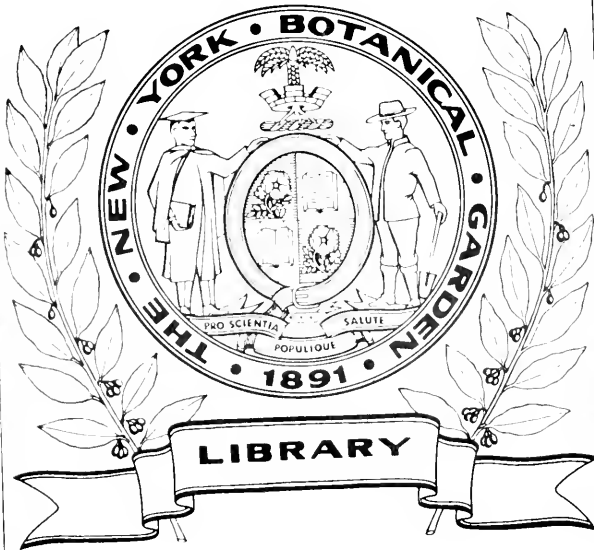


THE  
SYSTEMS  
OF  
APPLIED  
ARTS

1884

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## AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL FLOWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AUSTRALASIAN.

Sir, I crave your indulgence to place before you the belief that, according to my view, and the view of the members of my league, there is no substantial reason why the wattle-flower should have ever been put forward as an Australian floral emblem. Students of the flora and the history of our land must be struck with the fact that the scientists (Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander), who accompanied Captain Cook to Australia, found many plants absolutely new to science. So much so, that the great Linnaeus said that "New Holland" should be called "Banksia." Most prominent amongst our very own flowers is the waratah. As early as 1793 Sir James Smith, president of the Royal Society, wrote:—"The most beautiful flower that the prolific soil of New Holland affords is, by common consent, both of Europeans and natives, the waratah."

Before that year, a live plant from Sidney Cove had reached England, and one was growing in the garden of the Dowager Lady de Clifford, near Barnet. Our early pioneers took this flower to their hearts, as the floral representative of the land, and never, until 1906, when South Australia set out to dethrone it, was any other flower ever thought of as the national flower of Australia. I was born in 1875, and from infancy was taught it. Richard T. Baker, F.L.S., of Sydney, has produced the finest "National Flower Book" in the world, and it is devoted to showing how our wonderful and strikingly handsome national flower lends itself to the decorative designer. Every State of the Commonwealth has it in all branches of applied art. The only flower that the natives ever showed with their shy pride to the whites was the waratah. It is native to Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales, and Tasmania. It was believed by Linnaeus, Smith, Curtis, and botanists of their day to be an embotrium, but an examination of the bracts proved that no known family of plants could claim it. In the early "teens" of last century, the great Browne named it *Telopoa* (seen from afar), and the varieties are "speciosa, sima," (Q. and N.S.W.), "Grandis" (N.S.W. and V.), and "Truncata" (V.). I have no doubt that it will also be found in the sand-stone tracts of the interior.

The wattle has no claim. It is dangerous to health. It breeds the most dangerous insects and grubs. It is a diseased object in less than three years. It is common to the whole Southern Hemisphere. Its family (acacia) is common to the whole world. It cannot be perpetuated in applied art. Melbourne has honoured its pioneers. I am confronted on all sides with the names "Batman," "Henty," and so on. We are not going to insult the choice, as a national flower, of our pioneers, and we have every reason to be highly proud of the flower that is the most beautiful of the world in applied art, and is the most strikingly handsome, both in forest, wild, and home garden.—Yours, &c., *Acacia*  
*Melbourne* W. P. K.

Printed Federal, Dec. 19, 1924



*PART I.*  
THE WARATAH  
IN  
APPLIED ART  
AND IN  
LITERATURE.

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Department of Public Instruction, N.S.W.



Minister :

THE HON. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, M.L.A.

Under Secretary and Director of Education :

PETER BOARD, M.A.

Superintendent of Technical Education :

JAMES NANGLE, F.R.A.S.





# Dedicated

TO

PETER BOARD, Esq., M.A.,

UNDER SECRETARY AND DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION,  
NEW SOUTH WALES,

WHO HAS LABOURED SO LONG AND SO SUCCESSFULLY

ON BEHALF OF

PRIMARY, TECHNICAL, AND SECONDARY  
EDUCATION

IN

THIS STATE.





PREFACE.

**W**HEN searching for architectural conceptions, with which to illustrate the recent publication on "The Building and Ornamental Stones of Australia," it was noticed that the Waratah predominated over all other native flowers in this form of floral decoration.

Its frequent occurrence in this direction led to the tracing back of its history in Technology, with the result that the subject proved far more interesting than was at first thought, the Waratah being found figured in almost all branches of the liberal arts and sciences to a more or less degree,—specimens of its utilisation dating back from almost the first days of the Colony's foundation to the present time.

Its recognition as the leading flower in Applied Art is, therefore, a pleasing connecting link between the æsthetic taste of the autochthonous inhabitants of this Continent and the British race, for the former named it Waratâh, signifying the finest in the Australian bush, to which decision one might add, if not the whole botanical world.

This work is now offered as a contribution towards the foundation of a National School of Australian Applied Art or Design, and in this connection we may quote the words of the late M. Lucien Henry: "As every one must be aware, it will require the efforts of several generations to constitute a school of Australian Art, the ultimate success of which depends to a great extent on the practical encouragement given to the workers by Australians who believe in the future of their country, and who are eager to prove that these young States have an immense natural supply of material in the way of form and colour, and also the necessary brain power to work out of such elements a style of ornamentation which may play its part in the development of civilisation under the Southern Cross."

It is especially hoped that these illustrations will inspire the students of our Technical Colleges in their studies of Australian Applied Art, and at the same time lead them to appreciate and utilise the native flora for design and form from which field they can supply the demands made upon their artistic faculties, and so turn to Nature for their technical conceptions, just as did the artists of antiquity, where one finds such unique ideas of grace and beauty.

R.T.B.





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I wish to acknowledge the help rendered me by Mr. D. Cannon when this book was going through the press.

R.T.B.







N.S.W. Waratah  
*Telopea speciosissima* R.E.





# WARATAHS.



## INTRODUCTION.

**T**O the majority of Australians, the word "Waratah" has, perhaps, a rather limited geographical significance, for most people regard its application as referring to a plant only found somewhere near Port Jackson, and producing wonderfully gorgeous flowers.

By the help of a work on this particular plant—"The Glory of the Australian Bush"), it is hoped to make more generally known, that such restriction of geographical area is not correct, for both Victoria and Tasmania can claim a Waratah, as well as New South Wales; and so it is seen that these marvellous flowers extend over a fairly large area of this Continent. The fact remains, however, that Wælesians have prized and utilised their Waratah for decorative purposes far more extensively than either the Victorians or Tasmanians; the reason for such neglect in the latter instance is not easily explained, for the southern Waratahs possess features and colourings quite equal, and in some respects superior, to those of the New South Wales plant. This indifference on the part of our Southern neighbours is rather to be regretted, for the Victorian and Tasmanian Waratahs lend themselves to almost similar treatment in Applied Art as the New South Wales plant of that ilk. Each has its own characteristics—a decided advantage, for this group of trees and shrubs gives the technologist a large field upon which to draw for artistic treatment. The Victorian Waratah, however, is the arboreal king of them all, for it attains tree size, the timber being very ornamental is not unlike that of the American Sycamore, and will be more fully mentioned in its botanical sequence.

*Australia felix*, the early geographers were pleased to call our continent; and well might the author of that sentence feel proud were he alive to-day, for happy indeed is Australia in possessing so many natural advantages over other Continents. But not the least of her happy moments should be when she contemplates how Nature has blessed this land with a peculiar wealth of form and colour in its floral kingdom.

The early days of most nations are hidden in the mist of pre-historic times, and so the rise or beginning of their artistic conceptions is lost in obscurity, but no such fate lies with settlers of this Island Continent.

A little over a hundred years marks the age of the Australian nation, yet should an observant stranger land on our shores he would find that a characteristic decorative art has already passed the embryonic stage, and that the influence of Nature's lavishness in floral forms is becoming discernible in the development of Applied Art. This is only as it should be, and it speaks well for the powers of observation of the Australian in his natural environment.

But it is necessary that a step further should be taken, for the day has come when a more distinct national style of ornamentation should adorn our architectural structures and other productions of Applied Art, and so individualise Australian Art with the character of its own natural surroundings.

It will be seen from the plates produced that our native flora is held in high repute for decoration by our artists, a taste which illustrates the adaptability of Australian plant forms and colour in the field of Technology.

It was when using, for purposes of design, the immediate natural objects, both fauna and flora, that the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Etruscans became so excellent in their skill while executing and designing their bronzes, terra-cottas, enamels, pottery, and textile fabrics. Similarly there is little doubt that Australian workers in these subjects have, ready to their eye and hand, forms as pure and as adaptable as had the older nations.

Our own aborigines, whilst possessing some artistic skill, yet were not wanting in admiration of the native vegetation, and their selection as first favourite was the Waratah. The white man was no sooner brought in touch with Nature here than his perceptive faculty very soon saw that the Australian bush possessed no rival to the Waratah for beauty and colour, and later had the patriotic feeling to adopt it as the national emblem.

And this is not to be wondered at, when it is admitted by nearly all our artists, past and present, that this flower is *facile princeps* the best from which to design decorative work in Australia, if not from any other country, and it is this feature of the plant that has moved the author to bring before the Technical world the numerous instances of its various forms of adaptation in Technology since 1788, the date of the First Settlement.

This utilisation of the native flora has, in the author's opinion, laid the foundation of what will eventually become a distinctly national form of decoration—an achievement that has probably no parallel in any modern country.

Although this volume is devoted to the Waratah alone, yet that is not our only indigenous floral specimen used for decoration. The Flannel Flower, perhaps, ranks second to the Waratah for this purpose, whilst *Stenocarpus*, *Banksia*, Fern Fronds, &c., are also found to please the artist, but the Waratah is the principal motive of them all. In Applied Art it is first favourite amongst almost every branch, as here instanced.

As the Acanthus and other exotic forms of decoration are still much in evidence, the question resolves itself into this: Are we Australians, because the Hindoo, Egyptian, and Greek utilised the Lotus flower, Acanthus leaf, &c., for designs to decorate their columns, friezes, façades of temples and palaces, never to employ any other motive in our decoration, and in this imitative mood show a lamentable lack of originality or imagination, whilst surrounded as we are with forms of great adaptability for our artistic conceptions?

The illustrations here given will show that there is a distinct effort to depart from this ancient conventionalisation, but we want a more emphatic one, and in this connection a National School of Design, so much needed now, has a magnificent field in which to work, and we look hopefully to present and future generations to evolve a typical school of design just as the old Egyptians and Greeks did, for the Australian has at hand forms as pure and adaptable as had these older nations.

In this volume each species of Waratah is described, and illustrations are given of its utilisation by the various artists who have left their impress on Australian decoration in the field of Applied Art.



## (a) The New South Wales Waratah (*Telopea speciosissima*, R.Br.)

### Figure I.

#### HISTORICAL.

Perhaps no native plant-name has become so interwoven in Australian history as that given by the aborigines to this unique specimen of our floral world. Nor is such to be wondered at when one views the species in its autochthonous habitat, flourishing in all its glory and pride of colour among its less fortunate congeners of the Australian bush.

Australia boasts, and rightly so, of a wonderful flora with its beauties, variety of colours, and its uniqueness, all of which readily appealed to the artistic instincts of the earliest botanists who landed on its shores, as well as the first settlers, whilst the stories taken back to the Old Country concerning our native flora aroused great curiosity.

Such, then, was the effect of our flora on the minds of the white man when he first arrived here, but at the same time he found in the "savage breast" there also existed an admiration for Nature's botanical wonders and a discriminating one, too, for it was discovered that the aborigine had already made his selection of the king and pride of the bush,—his choice resting on the majestic Waratah.

In 1793 there was published in London a work by Dr. Smith on the Zoology and Botany of New Holland, which was illustrated with some very fine hand-coloured plates taken from life, and there amongst the latter section of Natural History figures the Waratah. This plate has been reproduced by the aid of

chromatic photography for publication (Figure II), as it illustrates the artistic delineation and colouring of those times. It is a faithful replica of the original, the colours of which have remained fast, although painted in 1793, well over 100 years ago, and these colours have been a source of admiration to many authorities in Sydney on chromatic work. But what is of still greater value as a record is that the colours are true to life; nor has the botanical draftsmanship of those days fallen short in any details of morphological outline, for these are quite accurate, and equal to any depicting of this genus since that period. Moreover, this illustration will be invaluable to scientific generations of the future, who are thus provided with a figure portraying correctly the systematic features in 1793 of the largest flowering Waratah, and also will thus be able to note what (if any) changes have taken place during different periods of time. So here will be a gem for the evolutionist, mutationist, or the believer in constancy of species.

The letterpress accompanying this beautiful drawing is particularly interesting, for it commences with these words:—

**THE most magnificent plant which the prolific soil of New Holland affords is, by common consent both of Europeans and Natives, the Waratah. It is moreover a favourite with the latter, upon account of a rich honeyed juice which they sip from its flowers. Our figure was taken from a coloured drawing made from the wild plant, compared with very fine dried specimens sent by Mr. White. Only one garden in Europe, we believe, can boast the possession of this rarity, that of the Dowager Lady de Clifford, at Nyn Hall, near Barnet, who received living plants from Sidney Cove, which have not yet flowered. The seeds brought to this country have never vegetated.**

Fig. 2.

So that, whatever divergences of opinion may have existed on things in general in the minds of the white settlers and the black inhabitants of those early days, there was at least one consensus of opinion between them, and that an artistic one, viz., their æsthetic estimate of the Waratah. No one has ever yet produced a work on the artistic side of our aborigines, because it has been generally accepted that they possessed little (if any) such pleasing character as æstheticism in their whole nature. Here at least is one instance of its occurrence that may perhaps have been overlooked.

The plant, which is known by this name, was, of course, found in those days around Sydney, but it has since been discovered to have a much wider geographical distribution, for it occurs in the coast district from the Clyde River to the



The New South Wales Waratah.

(*Telopea speciosissima*, R.Br.)

A reproduction by chromatic photography of the hand-coloured plate by Sowerby, in Smith's *Botany of New Holland*, published in 1793.

Fig. II.





Hunter and on the Dividing Range. It is very plentiful in certain parts of the Blue Mountains, as, for instance, the road from Leura to Mount Hay.

The Victorian Waratah has, perhaps, a greater range than the New South Wales species, whilst the Tasmanian is also fairly well distributed in that island. These two are fully described under their respective headings.

New South Wales, then, has not a monopoly of the Waratah, for, as stated above, it is found in three out of the six States of the Commonwealth, but at the same time it must be remembered that it does not occur in any other quarter of the globe, so that the expression "the land of the Waratah" is applicable only to Australia.

The extent to which the Waratah has been used in Decorative Art since its first discovery clearly demonstrates that its possibilities in this direction are of a high order, and these, it is hoped, will be fully proved by the accompanying illustrations, which are also given to show its utilisations in various branches of Technology.

As the New South Wales Waratah was the first of the genus recorded, it has chronologically, at any rate, the prior claim for distinction, and so is taken first in the series.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE PLANT.

It never attains tree size, and so ranks as a shrub, which sometimes reaches the height of 12 feet. The leaves are irregular in form, the upper edges being toothed, and the lower portion tapering into a long stalk, enlarged at the base; the midrib and lateral veins are very distinct.

The head or inflorescence is composed of a large number of individual crimson flowers surrounded by large acuminate bracts, also crimson coloured. The fruit (a follicle) is recurved and measures 3 to 4 inches in length, the seeds having a wing about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long. All these features are distinctly seen in the coloured illustration—Smith's figure of 1793, Botany of New Holland. It flowers in September and October.

### ORIGIN OF BOTANICAL NAME.

"Telopea," from the Greek *Telopos*—seen from afar; and *speciosissima*, from the Latin—very beautiful.

### ITS ADAPTABILITY TO DECORATION.

When one sees what designs the old Egyptians produced from the simple Lotus flower, the Greeks from the Honeysuckle, and the Acanthus leaf—flowers and leaves which possess few of the qualities for conventionalisation such as are found in the Waratah, it will readily be admitted how fortunate Australians

are in possessing so fine a floral specimen as the Waratah for decorative purposes. The individual flowers are capable of almost innumerable treatment in ornamentation, whilst the bracts give the artist a splendid field for line work in the setting of these, and to all must be added the delightful irregularity of the leaf form, with its pronounced reticulations of the venation, both offering sufficient material for producing a rococo, foliaceous effect.

The entire plant lends itself to such a boldness of artistic ideas in all branches of Applied Art that it has few compeers amongst the representatives of the whole floral world, certainly not in the Australian, judging by its numerous applications (over other native flowers) in architecture, and the different branches of decoration in Technology that one sees on every hand.

It is impossible to say now, or to give the name of the individuals who idealised or conventionalised the Lotus, Acanthus, Honeysuckle, or Iris, but in this young country of a little over a century's growth, a few of the artists' names may be mentioned who have introduced our native flora in decorative Applied Art. In this connection the Sydney Technical College staff stands high and perhaps first, and taken chronologically Mr. Lucien Henry, the first teacher of Art, was *par excellence* a designer from nature, whilst the late Parnell Johnson was also particularly clever in his original renderings of our flora in technical skill. As of old, many have left only their floral inscriptions in stone or iron—their names have passed away, but their works live on. In Mr. L. Henry, Australia certainly had an artist possessing real genius, and his originality in design and other fields of fine and Applied Art will live long in the annals of New South Wales technical education. Some of his works adorn the walls of our Technical College, but what is probably a complete collection of his originals is now on exhibition at this Museum, several of which are reproduced here. They are a splendid proof of the fertility of his brain, for they cover original designs from our native fauna and flora in architecture, ironwork, wall-papers, glass, stained windows, jewellery, china, chandeliers, electric lights, tiles, horology, &c., In all these branches of Technology, strength is given to his work by an absence of fictitious details with which he appears to have had no dealings in his botanical elaborations.

To the list of these names must now be added, that of Mr. C. Toms, artist of this Museum, and present Lecturer in Decorative Art at the Technical College, Sydney. I am also indebted to these three for the many conventional renderings of the Waratah in the different trades branches.





The Victorian Waratah

*Telopea oreades*. F. v. M.

Fig. 111.



## (b) The Victorian Waratah.

(*Telopea oreades*, F. v. M.)

Figure III.

### HISTORICAL.

This Waratah was first recorded by Baron von Mueller in 1861, being discovered by him in the Nangatta Mountains and Camus River District, Gippsland, Victoria, so that although it has since been found in southern New South Wales, its original wide geographical distribution entitles it to be regarded as Victoria's own.

### DESCRIPTION OF PLANT.

The species was originally described as a shrub, but in the ranges of Gippsland and the south-east corner of New South Wales it attains tree size, the timber specimens exhibited in this Museum being taken from a tree measuring over a foot in diameter at the butt. The bark is thin and moderately smooth, of a dark chocolate color. The leaves are obovate, oblong, or lanceolate, acute or obtuse, 4 to 8 inches long, tapering into a long petiole, entire or rarely with a few teeth at the end, usually bluish underneath; the veins, however, are not so well marked as in the New South Wales Waratah (*T. speciosissima*), although the midrib is just as prominent. The flowers are similar to those of that species, but fewer in the head, with smaller bracts. The fruit, a follicle, measures from 3 to 4 inches in length.

### ORIGIN OF THE BOTANICAL NAME.

"*Telopea*" is from the Greek *Telopos*,—meaning seen from afar, and "*oreades*" from the Greek *Orcius*,—a mountain nymph, in referring to the habitat of the tree.

### ITS ADAPTABILITY TO DECORATION.

The blooms, although equally highly coloured like those of the New South Wales Waratah, are not quite so gorgeous, as there are fewer individual flowers in the head, whilst the bracts are a less pronounced feature; nevertheless, it has artistic features or characters not possessed by the first described plant for the species attains tree size and produces a pale-coloured, prettily-marked timber, equal in figure to the finest American Sycamore, in which respect, therefore, at least it is superior to the New South Wales Waratah.

The bracts are less conspicuous than those of its northern congener, but at the same time they harmonise proportionately in number with the individual flowers in each head, and these characters in the hands of a master of decoration could be utilised for artistic effect and conventionalisation.

In certain directions in Decorative Art it has, perhaps, an advantage over the New South Wales Waratah, for, having less flowers in the head and smaller bracts, it lends itself to better treatment in basso-relief as against alto-relief.

### TIMBER.

The Victorians should feel proud of their Waratah, as it grows to a forest tree, and yields a beautifully light coloured fairly hard timber with a delicate, yet neat, elegant figure when cut on the quarter, as shown in the coloured plate, equal in figure to American sycamore. It is eminently suited for furniture and cabinet work. Figure 4.





Timber of Victorian Waratah.

Fig. IV







The Tasmanian Waratah  
(*Telopea truncata*, R.Br.)  
Fig. V.



