THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the person of whom they spoke. A sound from the thick bash inter.

lisappearing into a terrible ridge above bis eyes. "They haven't killed him, after

"Who's that for ?" harehly demanded

approaching the cheined man, whose neck

as stretched toward the brimming cup. "Stand back, curse you !" said

reach Bunbury prison to-morrow

He gave one straight look into

bis eyes.

cornered cur."

The Bride

2

They brought me to a foreign land, Across the oc-an wide, To dwell with strangers, and to be Ayoung and happy brids. Tay called me besufful and fair : Bai yet I know mine eys Hath lost the brightness that it had Bonesta my own sweet sky.

They wreathe, too. in my shining hair, The isweis of their race : The j-weis of their rate: I cond bat weep to see how ill They saited with my face. Alas! upon my altered brow. Their garland fash in vain; My check is now too late to take The tint of joy sgala.

I tread thy fairy hall at night, And all bave smiles for me; I meet with inriling looks that make Me dream of home and thee. How becutiful are all things here; How wonderful and bright; The very stars appear to sned A softer, newer light.

But yet I feel, my heart would give them all for one sweet flower. Pluck'd from the valleys, where my feet First trod in childhood's hour; When I beheid the ocean flow So proudly by the shore; And saw the monlight stream upon-What I shall see no more.

I lov'd upon the dark green rock, To make my ionely seat; And watch the heaving billow throw The see weeds at my fest; To meet the summer wind, and hear Its murmure in the trees; And think thy voice was whispering me With every passive brees.

Yet sometimes in my dreams, I view High ruins, lone and dark; And sometimes I am on the sea Within mine own lov'd bark, And sofily then we float slong, Beneath the twilight star-Once more I see the sty I love, My own dear home sfar.

Once more I twine around my brow, The itile flower so pale, Once more I think my mother's voice Comes signing on the gale: And then there is a wild sweet joy That thrills me in my dreams; Flinging its rating the arm, Like sunset's goiden beam.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIRST.

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE,

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. I.

THE LAND OF THE RED LINE.

Western Australia is a vast and unwestern Australia is a vast and un-known country, almost mysterious in its solitude and unlikeness to any other part of the earth. It is the greatest of the Australias in extent, and in many features

Australias in extent, and in many features the richest and loveliest. But the sister colonies of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland are famous for their treasure of gold. Men from all lands have flocked thither to gather riches. They care not for the slow labor of the former of matter is the slow labor of the farmer or grezer. Let the weak and the old, the coward and the dreamer, prune the vine and dry the fige, and wait for the wheat to ripen. Strong men must go to the trial - must set muscle again muscle, and brain against brain in the mine and the market.

Men's lives are short ; and unless they gather gold in the mass, how shall they wipe out the primal curse of poverty before the hand loses its skill and the heart

its strong desire ? ern Australia is the Cinderella of Western Anstralia is the Cinderells of the South. She has no gold like her sisters. To her was given the servile and unhappy portion. The dregs of British society were poured upon her soil. The robber and the mansisyer were sent thither. Her territory was marked off with a feed Line. She has no markets for with a Red Line She bay no markets for honest men, and no ports for honest ships. Her laws are not the laws of other coun tries, but the terrible rules of the men-agerie. Her citizens have no rights: they toil their lives out at heavy tasks, but earn no wages, nor own a vestige of right in the soil they till. It is a land of elaves admen- the great Penal Colony of

"There is no gold in the Western Colony," estd the miners contemptuously ; "let the convicts keep the land-but let them observe our Red Line."

So the convicts took the defamed coun try, and lived and died there, and others were transported there from Eugland to replace those who died, and every year the seething ships gave up their addition to the terrible population.

fever heat; and in 1848 the Governor of the Pensl Colony faued a proclamation, copies of which were sent by native run-ners to every settler and ticket-of leave man, and were even surreptitiously dis-tributed amonget the miners on the other finger on his lips, like this, and waved his hand as if he warned me to go bick to the

man, and were even surreptitiously dis-tributed amongst the miners on the other side of the Red Line. side of the Red Line. This proclamation intensified the excite-ment. It seemed to bring the mine nearer to every man in the colony. It was a formal admission that there really was a mine; it dispelled the vague uncertainty, camp. I turned to go; then I looked back once, and he was standing just as I left him, but he was looking up at the tky, as if there was some at the moon that pleased him." and lef: an immediate hunger or greed in the minds of the population



The above Reward will be paid for the discovery of the Mine from which the Natives of the Vasse obtain their Gold A Free Pardon will be granted to the Discoverer, should he be of the No Reward will be given nor terms made with Absconders from the Prisons or Road Parties. By Order, F. R. Hampton.

