningly ask if the master's at home,
Be off,' she replies, 'with your blarney and cant,
'Or I'll call my son Andy ; he's workin' beyant.'

'Git out,' she replies, though she trembles with fear,
For she lives all alone and no neighbours are near ;
But she says to herself, when she's like to despond,
That the boys are at work in the paddock beyond.

Ah, none of her children need follow the plough,
And some have grown rich in the city ere now ;
Yet she says : 'They might come when the shearing
is done,
'And I'll keep the ould place if it's only for one.'

DAN, THE WRECK

TALL, and stout, and solid-looking,
Yet a wreck ;
None would think Death's finger's hooking
Him from deck.

Cause of half the fun that's started—
'Hard-case' Dan—
Isn't like a broken-hearted,
Ruined man.

Walking-coat from tail to throat is
Frayed and greened—
Like a man whose other coat is
Being cleaned ;
Gone for ever round the edging
Past repair—
Waistcoat pockets frayed with dredging
After 'sprats' no longer there.

Wearing summer boots in June, or

Slippers worn and old—

Like a man whose other shoon are

Getting soled.

Pants? They're far from being recent—

But, perhaps, I'd better not—

Says they are the only decent

Pair he's got.

And his hat, I am afraid, is

Troubling him—

Past all lifting to the ladies

By the brim.

But, although he'd hardly strike a

Girl, would Dan,

Yet he wears his wreckage like a

Gentleman!

Once—no matter how the rest dressed—

Up or down—

Once, they say, he was the best-dressed

Man in town.

Must have been before I knew him—

Now you'd scarcely care to meet

And be noticed talking to him

In the street.

Drink the cause, and dissipation,
That is clear—
Maybe friend or kind relation
Cause of beer.
And the talking fool, who never
Reads or thinks,
Says, from hearsay : ‘ Yes, he’s clever ;
‘ But, you know, he drinks.’

Been an actor and a writer—
Doesn’t whine—
Reckoned now the best reciter
In his line.
Takes the stage at times, and fills it—
‘ Princess May ’ or ‘ Waterloo.’
Raise a sneer !—his first line kills it,
‘ Brings ’em,’ too.

Where he lives, or how, or wherefore
No one knows ;
Lost his real friends, and therefore
Lost his foes.
Had, no doubt, his own romances—
Met his fate ;
Tortured, doubtless, by the chances
And the luck that comes too late.

Now and then his boots are polished,
Collar clean,
And the worst grease stains abolished
By ammonia or benzine :
Hints of some attempt to shove him
From the taps,
Or of someone left to love him—
Sister, p'r'aps.

After all, he is a grafter,
Earns his cheer—
Keeps the room in roars of laughter
When he gets outside a beer.
Yarns that would fall flat from others
He can tell ;
How he spent his 'stuff,' my brothers,
You know well.

Manner puts a man in mind of
Old club balls and evening dress,
Ugly with a handsome kind of
Ugliness.

One of those we say of often,
While hearts swell,
Standing sadly by the coffin :
‘ He looks well.’

We may be—so goes a rumour—
Bad as Dan ;
But we may not have the humour
Of the man ;
Nor the sight—well, deem it blindness,
As the general public do—
And the love of human kindness,
Or the *grit* to see it through !



A PROUDER MAN THAN YOU

IF you fancy that your people came of better stock
than mine,
If you hint of higher breeding by a word or by a
sign,
If you're proud because of fortune or the clever
things you do—
Then I'll play no second fiddle: I'm a prouder man
than you!

If you think that your profession has the more
gentility,
And that you are condescending to be seen along
with me;
If you notice that I'm shabby while your clothes are
spruce and new—
You have only got to hint it: I'm a prouder man
than you!

If you have a swell companion when you see me on
the street,

And you think that I'm too common for your toney
friend to meet,

So that I, in passing closely, fail to come within your
view—

Then be blind to me for ever: I'm a prouder man
than you!

If your character be blameless, if your outward part
be clean,

While 'tis known my antecedents are not what they
should have been,

Do not risk contamination, save your name whate'er
you do—

'Birds o' feather fly together:' I'm a prouder bird
than you!

Keep your patronage for others! Gold and station
cannot hide

Friendship that can laugh at fortune, friendship that
can conquer pride!

Offer this as to an equal—let me see that you are
true,

And my wall of pride is shattered: I am not so proud
as you!