## (c) The Tasmanian Waratah.

(*Telopea truncata*, R.Br.)

Figure V.

### HISTORICAL.

This elegant shrub was first made known to science by Labillardiere in his work "Plants of New Holland," published in 1804 under the name of *Embothrium truncatum*, but was afterwards placed by Robert Brown under a new generic name, *Telopea*, in the Trans. Linn. Soc., X., 198, in 1809.

The name *Embothrium* was established by R. and G. Foster in 1776, being applied to a South American plant somewhat resembling our Waratah, but differing principally from *Telopea* in the absence of floral bracts.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE PLANT.

In point of size this Waratah ranks next to the Victorian, being larger than that of New South Wales, and smaller than the Victorian. The maximum height is given by Rodway as usually 5 to 10 feet. It very closely resembles the Victorian species in inflorescence and foliage; the flowers, however, being silky-ferruginous as distinct from the glabrous character of the other species. The bracts of the two (Victorian and Tasmanian) vary very little in character, and the number of individual flowers in the head is about the same in each case. The fruits are the smallest of the three species, measuring 2 inches long.

### HABITAT.

This *Telopea*, as inferred from its local name, is endemic to Tasmania, being "very common, principally on mountains."

### REMARKS.

The Australian's admiration for the Waratah is not confined to the New South Wales representative of the family, as shown by the following excerpt from Geoffrey Smith's book "A Naturalist in Tasmania," pp. 54 and 55, published in 1909:—

"The Waratah (*Telopea truncata*) is a small tree or shrub, sometimes attaining 20 feet in height, and bearing the most beautiful scarlet flowers which are so much prized by the colonists for decoration that the tree is

becoming scarce in the frequented parts of Mount Wellington. The flowers are arranged in a gracefully clustered head, and each separate flower consists of a curved style, which, before the flower is ripe, is inserted into a cap formed by the perianth; but on ripening the perianth splits, exposing the stamens and setting the style free. The vivid scarlet colouring of these flowers, shining out amongst the sombre blue-greens of the gum forests, is certainly one of the most beautiful sights that the Tasmanian bush affords. Although scarce in the frequented parts, the Waratah grows in the most splendid profusion at the source of the North-west Bay River across the top of the mountain; owing to the exposed situation, it here takes on the growth of a low bush, but with a mass of bloom that is really marvellous."

Although so highly appreciated by this author in particular, and the Tasmanian in general for decoration, as stated by him, yet it would appear, as far as I have been able to ascertain, that no attempt has been made to introduce it into Applied Art in that beautiful island. Perhaps this might be used as an argument in favour of the advancement of technical education there in at least one direction, for it seems a pity that so fine a specimen of our wonderful flora should waste "its sweetness in the desert air" of local application in Decorative Art.

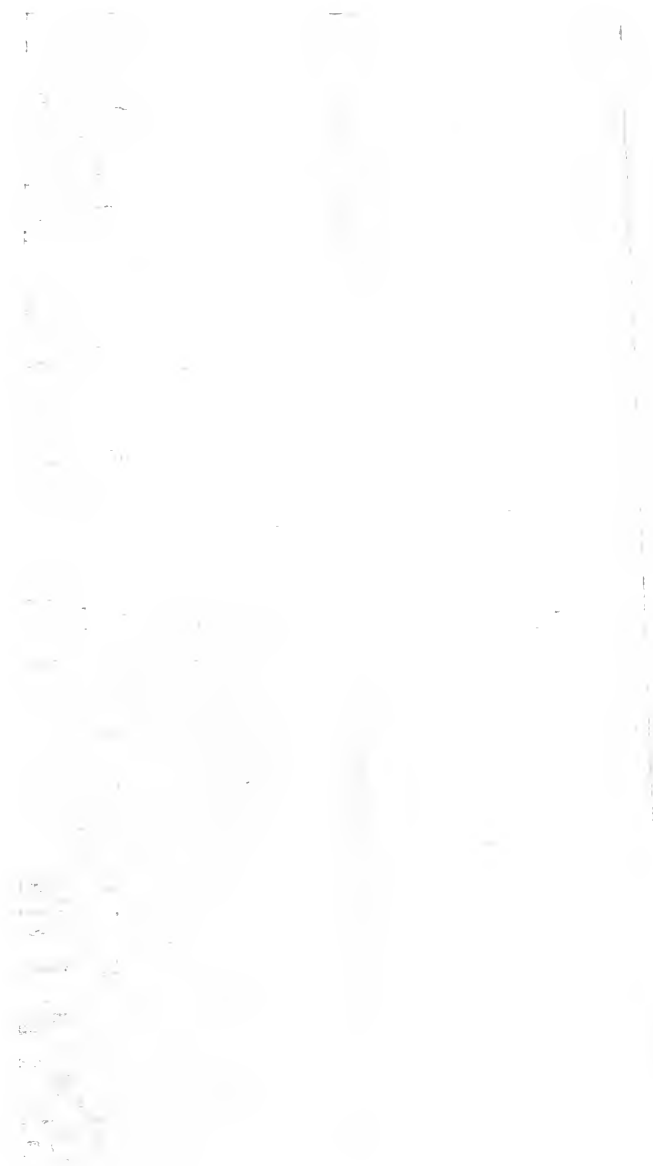
### ADAPTABILITY TO DECORATION.

In no way does this Waratah fall short in this direction from its Victorian congener. It has at least found its way into literature (*vide* Appendix.)

### TIMBER.

This is a rather smaller tree than the Victorian Waratah, and has a darker heartwood, but in other respects it has the facies of that timber, and could be utilised for similar work, although, of course, on a smaller scale. (Figure VI.)





Timber of Tasmanian Waratah.  
Fig. VI.





## I.—ARCHITECTURE.

### (a) Bracket.

There appears to be no portion of decorative architecture to which the subject of this work does not lend itself, and no one recognised this better than

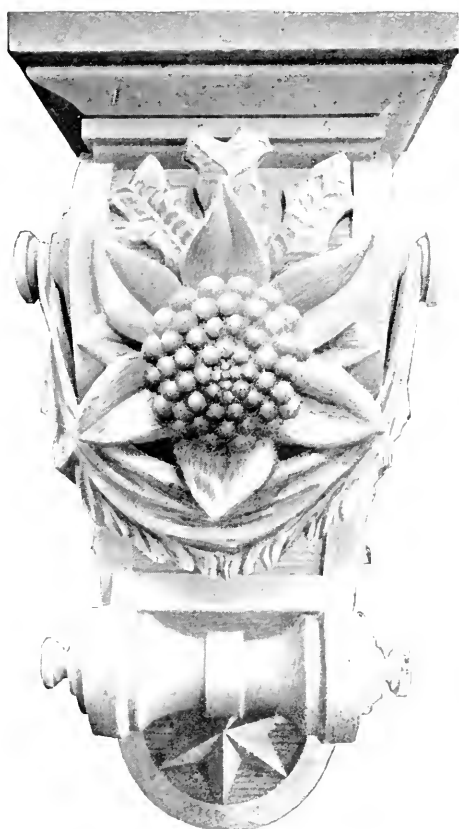


Fig. 7

Mr. L. Henry, although his original ideas are too many to produce here, but a few will be given. He has, *inter alia*, left on record a design for a bracket (Figure 7), and if we follow his adaptation of the Waratah, we see how dexterously he has placed it on the swell of a bracket and produced decoration at once. The heads of the individual flowers form a beautiful centre or pyramid of balls, graduating in size from the base to the apex; next the persistent bracts (eight in this case), rising from a circle, are by undulations boldly treated, the points forming a pleasing central star or figure for a background. Then, surmounted in the upper portions, are three leaves having a slightly exaggerated venation and irregular edges, the whole producing a bold, but consistent conception of floral design, whilst throughout, the plant identification is well maintained. Not many flowers could be so utilised, and even these only by a master hand, as in this example.

**(b) Capitals.**

It is particularly adaptable for the form of architecture as shown in the capital of the column Figure 8, the tips of the bracts being incurved and more of the individual flower shown than in Figure 7. The whole also conveys an idea of strength and solidity.

In capital decoration it has found favour with local architects and stone carvers, and one conception (Figure 9) is here given



Fig. 8.

showing it carved as a capital in Sydney sandstone. A richness of invention is produced without, in the least, destroying the identity of the flower. This column forms part of the colonnade at Newington College, Sydney.



Fig. 9.

**(c) Ceilings.**

All credit must be given to the captains or leaders of Industrial Art in Sydney for the attention given to or the employment of our native flora in their various manufactures. The illustration (Figure 10) is one of several different designs from the factory of Messrs. Wunderlich, Sydney, and is a reproduction of a ceiling panel decorated with the Waratah. Perhaps more conventionalisation is introduced here than generally obtains when dealing with



this subject. Nevertheless, it only goes to show that, however much conventionalisation is introduced, the botanical identification is still in evidence, which is a great point in its favour as a national flower. In fact, it seems



Fig. 10.

impossible for the designer to carry his art so far as to conventionalise it beyond recognition, as the old masters of Technology have almost done with the Lotus, Acanthus, Honeysuckle, and Fleur-de-lis.

#### (d) Column.

The Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns are well known subjects of architecture of both ancient and modern times, and few have cared to depart from these designs, but in view of such a subject to which this article is devoted, the Australian might now well lay his claim to add an original one in an Australian column. To Mr. L. Henry such a structure presented no difficulties, and the whole one reproduced here (Figure 11) gives his conception in this direction. The capital composed of inner bracts with their swelling bases and recurved tips, surrounding the flowers, which in turn support the cap, gives an idea of strength and erectness. A row of smaller outer bracts forms a cernuous ring below.

At the base of the column the leaves are very ingeniously arranged, and finish off well an artistic conception, for by a series of imbrications of the leaves a more decorative effect is produced than by showing them on the flat, whilst the enlarged base of the petiole is even laid under tribute to produce an additional touch or rounding-off of the whole originality. This column would be very effective in cast iron or steel with the capital and base painted in natural colours, as shown by the author in his original drawing.



Fig. 12.

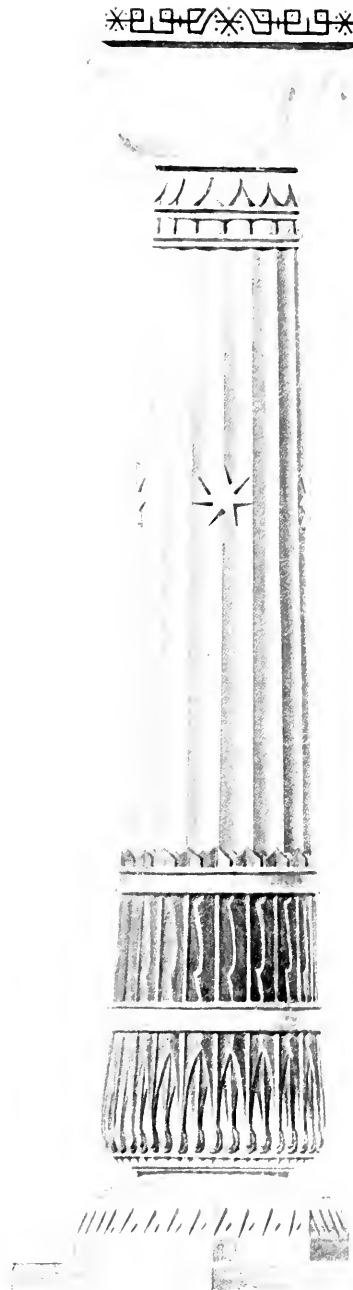
other sandstones in New South Wales that are very suitable for carving, as, for instance, the Ravensfield sandstone, near West Maitland. This is a close, fine-grained stone, and takes a good arris. Figure 13 shows an east pediment to the Lands Department Building, Sydney, the artist using on the tympanum

### (e) Crowns.

For the crown of a column it is a formidable rival to the well-known cone of the Pine trees so often used for this purpose, and one instance is given in Figure 12 of its utilisation in this direction in a Sydney public park. It illustrates another form of its versatility in architectural treatment.

### (f) Frontals.

It is by no means uncommon to see the Waratah thus utilised by the Australian sculptor in his architectural decoration, for, like his prototype of old, he, too, turns to the botanical world for inspiration in curve work and design, and in this instance has selected the Waratah as first favourite, for to-day it is more used than any other Australian flower. In frontal work it is a fine acquisition to boldness of treatment, while it looks well and effective, and a few examples are here produced showing its adaptability in architectural work. The material mostly used is the famous Sydney sandstone, this being close at hand. There are, however,



Waratah Column.

L. HENRY.

Fig. 11.



only Waratahs for his floral decorations, which are cut in high relief, the leaves and flowers forming the main mass, whilst the central shield is supported by a plant on each side.

In Figure 14, not only is the tympanum filled with Waratahs, but the edges of the shield are formed of a wreath of Waratah leaves carrying a bloom at the top, on which stands a Royal crown. This is at the main entrance of the Public Library, Sydney.

In Figure 15, the architect and sculptor were probably Scotchmen; but evidently next to their national flower, the Waratah of their adopted country must have ranked as second place, for whilst surmounting the work with the symbol of patriotism of the land of the Heather, they have supported the shield on either side with the Waratah.

#### (g) Other forms of Architectural Decoration.

Its utilisation seems never to be exhausted in architecture, for it is used in various ways, and in spandril work an illustration has been taken from a Sydney public institution (Figure 16). At the Sydney Post Office, the façade under the clock tower (Figure 17) the Waratah contributes to that chaste yet ornate decoration, for the rampant Lion and Unicorn of the Imperial Coat of Arms are standing in a field of Waratahs, Roses, Thistles, and Shamrocks.

The greatest botanical collector and explorer associated with the name of Australia is Allan Cunningham, as he travelled thousands of miles in quest of Nature's botanical wonders in this great continent. When the late Sir Henry Parkes commissioned an Italian sculptor to commemorate this great man in stone, he left him a free hand in executing his design. Few care to challenge the artistic instinct of a countryman of Michael Angelo, so when we see that Signor Sani selected the Waratah to ornament the statue (Figure 18), he evidently chose what he regarded as Nature's triumph in the botanical world in this quarter of the globe, and it might be added his choice has been endorsed by all Australian artists since the foundation of the colony in 1788.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

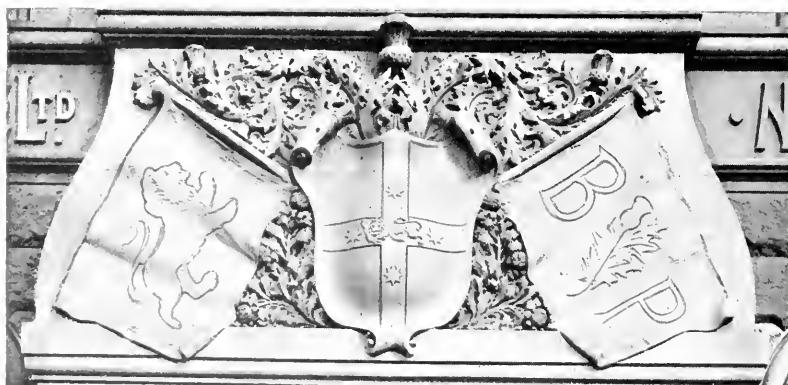


Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.

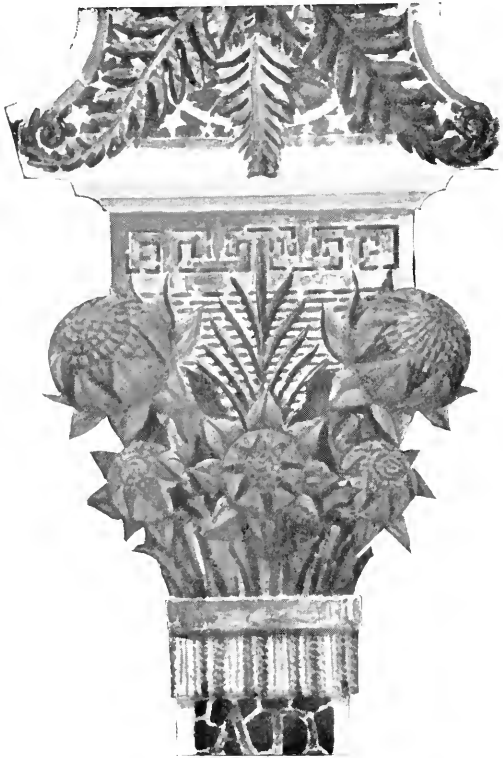


Fig. 19.

conventionalisation has not in the least lessened or obscured the identity of the plant. It could be so carved, moulded, &c. The symmetrical arrangement of the whole produces quite a geometrical figure, and it would indeed be difficult to excel it in any simplification of natural form, and yet perfect in its technique. The rosette of Europe (Figure 21) from the Middle Ages to the present time is given for comparison with

### (h) Pilaster.

Figure 19 is a particularly effective utilisation of the Waratah without conventionalisation. Two large Waratahs balance the top, and these are supported by three smaller ones below, all emanating from a cluster of Waratah leaves at the base. The original is in colour, and the effect is delightfully Australian.

### (i) Rosette.

The effect in this case (Figure 20) is exceedingly pleasing. The artist shows by a simplicity of delineation what a happy combination can be made of the flower, bracts, and leaves. Nothing could be better than the star arrangement of these parts, and yet here also the

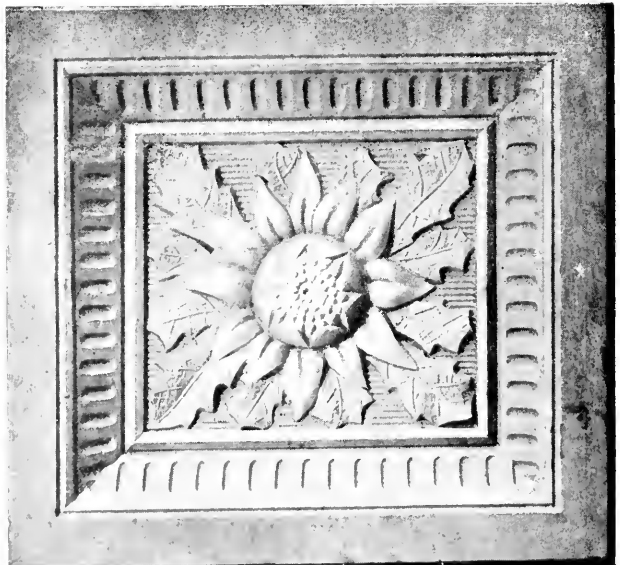


Fig. 20



Mr. Henry's. In this case it will be seen that very little remains for an identification of its floral origin—the rose. The choice of European or Australian rosette is left with the reader. The English rosette, illuminated with electric lights, was used in several instances in the Coronation decorations in Sydney. Let us hope that some patriotic Australian will design a Waratah rosette for the next illuminations, whenever they may be.

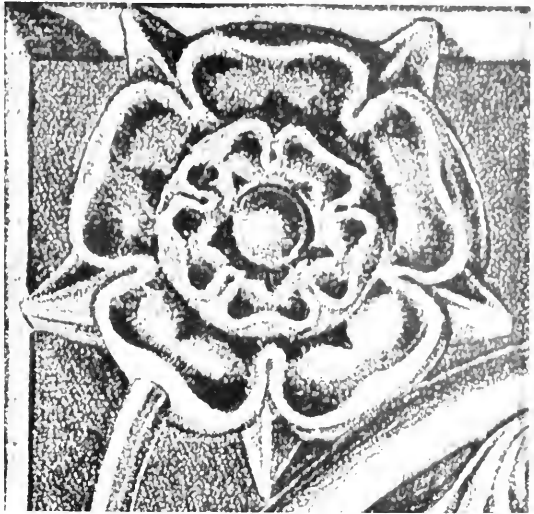


Fig. 21.

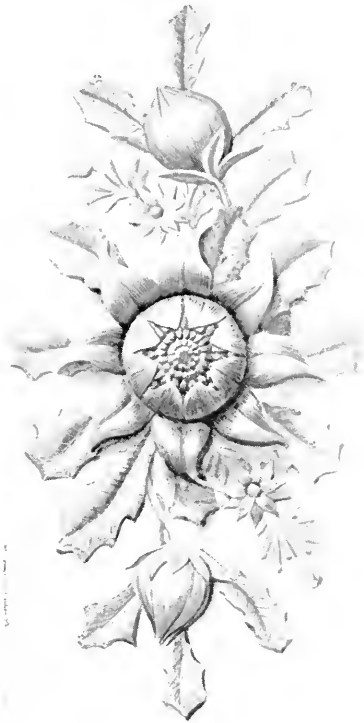


Fig. 22.

#### (k) Terra Cotta.

This form of decoration is not much employed in architecture, yet Mr. L. Henry could not let the opportunity pass of giving an idea in this direction, and, as usual, he favours the Waratah, as seen in Figure 22. Entwined with it is the artistic Flannel Flower.

## II.—BOOKBINDING.

Only recently has the Waratah been utilised in this trade for decorative purposes, to which it is now found it lends itself to artistic treatment.

The New South Wales Government Printer, Mr. W. A. Gullick, has produced in his department some fine specimens of bookbinding, illustrating its adaptability, and two specimens are here reproduced (Figures 23 and 24).

