

### THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

'Twas the eve of the fight, and in farewell they stood  
On a quarter-deck soon to be stained with the blood  
Thy welfare, oh England, demandest!  
Trafalgar's dark war-cloud looms lurid and red,  
For the good ship will soon into action be led  
By of heroes of ocean the grandest.

They are parting! Lord Nelson of Aboukir fame  
Englishman thrill, as French quail at the name,  
So soon to be filled with new lustre,  
And Blackwood, his trusty and well beloved friend  
Who argues that Nelson shall live to the end  
And be present at victory's muster!

Alas! 'twas soon settled—the great hero fell,  
And as he predicted, his funeral knell  
Was victory's shout the air rending,  
His presentiment founded on what? who shall say?  
Too surely from Heaven had wended its way  
To tell that life's duties were ending.

To England that glory was dimmed by the grief  
Caused by the loss of her great naval chief—  
Of the tidings was Blackwood the bearer,  
And mid cheers of proud triumph for Nelson's success,  
Dismay for his loss did its joy repress:  
Could hero have destiny fairer?

A bright day for England when Blackwood did land  
To announce the glad tidings that British command  
On the ocean stood Lordlier never!  
A sad one for Canada when Blackwood embarks  
To leave all the hearts he has gladdened with marks  
Of a way they would cherish for ever.

But if it must be so, my Lord of Clan'boyne  
Go, with the knowledge that all earthly joy  
Canada prays may be found y-u,  
May the pleasure and good you have showed on us  
here

Be with you and o'er you and all you hold dear,  
And Heaven's best blessings surround you.

We bid you farewell with a smile and a tear!  
A tear for ourselves, but a smile of good cheer,  
For that smile e'en of joy is born.  
You're departing for whom our affections are green,  
But we see fill your place the beloved of our Queen,  
And give hail to our rulers of Lorne!  
Montreal, 31st July, 1878.

### A "New Chum's" Adventures in Australia.

It has become proverbial amongst Australians that there is no country like their own to bring a man to his level, or in other words to teach him what he really can do if once compelled by circumstances. Take a man who has never handled a spade and whose pursuits have been so far of a sedentary nature, and let him suddenly find himself *sans* money, *sans* situation, and *sans* prospects of getting either, he will soon discover that there is nothing left for him to do but to "go up the country," "swag it," or "hump the drum," all colonial expressions, which signify that he will have to procure himself a pair of blankets, roll therein such of his chattels as he is able to carry, and trusting to his legs, lungs and arms, tramp away from the now "hard" city in quest of work. Let him do it bravely and without any false shame; he will feel all the better after it, physically, and if he is not inflated with false notions of gentility, morally. At home, he has perhaps been accustomed to look down upon what he has often heard contemptuously termed the "lower classes." He will, however, find these despised ones as a rule hospitable and willing to assist him if he only will respond with a show of good will. Let him remember too that at first he is worse than useless to those who employ him, and that they are oftentimes simply doing him a charity when giving him work. Moreover, in Australia are to be found in all directions so many men who have "seen better days," who are now quite content to go by such nicknames "Cockney Jack," "Yorkshire Tom," and who in times past have been one of a glittering throng at Court, that boasting of his connections will be of no avail. New comer or "new chum," as old colonials dub you, avoid parading your seventh-removed cousin who is married to Lord Ballyrag or even your first cousin Lord Knowswho, for you may be talking to a man whose brother is the Governor of an important colony in Her Majesty's Dominions; at present he is engaged in whitewashing; whilst close by, enjoying his pipe, is the son of a duke who officiates as waiter in a sixpenny restaurant at 12s. a week. *Facta non verba*. The writer is not idealizing. Rather delve away like Adam did before you and like many will after you, as long as young men leave their homes under a cloud, it is to be hoped temporary. Be a cheerful, muscular and willing worker and "old chums" will welcome you, and you soon shall obtain the much coveted appellation of "old chum." You will no longer be an apprentice, your certificate of master will be handed you in due time, *nem. con.* The writer will occasionally use the first person in speaking of his adventures, as it will be more convenient, referring as he does to incidents which are personal, and he may add, recent. Not two years ago he would never have thought of going through and seeing what he has seen, but necessity knows no law, and he is glad to be able to relate to others his vicissitudes as a "new chum," trusting they may prove interesting and even serviceable to others visiting the grand continent situated under the Southern Cross. Professionally, he is a member of the fourth estate, and Montreal readers, have, he flatters himself, read with attention if not admiration, not a few of his interesting productions recording the fact that some one fell into the Chamby Basin; that the police had received new uniforms; that the firemen were awaiting theirs; that a dangerous conflagration might have taken place if that chimney-fire on Alexander street had not been put out by a heroic fireman who chanced to be on the spot a-courting (as in London the policeman "chances" not