THE SONG AND THE SIGH

THE creek went down with a broken song,
 'Neath the sheoaks high ;
The waters carried the song along,
 And the oaks a sigh.

The song and the sigh went winding by,
 Went winding down ;
Circling the foot of the mountain high,
 And the hillside brown.

They were hushed in the swamp of the Dead Man's
 Crime,
 Where the curlews cried ;
But they reached the river the self-same time,
 And there they died.

And the creek of life goes winding on,
 Wandering by ;
And bears for ever, its course upon,
 A song and a sigh.

THE CAMBAROORA STAR

So you're writing for a paper? Well, it's nothing
very new

To be writing yards of drivel for a tidy little screw ;
You are young and educated, and a clever chap you
are,

But you'll never run a paper like the CAMBAROORA
STAR.

Though in point of education I am nothing but a dunce,
I myself—you mayn't believe it—helped to run a
paper once

With a chap on Cambaroora, by the name of Charlie
Brown,

And I'll tell you all about it if you'll take the story
down.

On a golden day in summer, when the sunrays were
aslant,

Brown arrived in Cambaroora with a little printing
plant

And his worldly goods and chattels—rather damaged
on the way—

And a weary-looking woman who was following the
dray.

He had bought an empty humpy, and, instead of
getting tight,

Why, the diggers heard him working like a lunatic
all night :

And next day a sign of canvas, writ in characters of tar,
Claimed the humpy as the office of the CAMBAROORA
STAR.

Well, I cannot read, that's honest, but I had a digger
friend

Who would read the paper to me from the title to
the end ;

And the STAR contained a leader running thieves and
spielers down,

With a slap against claim-jumping, and a poem made
by Brown.

Once I showed it to a critic, and he said 'twas very
fine,

Though he wasn't long in finding glaring faults in
every line ;

But it was a song of Freedom—all the clever critic
said

Couldn't stop that song from ringing, ringing, ringing
in my head.

So I went where Brown was working in his little hut
hard by :

' My old mate has been a-reading of your writings,
Brown,' said I—

' I have studied on your leader, I agree with what
you say,

' You have struck the bed-rock certain, and there ain't
no get-away ;

' Your paper's just the thumper for a young and
growing land,

' And your principles is honest, Brown ; I want to
shake your hand,

' And if there's any lumping in connection with the
STAR,

' Well, I'll find the time to do it, and I'll help you—
there you are !'

Brown was every inch a digger (bronzed and bearded
in the South),

But there seemed a kind of weakness round the
corners of his mouth

When he took the hand I gave him ; and he gripped
it like a vice,
While he tried his best to thank me, and he stuttered
once or twice.
But there wasn't need for talking—we'd the same old
loves and hates,
And we understood each other—Charlie Brown and
I were mates.
So we worked a little 'paddock' on a place they
called the 'Bar,'
And we sank a shaft together, and at night we
worked the STAR.

Charlie thought and did his writing when his work
was done at night,
And the missus used to 'set' it near as quick as he
could write.
Well, I didn't shirk my promise, and I helped the
thing, I guess,
For at night I worked the lever of the crazy printing-
press ;
Brown himself would do the feeding, and the missus
used to 'fly'—
She is flying with the angels, if there's justice up on
high,

For she died on Cambaroora when the STAR began
to go,
And was buried like the diggers buried diggers long
ago.

.

Lord, that press! It was a jumper—we could seldom
get it right,
And were lucky if we averaged a hundred in the
night.
Many nights we'd sit together in the windy hut and
fold,
And I helped the thing a little when I struck a
patch of gold;
And we battled for the diggers as the papers
seldom do,
Though when the diggers erred, why, we touched
the diggers too.
Yet the paper took the fancy of that roaring mining
town,
And the diggers sent a nugget with their sympathy
to Brown.

Oft I sat and smoked beside him in the listening
hours of night,

When the shadows from the corners seemed to gather
 round the light—
When his weary, aching fingers, closing stiffly round
 the pen,
Wrote defiant truth in language that could touch the
 hearts of men—
Wrote until his eyelids shuddered—wrote until the
 East was grey :
Wrote the stern and awful lessons that were taught
 him in his day ;
And they knew that he was honest, and they read his
 smallest par,
For I think the diggers' Bible was the CAMBAROORA
 STAR.