F. R. Hampton. Official Residence, Perth, 28th June, 1848.

But nothing came of it. Not an ounce But nothing came of it. Not an ounce of gold was ever taken from the earth. At inst men began to avoid the subject. They could not bear to be tantalized nor tortured by the splendid delusion. Some said there was no mine in the Vasse, and others that, if there were a mine, it was known only to a few of the native chiefs, who deat, out the year gold to their who dealt out the raw gold to their

For eight years this magnificent reward had remained unclaimed, and now its terms were only recalled at the fires of the road making convicts, or in the lonely slab-huts of the mahogany sawyers, who were all ticket-of leave men.

II. THE CONVICT BOAD PARTY.

It was a scorching day in midsumme a few days before Christmas.

a rew days before Christmas. Had there been any moisture in the bush it would have steamed in the heavy heat. During the mid-day hours not a bird stirred among the mahogany and gum trees. On the flat tops of the low banksia round heads of the white cockatoos the round heads of the white coefficients could be seen in thousands, motionless as the trees themselves. Not a parrot had the vim to scream. The chirping insects were slient. Not a snake had courage to

were silent. Not a snake fai courage to rustle his hard skin against the hot and dead bush-grass. The bright eyed iguanas were in their holes. The mahogany saw-yers had left their logs and were sleeping in the cool sand of their pits. Eyen the travelling ants had halted on their won-derful roads, and sought the shade of a hear blue

All free things were at rest; but the penetrating click of the axe, heard far through the bush, and now and again a harsh word of command, told that it was a third.

the sergeant. "For Moondyne," said the convict, From daylight to dark, through the hot noon as steadily as in the cool evening, the convicts were at work on the roads-the weary work that has no wages, no romotion

promotion, no incitement, no variation for good or bad, except stripes for the laggard. Along the verge of the Kosgulup Swamp-one of the greatest and dismalest of the wooded lakes of the country, its black water deep enough to float a manof war-s party of convicts were making a Government road. They were cutting their patient way into a forest only traversed before by the aborigine and the

beconder. Before them in the bush, as in their lives, all was dark and unknown-tangled underbrush, gloomy shadows, and nozious things. Behind them, clear and open, lay the straight road they had made-leading

to and from the prison. Their camp, composed of rough slab-huts, was some two hundred miles from the main prison of the colony on the Swan River, at Fremantle, from which radiate all the roads made by the bond-

men. The primitive history of the colony is written forever in its roads. There is in he looked as if his natural garb were utter this penal labor a secret of value to be nakedness or the bushman's cloak, so utilized more fully by a wiser civilization. locsely and carelessly hung the shreds of ids her

tude there was something strangely gentle and winning in the face, The sergeant returned and mounted

The sergeant returned and monuscu The litters were raised by the natives, and the party resumed their march, striking in on the new road that led to the prison. "May the lightning split him," hissed black browed Dave, after the sergeant.

that pleased him." The convicts worked silently, each thinking on what he had heard. "He mightn't ha' been afraid, though," said low browed Dave; "I'd let them cut my tongue out before I'd sell the Moon-dyne." "There's not an officer in the colony will strike a prisoner without cause, except that coward, and he was a convict him-"That's true," said several of the gaog, and many kind looks were given to Ter rell. A strong bond of sympathy, it was

"May the Lord help Moondyne Joe this day," said another, "for he's chained to the stirrup of the only man living that hates him." evident, existed between these men and The sympathizing gang looked after the party till they were blidden by a bend of the road; but they were ellent under the eye of their warder. rupted the conversation. The convicts looked up from their work, and beheld a

III. NUMBER 406.

looked up from their work, and beheld a strange procession approaching from the direction of the swamp. It consisted of about a dozen or fifteen persons, most of whom were savages. In front reds two officers of the Convict Service, a sergeant, and a private trooper, side by side, with drawn swords; and between their horses, manacled by the wrists to their stirrup-irons, walked a white man. "Here they come," hissed Terrell, with a bitter malediction, his low brow wholly disancesing into a terrible ridge above Some years before, the prisoner, now called Moondyne Joe, had arrived in the colony. He was a youth - little more than a boy in years. From the first day of his imprisonment he had followed one course : he was quiet, silent, patient, obe dient. He broke no rules of the prison He asked no favors. He performed all his own work, and often belped another who grumbled at his heavy task.

