

Till your saddle-weary back-bone fell a-aching to the roots,  
And you almost felt the croaking of the bull-frog in your 'roots.

And again in a satire on the "Camp-fire's Cheerful Blaze," he says :

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.

And we couldn't raise a chorus, for the  
toothache and the cramp,  
And we spent the hours of darkness draining  
puddles round the camp.

These Australian Bush Bards never modify their feeling in expressing it, but present it in all its natural energy. Henry Lawson is a native born Australian and has grown up in contact with the wild life of the bushmen, and his pictures are true and vivid pictures that make you feel the actual experience of these bush rangers. His description of their life on the Australian plains could not be produced but by one who had lived it :

"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."

Mr. A. Patchett Martin in his work on Australian Literature says : "Australian Literature originated not in the student's library but the trooper's saddle." Of the writers he says "Adam Lindsay Gordon is the Pioneer Australian Bush Bard. A Scotchman by birth, he went to Australia through some trouble at school, and was in turn a drover, a miner, and a steeplechase rider, and finally closed a brief and unhappy married life by blowing out his brains at Brighton Beach near Melbourne."

Gordon is called the Burns of Australia and the tragic end of his life was but a fitting close to his whole path-

etic career. Two stanzas from "The Sick Stock-Rider", show us the peculiar trend of his unorthodox sentiments and thoughts, which, like Burns, he poured forth in full as he felt them :—

I've had my share of pastime,  
And I've done my share of toil,  
And life is short, the longest life a span :  
I care not now to tarry  
For the corn nor for the oil,  
Nor for wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For deeds undone and time misspent  
And resolutions vain ;  
'Tis somewhat late to trouble, this I know ;  
I should live the same life over  
If I had to live again,  
And the chances are I go where most men go.

A depth of feeling is expressed in this more than in many of the Bush Ballads, but our own Bush Bard, Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley of British Columbia, has the natural expression of the bard, the sportman's freedom and a pathos that is less tragic but equally touching.

Mr. Wolley, like Gordon in Australia, enjoyed a good English education before leaving the native land. But he had a still wider experience than Gordon, for he was British Consul at Kertch, and there came in contact with life in the East. Then after practising as a barrister for a time he retired and removed to British Columbia. In 1896 he was appointed sanitary inspector in the mining districts of that province.

His works show that he grasped the spirit of the different phases of life with which he came in contact. His stories, "Savage Svanetia," and "Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus," are the outcome of his life in the East. Then from his life in the West we have "Trottings of a Tenderfoot," "A Sportsman's Eden," and his novels "Gold, Gold in Cariboo" and "The Chicamon Stone." In them all his style is clear and simple and he shows that romantic spirit that gave life to the novels of Sir Walter Scott in his day.