Diggers then had little mercy for the loafer and the
 scamp—
If there wasn't law and order, there was justice in
 the camp ;
And the manly independence that is found where
 diggers are
Had a sentinel to guard it in the CAMBAROORA
 STAR.
There was strife about the Chinamen, who came in
 days of old

Like a swarm of thieves and loafers when the diggers
found the gold—
Like the sneaking fortune-hunters who are always
found behind,
And who only shepherd diggers till they track them
to the 'find.'

Charlie wrote a slinging leader, calling on his digger
mates,

And he said: 'We think that Chinkies are as bad as
syndicates.

'What's the good of holding meetings where you only
talk and swear?

'Get a move upon the Chinkies when you've got an
hour to spare.'

It was nine o'clock next morning when the Chows
began to swarm,

But they weren't so long in going, for the diggers'
blood was warm.

Then the diggers held a meeting, and they shouted:
'Hip hoorar!

'Give three ringing cheers, my hearties, for the
CAMBAROORA STAR.'

But the Cambaroora petered, and the diggers' sun
went down,
And another sort of people came and settled in the
town ;
The reefing was conducted by a syndicate or two,
And they changed the name to 'Queensville,' for their
blood was very blue.
They wanted Brown to help them put the feathers in
their nests,
But his leaders went like thunder for their vested
interests,
And he fought for right and justice and he raved
about the dawn
Of the reign of Man and Reason till his ads. were all
withdrawn.

He was offered shares for nothing in the richest of
the mines,
And he could have made a fortune had he run on
other lines ;
They abused him for his leaders, and they parodied
his rhymes,
And they told him that his paper was a mile behind
the times.

‘ Let the times alone,’ said Charlie, “ they’re all right,
you needn’t fret ;

‘ For I started long before them, and they haven’t
caught me yet.

‘ But,’ says he to me, ‘ they’re coming, and they’re not
so very far—

‘ Though I left the times behind me they are following
the STAR.

‘ Let them do their worst,’ said Charlie, ‘ but I’ll
never drop the reins

‘ While a single scrap of paper or an ounce of ink
remains :

‘ I’ve another truth to tell them, though they tread
me in the dirt,

‘ And I’ll print another issue if I print it on my
shirt.’

So we fought the battle bravely, and we did our very
best

Just to make the final issue quite as lively as the
rest.

And the swells in Cambaroora talked of feathers and
of tar

When they read the final issue of the CAMBAROORA
STAR.

Gold is stronger than the tongue is—gold is stronger
than the pen :

They'd have squirmed in Cambaroora had I found a
nugget then ;

But in vain we scraped together every penny we
could get,

For they fixed us with their boycott, and the plant
was seized for debt.

'Twas a storekeeper who did it, and he sealed the
paper's doom,

Though we gave him ads. for nothing when the STAR
began to boom :

'Twas a paltry bill for tucker, and the crawling,
sneaking clown

Sold the debt for twice its value to the men who
hated Brown.

I was digging up the river, and I swam the flooded
bend

With a little cash and comfort for my literary
friend.

Brown was sitting sad and lonely with his head
bowed in despair,

While a single tallow candle threw a flicker on his
hair,

And the gusty wind that whistled through the
crannies of the door
Stirred the scattered files of paper that were lying on
the floor.

Charlie took my hand in silence—and by-and-by he
said :

‘Tom, old mate, we did our damnedest, but the brave
old STAR is dead.’

Then he stood up on a sudden, with a face as pale as
death,

And he gripped my hand a moment, while he seemed
to fight for breath :

‘Tom, old friend,’ he said, ‘I’m going, and I’m ready
to—to start,

‘For I know that there is something—something
crooked with my heart.

‘Tom, my first child died. I loved her even better
than the pen—

‘Tom—and while the STAR was dying, why, I felt
like I did *then*.

‘Listen! Like the distant thunder of the rollers on
the bar—

‘Listen, Tom! I hear the—diggers—shouting: ‘Bully
for the STAR!’’

AFTER ALL

THE brooding ghosts of Australian night have gone
from the bush and town ;
My spirit revives in the morning breeze, though it
died when the sun went down ;
The river is high and the stream is strong, and the
grass is green and tall,
And I fain would think that this world of ours is a
good world after all.

The light of passion in dreamy eyes, and a page of
truth well read,
The glorious thrill in a heart grown cold of the spirit
I thought was dead,
A song that goes to a comrade's heart, and a tear of
pride let fall—
And my soul is strong! and the world to me is a
grand world after all!