Web grumbled at his heavy task. He was simply known to his fellow-convicts as Joe, his other name was un-known or forgotten. When the prison roll was called, he answered to No. 406. all. O, mates, what a pity it is to see a man like Moondyne in that plight." "He's done for two or three of 'em," muttered another, in a tone of grim grati-fication. "Look at the loads behind. I In the first few years he had made many friends in the colony-but he had also made one enemy, and a deadly one. knew he wouldn't be taken this time like Following the prisoner came a troop of In the gang to which he belonged was a man named Isaac Bowman, one of those "ratives," as the aboriginal bushmen are called, bearing three spearwood litters with the bodies of wounded men. A natures seemingly all evil, envious, and cruel, detested by the basest, yet self con-tsined, full of jibe and derision, satisfied with the bodies of wounded men. A villanous-looking savage, mounted on a troop horse, brought up the rear. His dress was like that of his pedeatrian fel-lows, upon whom, however, he looked in disdain—a short boka, or cloak of kan-garoo skin, and a belt of twisted fur cords round his naked hody. In addition ha with his own depravity, and convinced that every one was secretly just as vile as

From the first, this fellow had disliked and sneered at Joe, and Joe having long observed the man's cur like character, had at last adopted a system of conduct toround his naked body. In addition he had a police trooper's old cap, and a heavy "regulation" revolver stuck in bis belt. ward him that eaved himself annoyance. ward him that saved himself abnoyance, but secretly intensified the malevolence of the other. He did not avoid the fel low; but he never looked at him, saw him, spoke to him-not even answering This was the tracker, the human blood. hound, used by the troopers to follow the trial of absconding prisoners. When the troopers neared the convicthim when he spoke, as if he had not heard party, the sergeant, a man whose natural expression, whatever it might have been, was wholly oblicerated by a frightful scar across his face, asked for water. The natives halted, and squatted sheatly in a

This treatment was observed and enjoyed by the other prisoners, and some-times even adopted by themselves toward Bowman. At last its effect on the evil grcup. The wounded men moaned as the litters were lowered. nature was too powerful to be concealed. With the others he could return oath for Dave Terrell brought the water. He handed a pannikin to the sergeast, and another to the private trooper, and filled oath, or jibe for jibe, and always came off pleased with himself; but Joe's silent

contumely stung him like a scorpion. The convicts at length saw that Bowman, who was a man capable of any crime held a deep hatred for Joe, and they warned him to beware. But he smiled

and went on just as before. One morning a poor settler rode into the sergeant, bringing his sword flat on the convict's back. "That scoundrel needs no water. He drinks blood." the camp with a cry for justice and venge ance. His hut was only a few miles d tant, and in his absence last night a deed of rapine and robbery had been per petrated there—and the robber was a con-

water. He drinks blood." There was a taunt in the tone, even beneath the brutality of the words. "Carry your pail to those litters," growled the sinister looking sergeant, "and keep your mouth closed, if you value your hide. There!" he said in a sup-pressed volce flipping the few down vict. A search was made in the prisoners' hut, and in one of the hammocks was found some of the stolen property. The man who owned the hammock was seized and pressed voice, flinging the few drops he ironed, protessing his innocence. Further evidence was found against him-he had ad left in the face of the manacled man that's water enough for you, till you been seen returning to the camp that morning-Isaac Bowman had seen bim. The face of the prisoner hardly changed.

Swift and summary is the dread puneant's eyes, then turned away, and seemed to look far away through the busb. He shment of the penal code. As the help less wretch was dragged away, a word of mock pity followed him from Bowman. was a remarkable being, as he stood there. Was a remarkable being, as he scout there, In strength and proportion of body the man was magnificent—a model for a gladi-ator. He was of middle height, young, but so stern and massively featured, and Daring t During the scene, Joe had stood in sil-ence; but at the brutal jibs he started as ence; but at the brutal jub he started as if struck by a whip. He sprang on Isaac Bowman suddenly — dashed him to the ground, and, holding him there like a worm, shock from his clothing all the stolen property, except what the caluff had concesled in his fellow's bed to insure bis conviction so browned and beaten by exposure, it was hard to determine his age. His clothing was only a few torn and bloody regs; but

his conviction. Then and there the sentence was given.