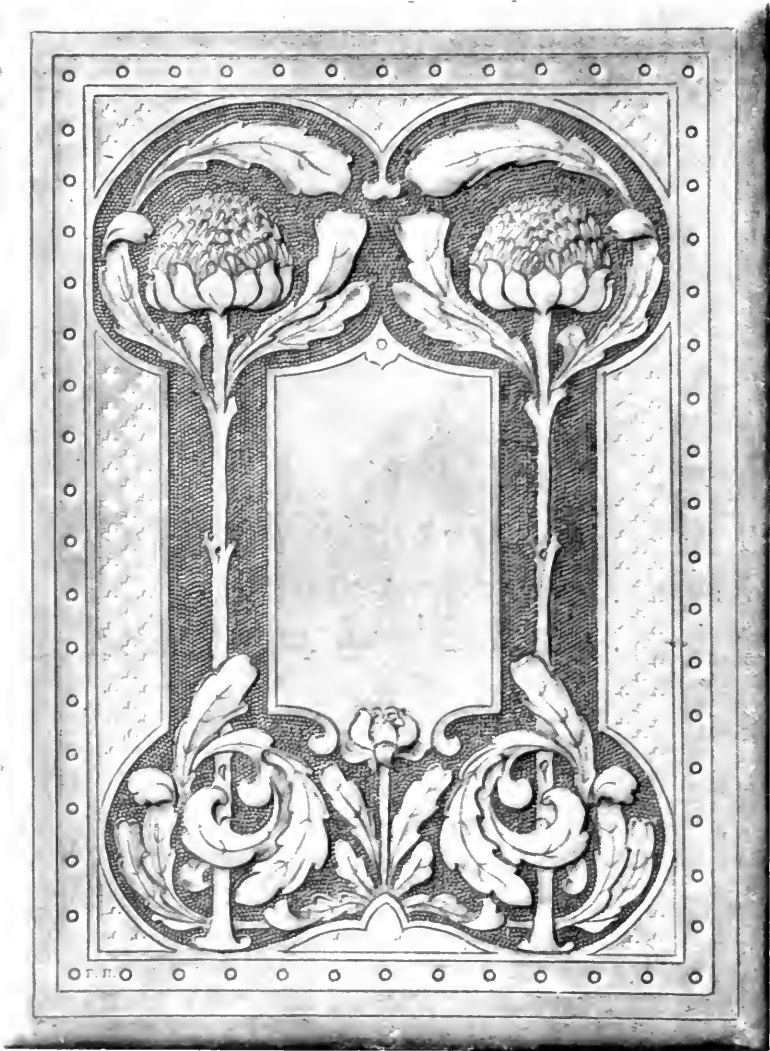


Fig. 23.



Bookbinding.

Waratah, Flannel Flower, Sturt's Desert Pea.  
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, SYDNEY.

Fig. 24.



## III.—CERAMICS.

It would take up too much space to enumerate all the branches of Applied Art in which the Waratah has become a favourite; but in none has it found more acceptance than with ceramic artists in their china paintings, and foremost amongst these was Louis Bilton, who, as stated above, was sent to Australia by those famous potters, Messrs. Doulton and Sons, to depict sketches of the Australian flora from life for decorative purposes, such drawings to be utilised by that firm in its various porcelain manufactures. His sketches ranged over a wide field, and were not confined to one particular group of flowers. His verdict in this connection was that our native flora lends itself to artistic decoration above that of other countries, and so one result of his journey to Australia was that



Fig. 29.

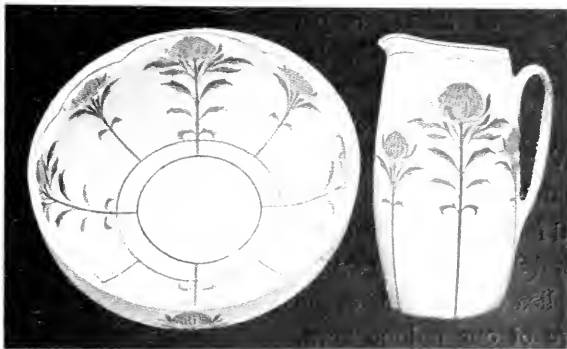


Fig. 30.

Doulton's Australian floral designs on their china were much admired; but as the series of vases, &c., were not continued, they have become rare, and are now bringing fancy prices by connoisseurs. Several specimens are exhibited in the Technological Museum.



Fig. 28.

white of the china clay, the Waratah requiring no aids to emphasize natural colours such as the Wattle demands.

Here we see that the general facies of the plant is in no way impaired by this miniature conception, for the straight stems emanating from the base of clusters of radiating leaves is a good replica effect of the original in nature of this bold, upright, majestic representative of our unique flora.

The one illustrated is from a plaque in the possession of Mr. John Shorter, of Parramatta, which he kindly lent for reproduction. It is called the Waratah plaque, that plant predominating in the *tout-ensemble*. The clusters of cream-coloured flowers are the Wonga Vine (*Tecoma australis*). It measures 16 inches in diameter, and is *un chef-d'œuvre*, the bold colour of the Waratah making a conspicuous object in this piece of ceramic art. L. Bilton's name can just be made out at the bottom of the plate, a little towards the right. Fig. 25.

Figure 26 shows the latest chinaware in colour of Australian floral decoration in porcelain by Doulton, and is now on sale in Sydney. It has special claims for recognition here, since the original design is the work of Miss Shorter, a student of our Granville Technical College, under Mr. A. Coffey.

The design or conventionalisation was made in order to settle a discussion as to whether so large a flower as the Waratah could be used for decoration on such small objects as a teacup and saucer. The diminution or reduction of the flower has in no way lessened its effectiveness for such purposes—at least, that is the opinion of those competent to judge in such matters. It is another instance of the almost endless treatment of this wonderful flower in Technical Art. The ground is the



A Waratah Plaque.

Painted from living specimens by Doulton's artist, LOUIS BILTON when visiting Australia in the Eighties.

Fig. 25.







Designed by a Student of Granville Technical College, for Doulton.

Fig. 26.





Vase Decoration, by a Student of the Technical  
College, Adelaide, S.A.

(Miss L. H. HOWIE.)

Fig. 27.



It must be regarded as a compliment to our local Technical Institution that such a firm, with a world-wide reputation for its artistic production, should have accepted design work from an Australian student—a true rendering, indeed, of the Empire spirit, for surely our students can receive no greater acknowledgment of their technical talent than this.

In speaking of ceramics, it may here be mentioned that the Japanese have also placed on the Sydney market, vases, &c., decorated with the Waratah. The specimen illustrated under Fig. 28 can hardly claim artistic merit, but it is of interest, in that the decoration was executed by a Japanese, these specimens of china being exported from Japan to Australia.

It shows that even in that land of Chrysanthemums—we might almost say worship—the artists have turned to the Waratah for inspiration in ornamentation. At the Technological Museum are some fine specimens of Waratah decoration in china from several artists in the different States of the Commonwealth. The conventionalised decoration of the Waratah in Fig. 27 is the work of a student of the Adelaide Technical College, South Australia.

Figures 29 and 30 illustrate ceramics from Doulton's.

#### IV.—ENAMEL TILES.

The tile industry is at present only in its infancy in Australia, but designs for such articles are not wanting amongst our technical Art students. In Figure 31 Mr. Henry has placed an unconventionalised Waratah as a base, and has brought other samples of our flora to his aid. The ground is royal blue, and on this, radiating from the top Waratah, are two banana leaves in natural tints, which will be readily recognised by all Australians. A spray of Flannel Flowers is placed parallel with each oblique banana leaf, whilst the whole is surmounted by four "flowers" of *Stenocarpus sinuatus*, placed in varying planes. The semi-circle at the base is in yellow, rayed and shaded, the centre a brick red, whilst the Greek pattern at the base is green.

In Figure 32 is a group of twelve tiles (Doulton), so designed that, by a very slight conventionalisation, a most effective Waratah pattern is produced. The ground is blue, and the edges of the floral lines and leaves are raised in lightish lines, otherwise the natural colours are reproduced. The whole may be described as a study of the Waratah in Faience tiles.

### V.—ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

The Town Hall of Sydney has some very good electric mural brackets decorated with the Waratah in wrought iron; but the accompanying design (Figure 33) of an electrolier is from the facile pen and brush of Mr. L. Henry. The centre piece of the ceiling is shown in black in section. The number of illuminating lamps, of course, would be regulated according to the size of the hall or room to be lighted, but in any case it would add considerably to the attractiveness of its surroundings.

### VI.—GLASSWARE.

Even this branch of technical skill did not escape the versatile conceptions of Mr. L. Henry, for here (in Figure 34) is shown a suggestion for a decanter or water-bottle of a Waratah design.

The stopper is formed of a Waratah, with two rows of bracts, one incurved and the other recurved as a base. The top of the neck or mouth of the bottle has also a similar number of bracts, which meet at the tips. The body is formed by an inverted bloom, the individual flowers, slightly conventionalised, being arranged in regular rows, increasing in size upwards, and over these are two rows of bracts, surmounted by a couple of leaves to form the handles.

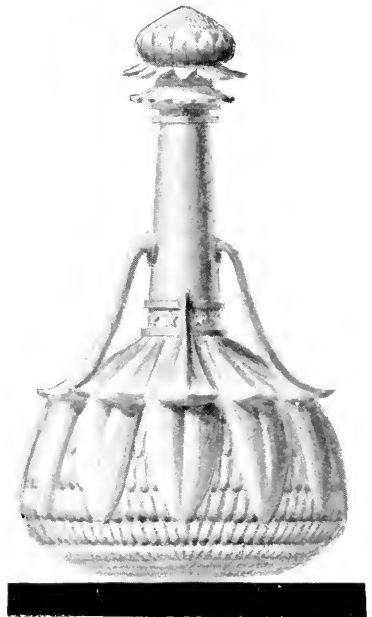
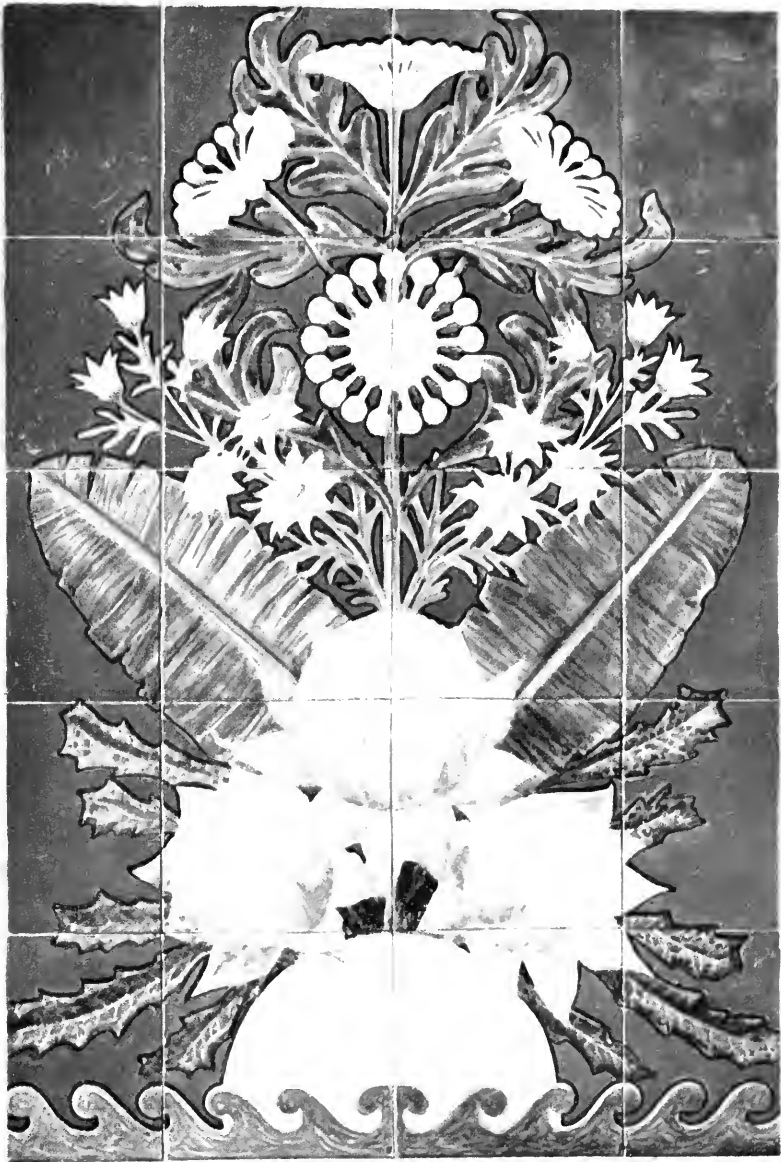


Fig. 34.

### VII.—HOROLOGY.

No branch of Technology appears to have escaped the far-reaching perception of Mr. L. Henry, for here (Figure 35) is reproduced his handiwork in the form of a clock decoration. In the original design the eight rays are in brass or gold, and the six stems of the individual Waratahs run at the back of the clock, and are made to curve at the bottom, and so form a support of the clock on a plinth. An individual stalk runs from each, and attaches it to the plinth. The two bottom Waratahs are in bud, or, more correctly, enclosed in the unexpanded bracts. A sufficiency of foliage is used in order to give the necessary decorative effect.



Design for Tiles—decorated with *Stenocarpus*, Flannel Flower, and Waratah.

Fig. 51.

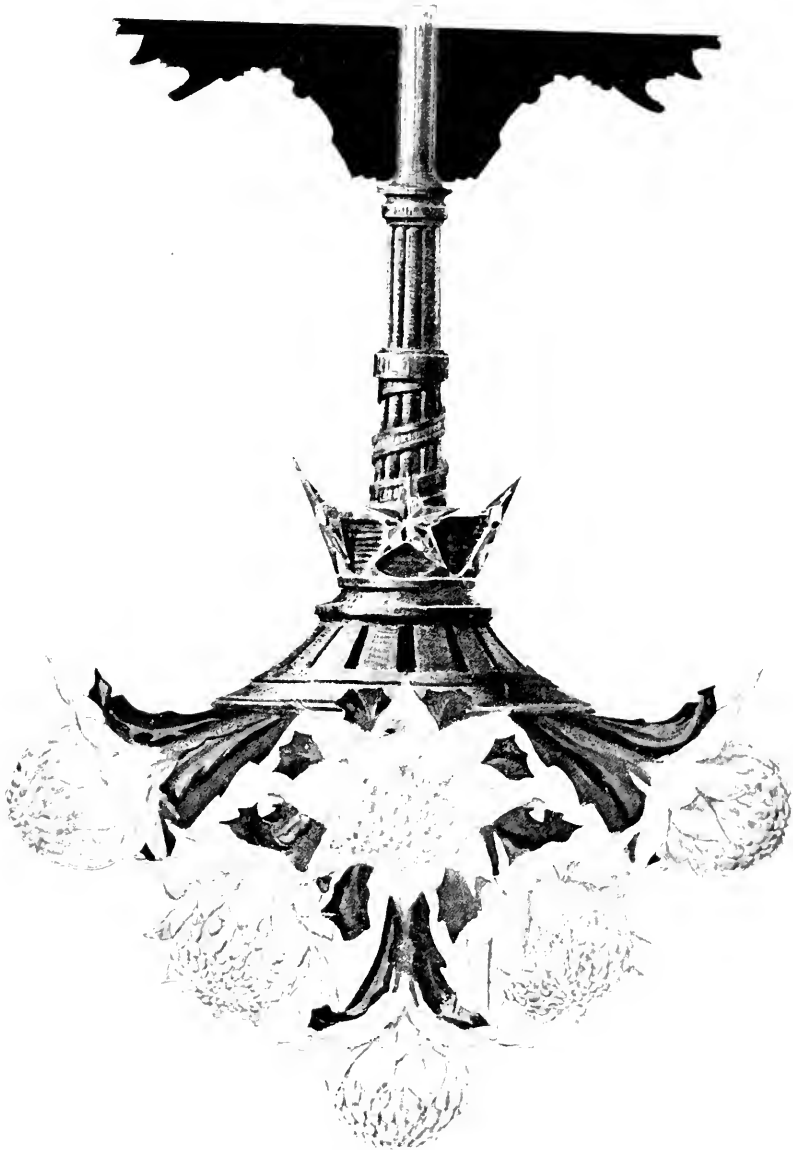






Faience Tiles - Waratah design (Doulton).  
Fig. 32.

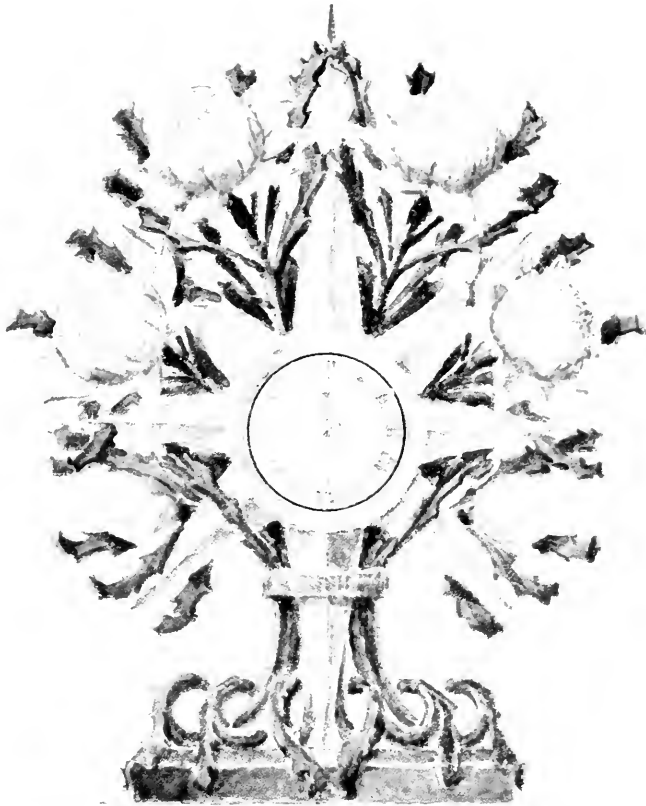




An Electrolier.

Fig. 33.





Designed by L. HENRY.



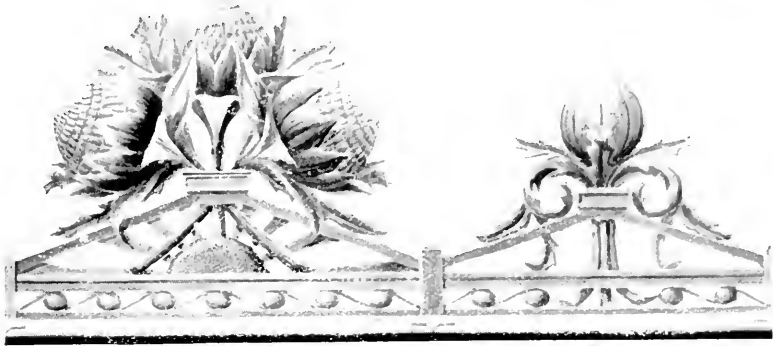


Fig. 36.

### VIII.—IRONWORK.

Figure 36 is a conception of the Waratah in ironwork, which at once presents the strength and boldness that should naturally characterise this class of work. It would be very effective surmounting a wrought-iron railing. The only conventionalisation is with the unexpanded individual bloom on the right, with its artistically curved, balanced leaves.

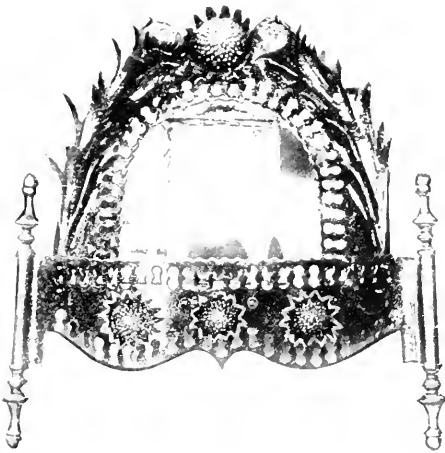


Fig. 38.

**Decorative Ironwork at the Sydney Technical College.**

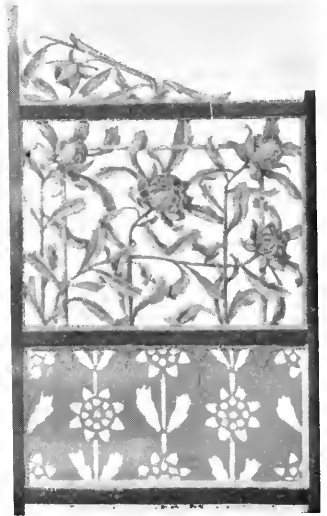
Equally effective is the stove (Figure 37) which Mr. P. Griffiths, of the Technical College, Sydney, has decorated with the Waratah. This specimen of wrought-iron now adorns the room of the Superintendent of Technical Education Mr. J. Nangle.

Figures 39 and 40 are designs for a cast and wrought iron gate respectively.