to be in the kitchen the night a burglar gets in to my lady's bed-chamber in search of her jewels). No doubt they have read them approvingly, and so he will beg their kind approval for these few lines taken from a diary kept day by day in the Australian bush. Melbourne is a fine city; a magnificent park, the Royal Park, and splendid gardens dot it; its growth dates from 40 years only and public buildings are therefore new and modern. Melbourne is a new city in a comparatively new colony. It presents a striking appearance, surrounded as it is with pleasant suburbs, some of which are on the seaside, so that a Victorian may inhale the sea-breeze during the summer months without incurring much expense in moving his household gods. Living is cheap when once one is acquainted with the place, but for him who is idle through necessity or without resources, it is no place to stay in. Of immigrants, too many flock to Melbourne which, with Sydney, seems to be the only two places known to those who come to Australia. Once landed, they expect, to use the popular Australian saying, "to pick up gold in the streets." The labouring-man is well enough off, especially the agricultural one; but the mechanic or tradesman as well as the clerk or member of a liberal profession must not expect to find employment so readily. They want tillers of the soil; contribute your sinews to that object and you are welcome. Most men are improvident, and so it happens that newcomers instead of familiarizing themselves with what the country requires, "do" the town and amuse themselves as long as their money lasts. And then it is pitiable to walk along Bourke street (the Notre Dame street of Melbourne), and notice the numbers of "new-comers" day after day wandering listlessly and helplessly up and down the street, discouraged because they have not at once found a high stool in a bank or in a merchant's office. Watch them and you will gradually perceive a metamorphosis in their persons. Rings, scarf-pins, watches, chains and souvenirs from the hands of loving hearts at home will gradually find their way into the hands of the Israelite above whose doors are painted the ominous words, "Immigrants' luggage bought." Suit after suit disappears and yet the "new chum" tries to keep up appearances of gentility, parting with his waistcoat for perhaps a sixpence to get a meal and buttoning his sack-coat over very likely his last shirt. 'Tis true he has heard that some day or the other he will have to go up the country, but he dreads the unknown, postpones it, and Micawber-like, waits for something that will never turn up. The day comes at last. Stock, lock and barrel have been pawned; he has not a friend nor a sixpence to pay for his bed or his breakfast. Of a night he creeps under the shelter of some hospitable *arbutus* in the public gardens or the Royal Park, or conceals himself under a heap of newly cut grass in one of the gardens. A policeman will detect the poor, shabby-genteel fellow and will pretend not to see him; his experienced eye readily distinguishes the "new chum" from the regular "vag" or the "larrikin" (the Australian loafer) and he gives him the stereotyped advice: "Go up the country, sir, even you have to beg your way for 600 miles." Another resort for penniless sleepers is the beach; many huddle into the empty boats and of a morning walk along the wharves in quest of a meal. It is hard to go and beg for it, but when a man has prowled about for two or three days subsisting on orange peel or on a few grains of Indian corn which have escaped from a hole in some sack, his innate pride gradually vanishes, and he at last ventures on board a ship, where honest Jack, who knows something of the ups and downs of the world, gladly gives him some "hard tack" and a piece of "salt junk" in return for some such trifling service as assisting in scrubbing the deck, polishing brasswork, doing a bit of scraping, painting or cleaning for a couple of hours, whilst his benefactor takes a "doss" (forty winks). Perchance a steamer going along the coast is short of a hand or two in the galley and he may earn his meals for a week or so peeling some four bushels of potatoes a day, scouring saucepans, raking out galley-fires and so forth. All the better if he can. He is sure to get his hands burnt, cut and otherwise hardened; he must rejoice at this, for he will be more likely to get work hereafter; his clothes will get stained and in fact he will look what he must soon be, a thorough working-man. And he will learn to peel potatoes. Thus when he goes up country he will be able to acknowledge the hospitality of some good housekeeper who has given him a cup of milk or a drink of tea by scouring her tinware, "ship's fashion," and by peeling her potatoes "round" and not "square," as he did at first on board, probably so that they should not roll with the ship. Let him watch the cook and the baker and he will learn many a "wrinkle" that will prove useful in its proper time. I speak from experience. I have been through all I have related so far and will continue to follow my diary. The first money I earned by manual labour was 9d; 2s. a cord was being paid on the wharf for sawing blue gum wood into two ft. lengths; the thermometer was 112° in the shade; my saw was like the school-boy's pen that "would not write;" it would not saw straight; ten hours' work for ninepence. How a friend and myself enjoyed our supper that night! The money was hard earned, but the Rubicon had been passed. By-and-bye I improved, and on the job being finished, assisted my companion, a scion of an illustrious Norman house, whose ancestor came over with the Con-