Joe had years to serve; and he had made up his mind to serve; and he had made up his mind to serve; and he free. He knew there was no eccape-that one report from Bowman would wipe out all record of previous good conduct.

out all record of previous good conduct. He knew, too, that Bowman meant to destroy him, and he resolved to bear toll and abuse as long as he was able. He was able longer than most men ; but the cup was filled at last. The day came when the worm turned—when the quiet, patient man bizz d into dreadful passion, and tearing the good from the tyrant's and, tearing the goad from the tyrant's hand, he dashed him, mained and sense less, to the earth.

The blow given, Joe's passion calmed, and the ruin of the deed stared him in and the rule of the deed stard him in the face. There was no court of justice in which he might plead. He has usither word nor oath nor witnesses. The man might be dead ; and even if he recovered,

might be dead; and even if he recovered, the punishment was the lash and the chain gang, or the gallows. Then and there, Joe struck into the bush with a resolute face, and next day the infuriate and bafflad rascal, rendered tea-fold more malignant by a dreadful dis-figurement, reported him to the prison as an abkender a robbar and an attempted an absconder, a robber, and an attempted

murderer. TO BE CONTINUED.

A LITTLE GOOD-BYE TO ARCADY.

Catherine Cole, in New Orleans Picsyune For many years I have been thinking to write an article on Arcady. I lived there, and it seemed to me that no one could know so well its tangled paths, its leaf strewn, rutty roads that led nowhere

in particular, its quiet skies and all its dear localities. Every morning as I stepped out of the dingy brown shell of a house that was home to me and that sheltered my young one as the nest does the fladging, would look out on the world, up deep into the sky, and slong the green cathe dral aisles of the untrimmed trees and

say I will write about Arcady now, for surely it is ever so sweet. We lived on a road-for in Arcady

there is nothing so paved and metropoli tan as a street—that meandered along betwixt mossy ferns and finally dwindled off peaceably and mistily under brambles to the cemeteries. There were happy years for those of us who dwelt in the old brown house when the way to the cemetery was merely legendary; and when on All Saints' Day the neighbors used to go by with their roses and wreaths, I could hardly understand as

they were swallowed up in the green beyond that they had gone like black ghosts of dead loves to a graveyard. But there came a day—some tranquil years ago—when we too, with lagging footsteps, learned whither the old road ran, and after that somehow the roses in the thorpy hedges that grew in hillocks along the way seemed sweeter and whiter and more pure. And there was a way, a street car way,

And there was a way, a street cat way, devious and jog trotting and easy going, by which we Arcadians kept up com-munication with the city. I wonder was there ever such a street car route as that! It was like a volume of statistics bound in vellum and illuminated with marginal notes of bloom and beauty. There were no names to the streets save those handed down from one generation

of car drivers to the other, as the min strelsy and iolk lore of early ages was preserved by word of mouth, but, in stead, the very telegraph poles and electric light spears of deadly poison were covered with rose vines and wild morning glory, transforming them into guide posts with a million tremulous

lemons. Just a

tendrils pointing the way to Arcady. It was always a fond belief of mine in those rose leaf days that I could shiff my way home just by the odors and perfumes that marked the way. I know there was a place right at the great stone heart of the city where the Arcadians took the homeward-bound street car, that smelled only of gas and steam, and a town's un trusive were the bar room odors of stale

we bought each other's pincushions and made complimentary guesses at each other's cakes; for concerts, where we ad-mired each other's singing; for theatricale, where we put on wigs and laughed at each where we put on wigs and laughed at each other's acting; and in that hall the big-gest big wig decorator in Christerdom might have taken notes in making things beautiful. Who could twist a honeysuckle wine with the art of Mrs. B.? Who could put us a program optimize the Wider Ch put up a posy as prettiy as the Widow C? What roses were so rich and red as those Mrs. R brought down, with the dew of the country still we ton their lips? Where could you find such gumbo as pretty laughing Mrs. T. had led out to us with lavish hand? What Charlotte could have been so admirable cutting bread and but-ter as gentle Mrs. B.? Whose punch was ter as gentle Mrs. B.7 Whose punch was ever so delicious as that concocted by Mrs. N., and what smiles could have sweetened it as did the smiles of the Widows D. and P.7 And was ever so good a president as Mrs. S., or so sweet a singer as Mrs. M., or so cheery a body as Mrs J., or so kind a mother in Israel as Grandma P. or Mrs. W.? Oh! it was all kindness and lovli-