In Figure 38 is given a piece of work in wrought-iron, also made by Mr. Griffiths, Teacher of Blacksmithing at the Sydney Technical College.



Cast Iron Gate.  
(Parnell Johnston.)  
Fig. 39.



Wrought Iron Gate.  
(Parnell Johnston.)  
Fig. 40.



Bronze Work.  
Fig. 41.

[J. Castle, Sydney.]



## IX. - LACE.

One specimen is here given (Figure 42) of the adaptability of the Waratah in Applied Art in the lace industry. The design is from that able teacher of ours, the late Mr. P. Johnson, Lecturer in Decorative Art in the Technical College, Sydney. It calls for no special explanation, except perhaps to state that, although its rendering is an extreme of conventionalisation, yet no one familiar with the flower will fail to recognise the floral emblem of Australia for over a hundred years. Now that there are indications of lace manufacturing being established in Australia, it is hoped that similar designs will eventuate from the dexterous manipulation of the needle or bobbins of Australian students in the making of point, card, and other kinds of lace.

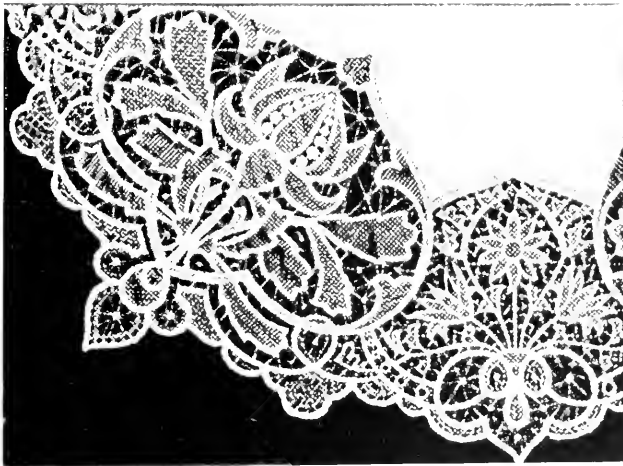


Fig. 42.

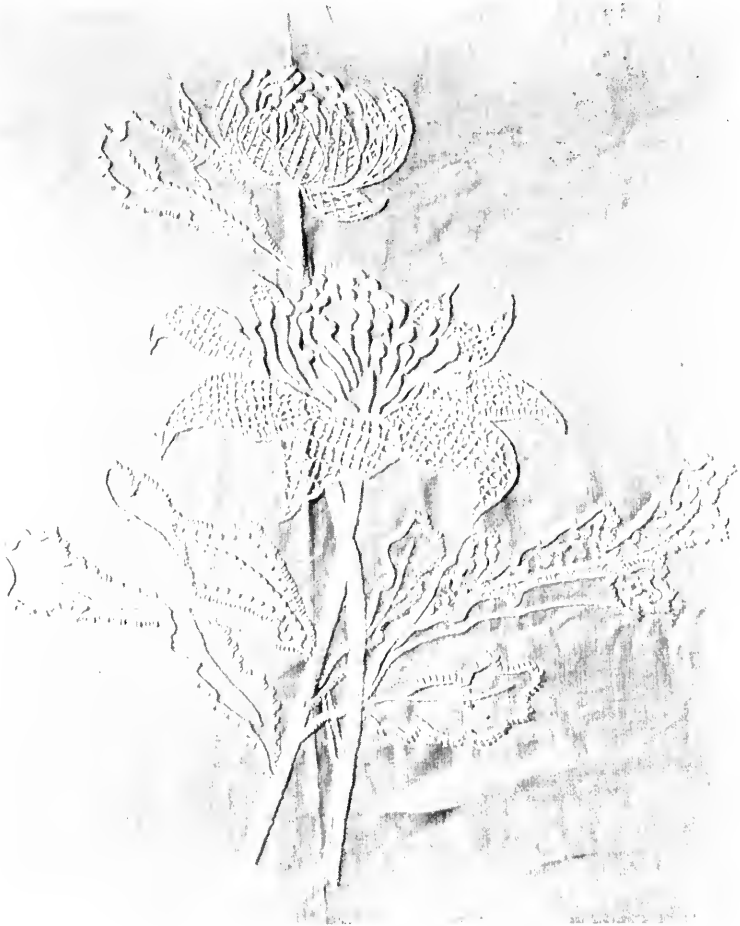
The opportunity is here taken of drawing the attention of such students of the lace classes to the comprehensive collection of old and modern laces which is now exhibited in this Museum.

Students who have not the advantage of travel may thus see originals of those fabrics close at hand.

The idea, however, is not so much to produce copyists, but that, from a study of these specimens, a national or Australian design in laces should be the result, for, above all things, we must be original.

The types shown are too numerous to enumerate here, but such well-known names as Flandres, Valenciennes, Mechlin, Brussels, Limerick, and Cluny, figure conspicuously amongst the samples.

Figure 43 is a good example of original conception in Montmellick needlework by Miss S. Docker.



MONTMELICK NEEDLEWORK.

[Portion of Quilt.]

By Miss DOCKER.

Fig. 43.



REPOUSSÉ.

[C. F. Lascron, Photo.]

By Miss E. MANN, Technical Art School, Ballarat, Victoria.

Fig. 46.

## X.—MODELLING IN PLASTER.

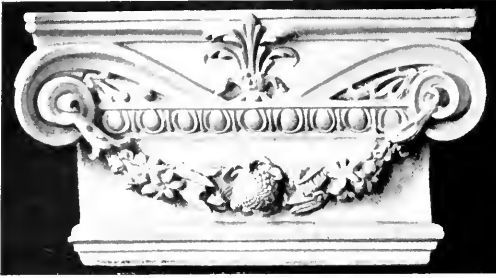


Fig. 44.

Figure 45 is a plaster ventilator, designed and modelled by Mr. George Tame, student, Modelling Class, North Sydney Technical School.



Fig. 45

## XI.—SILVERSMITH'S ART.

The Waratah has long been a favourite with the workers in gold and silver, especially the latter, and is to be found in various forms in almost every jeweller's shop in Sydney. Waratah brooches, buckles (enamel), and *objets des arts* are manufactured, and find a ready sale. Figure 47 illustrates the silversmith's art in embossed work on a silky oak frame, thus forming an Australian combination.

The other objects here depicted need not be detailed or particularised, as they only further illustrate how the silversmith favours this floral trophy in the works of his handiwork.



Fig. 47.

It is a favourite for decoration in foundation-stone trowels, and several are depicted here, *i.e.* :—



[Hardy Bros., Sydney.]

The King's Trowel, used in the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Commonwealth Offices in London, 1913.

Waratah Decoration

Fig. 48.



[Fairfax and Roberts, Sydney]

Lord Denman's Trowel, used in laying the Foundation Stone at Capital Site, Canberra, 12th March, 1913.

Waratah and Wattle Decoration.

Fig. 49.



[Dempster, Sydney]

Hon. Andrew Fisher's Trowel, Foundation Stone, Commonwealth Bank, Sydney, N.S.W., May, 1913.

Waratah and Flannel Flower Decoration.

Fig. 50.

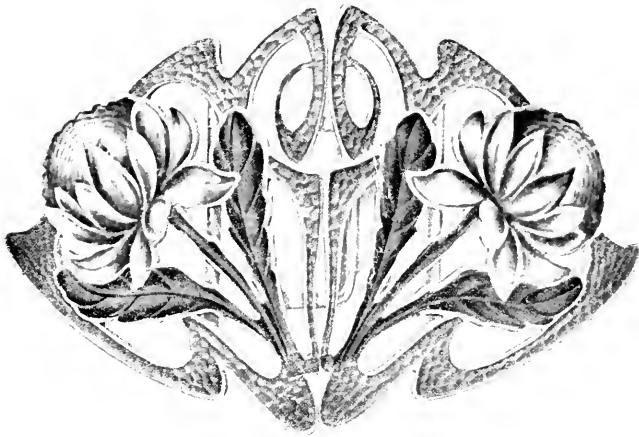


Silver Gilt Buckle (Enameled).

Fig. 51.



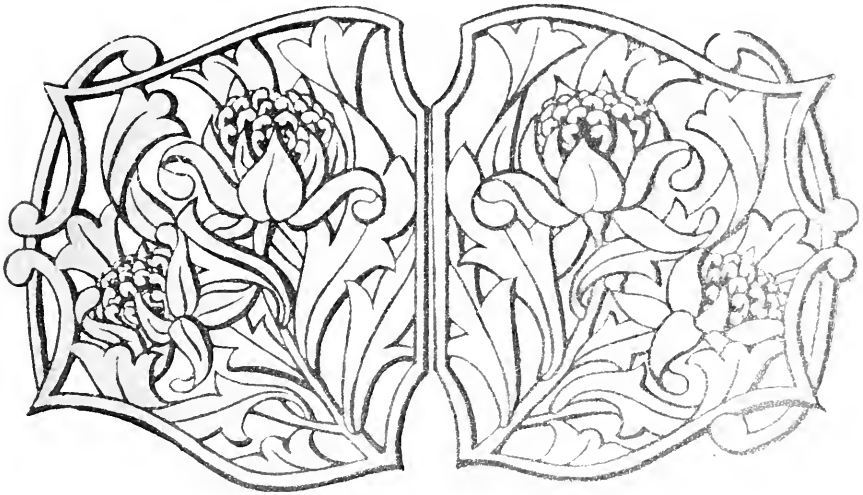




Silver Gilt Enamel Buckle.

Fig. 52.





Silver Buckle.

Fig. 53.





Design for Wall Paper.

(Mr. L. HENRY.)

Fig. 54.





Design for Wall Paper.

New South Wales, Victorian, and Tasmanian Waratahs.

(C. TOMS.)

Fig. 55.







Waratah design for a Wall Paper.

Fig. 56.





Waratah and Flannel Flower design for a Wall Paper.  
Fig. 57.





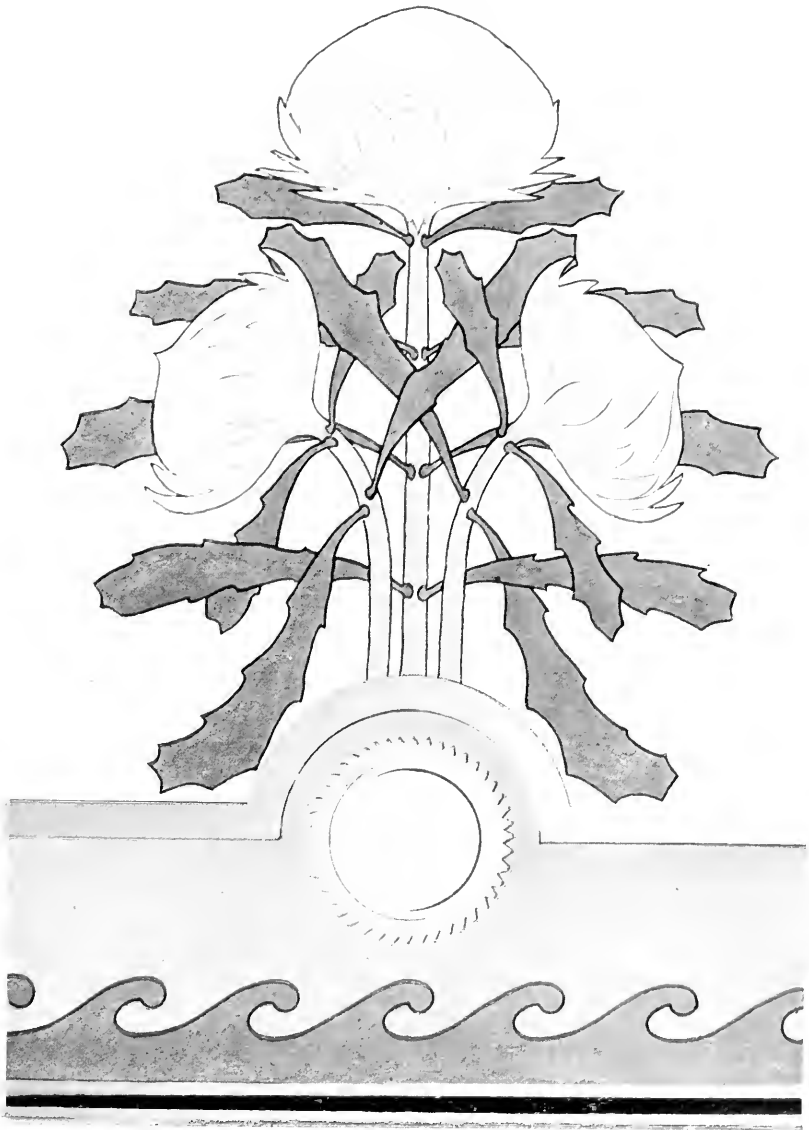
Design for Wall Paper.

New South Wales, Victorian, and Tasmanian Waratahs.

(C. TOMS.)

Fig. 58.





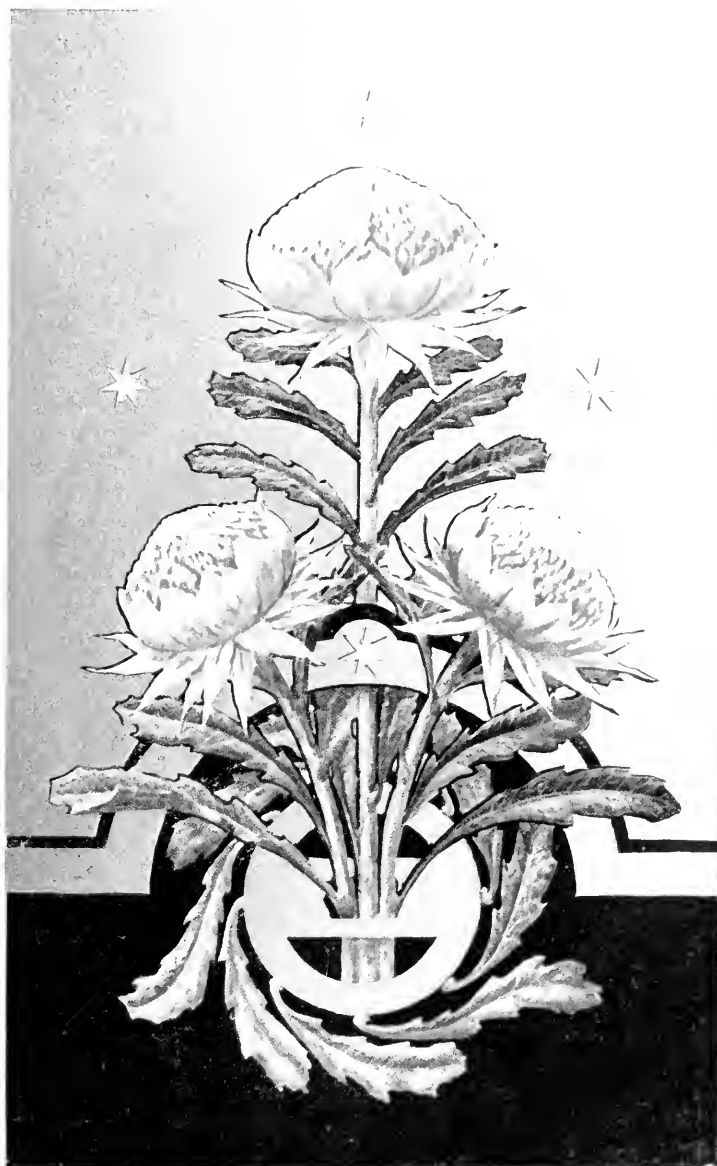
Dado Design.

(L. HENRY.)

Fig. 59







Dado Design.

(L. HENRY.)

Fig. 60

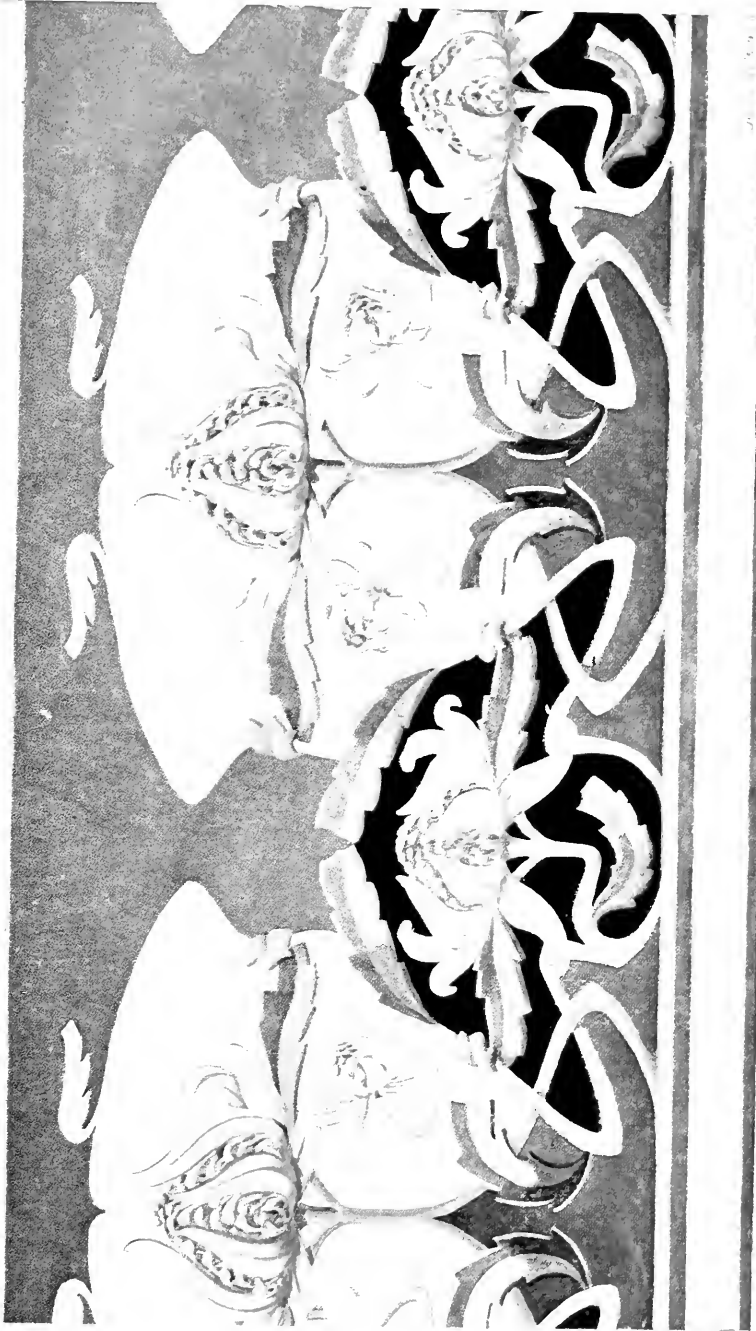




Frieze, by Mr. P. W. Johnson.

Fig. 61.





Frieze, by a Student of the Sydney Technical College.  
DAISY B. WILSON  
Fig. 58.



## XII. WALL PAPERS.

Wall-paper is a commodity which enters very largely now into the life of a civilised community, and, like most domestic articles, has its fashions, ideas, forms, designs, colouring, &c., all changing with kaleidoscopic variation of passing years.

The Waratah, however, is so constituted that its component parts and leaves lend themselves to almost any treatment in Applied Art for this purpose, and, in the hands of skilful draftsmen, are convertible into any design or motive.

Of all branches of Applied Art wall-paper ornamentations depict botanical forms, both from life and various conventionalisations, perhaps more than any other branch of the subject. At this one cannot wonder, for expressions of Nature will always surpass in beauty and design geometrical as well as rococo renderings in decoration. We can hardly be surprised that a flower so gorgeous as the Waratah should have been a favourite in this direction with the late Mr. Henry, for it is doubtful if any specimen of the botanical world permits of such bold treatment in wall-paper decoration. This is illustrated in colour in Figure 54. The blue ground brings out the rich colouring of the flowers and bracts, whilst the green of the leaves gives the natural harmonising of these two. It is both beautiful and effective.

Figure 55 is an original design for a dark paper, further decorated with a Waratah conception in gold, by Mr. C. Toms, Museum Artist and Lecturer.

Figure 56 is a design by the late Mr. Parnell Johnson, Lecturer in Applied Art at the Sydney Technical College, the stalk or stem and leaf treatment being particularly good.

Figure 57 is an original design, composed of Waratahs and Flannel Flowers, also executed by Mr. Parnell Johnson.

In Figure 58 we have a conception introducing the flower-heads and leaves of the New South Wales, Victorian, and Tasmanian Waratahs.

In this instance, conventionalisation in no way obliterates the botanical identity of the plants. It was also designed by Mr. C. Toms, Museum Artist and Lecturer in Applied Art at the Sydney Technical College.

**XIII.—(a) DADO.**

The original (Figure 59), in colours and gold, is very attractive, and is intended for surmounting a dado, or perhaps a frieze.

The blooms are of a cardinal colour in this case, and geometrically conventionalised. The spiral or pineapple lines on the top flower can just be traced in the figure, but are more pronounced in the original. The conventionalisation is not much removed from the natural object, but the result is perfect, and the botanical identity assured at once. The leaves are a paler green than obtains in Nature, but this is evidently done to harmonise with the cardinal of the bloom, which it does with good effect.