queror, in digging up a kitchen-garden and planting cabbages, receiving for that 2s. 6d. per diem and three good meals. We were in clover. Alas, these halcyon days were not to last! There is an end to everything in this world. However we had saved enough to equip ourselves for the road. Thus did we make up our "swag." A pair of grey blankets, some small bags to contain our salt, tea, sugar and flour, a "billy" (a kettle) and two pannikins completed our equipment. We agreed to "chum," i. e. go on the co-operative principle, divide profits, share losses and to abstain from intoxicating liquor. We were not to part company, or in colonial parlance, not to "sling" one another. Our first day's tramp brought us fourteen miles out of the town. We had not gone far enough to reach a station where travellers are always hospitably entertained; a handful of tea and a pannikin of flour being given to each one in return for some such trifling service as chopping a little wood or giving the station hands whatever assistance they may require. You are then at liberty to withdraw to the traveller's hut, boil your "billy," dig a hole in the hot ashes, throw into it your "damper" or unleavened cake of bread, eat your frugal supper, spread your blankets over some gum-leaves and sleep till morn, when you are off again. If it be during the shearing season, a new chum may stand a chance of being employed; he may be taken on as a "picker-up;" his duties will consist in gathering up the fleeces as fast as the sheep are shorn and spreading them on a table for the inspection of the wool-classer or sorter as he is sometimes called; or else he may be appointed aide-de-camp to the cook, when he will be initiated into the mysteries of cooking, baking and butchering; this latter accomplishment must be acquired by everyone who wishes to become useful in the bush. So our first bed was on the cold, cold ground, in a deserted fowl-house which had no door; the night was chilly and we arose next morning with stiff bones. Various and strange were our couches in our peregrinations; one night on the ground under a gum-tree, another huddled up in chaff (we enjoyed that like Sybarites), sometimes in a hay loft and oftentimes in or under a waggon. Our blankets were not always sufficient to keep us warm, and it was then that old potato-sacks would come in handy. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will here describe how they can be converted into most comfortable bedding: simply by getting into a couple of them, wrapping another around one and topping the whole with a blanket. One will thus be safe from frost or dew. Our next night brought us to Sunbury, the residence of the richest squatter in the Colony of Victoria, and it can truly be said the most hospitable; we mean Mr. Wm. Clarke. About 6,000 travellers are fed during the year on his stations. Many a new chum owes him a debt of gratitude, and I here record mine. By traveller is here meant the man who goes up the country for the purpose of seeking work. On arriving at any of Mr. Clarke's stations in the evening the weary traveller receives a substantial meal (not the ordinary rations already referred to); he may rest in a shed fitted up with bunks full of straw (a real luxury); and a good breakfast cheers him on his way next morning. The "new chum" need not expect to be the recipient of such lavish hospitality everywhere. Squatters have grown more independent now-a-days; so many men tramp across the land that they have not so great a difficulty as in former years in finding the hands they may require, and they do not therefore feel the necessity of relieving them. At most stations a pannikin of flour alone is given, and many an old "sundowner" who gets that, is getting more than he deserves. The "sundowner" is the loafer who prowls about from year's end to year's end, "making his station," as the sun goes down (hence his name); then claiming his rations. He is generally not seeking for work and has done much to harden the once generous squatter's heart and close his hand open to help the genuine worker. An anecdote may not be out of place here to illustrate the impudence of the genus "sundowner." Many have provisions in plenty, but they consider it a right to get out of the squatter all they can.

A sundowner who has more provisions than he can carry, walks into a station and asks to see the "cove" (overseer), who makes his appearance, and, taking the man to the store-room, measures out the usual pannikin of flour; the former knocks in the crown of his white felt hat to receive it, and on the overseer asking him where he'll put his tea, the fellow coolly turns his hat over, thus spilling the flour. Yet this indiscriminate way of distributing rations must be continued, for a bush fence, a paddock, or a stack of hay or straw are soon fired. At times it is impossible to reach a station, and one must be content with a shake-down at a "cockatoo's" or "cockie's" farm. This name is given to the small farmer or "free selector," as he is called, probably because he pays pretty highly for his land, whereof he can hold 320 acres only. No rations need be expected from him; however hospitably he may be inclined, he is generally poor, and regrets the day he "cut up the squatter's run" by "selecting" some of his land. The old traveller execrates him and applies all manner of unflattering epithets to him. In his eyes, he has lowered the price of labour, and is, as a rule, looked upon as a little better than a slave-driver. *Esperanto crede*. My first job up the country was with a "cockie," who hailed from Tipperary. He was loth to employ us when he discovered that we were not Hibernians; but he was short of hands, and the potatoes had