W.? Oh! it was all kindness and invil-ness in Arcady, where when we went to each other's parties, we were always given some of the goodles to carry home. Sometimes great folk came to our homes, poets and singers and scholars. It was only last April a famous singer, whose here to the parties and singer whose

was only isst April a lamous singer, whose heart still has some roots in our world, came to visit one of us. She was a very grand and famous singer, and she lives in London and sings sometimes for great princes, who will listen only to the best, princes, who will listen only to the best, and her name is Lena Little. It was very pretty in Arcaly that night, and the home in which we were entertained was gay with flowere. The plump Arcadian matrons and the gentle Arcadian widows sat about smilling and cheery with April roses on their breas's and at their beits. Every one was happy and joyous in a simple fashion, and there was no showing off nor pranking, as there often is-out of

Arcady. When the feasting was over we cang songs-not arise from operas and recita-tives from oratorios, bat songs that go to the heart and tell their own story unsided. I remember we sang the "Suwanee River," and "Old Black Joe." and "Home Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne," and I remember how that glorious, costly and I remember how that glorious, costly contraito voice which princes have listened to and applauded, joined in with our trebles and altos and falsettos, just as beautifully as a golden thread may be woven into therusset colored, serviceable garb of daily life. And then, by and by, we tied our white our bands and with our

nubias over our heads, and with our handkerchiefs fall of goodles dangling on our arms, we said good night and went

away. I wonder if nights can be anywhere so eweet as they are in that little suburban locality I love to think on as Arcady? There it was lovely to walk home from some neighbor's at midnight when "the stars were in the quiet skies" and the faint breath of the wild briar rose hung on the air, when cow bells tankled dream. fully down the uncertain roads, and the eky floated overhead as if the Mother of God were watching there in her wondrous starshot robe of celestial hue. . . . But somehow the days and months and

years fell off as faded petals fall from a rose that will bloom no more, and I was never able to get any word of that article on Arcady chained down into black and white.

I know now that one may not write of life until one has done with it. A picture to be beautiful must have per-pective, and memory is the heart's perspective, just as hope is its glad and golden foreground.

And now all that is over and ended. Tost green leaf is turned down forever, and Arcady is ours now, just as our dead are ours; just as the things we may remember, no power can take away from us. A few evil days ago we moved like coun-try mice down into the city, "the stony-hearted stepmother," De Q incy called it, and I want some gardener, some town florist, to tell me how country plants may be made to insert their roots under cobble stones, and how to keep wild vines grow-

canny dust, of seavengers' carts and apothecaries' shores. A little beyond was a corner that might have been called the corner of Absinthe and Aulsette, so ob and Mars and Jupiter. So when the into the streets. Everywhere was the smell of stale beer, of wilted lemon psel, the rumble of carts, the scream of steam, the tinkle of street car bells. We passed an open window and in the room beyond an open window and in the room beyond a woman had her feet upon the treadmill of her machine. A slobbering candle lighted her work, a coarse pices of jeans —even work was unlovely in that dingy room. A drunken man lolled by ; a town bird, dusty and ragged, had gone to sleep in one of the town trees—a telegraph pole. I am sure now that the common-place Surows of the World below to the place Sorrows of the World belong to the Barreat cities. It was in London Elizabeth Barreat listened with an aching heart to the children crying in the street. We did not find the stars. There was not enough sky, and as we walked back to our—our Rooms I told Fio of a little London child I once knew who was taken on Mayday from Shoreditch out into Arcady. And when he saw that great, eternal, luminous Blue bending down above his head he cried and was afraid that it would fall on him. And then to myself I kept Emerson's thought about the stars, where he says : "Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars only appeared one night in a thousand years how would men believe and adore and preserve for generations the remembrance of the city of God, which had been shown." To how many wanderers in a great city's stone forest are the infrequent stars smiling down between the narrow walls, like mute remembrancers of some lost summer, some Arcady from which there had been an eviction. And yet it is the instinct of the human side of us and the intellectual side of us to go to town Electric lights, the great flickering gaslights of the great city tempt us as stars may never do. What beautiful pictures in our minds we bring to town with us! Who will ever forget with what infinite love and longing the geatle autocrat for both town and country breakfast tables has written of the life that must have been his own before he came up to Boston ? "Home, Sweet Home" was a lowly thatched cot-" Home, tage, far from palaces. I think even the gentle-hearted Will must have dwel

DECEMBER 6, 1893.