The leaves, like the lateral blooms, are balanced so as to further geometrise the whole idea. The stems are drab. The black band and serrate-edged circle are in gold, except that the lighter circle in it is cardinal, thus matching the Waratah. The Greek pattern at the base is in green on a bluey-slate ground, bordered by the gold band at the top. White is the main ground.

**XIII.—(b) DADO OR FRIEZE.**

Figure 60 gives a particularly clever study in colour and design. The upper field, broad band, and central circle are in gold, and the lower portion in black, two colours which bring out in bold relief the brilliant scarlet or vermilion of the Waratah blooms, which are in natural pose, giving a high effectiveness, so that no conventionalisation is required. The stem leaves are in natural green, and shaded, and, like the blooms, outlined in black. The circumference leaves' autumn tints harmonise with the gold. The four stars, representing the South in Cross, are in pure white, the whole producing a masterpiece of mural decoration such that no other Australian plant could give or produce. It is one of the most beautiful objects that Mr. Henry ever executed, and it seems strange in these days, when the Wattle has so many followers, that the Acacias never appealed to him, for he has not left a single illustration of the Wattle in Applied Art behind him.

**XIV.—(c) FRIEZE.**

In the samples of Decorative Art left us by the late Mr. Parnell Johnson, Lecturer in Industrial Art at the Sydney Technical College, the Waratah figures largely—in fact, more so than any other flower—and several of these are now reproduced. His frieze (Figure 61) looks particularly well when seen in colour, and is designed with much taste and artistic feeling. The ground of the upper portion is pale slate, whilst the oval panel containing the group of three Waratahs



is just a faint wash of the palest neutral tint, which brings them out in bold relief. The two leaves of the central flower are a slaty blue, and the four spreading leaves at the base natural colour. The ground of the lower portion is black—the top and bottom borders being stone colour, bounded by drab and steel grey respectively—in fact, it is a study in neutral tints, in order to bring out the high rose colour of the Waratah.

### XV.—THE WARATAH IN COLOURED WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS.

One of the finest renderings of the Waratah in this branch of Technical Art is that of Mr. L. Henry in the two large windows in the Sydney Town Hall. One is reproduced here in black and white (Figure 63) but the true effect of its



Fig. 63.

natural colours in such adornment must be seen *in situ* to be realised, and so these windows alone are well worth a visit of inspection to our noble Town Hall.

The whole design is a fine conception by the artist, and the frame of the central figure (representing Australia) is supported in the lower half on both sides by a Waratah in a vase, whilst the two smaller lateral windows are largely given over to Waratah decoration.



Fig. 64.

Figure 64 is a black-and-white reproduction of a leaded window in the Technological Museum, in which is embodied the most representative flowers of our bush. In its execution the arrangement and selection of plants were left entirely to the designer, Mr. Hulme, of Sydney. He, like all other artists up to the present time, when dealing with our native floral decoration, has given the place of honour to the Waratah. The Wattle, although given a prominent position, is quite lost in

this reproduction, nor is it conspicuous in the original, for the small, fluffy, white yellow balls of flowers do not lend themselves to artistic treatment. No better instance can be given of the wonderfully gorgeous beauty of the Waratah over all others for window decoration. The transmitted light enhances the brilliant colouring of this bloom in the group, which includes Christmas Bush, Eucalyptus, Native Fuchsia (*Epacris*), &c., and well illustrates the botanical name, *Telopœa*, for it can indeed be identified at a great distance.

## XVI.—WOOD CARVING.

In this section of technical education the Waratah is the favourite amongst students, and in Figures 65 and 66 are seen its application here.

Figure 65 is a plaque, showing the Waratah in alto-relief, carved on Beech, (*Gmelina Leichhardtii*, F.v.M.) by Mrs. Crimp, of the Wood-carving Class of our Sydney Technical College, under the tuition of Miss Bannister, the teacher of this subject.

In Figure 66 a conventionalisation is introduced, but the botanical identity is very evident. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. W. A. Gullick, Government Printer, for this illustration.

Very many more examples could be given of the utilisation of the Waratah in Woodcarving. One of the finest specimens is now on board the Australian man-o'-war, "Parramatta." It is here used in the decoration of the box, made of Silky Oak, containing the Union Jack—both of which were presented by the ladies residing on the shores of the Parramatta River.



Fig. 65.

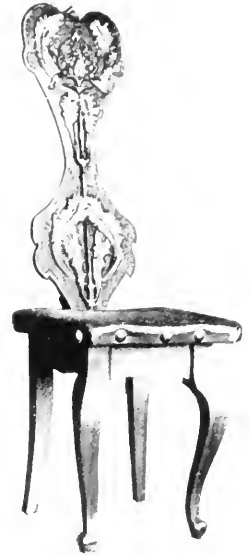


Fig. 66.

Thus we see, from the many illustrations given, that, after a hundred years of occupation of this continent by the Anglo-Saxon race, the plant which, above all others, and without the aid of leagues and societies, has characterised our world of Applied Art is

· THE WARATAH. ·

And long may it  
 "Be still the glory of this land,  
 Happiest work of finest hand."



[C. F. Lascron, Photo.

A CLUSTER OF N.S.W. WARATAH FRUIT CASES.  
(Follicles).

Fig. 67.



*[By permission Sydney Daily Telegraph]*

THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.



## APPENDIX.

### Literature.

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#### THE BREATH OF SPRING.

**S**URELY it was a far-reaching thought that brought the glad breath of spring into the very hub of the city—to the very steps of the General Post Office.

Have you seen the scarcely-clothed Waratahs coyly hiding by the flower-stands? They have but come early to whisper in the spring-time a promise of the glory and magnificence thir younger sisters shall appear in in the near summer days to come. Poor half-clothed Waratahs! But little beauty have ye in the hurry of your coming; yet I love you. I have been away so long. Only once in twelve long years have I seen an Aust alian flower. I was last year looking in a florist's window in a far country, and there, 'midst masses of roses and violets, I saw one single, stately flower that set my heart aching, and filled my eyes with scalding tears. 'Twas a great, glorious Waratah. Blindly I stumbled into the shop. "Where did you get that Waratah?" I asked. The florist answered, in broken English, "It was frozen, and brought from Australia." I opened my purse. "How much is it?" "Oh, it is not for sale; 'tis only on exhibition. It has brought many people to our window, and has sold us many flowers." I passed into the café beyond. I would hide behind a screen and wipe my overbrimming eyes. I was home-sick. "You come from the land of the big red flower?" a maid asked curiously, as she brought me coffee and fruit. I nodded. "Is it a good land—the land of the big red flower?" "A good land? Oh, a glorious land!" I said; "and I—I am homesick. The flower has made me need my land so badly." I was leaving my untouched dish of fruit when the florist came to me—with the Waratah. "Will you please take from me the flower of your land that you love so much?" I was bewildered with gratitude and joy. How I loved that Waratah! I have its faded petals yet. So you see why I love you, red, hiding harbingers. I have been away long years. You seem to me the echo of someone's whisper. One only knows the loveliness of our country who has been away and has come back—home!"

Look at the native roses there in fullest view on the very topmost shelf! Long years ago I didn't like you much, little native roses. I even begrudgd you your name. But I have been away, and now I know your sweet, sweet beauty.

I think your name is just the name for you. I bury my face in your gay sweetness, and I know you now as one of the sweetest breaths of the sweet spring-time.

To-day I played with those golden balls that only come with the first breath of spring. "Late Wattle," we call it—"lazy" wattle, that only awakens when spring rises gaily on the damps of winter. Or is it that you linger to mingle your fragrant breath with that of the native rose, or to give greetings to the majestic Waratah, and to the many blossoms that herald in Australia's spring?

No, sweet, pink Boronia! I am not overlooking your beautiful, starry sweetness. I went to the Post Office one day for a letter from the far-off land where I have been, and, standing a moment as I was passing to revel in the sweetness of violets, narcissi, and stocks, I saw a bunch of starry, pink Boronia that flooded me with remembrances. I was a child again, and my pinafore was full of pink wild flowers. Ah, little flower! You so filled me with my happy childhood that, clasping you tightly to my heart, I took you straight back to my home. 'Twas many hours after when I remembered that my letter still lay unclaimed.

Ah! wild flowers of Australia—sweet wild flowers of our homeland, Australia—how dear you are to those of us who see you but now after long years! What associations, what tender memories you bring back to us! What a sweet, sweet breath of spring you bear to us! Though at week-ends we may ourselves gather you from the beguiling slopes of the Blue Mountains—aye, from above the rocky cliffs of Coogee, from the bushy lands near Manly and Middle Harbour, and from the reaches of the rivers at our gates, we delight in seeing you in the very midst of our city. We rejoice that thus your silent sweetness daily spreads gladness in our hearts.

Well is it that, on the flower-stands, in pride of place among the choicest blossoms from the gardener's choicest patch, we may see and smell our sweet wild flowers—Nature's Breath o' Spring.

HOME AGAIN.

(*Sydney Morning Herald*, Wednesday, August 14, 1912.)

## THE WASTE OF WARATAHS.

**F**LOWER-LOVERS on every side are expressing regret for the wholesale destruction of Waratahs recorded last week. For some time past people in the mountains have been writing of the wonderful crop of Waratahs which have covered the bush with their glowing flowers this year. Picked in moderation, they would have beautified the district for weeks, and it certainly does not seem right or just that a whole countryside should be depleted of its beauty in order to decorate one ballroom for a few hours.

But, sad as it is to rob the bush in this way, the worst of such a wholesale gathering is that it will affect the flower crop for several seasons to come. For, where thousands of blooms are plucked, it is inevitable that there should be much breaking of wood, and the destruction of many young shoots. At the recent wild flower show some people expressed disappointment that there was not a greater mass of blossoms. But that was just the point on which the committee rejoiced, for to have great masses of one flower means a certain amount of damage to the species, except in the case of plants which grow in large flower clumps, such as wattle. The fact that the exhibits at the flower show had been gathered with such care and moderation was, to flower lovers, one of the most pleasing and encouraging features of the whole exhibition; and naturalists hoped that it was a sign that the general public were beginning to really understand something of the treatment of the bush flowers. This matter of the Waratahs has rather shattered these hopes, for there can be little doubt the thing was done in ignorance of the results rather than in sheer callousness; and it seems that the public in general, and the florists in particular, have still a great deal to learn in this direction. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in the knowledge that our once-despised native flowers are now considered to grace the highest house in the land; but if such appreciation is going to mean thoughtless waste and wholesale destruction, we would rather see the bush blooms ignored by all but their true lovers—the naturalists and the poets.

*Sydney Morning Herald, November 13, 1912.*



## THE MAJESTIC WARATAH.

A NEW arrival in Sydney from abroad, passing any time during the year along the line of flower-stalls in front of the General Post Office, would recognise amongst the wealth of blooms exhibited for sale some old garden flowers, but during the present and next month would be attracted by a large, gorgeous-coloured, unique specimen of the wonderful flora of this glorious continent. He would, no doubt, be moved at once to ask the name of such a remarkable natural floral triumph. The reply to such question would be that it is the Australian Waratah, the floral emblem and glory of the white race of Eastern Australia for the last 100 years, which, during this period, has been the national flower of at least one State of the Commonwealth—*i.e.*, New South Wales. A national flower! What has constituted a national flower, and who determined the status of such? Most probably a plant becomes so, firstly, on account of its adaptability to design, which appeals to the artistic side of a community, and, secondly, owing to some unique attractive botanical feature.

The architectural remains of Egypt of even prehistoric times show us that the Lotus was the national flower of those children of light during the earth's dark ages, for we find it adorning the bases and tops of columns, walls, &c., the morphology of its floral parts lending itself to a conventionalisation that may be regarded as the very embodiment of simplicity in decoration. I wonder who selected the lotus flower, and why? I think I can answer this question to my own satisfaction, but it may not satisfy the Egyptologist, to whom I must leave the correct solution.

From Egypt to Greece is not a great distance, and what do we find here as the best-used flower for decorative purposes? The Honeysuckle, which to-day can be seen decorating many buildings in Sydney, and this design will be passed on and used for all time. Working west, the Roman offers his contribution to decoration in the Acanthus leaf, which was so attractively conventionalised that to-day it is more used in stone decoration than any other adaptation. At our Victoria Markets it is profusely used, especially under the dome facing George-street. All these Old-World delineations have lived through the ages down to the present day, a fact, no doubt, which would please the original artists could they again visit this earth. It is probably a survival of the fittest. The fittest in what? The botanical form that was most adaptable to design.

Now, of all our Australian flowers, which would most fulfil this condition? Well, I make bold to say, if it were possible to have cut specimens of all the Australian flowers in a hall, and all the Australian—and, for that matter, all the world's—artists let loose into that room to select the one most adaptable

to design, they would by a large majority select the Waratah, just as the ancient artists did the Lotus, the Honeysuckle, and the Acanthus. And my conclusion is no fanciful one, for I have, I believe, the largest collection of photographs illustrating our native flora in Applied Art, and it is invariably noticed that the Waratah is preferred amongst our native flowers. It is found in Sydney carved in stone, times out of number, on many of our public buildings, in coloured windows, iron and woodwork, friezes, &c. It is on regimental badges, postcards, Coats-of-Arms—in fact, during the 100 years of the colony, it was engrafted into the community as the national flower; but now it would appear that a rival Richmond has entered the field in the Wattle.

The greatest objection raised against the Waratah is that the man at Milparinka has never seen one. Neither does it grow in South Australia or Western Australia; but here let me say that it is none the less admired there, for, during a recent visit to South Australia, I saw it conventionalised in public institutions, private houses, &c., as a frieze and wall-paper, and most charming designs they were.

Another objection advanced against the Waratah is that it is stiff; but I claim, as a cut flower and for heraldic purposes, it rivals the rose.

At Melbourne the Waratah figures in decoration, and is more generally known and conventionalised in many ways in Victoria than is thought to be the case.

However, it seems now established that the Wattle is to figure on the Australian Coat-of-Arms, which clears the way for New South Wales to continue on its way with the Waratah as its national emblem, in which selection there is no floral rival in the world; and Walesians can, I am sure, with good grace now let the gentle, drooping, unconventionalising Wattle pass for the straight, strong, firm Waratah—the glory of our Australian bush. It is Australia's own, and the envy of other nations as a national emblem. At the recent sale of pictures of Australian flowers, in which both Wattle and Waratah figures, the latter sold almost as soon as the sale opened.

As an individual, I think Australia has let a grand opportunity pass of acquiring an heraldic flower of unsurpassed merit for this special purpose alone—a flower that in its generic name, seen from afar, expresses the hope of all Australians that the glories of this continent shall be a light to the rest of the world.

R. T. B.

*Sydney Morning Herald, September 24, 1910.*

## A NATIONAL FLOWER.

### AN AMERICAN NATIONAL FLOWER.

**W**HAT constitutes a national flower? Various reasons have been advanced by the different advocates for a particular flower for this special purpose, and, as human nature is so constituted, there will always be a variance in opinions, and a unanimity of ideas is perhaps too much to expect.

The ancient Greeks, Assyrians, Egyptians, &c., probably had their battles over this subject, and even England had its Wars of the Roses. The Scotchman got over his differences of opinion by adapting the Thistle for his Coat-of-Arms, and wearing the Heather in his coat on his national holiday—New Year's Day. This divided choice is a good one, for in both cases each serves its own particular purpose admirably. The Heather is a most unsuitable flower for heraldry, and would be lost on armorial bearings, for it has nothing distinctive enough for conventionalisation, and its identity would be lost in any form of Decorative Art. The Thistle as a national emblem is all right, and fulfils in every way the requirements of a national flower, according to the American standard, as shown by his desiderata below.

However, the fact remains that for all the time since the foundation of the colony—over 100 years—with a free hand for students of Art to select from the native flora a plant, one that lent itself for more decorative treatment than any other, the consensus of choice fell upon the Waratah, and one sees this embodied in times out of number in all directions.

It was the lovers and workers in Ancient Art that chose the Lotus, Acanthus, &c., and if they had had so lovely a specimen of Nature as the Waratah, what would they not have done with it in the Art productions to give it a national character? The expression, "the land of the Waratah," applies to Australia, and no other; it is Australia's very own.

In the Wattle, Australia has not a monopoly like the Waratah, for Africa has over one hundred native wattles, and it also occurs in America, East and West Indies, and the Islands.

Then, again, it is not too much to say that throughout the whole botanical world the Waratah is probably unsurpassed as a flower for decorative purposes, and it is impossible to so conventionalise it out of recognition—a great feature in a national flower.

The Americans are now deciding on a national flower, and it has been resolved " that a plant to serve properly the purposes of a national flower should be—

1. A native of the United States of America.
2. Should grow wild over the greater part of its area.
3. Should bloom on one or more of our national holidays.
4. Should be capable of easy cultivation in any garden.
5. Should not be a weed, or
6. In any way offensive or harmful to health.
7. Should bear what in the popular sense is called a flower.
8. Should not be merely a foliage plant, or one chiefly valued for its fruit.
9. Should lend itself readily to floral decoration by variety and purity of colour and distinctiveness of form, and
10. The features characteristic of its form should combine such simplicity and gracefulness that, when used conventionally in decorative design, the flower may be readily recognised, independently of its colour.

*(Boston Daily Globe, Jan. 14, 1911.)*

In the above desiderata it will be seen that the Waratah far outclasses any other Australian flower, and, to be candid, I advocate the use of the Waratah as our national flower.

## WARATAH OR WATTLE.

THE South Australian "Wattleites" — i.e., those who believe that the wattle blossom ought to be the Australian national floral emblem, are indignant because somebody has told them that South Africa has commandeered the yellow flower, and proposes to use it for patriotic purposes. But is the Wattle accepted by the people as the national Australian emblem? The truth is that the Waratah has a strong following, and it is likely that, if it had a wider range in Australia, it would be easily first as the national flower. The great beauty of the Wattle is admitted, but a flower to be used as an emblem requires other qualities. Take the Thistle of Scotland, for instance. It is not only a thing of beauty, but an expression of opinion. It stands up straightly, strongly, and defiantly, armed against attack. Now, what Australia needs is an emblem which shall combine both strength and beauty, and those are qualities which the Waratah possesses to a remarkable extent. Its colouring is pronounced, so that it can be used very suitably on flags, or wherever the national symbols are displayed in colour. Its ruddiness suggests health and strength; its texture suggests firmness and endurance; its strong, upright stalk symbolises independence. Taken altogether, it has just the characteristics of a national flower, and ought to win pride of place over even the lovely Wattle. There ought to be a Waratah League to push its claims, especially in those benighted places in the Commonwealth where it does not grow in its wild state.

*Evening News, May 17, 1911.*



# Australian Waratah Legends.

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(1) THE WAR-ATAH. By L. HENRY.

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(2) THE TASMANIAN WARATAH.

## Contents.

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ORIGIN.

EXPELLED.

THE FIGHT

THE SCOURGE.

THE KISS.



## N.S.W. Waratah Legend.

## ORIGIN.

**L**ONG, long, long time ago . . . so long that, as my father used to say, if we were to try to count the eyes which shine above us on a summer night and think that each one of them meant nine moons, born . . . and disappeared again forever, we should still have no idea of the time which has gone by since that happened which I am going to tell.

Long, long ago, God and his wife begot a son, destined to have allotted to him in due time a portion of the universe to rule under his father's sway.

The child, who was named War, on account of his beauty and strength, grew rapidly; though the last born, he was the brightest star of all the family, the pride and delight of his mother Kari, and the wonder and admiration of all; but his father Timu, who was old, so old as almost to have forgotten what youth is, was stern and moody with him, because he was full of passion, life, and frolic.

As soon as he was able to escape his mother's care, he began to roam about to all the corners of heaven, rioting, revelling, scandalising all, both old and young, but always forgiven, his wild conduct now submitted to on account of his youth, now for the sake of his father, and always winning his way by his bright smile and irresistible charms. He was, in truth, a wild youth, full of tricks, ready to follow madly any fancy of his mind, any inexplicable whim of his powerful being, and whenever Timu heard of some new freak of his, which happened almost daily, he would look askance at him, and remain thoughtful and moody for the rest of the day, till at last the presence of the youth became unbearable to him, and was a ceaseless cause of quarrel between him and his wife.

"Kari," said he to her, "thy son is a fine fellow—very fine."

"Do I not know it?" answered the mother, "the finest of all the family, and, please your Worship, some of them would be incomparable were it not for his dazzling beauty which outshines them all. Quite right, my Lord, he is very fine."

"Almost too fine," quoth the father, "the wildest scamp, the most unruly madcap a mother of thy rank might win."

"What dost thou mean, my Lord? I do not understand thee."