Let our enemies go by their old dull tracks, and theirs
be the fault or shame

(The man is bitter against the world who has only
himself to blame);

Let the darkest side of the past be dark, and only
the good recall;

For I must believe that the world, my dear, is a kind
world after all.

It well may be that I saw too plain, and it may be I
was blind;

But I'll keep my face to the dawning light, though
the devil may stand behind!

Though the devil may stand behind my back, I'll not
see his shadow fall,

But read the signs in the morning stars of a good
world after all.

Rest, for your eyes are weary, girl—you have driven
the worst away—

The ghost of the man that I might have been is gone
from my heart to-day;

We'll live for life and the best it brings till our
twilight shadows fall;

My heart grows brave, and the world, my girl, is a
good world after all.

MARSHALL'S MATE

You almost heard the surface bake, and saw the
gum-leaves turn—

You could have watched the grass scorch brown had
there been grass to burn.

In such a drought the strongest heart might well
grow faint and weak—

'Twould frighten Satan to his home—not far from
Dingo Creek.

The tanks went dry on Ninety Mile, as tanks go dry
out back,

The Half-Way Spring had failed at last when Marshall
missed the track ;

Beneath a dead tree on the plain we saw a pack-horse
reel—

Too blind to see there was no shade, and too done-up
to feel.

And charcoaled on the canvas bag ('twas written
pretty clear)

We read the message Marshall wrote. It said: 'I'm
taken queer--

'I'm somewhere off of Deadman's Track, half-blind
and nearly dead;

'Find Crowbar, get him sobered up, and follow back,'
it said.

'Let Mitchell go to Bandicoot. You'll find him
there,' said Mack.

'I'll start the chaps from Starving Steers, and take
the dry-holes back.'

We tramped till dark, and tried to track the pack-
horse on the sands,

And just at daylight Crowbar came with Milroy's
station hands.

His cheeks were drawn, his face was white, but he
was sober then—

In times of trouble, fire, and flood, 'twas Crowbar led
the men.

'Spread out as widely as you can each side the track,
said he;

'The first to find him make a smoke that all the rest
can see.'

We took the track and followed back where Crowbar
followed fate,

We found a dead man in the scrub—but 'twas not
Crowbar's mate.

The station hands from Starving Steers were searching
all the week—

But never news of Marshall's fate came back to Dingo
Creek.

And no one, save the spirit of the sand-waste, fierce
and lone,

Knew where Jack Marshall crawled to die—but
Crowbar might have known.

He'd scarcely closed his quiet eyes or drawn a sleeping
breath—

They say that Crowbar slept no more until he slept
in death.

A careless, roving scamp, that loved to laugh and
drink and joke,

But no man saw him smile again (and no one saw
him smoke),

And, when we spelled at night, he'd lie with eyes still
open wide,

And watch the stars as if they'd point the place where
Marshall died.

The search was made as searches are (and often made
in vain),

And on the seventh day we saw a smoke across the
plain ;

We left the track and followed back—'twas Crowbar
still that led,

And when his horse gave out at last he walked and
ran ahead.

We reached the place and turned again—dragged
back and no man spoke—

It was a bush-fire in the scrubs that made the cursed
smoke.

And when we gave it best at last, he said, '*I'll see it
through,*'

Although he knew we'd done as much as mortal men
could do.

'I'll not—I won't give up !' he said, his hand pressed
to his brow ;

'My God ! the cursed flies and ants, they might be at
him now.

'I'll see it so in twenty years, 'twill haunt me all my
life—

'I could not face his sister, and I could not face his
wife.

'It's no use talking to me now—I'm going back,' he
said,

'I'm going back to find him, and I will—alive or
dead!'

.

He packed his horse with water and provisions for a
week,

And then, at sunset, crossed the plain, away from
Dingo Creek.

We watched him tramp beside the horse till we, as it
grew late,

Could not tell which was Bonypart and which was
Marshall's mate.

The dam went dry at Dingo Creek, and we were
driven back,

And none dared face the Ninety Mile when Crowbar
took the track.

They saw him at Dead Camel and along the Dry Hole
Creeks—

There came a day when none had heard of Marshall's
mate for weeks ;

They'd seen him at No Sunday, he called at Starving
Steers—

There came a time when none had heard of Marshall's
mate for years.