In time the Western Colony came to be regarded as a plague spot, where no man thought of going, and no man did go unless sent in irons. If the miners from Victoria and New

South Wales, however, had visited the penal land some years after its establish. ment, they would have heard whispers of strange import- rumors and questions o a great golden secret possessed by the Western Colony. No one could tell where it began or on what it was based, except perhaps the certainty that gold was except perhaps the certainty that gold was not uncommon among the natives of the colony, who had little or no intercourse with the aborigines of the gold yielding countries of the South and E st. The belief seemed to hover in the air;

and it settled with dazzling conviction on the crude and abnormal minds of the criminal population. At their daily toil in the quarries or on the road-parties k was blasted nor tree up rooted that esger eyes did not hun-grily scan the upturned earth. At night when the tired wretches gathered round the camp fire outside their prison hut, the dense managany forest closing wairdly round the white clad group, still the un-discovered gold was the topic earnestly discussed. And even the Government officers and the few free settlers became after a time filled with the prevailing

expectancy and disquiet. But years passed, and not an ounce of gold was discovered in the colony. The Government had offered reward to settlers or ticket of leave men who would find the first nugget of gold bearing rock ; but

no claimant came forward. Sill, there remained the tantalizing fact — for, in the course of years, fact it had grown to be—that gold was to be found in the colony, and in abundance. The native bushmen were masters of the secret, but neither bribe nor torture could wring it from them. Terrible storles whispered among the convicts, of were whispered among the convicts, of attempts that had been made to force the natives to give up the precious secret. Gold was common amongst these bush-men. Armlets and anklets had been seen on men and women ; and some of their chief men, it was said, wore breast plates and enormous chains of hammered gold.

At last the feeling in the West grew to

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danger - to prepare the way for honest life and labor. In every community there is either dangerous or degrading work to be done : and who so fit to do it as those who have forfeited their liberty by break ing the law? The convicts were dressed in white

trousers, blue woolen shirt, and white hat -every article stamped with England's private mark-the Broad Arrow. They were young men, healthy and strong their faces and bare arms burnt to the color of mabogany. Burglars, murderers, garotters, thleves—double eyed law break ers every one—but, for all that, kind-hearted and manly fellows enough were among them.

among them. "I tell you, mates," said one, resting on his spade, "this is going to be the end of Moondyne Joe. Taat firing in the swamp last night was his last fight." "I don't think it was Moondyne," said another ; " he's at work in the chain-gang

at Fremantle ; and there's no chance o escape there-"Sh h !" interrupted the first speaker powerful, low browed fellow, named Dave Terrell, who acted as a sort of fore-

man to the gang. The warder in charge of the party was slowly walking past. When he was out of hearing Dave con-tioned in a low backing back. inued, in a low but deeply earnest voice

I know it was Moondyne, mates. I saw ilm last night when I went to get the turtle's eggs. I met him face to face in the moonlight, beside the swamp." Every man held his hund and breath with intense interest in the story. Some ooked incredulous - heads were shaken

in doubt. "Did you speak to him ?" asked one. "Ay," said Terrell, turning on him ; why shouldn't I ? Moondyne knew " Ay,"

"why shouldn't I? Moondyne knew he had nothing to fear from me, and I had nothing to fear from him." "What did you say to him ?" asked

another. "Say ?-I stood an' looked at him for a "Say ?-I stood an' look da white look in

finely shaped head, with crisp, black hair brunt of the new land's hardship and and beard, a broad, square forehead, and an air of power and self command—this was the prisoner, this was Moondyne Joe. Who or what was the man? An escaped convict. What had he been ? Perhaps a cobber or a mutineer, or maybe he had killed a man in the white heat of passion ;

no one knew-no one cared to know. That question is never saked in the penal colony. No caste there. They have found bottom, where all stand equal. No envy there, no rivalry, no greed nor ambition, and no escape from companionship. They constitute the purest democracy on earth The only distinction to be won-that of being trustworthy, or selfish and false. The good man is he who is kind and true;

the bad man is he who is capable of betray ing a confederate. It may be the absence of the competitive

lements of social life that accounts for the number of manly characters to be met among these outcasts

by no means in the superior strata Itt of society that abound the strong, true natures, the men that may be depended upon, the primitive rocks of humanity. The complexities of social life beget cun their taskmasters, who possessed them all the power of prison officers. ning and artificiality. Among penal con-victs there is no ground for envy, ambition, or emulation; nothing to be gained by fal-ehood in any shape. But all this time the prisoner stands

looking away into the bush, with the drops of insult trickling from his strong face. His self command evidently irritated th brutal officer, who, perhaps, expected to hear him whine for better treatment.