"Dost thou not? I fear that thou understandest me but too well . . . I never thought to be disgraced to such an extent. Hast thou not eyes to see? Art thou so destitute of understanding as not to realise that that fine son of thine is unworthy of his father? Say, does he take after me; does he not spend his life from morn to night and from dark to dawn, revelling in the most unjustifiable of conduct. When everyone has retired to rest he steals softly away, leaving us to sleep and goes, no one knows where, to cause disturbance amongst my peaceable subjects who bear with his follies out of consideration of me. During the day it is the same thing over again, as soon as everyone has gone to his labours; he only waits for thee to have fled in high fallutin on thy cloud chariot to visit our empire, or I know not where, hid-den in the midst of that feathery couch, and drawn by those black birds I gave thee when I was young. Ah, yes! I was young then and proud to see thee travelling through space like a whirlwind, thy black diamond-eyed birds springing from star to star, their legs as strong as my will, balancing on their wings darker than the void of night, peeping their prondly crested heads above the mist of clouds, showing at times their necks covered with pearls of all the shades of azure, all the corals of the ocean. Yes, and they can do no wrong, those birds of thine; thou wilt have no word said against them, and never could I obtain any redress even when one of the brutes plucked out the eyes of my kangaroos; they are always right; it was done in self-defence; they were quit-

harness, so gentle, so . . . Yes, they carry thee everywhere at thy leisure, whilst I have always had to ride my kangaroos, and now that I am too old for that have to walk as best I may wherever I require to go. Ah! one always learns something in growing old. I do if women do not; and nothing angers me so much as to see thy foolish conduct in thine old age; thy ridiculous behaviour with that son of thine, who, notwithstanding all thou mayest say, as soon as thou hast gone one way starts off in another and is not to be seen all day long until just before thou comest back, which is usually late, very late, often at untimely hours. Silence, my Dame! Silence! I know what I am saying. I know when the wife deserts her home the husband is angered and the children go . . . where they should not. So it has always been, so it is in thy case, and so it will be forever . . . I have said . . . Go!"

The poor mother went, and wept, and was disconsolate at having been so rebuked by her Lord. "Alas! Alas!" did she cry. "Woe on me! What have I done? How have I lost the reverence of my Lord? Is it a crime to love that sweet last son of mine, who was given to me in my old age, the dear beloved? The beauteous youth! Oh! Woe on me! Woe forever!" And she cried and cried, and when her anguish gave her a minute's respite she thought to herself that perhaps in her everyday course from one end of heaven to the other she had failed to meet with some of those who had suffered from the wild pranks of her son, and that her Lord has been complained to by beings who, having long lived in the calm, customary, well-regulated, and time-honoured routine of eternity, could not understand the outbursts of her robust young son, and who, being so very old themselves, had, like Timu, forgotten long ago the time which everyone has to go through, and which, if noisy, peradventure somewhat riotous and disorderly, is nevertheless the time for one day of which anyone would barter the whole of eternity. "What shall I do?" cried Kari. "I dare not now affront the anger of my Lord. It would only provoke him the more. I must set off at once and travel day and night in order that no fresh complaint be made, because I am sure that some bad report by an evil tongue is the true cause of my beloved child's disgrace and my own. My son! Oh, where art thou? Come to me, darling. Thy mother knows now the taste of tears."

She was just lamenting thus when she was startled by a tremendous clash, accompanied by the awful bellowing of anger, and heard her son, mad with passion, fighting, and shouting on this wise: "Off! Stand off! Off with you, wretch!"—and rushing upon him headlong were giants of fiery countenance, whom War fought, and sent at a blow rolling into the infinitude of darkness.

At the first sight she was terrified, trembling for the safety of her son; but in a moment her fears had disappeared and her face brightened with the carnadine hue of pride and joy, and as soon as the last blow had flung far away into space the last of the giants, she approached her son, and embraced him, though she had not strength at first to utter a word. How happy was that embrace, how sweet! She would surely have fainted in the arms of the beloved but she had to rally all her motherly courage; she wanted to know if he had not been hurt, and then what was the cause of the quarrel, how it came about, and what consequences would be likely to follow, and she heard all about it in the following terse answer:

"Hurt? No fear of that; I cannot be hurt, mother. The cause? A pretty little star who loved me, and whom I loved dearly. How it came about? Well . . . the father, one of the ministers of Timu, objected, and told me so in such language that I, in turn, objected to it. I took the star and carried her far away, and while coming back, on my way to thee, I was attacked by her father and his followers, and thou hast just seen what I have done with the last of them."

"But dost thou not think that thy father will be angered when he hears about it?"

The son thought for a moment . . .

"Well mother. Well I do not know. What is there to be done?"

They pondered silently for a while, then Kari looked round and suddenly exclaimed, "Arooi! Arooi!" and in an instant the birds who had been roosting close by in the shadow of the clouds flapped their wings, and, their bright eyes wide open, they were at once ready and waiting upon her.

"My son," said the mother, "go home and wait for me."

"Mother, where art thou going?"

"Go home, my beloved child, be gentle with thy father, whatever may come to pass; He is thy father, remember it; do not quarrel with him, do not forget thyself. Wait for me, I shall not be long."

"But where art thou going, Mother? Tell me?"

"Poor child!" answered the mother . . . . "I am going . . . . No, I will not tell thee now. Go home . . . . Do not grieve," and she took him in her arms and kissed him with all the might of her heart.

"I'll not be long," said she, stealing away.

"Mother! Mother!"

She looked back without stopping, and said:

"Hush! Not a word!" and so she left him, murmuring to herself, "Men give blows, women soothe them, woman is born to heal wounds."

As she stepped on to her couch of clouds, she looked back once more and, seeing her son motionless and depressed, looking after her, she said to herself, "Poor child! I must not let him see that I am sad," and turned her head in the opposite direction, but after an instant she could not resist taking one last look to see if he had moved or if he were still in the same position, a tear came to the brim of her eyelids, she felt a swift thrill pass over her warm cheeks, and between her trembling lips expired these words, . . . . "My babe! My son!"

When Kari had left his presence, Timu sat solemn and silent whilst the clouds of anger cleared gradually from his brow; the excitement being over, he was probably thinking about what had taken place, and looked somewhat uneasy, he got up and walked about slowly, his hands behind his back, now with his head bent forward on his chest and his vacant eyes riveted on some imaginary object of interest at his feet, now with his head erect and eyes lost in the fixity of distraction. After a while he stopped and took suddenly an attitude of determination, saying aloud, "It is well done! She deserved it! Authority must be maintained. I am master, and everything is well. I feel myself again. Authority! Strength! Will! Fine attributes! I wonder that I have so long allowed this nonsense to go on. Is it not my duty to stop what I do not approve? Am I to be made a laughing stock because Kari, in growing old, has become foolish? It is what always befalls the husband who allows his wife to follow her own will."

After this monologue he felt not only relieved but satisfied and pleased with himself, and would perhaps have remained so for all eternity had it not been that the old Karooja, the nurse of all his children, presently came into his presence and was the cause of a diversion in the train of his thoughts.

"Welcome, Karooja," said Timu. "What hast thou to ask of me?" "Thou knowest that in acknowledgment of thy faithful and devoted services I have nothing to refuse thee. What is the object of thy request?"

"I thank thee, my Lord, with all the strength of my heart, but I fear that thou could'st not grant a poor old servant ———."

"What! What dost thou mean? Do not think that my exalted power can make me forgetful. Hast thou not been the second mother of my children; hast thou not reared all of them but the last one, and I would that thou hadst had his training also, he would then have been taught to conduct himself in a manner worthy of me . . . . Is not his wild behaviour a proof of the merit thou hast had in bringing up the others? They all came from thy hands, the pride and glory of thy father, and I bless thee for it. A woman such as thou is a

member of the family, and woe to him who treats her as an inferior being. Had War been under thy care I should not now be ashamed of him, of her, of myself . . . but proceed and do not fear to find thy demand too great for my generosity."

"Thou art a God! Only a beneficent God could pour through all my being such a refreshing breath of gratitude. Thou hast emboldened me to speak; deign now to permit me to speak freely; do not interrupt me until I shall have done, and then . . . dispose of me in the light of thy wisdom."

"Granted," said Timu, a slight smile, nearly invisible, running through the white forest of his beard. "Begin when thou wilt; thou art the wisest of all the women I have ever known. By myself, thou art the first to ask for permission to speak; I have never heard of any other who did so. "I listen . . ." and so saying he laid himself down comfortably on a couch of clouds which was close by.

Having refused to sit down in the presence of her Lord, Karooja, standing erect in her old age, against the deep blue of infinitude, thus began:

"I overheard what took place between God Timu and his wife Kari." Timu felt somewhat uncomfortable at such a beginning, and though he tried to wipe off the blow by muttering to himself, "Old and young, all women enjoy that pastime," his face lost some of the benevolence which it had shown before Karooja had begun. "Yes," continued the old nurse, "It was the fate of my heart to be broken, woman's heart must be broken once, and I had been too happy all my life long. The brave and heroic Timu, the God whose power has vanquished all the other Gods of heaven, has forgotten that Justice and Truth, more even than his valour, gave him the empire of the universe which he has so long enjoyed undisturbed owing to the affection and gratitude of his subjects. The time has come for Timu to repent. Timu has been unjust, and injustice is of all sins the one which cannot be atoned for. The bright sidereal world will refuse to be led by blindness. One who cannot rule himself is unworthy of ruling others. One who, having lived for innumerable ages in the bosom of sweetness itself, and drunk of the inexhaustible love of Kari the bounteous, casts her off in a fit of ill-temper, one who in his old age has the blessing of seeing his last-born son bursting like a flower in a magnificent rush of life, and who dislikes him for his generous, powerful, irresistible force, that one is doomed, his days are numbered, anger and revolt are useless. Time, the father of all the Gods of the past, the present, and the future, has willed it so; his fixed decrees cannot be altered to please any God, however great and old he may be; it would stop the oscillation of the whole universe. Repent, Timu, recall the loving Kari, who only left thee to prevent thy quiet from being disturbed by hearing about the wild doings of thy son, doings which thou not only disapprovest, but condemnest as unpardonable crimes, whereas they are only the outbursts of youth, the heralds of a career which will be brighter than that of any of his forefathers. God Timu, cease to hate that glorious son of thine; he is too strong not to be kind; he came out of Kari's bosom and could not be irreverent towards his father. God Timu, let thine old age be blessed and protected by War the Radiant, as he is called by the countless legions who blush when he looks at them, and are pregnant with love when they see him shaking his mane of white fire at the impenetrable regions of the dark, and thus prepare for thy sweet and devoted Kari, that paragon of fecund mothers, the companion of thy fight, the partner of thy glory, the one who has given thee a multitude of rulers for thine immeasurable empire; prepare for her and for thyself a couch of repose from which thou mayest witness, while passing slowly away, the glorious deeds of War the Radiant. I see in thy looks and by thy gestures that thou hast had to summon all thy Godly powers in order to keep silence according to thy promise. I am now at thy mercy. Old as I am, I hope for nothing better than to disappear and have my being blown into another mould; I do not ask for mercy; whatever may be thy will I am resigned; I have rendered to thee the last of my duties."

"Hast thou done?" grumbled Timu between his teeth, his eyes pale with anger, and his limbs trembling like the leaves of a cocoa-nut tree when the shatt has received a shock,

"I have," said Karooja.

"Hast thou?" breathed Timu in almost inaudible tones; then gathering the whole of his strength he shouted, shutting his eyes and clenching his fists, "Out, out of my sight, thou reckless fool!" and poor Karooja, her head bent and her arms hanging, went slowly away whilst the first tears she had ever shed dropped and fell diamond-like on her wrinkled cheeks.

#### EXPELLED.

THE stars were almost hidden by a veil of minute, shapeless clouds, everywhere was grey and indistinct, shrouded in a pall of mist; here and there, in every direction, might be seen undefined forms floating in the air, peeping out . . . then disappearing again, all seeming to drift towards the abode of Timu.

Awful and frowning he sat, with his head resting on his right hand, his elbow on his knee, whilst his left arm hung at his side and his hand seemed with its long nails to claw the bloom of the clouds on which he was seated. The stillness which surrounded him was frightful, not a breath of air, not a sound to break the gloom, except the faint cracking of his joints and the barely audible beating of his heart, scarcely enough light to show the white of his beard and the grey look of his withered eye. "Woe! Woe!" did he mutter. "Woe! Woe!" . . . . Poor old Karooja! Poor me! . . . . Old age! Decrepitude! Ending . . . . Karooja! Karooja! Woe on the forever—to the end of the endless ages! Malediction on all! . . . . then bringing his clenched fists on to his knees he sat erect and defiant. "No, it shall not be!" said he, shaking his head. "Rather would I destroy everything and start afresh for the conquest of the universe. Never! Never! As though I had been born to die and my omnipotence were but a dream. I shall soon show its reality. By my will, I shall!" and so saying he stood up and was going to shake his limbs, when he saw around him, crouching in the clouds, the forms of his attendants who had been laid low by the breath of his wrath as the bush of the heath under the breath of the hurricane.

"Get up, all of you, get up!" did he grumble, resuming his seat. "What news? What do I read on your dismal faces? Speak out!"

"I cannot, for fear of offending Timu," said one old man grovelling on the earth, without raising his head.

"What! Thou my eldest son, thou dardest to disobey me? Speak, speak out!"

"Thy youngest son, my own brother, it grieves me to speak against him."

"What has he done now?"

"He has revolted, he has dared to raise his arm against all the heavenly powers as regulated by thy wisdom, and we are come here to implore thy protection against him. If he be not repressed at once, all that is will be overthrown, and disorder and riot will reign supreme from one end of thine empire to the other."

"The rebel! I knew I was right!" muttered Timu to himself. "Proceed Mawarra," said he to his son. "Explain thyself, or rather stay. Do not—do not open thy mouth. I am Timu the Just, and I want to hear other reports than it be not thought that the slightest prejudice has anything to do with my decrees. Who art thou?" continued he, addressing the youngest among the host. "What dost thou know of the behaviour of War?"

"I am the son of Poura, one of thy followers, and I have been blessed with the understanding which is despised by War. I have been brought up to listen to the advice of the aged and to submit to their wisdom. I have sometimes been tempted to disobey, but I have never done so; I have always remembered in time that my duty forbade that I should go out of the limits fixed by the elders. Why has not War done the same? Instead of breaking off from all that is respectable and holy, of running riot, and being a living scandal, a lamentable shame to his father and mother, and a scourge to all the inhabitants of thy dominions,

"Thy speech is worthy of a God," quoth Timu, and turning towards his attendants he said to them, "Let War be informed that I want him at once. As for you, my faithful followers, remember that I am the principle of Justice. I shall judge in a calm and equitable manner, and punish with all the energy of my weighty power . . ."

"By the light of the stars all the birds are grey," so were the shapes of his followers gathered round the throne of Timu, and instead of an assembly of Powers surrounding their God, they might in the twilight have been taken for a crowd of conspirators, the voices raised finding no echo, and their actual vibration being, as it were, deadened by the mist in which they were dragging out their existence.

Suddenly, a thrill, which rushed like a flash of lightning through all present, announced the approach of War, and as he entered the circle, aspects and countenances assumed another hue.

After having taken in at a glance the whole of the assembly, in which young and old seemed alike yellow with jealousy and troubled under his radiant gaze, he instantly directed his steps towards his father, and bending respectfully asked him his pleasure.

"My pleasure," said Timu, "is that thou shouldst give a public account of thy conduct, and apologise to those powers that be, which have been scandalised, insulted, even endangered by thy criminal doings. Tremble and prostrate thyself in repentance and await, not only my reproof, but the chastisement which must be proportionate, not alone to the offence, but to the rank of the offender; it becomes the great, it is an inviolable duty for those placed by birth in exalted positions to show their respect and submission to the established laws and powers which have been from time immemorial the objects of veneration and awe. Whosoever fails to obey, maintain, and help to carry out the time-honoured orders established by me, it were better for that one that he had never been born to the light of my bounties."

"My father! Reverend Timu! God! I cannot understand thine anger, my most cherished dream is never to have done anything derogatory to my birth, never to have committed any act which might expose me to thy reproof, the cruellest and most terrible misfortune which could befall a son."

"War cowers," whispered Poura to the young Paouri, and the breath of a sneer ran through all the crowd.

War heard it. He felt it from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, and a slight flush appeared on his forehead, but with his eyes intently fixed on his old father he remained motionless, waiting in all humility.

Emboldened by his humble attitude, all the courtiers and followers of Timu from the first to the last, all his brethren from the eldest to the youngest, gave vent to a storm of sarcasms, insults, and accusations, embodying all the concentrated venom which might be found in the scarlet gums of all the snakes of the creation. At last they had the best of War. His own father was sitting in judgment on him, and they were going, if not to hear the last of him, at least to see him crushed in such a way that it would be impossible for him to again disturb their quiet, to interfere in any way with eternal order, the administration of which would be granted to them for ever.

Under the shock of this volley of insults, War showed not the slightest sign of emotion, still looking fixedly at his father he stood the attack as a God, and waited till the gibes and sneers had subsided, Timu having made a sign that he wished to speak.

"Hast thou heard thine accusers?" quoth Timu in a solemn tone. "What hast thou to answer? Speak!" . . .

"My father," answered War gravely, "thou art God, and I am thy son, thine obedient son and humble one. If I have sinned against thee, if I have forgotten my birth and the duties I have to fulfil, I am answerable to thee, to thee alone, my Father and my God."

"Thou didst not answer, War, and I fear that thou hast set thy heart to resist my will."

"Father, never has such thought entered my mind, but rather than degrade my nature and stoop to answer those wild beasts I would choose never to have been. Ask of

me anything which becomes thy son and I shall instantly obey, but I cannot comply with thy wish that I should answer that crowd of gluttony, hypocrisy, and cant, by anything than disdain. If thou lovest better than thou lovest me, poisonous calumny, the cowardly snake, which has fed on thy bounties only to sting thy heart; if, to the youngest son of thine old age, thou preferrest these despicable beings who have never lived, never done anything, and who shall pass into nothingness, say it, and condemn me without more ado. I shall not, I *will* not, dishonour myself by answering them, and were it not for thy venerable presence, I would instead, have swept the whole of them into that obscurity out of which it was a mistake to take them, and into which the sooner they shall be thrown back the better for the eternal order over which God Timu presides.

"In what strain dost thou speak? Dost thou dare," said Timu, "to criticise what is, what I have willed and ordered to be? Thou speakest of old age, of mistakes, of what I know not. Ah! I see clearly that all that has been said is true—to criticise, to reject, to revolt; it is but a step from the one to the other. War, if I were not a God I should go mad—mad—mad enough to be unjust! What right hast thou to speak as thou dost? Tell me, what art thou?"

"Life."

"What? From whence dost thou come? Who caused thee to be?"

"Life."

"What dost thou mean?" said Timu perplexed.

"To live."

"He is mad, impious, sacrilegious, infamous, criminal," roared and shouted thousands of voices.

"Mad! Mad!" exclaimed Timu, "No! No! he plays with my majesty. Silence!" and he added "Now answer me, War, and do not believe but that thou wilt be brought to bay. What dost thou mean by 'Life, Life'?"

"I mean to feel."

"What?"

"To have sensations."

"What? Speak or else———"

"I do speak, to have sensations."

"Again?"

"The eye which gazes and knows rapture, the smell which dreams, the taste which delights, the watchful ear which is enchanted, the touch which takes possession, and Love, which two Gods in one kiss and gives an eternal youth to the whole of the universe."

On hearing this the whole of the assembly lost the control of reason, and a terrific yell responded to the last words, whilst Timu, overpowered by rage and emotion, remained motionless save that his head and all his limbs shook with frenzy.

Helplessly clamouring in their impotence, maddened, exasperated, his followers filled the air with such a volume of indescribable imprecations and vociferations that it resembled the thundering voice of the storm, and from out of the midst of it came, intermingled and confused, such words as—blasphemy, revolt, defiance, sensualism, materialism, desecration, imposture, rebellion, and damnation.

Timu arose in the midst of it all, awful and terrible looking in the storm of his anger, shaking his white beard and with threatening brow; he extended his powerful arm, showing all the nerves and sinews of his race, and a shudder ran through all those around him, even the stars ceased to wink, and a leaden silence enveloped and weighed upon all. Such a calm and depression as always precede the most terrific storms suspended now the furious outburst of indignation which had failed to shake War or to disturb his majestic calm.

"Knave! Madman! Fool! Lowest, most pitiable and degraded being! Son who hast dishonoured me! Hast thou lost all conscience? Hast thou no fear?" and the voice of Timu terrible and awful, roaring and clapping as it all the thunders of the universe had been gathered in his breast and had broken forth in one tremendous outburst.

"I fear nothing," answered War, "but the displeasure of my father."

"Liar!" exclaimed Timu. "Liar! How dost thou dare to tell me this?"

"I am not a liar! Father, I hold thee in all veneration!"

"Liar!" retorted Timu, and a thousand voices repeated "Liar! Liar!"

"By all that is sacred to me; by the mother who carried me in her womb and gave me her sweet milk—by God my father, the valiant Timu, whose voice was once heard to the farthest corners of the deep—by them I declare that I have never lied."

"Oh, sacrilegious son! I would that thou hadst never been born! That the milk of Kari had never reared such a rebel! I know not what prevents me from annihilating thee, or delivering thee to my faithful followers who would soon do justice to thine arrogance and thy villainy."