They found old Bonypart at last, picked clean by
hungry crows,

But no one knew how Crowbar died—the soul of
Marshall knows!

And now, way out on Dingo Creek, when winter
days are late,

The bushmen talk of Crowbar's ghost 'what's looking
for his mate;'

For let the fools indulge their mirth, and let the wise
men doubt—

The soul of Crowbar and his mate have travelled
further out.

Beyond the furthest two-rail fence, Colanne and
Nevertire—

Beyond the furthest rabbit-proof, barbed wire and
common wire—

Beyond the furthest 'Gov'ment' tank, and past the
furthest bore—

The Never-Never, No Man's Land, No More, and
Nevermore—

Beyond the Land o' Break-o'-Day, and Sunset and
the Dawn,

The soul of Marshall and the soul of Marshall's mate
have gone

Unto that Loving, Laughing Land where life is
fresh and clean—

Where the rivers flow all summer, and the grass is
always green.

THE POETS OF THE TOMB .

THE world has had enough of bards who wish that
they were dead,

'Tis time the people passed a law to knock 'em on the
head,

For 'twould be lovely if their friends could grant the
rest they crave—

Those bards of 'tears' and 'vanished hopes,' those
poets of the grave.

They say that life's an awful thing, and full of care
and gloom,

They talk of peace and restfulness connected with
the tomb.

They say that man is made of dirt, and die, of course,
he must ;

But, all the same, a man is made of pretty solid
dust.

There is a thing that they forget, so let it here be
writ,

That some are made of common mud, and some are
made of *grit* ;

Some try to help the world along while others fret
and fume

And wish that they were slumbering in the silence of
the tomb

'Twixt mother's arms and coffin-gear a man has work
to do !

And if he does his very best he mostly worries
through,

And while there is a wrong to right, and while the
world goes round,

An honest man alive is worth a million under-
ground.

And yet, as long as sheoaks sigh and wattle-blossoms
bloom,

The world shall hear the drivel of the poets of the
tomb.

And though the graveyard poets long to vanish from
the scene,

I notice that they mostly wish their resting-place
kept green.

Now, were I rotting underground, I do not think I'd
care

If wombats rooted on the mound or if the cows
camped there ;

And should I have some feelings left when I have
gone before,

I think a ton of solid stone would hurt my feelings
more.

Such wormy songs of mouldy joys can give me no
delight ;

I'll take my chances with the world, I'd rather live
and fight.

Though Fortune laughs along my track, or wears her
blackest frown,

I'll try to do the world some good before I tumble
down.

Let's fight for things that ought to be, and try to
make 'em boom ;

We cannot help mankind when we are ashes in the
tomb.

AUSTRALIAN BARDS AND BUSH
REVIEWERS

WHILE you use your best endeavour to immortalise
in verse

The gambling and the drink which are your country's
greatest curse,

While you glorify the bully and take the spieler's
part—

You're a clever southern writer, scarce inferior to
Bret Harte.

If you sing of waving grasses when the plains are dry
as bricks,

And discover shining rivers where there's only mud
and sticks ;

If you picture 'mighty forests' where the mulga
spoils the view—

You're superior to Kendall, and ahead of Gordon too.

If you swear there's not a country like the land
that gave you birth,
And its sons are just the noblest and most glorious
chaps on earth ;
If in every girl a Venus your poetic eye discerns,
You are gracefully referred to as the 'young Aus-
tralian Burns.'

But if you should find that bushmen—spite of all the
poets say —
Are just common brother-sinners, and you're quite as
good as they—
You're a drunkard, and a liar, and a cynic, and a
sneak,
Your grammar's simply awful and your intellect is
weak.

THE GHOST

Down the street as I was drifting with the city's
human tide,
Came a ghost, and for a moment walked in silence by
my side—
Now my heart was hard and bitter, and a bitter
spirit he,
So I felt no great aversion to his ghostly company.
Said the Shade : 'At finer feelings let your lip in
scorn be curled,
' 'Self and Pelf,' my friend, has ever been the motto
for the world.'

And he said : 'If you'd be happy, you must clip your
fancy's wings,
'Stretch your conscience at the edges to the size of
earthly things ;
'Never fight another's battle, for a friend can never
know

‘When he’ll gladly fly for succour to the bosom of the
foe.

