

They found incompetence with a trust combined,  
They saw the arrogance and the rude display  
That evidenced the henchman and the hind,  
Or horse-backed beggar of but yesterday;  
They saw the mis-fit dignity of frown,  
They heard the amateur at lordly tone,  
Dilate on regulations of the Crown,  
With incidental rulings of his own.

They saw the door by legal usher kept,  
Denied in anger to the honest man,  
While 'fore his eyes across its portal swept  
The lowest type of foreign courtesan.  
They saw in all the grossest, saddest sight,  
By hardy pioneer e'er yet descried,  
Those outraged miners saw the death of right,  
Then saw its ruthless stranglers glorified.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN'S COMMENT.

"The flag that floats above me here  
Waves o'er my old Australian home,  
I heard a brother calling clear  
A brother's welcome 'cross the foam.  
With hopes I sought this frozen land,  
Where brother's welcome met me "Nit,"  
For when I clasped a brother's hand  
I found I held a grafter's "Mit."

"My mates and I have told them how  
We ran the camp at Ballarat;  
The right, that there the laws allow,  
Show miners always where they're at.  
We've preached on well established rules,  
Dilated long upon their worth,  
Till the Australians, like the mules,  
Are called the kickers of the earth.

"Official life's a farmer's feast,  
From honest clown to artful scamp,  
Fool derelicts from way back East,  
In charge of God's best mining camp.  
They cannot, care not, will not know,  
Nor list to right, perhaps till when,  
We act as once at Bendigo,  
We riddance made of better men."