A wave of joy thrilled the assembly, and at a sign from Timu they would all, young and old, have thrown themselves on War, who, terrible in his earnestness, was standing erect, ready for the worst.

"God Timu, by the oath which I have just proffered, I stand. Destroy me if thou canst. Annihilate me if it be thy power. If thine omnipotence allows it, decree that I have never been . . . . If thou canst not do these things, if it be impossible for thee to perform them, then . . . ." and a minute of deep silence followed . . . . "Then . . . come and raise thine hand against thy son, degrade him, strike him, punish him to thine heart's content, now, to-day, to-morrow, and for all eternity. Thy son, War, is ready to submit to anything from his father, the author of his birth, the channel through which his life ran, the centre from which he was thrown into being, and who must be revered by all, without hesitation, murmur, or revolt, except when the eternal law of Justice, greater and more sacred than all the Gods and all the universe is being outraged and one is madly condemned to become an accomplice of an outrage. Oh! my Father, do what pleases thee, and may it calm and alleviate thy anger. Do it. I am thy son. I submit . . . But . . . if any of those shadowy semblances of beings, who do not deserve a name because they *are* not, incomplete manifestation of what might be, existing only by flattery and on sufferance, miserable organisms who have never felt the thrill of life, representing two powers which united are irresistible but divided cease to exist, subdividing life into thinking and acting, willing and performing, dreaming and realising, as separable functions, whereas they cannot be set apart without destroying all harmony and creating despicable races whose sons are still worse than their parents, and range under the two heads of tyrants and slaves, who, owing to the turn of the wheel of life at times, change places, but always represent the division of one force which must be *one* in order to be at all . . . . If any, or all of them dare to lay their degraded hands on me, I shall use against their contamination the right of self-defence, and destroy even to the last of them."

"Dost thou brave me?" roared Timu.

"I am thy son, the son of a brave father, and I never will submit to any degradation. I live, I am, I shall be, and in time I shall pass away and return into the bosom of eternal life. Oh! my father, let not thine old age be deceived; let not those traitorous followers of thine take advantage of the youth of thy son and the age of his sire; do not lend thine ear to their calumny; their conspiring is caused by their baseness, incited by envy, and embittered by the fear that one day, and that not a far off one, they will all have to be swept into nonentity."

Timu furious, deaf and blind with rage, rushed on his son and struck him with all his might, but War did not move; blow followed blow, but still he stood, erect, courageous, sublime.

Timu continued to strike until he felt that he must soon cease from sheer want of power. He then gathered all his force, gave one last blow, and fell exhausted, whilst War, pale and sorrowful, bent to help him.



"Away! Away!" exclaimed Timu, foaming with rage. "If thou wilt show the truth of thy boast of obedience, go to the brink of yon cloud, precipitate thyself into the darkness of infinitude, and disappear never to be heard of more. Go!"

"Father! Oh my Father, let me but wait the return of my mother that I may receive her last embrace."

"Go! Go!" shouted Timu, "thou shalt meet her where thou goest."

War looked at him, and two tears of pure white fire rose to his eyes, but seeing his father's arm still pointed firmly in the direction of the cloud he went towards it. He looked back once, but hearing his father voice's saying "Go! Curse on thee! Go!" bent he his head and full of despair he dived into the depth of the abyss, where his track, marked by a line of light was gazed on with satisfaction by the followers of Timu.

### THE FLIGHT.

TWIRL! Whirl! Go! . . . blindfolded with sorrow, heedless, hopeless, mad, . . . now twisting his powerful life into distorted spiral of the abyss, now sounding straight as a beam of light all the recess of infinitude and throwing the semen of life and activity where before there had only been slumber.

Leaping, bounding, rushing, at such a tremendous rate that his course left behind it in the darkness a line of fire coiling and recoiling on itself, twisting in almost indescribable paraboles, clashing, in his wild flight against the celestial spheres, crushing or carrying in his train all the sidereal bodies who were waiting for his passage in the dreary solitude of the dark, on . . . on . . . "Mother! Mother!" cried he with a voice at the sound of which an awful shudder was felt by everything which is. "Mother! Mother! Where art thou?" but millions of echoes were the only answer to his formidable roar.

Suffering without hope, fall without redemption, wound which cannot be soothed, past which cannot be lived again, inexorable destiny which cannot erase the past, "Mother! Mother!" did he shriek, pulling out handfuls of his burning hair and throwing it behind him, tearing the flesh of his breast and opening it like a bleeding fruit . . . "Mother! Mother! I would give my life not to have caused thee any suffering. What has become of thee? In what solitude does thy pale old age drag out its sorrow and the loneliness of its abandonment? Maldiction, woe, despair! . . ." and he pursued his headlong course, frantic, terrible, blind, rolling madly at the head of myriads of asters which, attracted by his glory, were following in his train; breaking through every obstacle, on . . . on . . . upwards, downwards, in every direction, as an eagle in the air, an emu on the plains, a fish in the ocean, the lightning in the clouds, meditations in the mind . . . tearing, striking, destroying . . . on . . . on . . . when all of a sudden he saw before him the sweet image of Atah, who alone stood in his path and waited to be crushed by him. He stopped, and Atah went up to him. "I heard thy despair, War, and I have come to thee. I have come to thee," she repeated; but War, pensive, did not utter a word. "I know," said she "I know thou thinkest of her, but hear me, for what I have to tell thee is of her. I was hiding where thou hadst placed me, and the melancholy of my exile was sweetened by the hope of thine advent. My piercing eyes were travelling day and night in my oscillations from the Zenith to the Nadir waiting for the apparition of thy beauty when thou shouldst come to throw on me the radiance of thy bounties . . ." and she paused and gazed silent and enraptured at the fascinating eyes of War . . . "I was waiting . . . waiting . . . and waiting is so long . . . when gradually there grew upon me a feeling which I could not explain. I felt a thrill, then a shiver, then a shudder, and I heard coming towards me, vaguely at first, then growing more distinct, lamentable and pitiful an ocean of sobs, which rent my heart, and from that time I have not had an instant of life

which has not been filled with compassion and sorrow. "What are you?" said I to the sobbing pearls of the immense waves, and diamond-like they rolled to my heart, and beating, against its core, they said, "We are the tears of Kari, the tears that she shed in her desolation when she had lost her son for ever; we are worlds, we are countess, we roll and surge and run, we want War, because Kari is no more, because she has vanished in tears, because we are Kari's life, and thou shalt come with us if thou wilt." . . . I followed them, we searched for thee, and I grew sadder day by day because our search was vain. We went on, rolling and rolling for ever so long, expecting every instant that we should meet thee, and the abyss was so lifeless, and the thought that thou mightest be lost for ever was eating away the cherished hope of my heart . . . To live without thy love! Oh, God, is it to live at all, or to have died, or to be cursed with all the pangs of anguish and despair?"

War stood motionless, his eyes, brighter than ever, always fixed on the sweet face of Atah . . . He was pale, and his lips trembled as though he were muttering words of great pith and moment, but he uttered not one, and was deaf to the tumult and fracas which the sudden stoppage of his flight had caused among his followers, who were rushing one on top of the other, and forming a huge barrier, becoming every moment larger and larger. . . . At last he looked round, made a sign to the nearest of his followers, and saying to them, "Follow me, let us make haste," he took Atah in his arms, and on they went, followed by the multitude of asters, who, now that their course was no longer impeded, rolled down with the tremor of a rush more formidable and appalling than anything ever heard in the universe.

Exhausted by her long flight in search of War, worn out with fatigue and emotion, Atah had no sooner been taken into his arms than she lost consciousness, but in her sleep, as her head rested on his chest, she saw the heart of War rent by dolour, and pouring out an impetuous stream of blood, like a river, and she felt as if she had caused that ocean of sorrow to burst forth. She felt that she was going down in it, first her feet, then her ankles, then her knees, her hips, and as she sank deeper and deeper the heat became more and more intense; when it touched her breast she had a terrible pang, and when her neck was reached she suffered all the agonies of strangulation, her temples throbbed as though they must burst at the next pulsation, and she heard repeated over and over again at each beat "Kari! Mother! Kari! Mother! . . ." and strange . . . the voice was sweet in contrast with the roaring noise which filled her head. At last she felt that the blood had touched her pale lips which became paler and that she had sunk, and in trying to rise again to the surface of the stifling blood she opened her eyes and found herself in the arms of War, resting on his breast, but the vision was only too true, the chest of War was all torn and covered with streams of blood.

"Atah," said War, bending over her, "Where hast thou left the river of tears?"

"Yonder," said Atah, pointing with her white arm.

"Where?" quoth War.

"Down there at the horizon, where it crosses thy course."

"We shall soon be there," said War, and turning to his followers he ordered them to slacken their speed and to be ready to stop.

When arrived there, balancing swiftly on their axes, all the worlds were held entranced in the suspense of ecstasy before the marvels of that river of pearls, the extent and depth of which could not be even dreamed of, rolling in its waves all kinds of magic colours and hues, which had never been seen before, and reflecting from the depth of its bed to the little drops of its ebb, all the fascinating sweet and eternal brilliancy of light.

War stood motionless and sad; he had rested Atah on the border of the river, where the little waves having recognised her, tried, but in vain, to attract her attention; she was absorbed in the contemplation of War, and for her nothing else existed, and War was sad. He was looking at the eddies of the river flowing; following the bubbles rising, disappearing, shining, turning back to glance at him, and throwing to his heart the sparkles of their bright eyes; at times he thought that in their sweet murmur they were singing.

“War! The bright son of Kari! We are glad, sparkling, shining; we run and flow and foam for thee; we are pearls, emeralds, rubies, dropping, diving, rising for thee; we are thy Mother Kari; we flit along reflecting thee, looking at thee, son of Kari; we dingle, roll, and sing for thee.”

Then they seemed to sob, and throb, and fall leaden, heaving, sighing, jerking with pain at the dragging of this weary refrain.

“We are pure but bitter; we burned the eyes of thy mother; we are sad though brightly clad; in sorrow shed by despair led; we are poor Kari’s longings; the tears she wept when War had left, her long mourning, her slow dying. We shall be forever, we know, sobbing, throbbing, rolling, sullen, leaden sorrow.”

And Atah, who had been following the thoughts of War, was suffering all his pangs and his silent anguish.

Suddenly War turned round, and addressing several of his followers who were close to him, he said, “Thou, Glowing Gold, go to the north; thou, Lazuli, to the West; you two white lights and thou, Emerald, to the South, down where there are those four asters which look towards us now. As for thee,” said he to another, “thou shalt go and rule in that region which is north of that cluster of stars yonder. I know your mind,” continued War, “I know it. Do not think that I exile you from me. I give you the greatest proof of my love. You shall be the guardians and protectors of Atah, and let everything perish rather than anything happen to her; I leave you these two dogs, which will be ready day and night to help you in your watch.”

“Oh, God!” exclaimed Atah, “Oh, God! Love of my heart! Life! Hope! Dost thou cast me off?”

“My mother is between us!”

“Oh! War, have pity. War, what will become of me?”

“Look at the river, Atah. I love thee, Atah. I would die for thee. I would ravish, burn, and remould the whole of the universe. I would that I had never been born. I am mad, and the whole of my life will be a torture to feel that I have lost thee.”

“Oh, War! As God annihilate me, let me disappear, burn my life out with one of thy divine looks . . .”

“Though a God I cannot destroy. To attempt to do what thou askest would only be to attract to me the whole of thy being. My mother Kari is, and will ever be, between us. She is no more but a river of tears. Sit by its banks, and in their eternal rolling down its pearls will speak to thee of me. I shall pass by it every day. I shall look at thee, and the sobbing of the waves will always tell to me what thou hast told to them.”

“Oh, God! I must obey. Oh, War, I will follow thee with my eyes and feel a thrill of happiness if thou but look at me when passing by the river,” and as she spoke a tear of blood dropped from her eye. War could not resist it. He went to her, took the tear, and gave it to Lazuli, saying, “Take that treasure, it is a tear shed by Atah when parting from War. It shall be under thy guard, and be known henceforth as the brightest ruby of the whole firmament.”

His chest swelling with emotion, War looked once more towards Atah, then with a heroic effort, worthy of a God, he tore himself away from that contemplation, and taking with him his train of followers he dived into space with the swiftness of a dart.

After having rolled during long ages, throughout the infinite expanse, War chose as his abode the region through which flowed the river of tears . . . There he located his followers, allotting to each a given course to be gone through at an appointed time. He was meditating as to what he should do with some thousands of them who had always kept at the rear of the train at a long distance from him . . . He called them, and they did not dare to disobey, but moved with reluctance and approached him crawling and supplicating, with their heads down as though afraid to show their faces.

“Stand upright!” ordered War. “Stand I tell you,” and he recognised familiar faces. They were a legion of warriors sent by Timu to capture his son War,

War questioned several of them, and they answered as best they could; some of them went so far as to say that, fascinated by his glory, they had chosen to follow his course rather than return to Timu, who had now grown very old indeed; that in their hearts they had always paid allegiance to the valiant son of Kari, and that what they had done, which seemed not in accordance with this, was done to obey orders which they could not neglect at the risk of their lives.

War listened to them for several days, not showing any outward sign of approval or condemnation, and each came and told his tale and showed his case in the most favourable light . . . . At last every one having spoken, a dreary silence prevailed, and War was thinking, "It shall be done," he said to himself, and he shouted this order: "Asters of all magnitudes, sent by Timu, range yourselves in battle, form a huge and impenetrable sphere protected by the darts of your light; and let me meet you in that order when I shall appear at the horizon under the sign of Atah by the river of tears."

None of the asters could understand, but all had to obey, and when War returned he found them formed as he had commanded. He approached them and spoke thus:

"The words I spake to you in the presence of my venerable father Timu have proved but too true. For all of you the time of forbearance is at an end, courtly flattery, heinous hypocrisy, villainous treachery, base treason, are of no avail. Patient Justice has got her hand on ingratitude and felony. It is time for you to obey orders of my old father, God Timu, and to capture his son whom you once called 'War, the rebel.' You forced Timu to expel him. To you he gave the order to capture him. Obey that order of my father."

But the sphere was motionless, and gave no sign of life.

"Obey, I tell you! Move, or I crush you!"

But not the slightest oscillation answered to his call.

"Cowards! Unworthy of the name of beings! Shame and refuse of the universe! I would that I might destroy you all. I would give my life that I might do it in the presence of my mother Kari, and in the sight of little Atah. Woe and malediction on you all!" . . . and he rushed on to the sphere, penetrating it to the full length of his arm, and on like that he went, dealing blows at it in all directions. He then took a handful of his fiery mane and thrust it into the centre of the sphere, which began to burn and vomit fire and lava from all the holes made by his blows. Stung by the violence of the heat, several asters attempted to disintegrate themselves from the mass and flee, but the watchful War was there to throw them back into the whirlpools of the burning craters. The roar and crackling of the fire and thunder of the bursting volcanoes were echoes in all the remotest regions of space.

"Thou art unjust!" hissed a crater in which were boiling all the curses ever heard.

"I punish traitors; every one of them shall perish!"

"Thou art cruel," shrieked another crater.

"I cannot inflict on you one-millionth part of the torture you have inflicted on my mother, whom your hypocrisy has caused to be turned into a river of tears."

"Fiend! fizzed a third crater. "Curse on thee! Rebel! Usurper! Destroyer! who wast once my brother!"

"I did not rebel, but fled away in obedience to my father. I did not usurp, but took possession of the wilderness of infinitude. I do not destroy but transform. I will reduce you in the crucible of justice to the ideal immobility which has been your dream for ages; you shall not live but sleep, without sensation, emotion, hope . . . love . . . in exactly to which you would have reduced the whole of the universe, which is not, if it be not full of activity, passion, and longings for the yet unknown avenues of futurity."

And henceforth, deaf to the imprecations and curses vomited in a constant rush from the lips of all the volcanoes, mixed with the lava of white fire which was now spreading over all the surface of the globe, War only stood watching, in order to prevent any aster from escaping, and when the whole was covered with lava, he re-entered his usual course and started rolling and rolling as he has done ever since, visiting every day the river of tears and

throwing a glance at sweet little Atah, who may be seen to tremble with emotion when the brilliant look of her beloved reaches the Southern Cross, attending to all the myriads of little worlds of the universe, and covering them with all the joys of plenty and beauty, pouring out hope and faith over every thing that is, and returning every day to see if his orders have been obeyed, and if new wants are born for his bounties, knowing not leisure or rest, ever rolling . . . taking care of everything, from the invisible atom to the greatest of his satellites.

In his daily course, War had always to pass before the burned sphere which was now cooling rapidly, and presented to his gaze immense craters full to the brim of their cups with lava, plateau of such a stretch that it would take two days for an ox to run across them, and colossal ridges of such an altitude that their summits would be beyond the reach of the eye of man if he were standing at their feet, and projecting shadows twice as long as from here to Parramatta, the Tribe of the Eels. War always looked with interest at those lifeless remains whose stony features typified well a race of beings who did not believe in activity, sympathy, and the omnipotence of irresistible Love, and who claimed, after having blindly and pitilessly condemned all that was outside the pale of their congregation, that the only thing real and justifiable was an order established immutably on the deductions of pure intellect, the intellect to be their own, and the whole universe to be ruled, crushed, tortured, and crystallised by them for all eternity.

#### THE SCOURGE.

THEN in the prime of youth, the earth was covered with the marvels of her prolific fecundity. Everything seemed to be prompted by the inner force of aspiration to rush madly out of its allotted cycle of existence and to invade the kingdom beyond the pale of which it found itself. From out of the crater of Life were then projected in all directions forms of now unknown character, some destined to survive, some to perish forgotten, all having to undergo the most indescribable transformations operated by the irresistible push of life under the breath of a universal rut. Circumstances now foreseen and explained were then of a formidable and terrifying nature, sudden changes, unexpected turmoils, elements, hitherto stable and immutable, melting and rushing like lightning into the seething cauldron of transmutation; mineral, vegetable, and animal life intermingled and producing in their counter-activity phenomena which have long since disappeared, leaving behind them only some vestiges of their being, some preserved in the layers of the rocks, some having survived by adapting themselves to new circumstances, and which now offer to our interrogative minds hints of what once was but has disappeared for ever. Oh, what a time it must have been! How wonderful! What an extraordinarily chaotic, superb, fascinating spectacle! We can form no just idea of it, yet if we open our eyes and look intently at the surviving remains, what can we not imagine? All the forces interpenetrating each other, senses and sexes being born to them by every effort in the blind struggle for life; senses unconscious of their bearing, acting blindly, rushing headlong into hermaphroditism or into bisexuality, whirling madly in the spiral of aspirations towards a new state, upwards, downwards, always . . . thrown out at a most unexpected tangent, or drawn towards the centre, there to be crushed out of all shape and sucked into a new amalgamation, into the sudden birth of an undreamed-of phenomenon. Germs of all varieties now carried by the whirlwinds into the awful and heaving bosom of the tempest, then dropped on a rock seared and burning under the rays of a scorching sun, to be overtaken in a minute by the surging, passing, irresistible wave, running, rushing, splashing, searching for a road to return to its ocean.

In the midst of the turmoil the most interesting changes taking place; the mollusc deserting the pearls of the ocean, gradually climbing the chitts, and at last carrying its stone house with him into the darkness of the forest, where, having become a land snail, he will see the gigantic sensitive, whose shoots pierce the dense clouds, and whose arms stretch towards each other to clench and strangle to death the mammoth who comes to disturb the harmony

of their growth; the colossal reptiles dividing their time between the ocean and the land, till one day some of their family desert the original stock and establish themselves exclusively on land, then some of them grow wings and try to fly, like the bat, a quadruped who, having grown tired of crawling on the ground, took at last to soar in the air and has done so ever since. Why has the flying lizard disappeared? Probably because the jump from the reptile to the bird was too great; the lizard fell to the ground and was killed in its fall. The flying fish also falls a bit, its fall on the supple and undulating couch of the transparent waves, and is able to rise again and again to salute the sun and reflect his rays on its silver scales and on the glittering ribs of its delicately woven fins.

The duck leaves the land and takes to the water; in his first abode there are too many dangers attendant on his efforts to live, so he takes to the ocean; some of the tribe remain close to the shore, the limitless horizon strikes them with awe, so they keep to the rocks enjoying the quiet life of fishers, floating leisurely, staying in shallow water, diving perchance, but never flying, thus losing their wings which are very soon reduced to the size and uses of fins. Others having remained behind in the fresh water of the river have also taken to diving, hiding in the moving mud of the bottom, waiting there for the little fishes to come into their gaping bills, whilst the pioneers of the movement have grown tremendous wings of colossal strength, by living in eternal flight over the vast and limitless regions of the formidable oceans.

Analogous migrations, alterations, transformations, assuredly have taken place in each of what we call to-day the three natural kingdoms of the earth; the tortoise of the sea and that of the land are easy to differentiate now, so are the corals, the algae of all descriptions, and the ferns, grasses, varech, and fungi, which we find at the bottom of the valleys of the ocean, as well as on the highest and most inaccessible peaks of the mountains of the earth, where we also discover fossils of fishes, whilst from the depths of the sea are brought to our astonished eyes the remains of gigantic trees and terrestrial animals.