‘At the power of truth and friendship let your lip in
scorn be curled—

‘‘Self and Pelf,’ my friend, remember, is the motto of
the world.

‘Where Society is mighty, always truckle to her rule ;

‘Never send an ‘i’ undotted to the teacher of a
school ;

‘Only fight a wrong or falsehood when the crowd is
at your back,

‘And, till Charity repay you, shut the purse, and let
her pack ;

‘At the fools who would do other let your lip in scorn
be curled,

‘‘Self and Pelf,’ my friend, remember, that’s the
motto of the world.

‘Ne’er assail the shaky ladders Fame has from her
niches hung,

‘Lest unfriendly heels above you grind your fingers
from the rung ;

‘Or the fools who idle under, envious of your fair
renown,

- ‘Heedless of the pain you suffer, do their worst to
shake you down.
- ‘At the praise of men, or censure, let your lip in scorn
be curled,
- ‘‘Self and Pelf,’ my friend, remember, is the motto of
the world.
- ‘Flowing founts of inspiration leave their sources
parched and dry,
- ‘Scalding tears of indignation sear the hearts that
beat too high ;
- ‘Chilly waters thrown upon it drown the fire that’s
in the bard ;
- ‘And the banter of the critic hurts his heart till it
grows hard.
- ‘At the fame your muse may offer let your lip in
scorn be curled,
- ‘‘Self and Pelf,’ my friend, remember, that’s the
motto of the world.
- ‘Shun the fields of love, where lightly, to a low and
mocking tune,
- ‘Strong and useful lives are ruined, and the broken
hearts are strewn.
- ‘Not a farthing is the value of the honest love you
hold ;

‘Call it lust, and make it serve you ! Set your heart
on nought but gold.

‘At the bliss of purer passions let your lip in scorn
be curled—

‘‘Self and Pelf,’ my friend, shall ever be the motto of
the world.’

Then he ceased and looked intently in my face, and
nearer drew ;

But a sudden deep repugnance to his presence thrilled
me through ;

Then I saw his face was cruel, by the look that o’er
it stole,

Then I felt his breath was poison, by the shuddering
of my soul,

Then I guessed his purpose evil, by his lip in sneering
curled,

And I knew he slandered mankind, by my knowledge
of the world.

But he vanished as a purer brighter presence gained
my side—

‘Heed him not ! there’s truth and friendship in this
wondrous world,’ she cried,

‘ And of those who cleave to virtue in their climbing
for renown,

‘ Only they who faint or falter from the height are
shaken down.

‘ At a cynic’s baneful teaching let your lip in scorn
be curled !

‘ ‘ Brotherhood and Love and Honour ! ’ is the motto
for the world.’



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"The letters of Sir Henry Parkes that Messrs. Angus and Robertson are publishing under the title 'An Emigrant's Home Letters' will be ready at the beginning of September. A glance at the originals of the letters forcibly reminds us of the changes that time has brought in the style of letter-writing. Envelopes apparently were not used, the folded letter carrying its own address. The epistles are fairly lengthy, and from economy of paper or the observance of a vicious custom, the pages, after being filled, are often cross-written. One of the earliest letters from Sydney is very hopeless in tone. The writer, in a letter dated the 1st May, 1840,

Messrs. ANGUS & ROBERTSON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

says:—‘I waited from day to day, and from month to month, hoping to be able to give a cheering account of this country, but it is a sad one I write at last. I have been disappointed in all my expectations of Australia, except as to its wickedness, for it is far more wicked than I had conceived it possible for any place to be, or than it is possible for me to describe to you in England.’ Henry Parkes had two or three shillings when he came to Sydney, and the first news that he got was that the 4lb. loaf was selling at half-a-crown. The publishers have already received numerous orders for the book, which is awaited with interest by the late statesman’s many friends and admirers. The edition is to be a limited one.”

Rev. J. Milne Curran, F.G.S.

Geology : a Text-Book for Australian Students, with about 200 illustrations, mostly of Australian subjects. By REV. JOHN MILNE CURRAN, Lecturer in Geology, Department of Technical Education, N.S.W. [In preparation.]

Victor J. Daley.

Poems. By VICTOR J. DALEY. [Shortly.]

Edward Dyson.

Rhymes from the Mines and other Lines. By EDWARD DYSON, Author of *A Golden Shanty*. [September.]

John Farrell.