The sergeant dismounted to examine the handcuff, at d while doing so, looked into the man's face with a leer of cruel exulta-

tion. He drew no expression from the steady eyes of the prisoner. There was an old score to be settled

between those men, and it was plain that Issac Bowman. each knew the metal of the other. "I'll break that look," said the sergeant

between his teeth, but loud enough for "Say ?--1 stood an' looked at him for a minute, for his face had a white look in the moonlight, and then I walked up close to him, and I says: 'B you Moon-dyne Joe, or his ghost ?'" "Ay ?" said the gang with one breath. "Ay, I said that, never fearing, for

further on, as our vehicle gave a sudden lurch away from the town, there would come across the night whifts of air from off the New bash, a musty, almshouse sort of air, combined of old sawdust and flogged with embittered violence. He uttered no cry; but as the hissing lashes swept his back, he settled a look of swept his back, he settled a how of ghastly and mortal hatred on Joe, who stood by and counted the stripes. But this was years ago; and Bowman had long been a free man and a settler, having served out his sentence. tesk wood, of rotting masts, of cakum and rosin, and of tarry ropes lying in tangles on the decks of charcoal schoon-At that time the laws of the Pena

And then it was easy to tell when we Colony were exceedingly cruel and unjust to the bondmen. There was in the colony came to the foot hill residences that pre-cede the alps of Swelldom, for here the faint, faithful perfume of violets, that grew in parched beds, with barriers of these here here the matched the partial a number of "free settlers" and ex-con-victs who had obtained land, and these, as a class, were men who lived half by farm ing and half by rascality. They sold brandy to the convicts and ticket-of-leave stone beer bottles, greeted the nostril. In summer times, no matter how dark the night, the breath of violets always told men, and robbed them when the drugged liquor had done its work. They feared me, as a sort of floral time table might when we were on the road to Arcady. no law, for the word of a prisoner wa

Magnolies grew in the great gardens and on the stately lawns of Upper Ten-dom, and then life had an interlude, a breathing spell, where the road crossed a greasy common or wild country space, where the townsfolk came in the July dars to make hay while the came have The crying evil of the code was the power it gave these settlers to take from the prisons as many men as they chose, and work them as slaves on their clear ings. While so employed, the very lives of these convicts were at the mercy of days to make hay while the sun shone. This place, the city's park, was really the vestibule to Arcady, and at its outer edge grew the thorny bushes, the swinging A report made by an ϵ mployer sgainst a coaviet insured a flogging or a number of years in the terrible chain gang at Fre-mantle. The system recked with cruelty and the blood of men. It would startle vines, the pretty trees set thick with the spice scented roses of our Arcady. What simple hearted folk dwelt there I

What simple hearted folk dweit there 1 need not say. It takes simple-hearted folk to live thus close presend to the heart of nature. It seemed every one knew every one else, and when we met we most surely stopped to pass the time of day. And no one gossiped, and no one was un-kind, and no jealousles were so hitter they would be unchanged by a loaf of home our commonplace serenity to see the record of the lives that were sacrificed to have it repealed. Under this law, it came to Joe's turn to be sent out on probation. Application had been made for him by a farmer, could not be sweetened by a losf of home whose " range " was in a remote district. made cake, nor rancors so deep they could not be drowned in home-made wine. We were famcus housekeepers in Ar-Joe was a strong and willing worker, and he was glad of the change; but when he

was taken to the lonely place, he could not help a shudder when he came face to cady, and there were no cakes like those face with his new employer and masterwe sent on silver salvers to each other's feasts-white cakes and gold cakes showed There was no doubting the purpose of the villain who had now complete possesunder an inch of icing and decorated like old fashioned brides, with postes of myrtle and sprigs of lemon verbena tied up with sion of him. He meant to drive him into iose geraniums. I shall always think that nowhere in the rebellion-to torture him till his hate was

gratified, and then to have him flogged world were such entertainments as we were wont to give in that little world of and sent to the chain gang ; and from the first minute of his control he began to ours. There was a hall-our own hall-in which we congregated for fairs, where carry out his purpose. For two years the strong man tolled