to be dug out. I may say here that it is a well-known fact that, in an Irish settlement in Australia, "no Englishman need apply," and when he is employed, he is made to feel that he is the recipient of a favour. Our time there was not pleasant; our co-workers were not genial. From sunrise to sundown, early and late digging potatoes at 12s. per week, in a drizzling rain, was hard work, and, to crown all, the "boss" would drop into our hut when our day's work was done and enquire—"Any of yez boys want to cut any chaff?" We stayed long enough with him to earn the price of sundry articles we were told would be required in the bush, and we parted. A short time ago I met an old Australian in Paris to whom I was relating some incidents of my chequered career in Australia, this last one *inter alia*, when he broke in with—"Well, my boy, if you have worked for a Tipperary cockie, you have been through a proper colonial mill." I cannot forget our treatment; our employer was all but a second Simon Legree. Old hands would have burnt his place about his ears; we walked quietly away, feeling confident that after what we had endured in that place we were fit for anything. By the way, 'tis time to make up for an omission. In the opening pages of this narrative is used the expression of "humping the drum." On a station, it is the rule not to give rations to any man who has not a substantial-looking swag; as in case he is hired to work he is expected to have a change of clothes, etc., and moreover, it is a check upon the tramps and vagrants. For this reason, old stagers take a "drum" (an old kerosene tin), around which they wrap a few rags, envelope the whole in a blanket, when it presents the deceptive appearance of a well-filled swag. To return to "cockies." If too poor, they are, of course, unable to give any assistance to travellers, but it is seldom on record that they demand payment for anything they may give you. Once only was I charged by a farmer's wife for a piece of bread, and next morning, on leaving her "selection," I had my revenge, by telling her that it was the "dearest and worst bread I had eaten in the colony." The thrust went home, for all farmers' wives pride themselves on the quality of the bread they bake. Strange *rencontres* are often made in the bush. I chanced to come across an old Haligonian, who was overseer to a homestead, and who had known the late Hon. Joseph Howe, and from him I learnt a fact perhaps not generally known—viz., that the Hon. Joseph Howe was one of the "typos" who set the first edition of Judge Haliburton's (also a Haligonian) well-known novel, "Sam Slick, or the Attaché." Another time I halted at an old Highlander's; he had been to many wars—through the Crimea and the Indian mutiny; a pleasant evening we spent together over a quiet pipe; his house was decorated with pictures from the "Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News;" his medals being suspended against the wall; everything was trim, and bespoke those habits of order which are inculcated in the barrack-room. Of course, a prominent place was reserved for the portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, the ex-Emperor of the French, and other celebrities of the day. The land we passed through bore many aspects; some days we would cross through vast gold-field commons, dotted with abandoned claims. How desolate they looked, and what tales many of the gold-holes could reveal, could they but speak! Many a stout man's heart has broken after fruitlessly digging for months, stimulated by vain hopes raised perchance by merely sighting the colour of gold; many a one has been shot in a drunken brawl and then tumbled into his own gold-hole, and many a one, after at last unearthing the much-coveted nugget, has seen it quickly and surely melted in the hands of that licensed thief, the keeper of the bush inn. In the bush, drugged liquor is the rule, not the exception. The "sheoak," or colonial beer, so-called from the leaves of the sheoak tree being used instead of hops, is not intoxicating enough; it must be doctored with tobacco juice or other stupefying ingredients. Not only the digger, but also the swagman's earnings pass into the hands of these robbers. Already in the colony of Victoria, where licenses are granted as freely as in Montreal by unscrupulous politicians, public opinion is crying out and asking that some check be put upon these wholesale poisoners.

Let us, however, return to work. After leaving our hard task-master we were hired by a German vine-grower, who employed us at vine-trenching and planting apple and pear trees. The pay was liberal; the hut was clean (which was not the case at our Tipperary huts), and another consideration, the food was good, plentiful and variously cooked. It was a relief after feeding continually on potatoes. *Toujours perdrie* ends in becoming tiresome. By the time we had planted all the trees and dug all the trenches, shearing-season was fast approaching, and we accordingly made tracks for a large station, where we were almost sure of finding employment, and luckily we did. All our troubles for the time being ceased. We were at the end of our "wallaby-track," which in the Queen's English means our erratic promenade; for the Wallaby, a species of Kangaroo, avoids making a line as straight as a crow flies; he prefers wandering about like a true Bohemian that he is, trusting to luck for attaining what he seeks. So was it with us travellers. Shearing was not going to take place for three or four weeks yet, but the overseer engaged me as cook to some boundary riders who were to drive a "mob" (Australians don't say "flock") of sheep to a station 70 miles distant. It was a pleasant excursion. We were all mounted; I