

NIGHT IN THE

FOR THE NORTH QUEENSLAND REGISTER.

FAR NORTH.

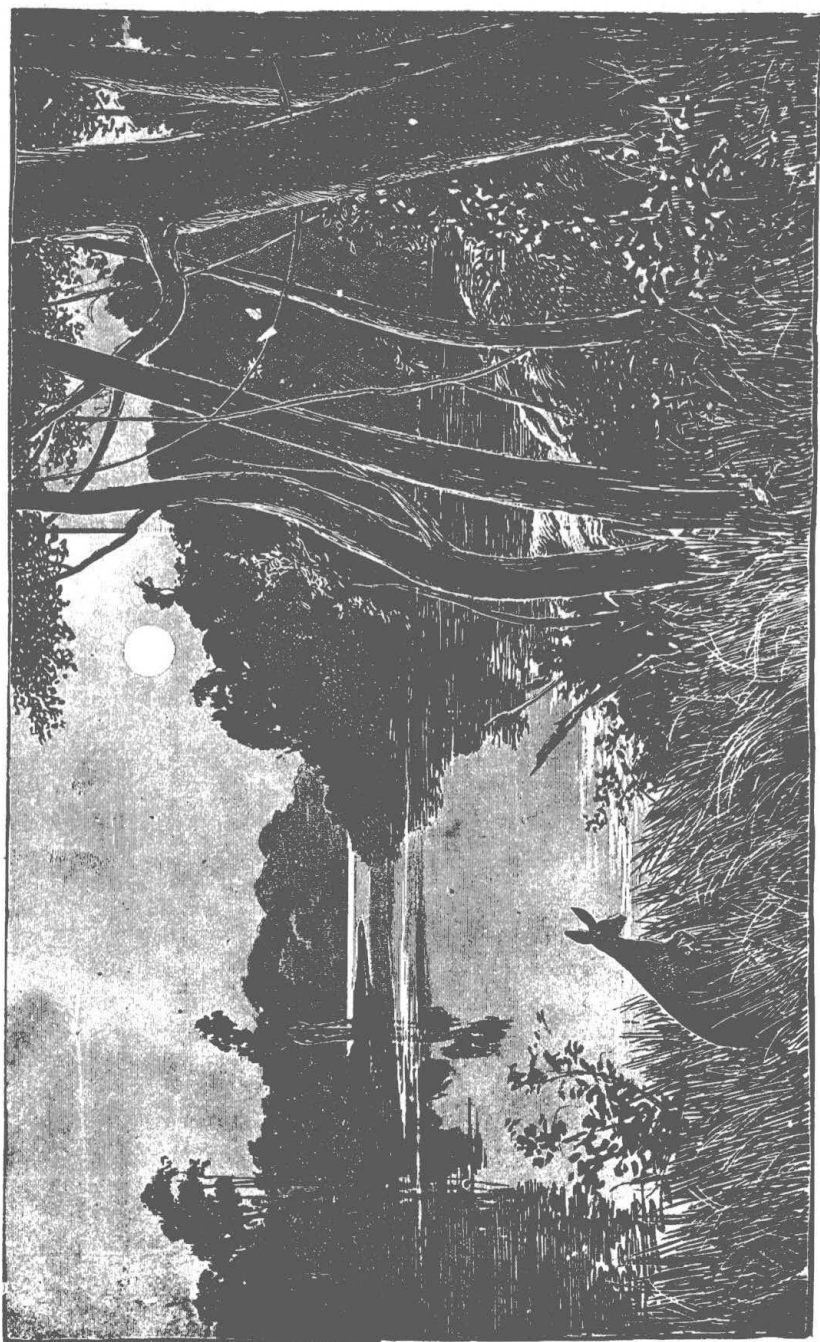
BY J. JINGLE

Where the rank grass waves right saddle-high,
 round the shimmering lagoon
And black ducks, scared by the cattle, fly
 Toward the silver-setting moon.

Where the crocodile creeps from slimy bed
 To watch where wallabies come,
And the dingo slinks through shadows shed
 By wattle and gaunt grey gum.

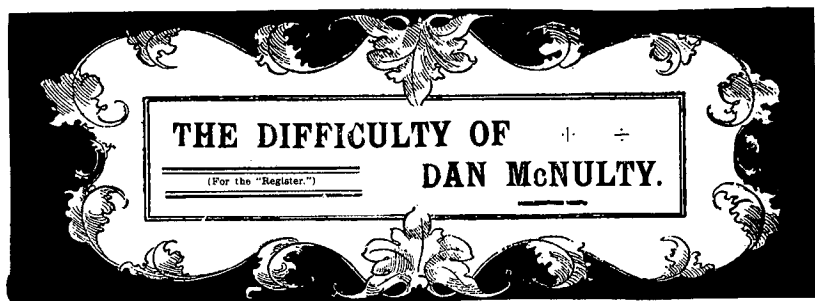
Where cyclones play with the roof-tree beam,
 As children sport with a ball;
While the settlers watch the spreading stream
 Wrap home in a watery pall.

Where revolver's crack and whirring spear
 Strike staccato notes of death,
As the fighting life of the pioneer
 Goes out on the morning's breath.



Where rare, clear note of the rifle-bird
Rolls the ranges' Eastern side,
And faint, far roar of the Barron's heard
'Way over the big divide.

Where man sleeps light and in fitful dreams
Is dwelling in fair, cool clime;
That, Death's morn rousing with restful beams,
He'll reach in his God's good time.



by W.A. Peeke

There's a dull and dusty township, situated in the West,
Where they treat the gentle jumbuck to profanity and tar;
A place where bullock-drivers quaff their vitriol with zest,
Where "Jim" and "Joe" and "Billy" also "Mickey" and the rest
Of the literary heroes of Australia mostly are.

Picturesquely speaking, there is little to be seen:
A score or so of "humpies," and a maze of post and rail,
The Barracks and the Court House, of dimensions rather mean,
And in coy retirement standing, situated just between,
A corrugated mansion, with the legend on it "jail!"