My Sundowner and other Poems. By JOHN FARRELL, Author of *How he Died*. [Shortly.]

Barcroft H. Boake.

Poems. By BARCROFT H. BOAKE. Edited, with memoir, by A. G. STEPHENS. [December.]

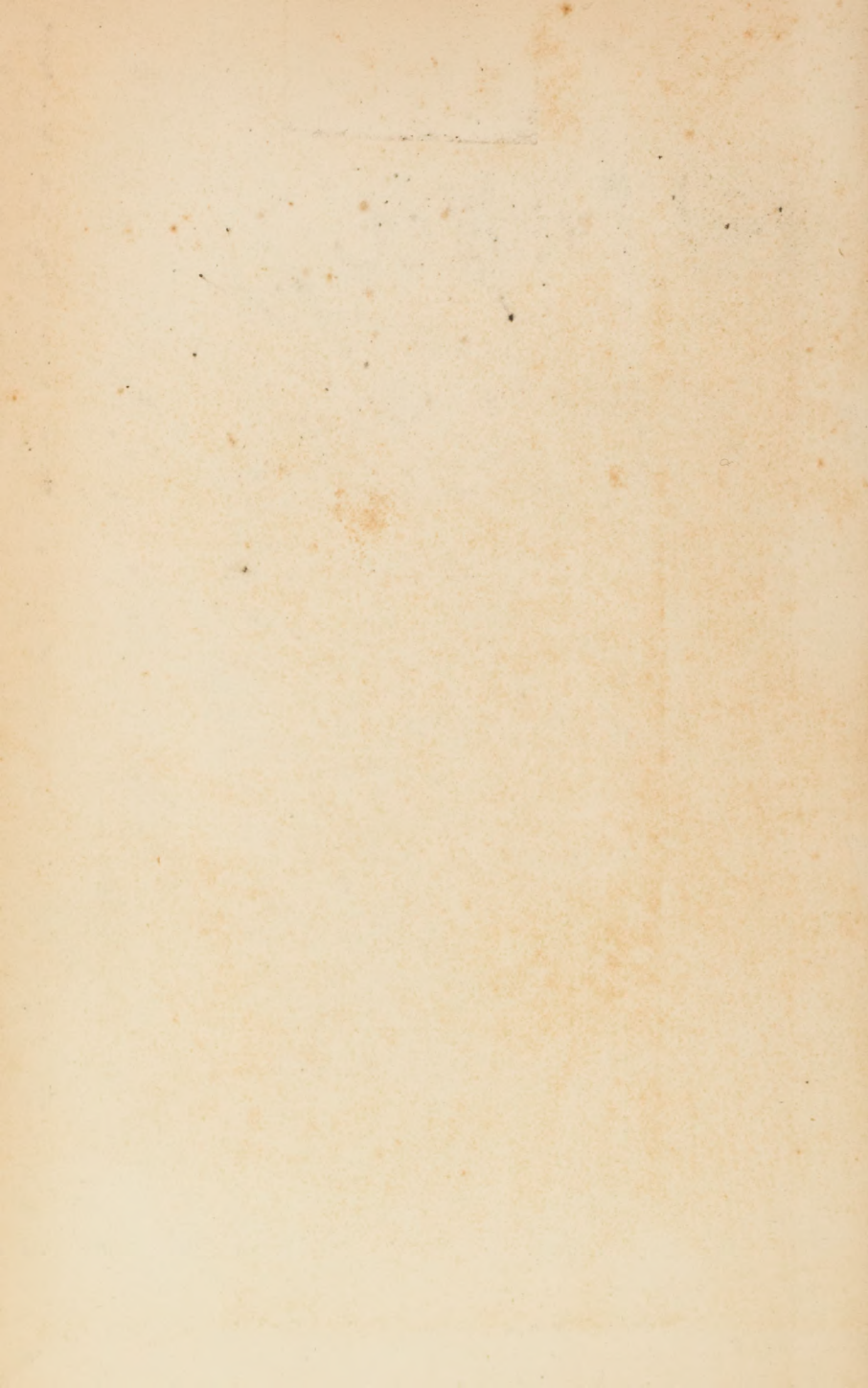
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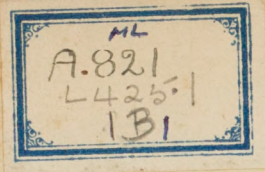








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was wide and other verses

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