Who shall say what has been? From whence shall spring the generation of knowers, who will give us a true picture of that unknown period?

What is the seal? From what original father has he inherited his beautiful, velvety, black eye, his fleshy mouth, his awfully human voice which has in it something rending and troubling to the highest degree. Who will tell us of the magnificent vegetation we admire every day? Did it come from the sea, and taking advantage of each inlet, of the mouth of every river, did it invade the land, or had it its birth on the land, and, following the gentle brook, has it floated on in crystalline streams and ran to the conquest of the virgin and till then barren slopes of the mountains of the sea, fertilising the whole of them, spreading its carpet of pearls, corals, fantastic flowers, and fruits on the arid plains, which are now covered with all the colours of the rainbow? When the storm is tossing about the emerald waves of the liquid mass it is given to our amazed glance to admire the treasures with which the bosom of the ocean is covered. We shall never be able to appreciate the whole of creation, the whole of life, which is equally wonderful in a drop of water, a range of rocks, a bit of stone, in flowers, insects, animals, man, stars, and in all that we can see with the eye of the body or the eye of the mind . . . . .

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The legend says that at this time our now poor land was divided into two mighty stretches of country by a big lake, which was lying across the path of the sun. This lake was of the purest and most transparent water, and in it were big and small fishes of every kind and colour golden, silvery, red, blue, yellow, dark, light, long, short, round, egg-like, with stripes and spots, of all forms and brilliancy; and to look at them was a common delight of the people who used to glide about in their canoes in all directions on the glossy surface of the lake, people altogether unconcerned about their destination, knowing that they had only to open their sail and let the sweet odorant breeze push them to any part of the shore, and that they would be sure of finding all that is needful or pleasant,

Oh, what a sight it must have been! White swans almost innumerable, opening and flapping their wings as soft to the eye as the chalice of an Arum; blue, red, and white lilies, opening under the radiancy of the sun; white sails, cockatoos of all kinds, butterflies and flying fishes, mirroring themselves in the deep and transparent water; voices of men, chatter of women, admiration of children at the sight of every new thing, songs of birds, joy of all, filling the air with their tremulous waves and blending themselves with the harmonies of the land, which whispered all the emotions they had gathered among the palms, the odorant fruits, the suave flowers, and the superb shiny banana trees with fruit as sweet in its fragrance as it is in giving strength to the mother who milks, or to the child who has been taken from her breast.

A country teeming with all the luxuries Nature could afford from the most fantastic flowers, among which fluttered birds of every colour, to the most varied fruits, some lying on the ground in the meadows, others decorating the arches formed by the branches of gigantic trees, here almost hidden by the intermingling creepers, there hanging in bunches at arm length, giant ferns seeming to have grouped together on the hill slopes in order to afford man a shelter against the dew of the night and the burning kiss of the mid-day sun. Abundance and plenty everywhere, and comfort, happiness, and good-will reigning supreme. Covetousness, hypocrisy, lying, mine and thine, were then unknown; everyone was a law unto himself, and Nature a lavish and tender mother to all.

Alas, alas, my poor land! What has befallen thee? Hast thou sunk low enough under the curse of degradation? Thou art like a deserted fire-place on the heath, where only a few blackened stones remain to inform the passer-by that in some past season was held there a mighty corroboree of a tribe which is now no more, a tribe which has been carried away by the angry winds with the ashes of the last fire; a heath where it would be impossible to find even a bleached bone, cleared, as it has been, by the crows, the eagle-hawks, and the dingoes.

Well! Well! It is said that the wise man lets the past rest in its grave, and that the memory of lost happiness is a torturing scourge to the fallen one. Be things as they are since we cannot alter them . . .

Ages and ages of that happiness had been bestowed on our forefathers, who enjoyed it in its fulness, and lived a life of purity and contentment without the shadow of a vice or the idea of a sin.

One night, after everybody had as usual retired under the verdant roof of the ferns to enjoy among their colonnades refreshing slumber, an extraordinary and terrifying noise was heard, and everyone on awakening beheld the usually placid roof of heaven offering a spectacle never heard of before, never dreamed of, and they were all struck with stupor. Bent on an eastward course it seemed that all the stars of the sky were madly rushing, intercrossing, knocking against each other, and their mighty progress was producing such an awful noise that even from here it was like the roaring of ten mighty oceans.

In the white light produced by the rush of so many stars everybody looked aghast, and the heart of each was filled with terror; everyone's eyes were intently fixed on the heavens, and no one dared to utter a word, all—men, women, old people, children—remained silent, motionless, terrified, till the sun appeared on the opposite side of the lake. But though so eagerly longed for, his appearance tended to increase rather than to soothe their fears. He, The Great Dispeller, the only giver of Life; He, too, was obscured, and it was only now and then that the bright beams of his great eye could pierce the dense crowd, the enormous mass of stars which were floating round him and appeared dark as the resin of bulrushes in the limbo of his beauty.

Great was the consternation, deep the sorrow, unfathomable the terror. The wisdom of the old had vanished, the hopes of the young were blasted, and all stood haggard.

Many a long day, many a dreary night thus passed by, begun in expectation, closed in bitter disappointment. No one was able to account for the misfortune, and as it often happens

nowadays amongst men who have fallen into the clutches of misery, they began to look askance at each other, the venom of doubt had been instilled into their bosoms, and they asked themselves, who was the cause of it, who had brought upon them such a malediction? Dark thoughts, dire terrors, and constant fear seized upon them and took away the charms of the lake, the forest, the meadows, which were themselves languishing and growing sadder and sadder at not hearing the old joyous songs, not seeing any of the bright birds, not receiving, each and all, the waited for, sweet, warm kiss of the sun.

As after a few days they noticed that the rush of the stars was diminishing gradually, and that the sun was regaining his usual appearance, owing to the stars forming themselves into a compact mass which only at times obstructed his light, they began to hope that as soon as the rush would stop altogether there would be an end of all the trouble, and though not over confident, they surmised in their heart that they passed the worst of it; but alas! the worst was still to come.

You will remember that last night I told you how, after having allotted to his followers the empire he had conquered, War summoned the rear of his train, and, having recognised in them an expedition sent against him by his father Timu, he provoked them to fight, and chastised in the most exemplary manner their reluctance to do so. How he took care that none of them should escape, and left his work only when the whole of their mass was covered with burning lava; but in the attack he made on them his anger was so great and the blows he dealt so intense that he did not notice that one of them was so direct and strong that Paouri, the son of Poura, had been precipitated by it into infinitude and escaped his chastisement, unwillingly it is true, but still escaped it, falling headlong into the fathomless abyss.

He was thrown away from the aggregate mass with such a jerk and so unexpectedly that he lost consciousness, and fell with a terrible thud into the bed of the lake, out of which was splashed every drop of water, its enormous sheets playing havoc all over the land, washing away groves and meadows, uprooting all the giants of the forest, and leaving behind it nothing but bareness and desolation.

Ah me! I know of no words with which to tell of the consternation and despair which attended the catastrophe. How could I give any idea of such a heavy blow? Heaving, jerking, and panting as does the mutilated fish thrown on the cliffs by the irresistible push of the waves, there lay in the lake's bed the broken and crushed remains of Paouri's body.

The fiery, sulphurous, and stifling exhalations it gave out in all directions caused the people to flee madly away towards the unknown in the wilderness, where at every step they found the corpses of some of their friends who, choked by the smoke, or dying from hunger and thirst, had fallen there never to rise again. The fumes seemed to grow stronger and stronger, the heat was intense, and all seemed doomed to perish; men and things were turning black like fish, whose silvery and golden scales blacken in the smoke and lose forever all the brilliancy of their lovely colours. Thus were our forefathers changed into blacks which they have been ever since, and will continue to be until the last of them shall have found rest and happiness in death.

Poor parents of mine! maddened with thirst and hunger, flying blindly they knew not where, chased by the awful stench and unbearable heat, whipped on by dire destiny, falling, rising, struggling on again, urged by the last whisper of hope, exhausted by fatigue, their backs scorched, their feet blistered, their ears and eyes bleeding; crouching, screaming, gasping, dying, whilst their famished brothers stopped for an instant, looked at them, hesitated, then went mad, and . . . horrible to tell! ate their flesh and drank greedily the few drops of blood which remained in their poor exhausted bodies.

When the white man shall have undergone such calamities and passed through such hardships and despair, then, and then only, will it be time for him to condemn without mitigation the cannibalism of our forefathers, whose tortures gave them not one moment of respite that they might turn away and consider the heinousness of their actions.



Few were those who survived, and when the scourge had at last done its worst, and they wandered through seared heath and limitless stretches of devastated country, they saw that their land was henceforth doomed, a place of desolation with here and there some poor stunted shrubs and shrivelled trees inhabited by crows, eagle-hawks, and mopokes; and they burned their hands and feet when trying to touch the rivulets of liquid gold which, still hot from the heart of Paouri, were flowing in all directions, till they at last found a crack in the rock by which to descend into the bowels of the earth, there to hide and cool their glittering drops. They were glad to discover the tendency of that blood to disappear from the surface of the land, and when it had done so, they set out with a forlorn hope to return to their beloved lake and to see what had become of the groves, meadows, and forests in which they had once known all the blessings of joy and plenty.

Their search was long and vain, not the slightest vestige was there to be found, and they were going to give up the search in despair, when one evening, after a long day's march, they had no sooner stretched themselves on the bare ground after having partaken of a meal made out of the roots of the shrubs they had met with on their way, than the wind began to blow, bearing with it that peculiar stink of rottenness which was then quite new to them. Before daybreak they were on their way again following the breeze towards the centre of that corruption. The sun had not yet risen high in the heaven when they saw before them a huge mass of deadly putrefaction; there lay the remains of Paouri—this was the corpse of the odious scourge. As the stench was unbearable, they went round in order to come between the breeze and it, and tried, though cautiously, to approach the remains of the monster. Some of the most daring came near enough to touch it, but as soon as they had removed a part of its scale-like hide, they saw to their dismay that it was full of worms which rushed madly out, darting their poisonous fangs from out the gaps of their scarlet gums and biting all those unfortunates who had come within their reach and who succumbed in a few instants to the effects of the deadly venom.

So it happened that by the will of blind and capricious destiny our land was devastated, and our race degraded, and we received in exchange for all we had lost the gold which corrupts, and the snakes of hypocrisy, flattery, deceit, cowardice, and greed which poisons all.

#### FIFTH NIGHT,—THE KISS.

By the shore of the river of tears Atah sat thoughtful and anxious. Her twinkling eyes had grown tired watching ever for the apparition of War, her beloved, and day after day he had at last appeared throwing to each and all the penetrating warmth of his love, the dazzling spears of his light.

From the smallest to the greatest of his satellites all were set oscillating unconsciously in the happiness and glory of his visitation. Atah, also, was fascinated, and partook in the concert of the universe, but it was not only like the others because War was superb, magnificent, and irresistible, but because she loved him with passion, because she alone, among all, knew more of him than the dispensation of daily life; she had been resting in his arms, and had received in one kiss the exultation of love eternal.

Every morning he arrived with the gorgeous burst of his radiations, invading, lightning-like, the whole of the universe, and Atah was so overpowered by so much glory that she did not realise that his first glance had been in search of her, and so her heart was heavy, her eyes full of sadness.

"Woe! Woe on me!" did she cry. "The dire and sweet passion has taken such possession of my whole being that I am deaf to the songs of the river; my tears blind me to the beauty of its coloured bed, to the sweet undulating shades of its waves in which I used to see reflected the image of my beloved. I sit here hopeless by the brink of this dark abyss, by this lake of vacuum where there is no sign of life till War appears to pierce its void with the spears of his radiancy, and when he has passed away, when I cease to regret his disappearance,

and begin to look forward to his return, here again is the abyss, which, surrounded by one of the river's arms, offers to my despair the lifeless and dreary contemplation of its unfathomable and empty depth. When I am wearied into immobility and my tears have ceased to flow, then come back the host of my small neighbours, offering me the flat and unpalatable solace of what they call reason. Poor things! They do not know; they have never tasted the supreme rapture of the warm and perfumed kiss. How could they understand the cravings of my heart, and the consuming aspirations of the whole of my being? They speak of time, distance, duty, propriety, rights. What is all that to the writhing of the soul, to the throb of my heart, to the pulse of my life, to the impulse of my love? My love, is it not incomensurable as infinitude, is it anything else to me but infinitude itself? Is it not fuller, stronger than anything which has been, is, or shall be? Can anyone love more than I do? Is the great and generous heart of my radiant War fuller than mine, have his eyes shed more tears, has his soul been deeper than mine in the abyss of suffering and despair? What are the pangs of the whole universe to the everlasting bursting of my heart, which is full of him and 'lives of dolour'? After all, my little neighbours are doing it out of kindness and wish, some of them at least, to see me happy, in the condition in which they consider it has been a great honour for me to be placed, and, accustomed for ages to their daily, nightly, eternal volitions in the same passionless, monotonous existence they cannot understand that such a life is in its agony an eternal death; born into paralysis they fail to understand the bleeding joys of activity. For them triumph and fall, smile and tear, genius and madness, love and despair, life and death, are of different essences, and they shun the one from fear of the other . . . But why should I think of them? . . . great or small, the asters which stud the depth of space . . . they are nothing to me, they do not even exist because they cannot pour from out of their bosom any of the sympathy which makes us kin, and without which one remains a stranger to all."

"Too long have I been helpless in my dreary immobility! Too long, too long! . . . To be I must live, to live I must act, I must rush at any cost towards the object of my life, towards the centre of my love. . . ."

So said Atah, and the deed followed the thought.

As she started on her journey, her guardians made aware of it by the disturbance caused among the surrounding asters, who became agitated like waves, whose tides are troubled by a cataclysm, lost control of themselves and began to tremble and give way, and the change in their respective positions is still to be seen in the ill-shaped figure which before that time offered the image of a perfect cross, the centre of which was occupied by poor little Atah.

Her efforts lasted as long as the night, and deaf to the voices of her guardians she was on the point of escaping from the barrier formed by them, when the radiant face of War appeared on the horizon. Notwithstanding her unflinching resolve, sweet Atah stopped and remained motionless as she was wont to do every morning, lost in the contemplation of the beauty of her beloved God.

At a glance at the altered position of the asters, War realised that something had gone wrong, and in an instant he was hearing an account of it from the guardians of Atah.

Not knowing the real motives, which, as it always happens, were misconstrued or rather given from prejudiced witnesses, War went up to Atah who trembled with joy at his approach.

"I wanted thee, my God!" did she cry. "I wanted thee. I thought that thou hadst forgotten me."

"Forgotten!" answered War, with a strange expression on his face where the rapture of love and the sadness of omniscience were intermingled and increased his already incomparable beauty. "Forgotten, my sweet Atah! The remembrance of love is eternal, imperishable. Forgotten! I often wish that it were possible, but what has been is, and shall be forever . . . All the powers of the Gods, all the heroism, all the sacrifice cannot erase one minute of the past. Why hast thou doubted me? What have I done that my bleeding heart should be tortured by the one I have loved so deeply, and who knows why I

cannot take her to my bosom. Atah, my love ! Thy God implore—thy pity. He deserves the whole of it, because he feels more, he suffers more than any one else . . . . Look down the river," said he, sadly. " have I not been the cause of those tears? "

" It is I, it is I," said Atah, her head bent on her heaving breast on which were falling the divine tears.

And War was thoughtful . . . .

" Sweet Atah, beloved darling of mine, it was madness to wish that I might have forgotten that I had never been born, never seen thee . . . . Oh, Fate, impassable and cursed for all, but doubly dire to me because I am greater ! Atah, mine ! Love of my life ! Throb of my heart ! Hope of my future ! Be thou wise, let patience and reason regulate thine existence."

" Patience ! Reason ! My God ! Is not patience at its best but cowardice, immobility, dreariness itself? And reason : is it anything else than crystallised madness? Shut out of life, isolated from the universe by its shortsightedness, it knows not the divine emotion of the heart, the sublime light of thine eyes, it perceives only the scorching of the skin. Patience and reason ! Have they ever had anything to do with thy valour, and that enthusiasm which has carried everything in thy train? Have they given thee the Empire of the Universe, have they given thee the whole of my heart? Seek their advice, my God, and they will whisper in thine ear all the blasphemies ever heard, ever dreamed of, and ask thee to descend from thy glory into the selfishness of the beast. They will condemn as stupid the indiscriminate outpouring of thine ocean of bounties on all that is. They will hiss into thy heart the venom of their narrow dicta and treat thy generous sympathies, thy vigilance, thy devotion, thy activity, thy giving away all for nothing, as a practice only conducive to exhaustion, senility, and decay. Patience and Reason ! Yes, if I had not received the strong embrace of my God and his sweet penetrating kiss—if I had not known the ecstasy of his contemplation—yes, if I had not tasted his odorant breath mingled with mine if I had not felt in a thrill sublime that I was inhabited for ever !"

" Hast thou not spoken of hope, of future? Are they not another name for Love which is all in all, the sublime force without which everything would cease to be, nothing could ever have been."

" Oh ! Speak again those sweet words and let me forget the others ; they are the only words which should pass thy lips and fall in the infinitude as seeds from which, under thy gaze, would germinate new worlds. Speak to me, War, my beloved, give me words that I may treasure and repeat in my solitude, where I can do nothing but wait for thy apparition, dream of thy love . . . . and hope for ever . . . ."

Though greater in depth and more formidable and potent, the love of the Gods is of the same essence as the love of mortals, and it has never been heard that it has been wanting in echo, has failed at last to conquer.

War had been listening and found himself under the charm of his beloved little Atah. He stood erect, trembling with emotion, in a sublime pride which he had never felt before. His heart was beating slowly, now and then with heavy thuds which stopped his breath, his face was pale, and the colour in his lips went and came with the pulsations of his heart, whilst his blue eyes had long lost their diamond brilliancy and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the past, the present, and the future, floating aimlessly in the limitless region of a godly consciousness, he was lost in the rapture of love, the only desire of mortals, the sublime dream of Gods, the infinite aspiration of all.

" Blessed be everything, forever ! The joy of joys, the thrilling of supreme happiness in mine now ! The Past is sweet ! If I have suffered in its womb it was that I might be prepared for my advent into that supreme Present, from which I shall be elevated by felicity into the dazzling region of the Future. Yes, Atah . . . . Yes, Love is all. Hope and Love. Love and Hope. To-morrow, in an instant full perhaps of burning desires and blinding, bleeding despair, reckoned by the unknowing as millions of years, in a minute of

eternity, when my worship, my regret, my humble remorse, my life of sacrifice, my deep love, shall have redeemed my past, and my terrible meditations shall have dried up in the expanse of the abyss the bed of the river of my mother's tears, when it shall no more exist, but shall all have been absorbed by thee and by me, then thou shalt be the Queen of Infinitude, the Mistress of the Dark, the one who shall sleep in my arms and dream all the supreme dreams of undisturbed felicity. Wait," said War, kissing the eyes of Atah, "live, and hope; to-day is pregnant with the birth of to-morrow."

"I shall hope, I must love, I will wait, and like thee do all in my power to redeem the past and drain from its bosom the last tear of thy mother Kari. I would that I had thy strength, thy power! I would throw my light on all sorrow, soothe all despair, heal all wounds, give love to all, and thus redeem all regrets and drink all the ocean of thy mother's tears, keep them in thy bosom to pour them out of my white breast to all the offspring of thine embraces, to all the valiant sons that I have in my womb ready to be called forth by the desire of thy Divinity."

"Thou art a Goddess," said War. "Redeem, sacrifice thyself, redeem us, redeem all. My mother lives in thee. As I lay on her soft lap milking her white breast, she used to put me to sleep with the same words, and it seems to me that I am still a babe listening with admiration to her sublime and simple songs. One of them went like this:—

*"Go to sleep, my sweet baby,  
Sleep and rest on mother's knee;  
Thou must do so and grow strong,  
Because one day, and ere long,  
Thou must go afar in the deep  
And pour out love and sympathy,  
Soothe despair, help misery,  
Thou hast had of my milk plenty,  
Be good, my babe, and go to sleep,  
My sweet baby,*

*It is late in the evening,  
I hear thy great father coming;  
He has travelled the abysses,  
Curing despair with his sweet kisses,  
Wiping the tears of sorrow,  
Bringing light to the darkness,  
Sowing in its deep recess  
The semen of his tenderness,  
Giving all joy for the morrow,  
Joy instead of sorrow."*

"Do thou bless everyone and everything with the solicitude of thy love. Give, now to-morrow, always; there is the whole of Redemption. Now I must act my thoughts and leave thee. My love to thee, now and forever."

"Good-bye, my God," said Atah, with a certain sadness, taking War's hand and raising her pure white forehead to him. War took her head between his hands and kissed her with passion.

"Good-bye, Atah," and War was about to turn round, and resume his course when Atah said, with the sweetest smile which ever brightened her face:

"Oh, my beloved! one moment more, do not leave me thus; I thought to speak to thee of—"

"Of what?" said War.

"Of sympathy, of justice, of love."

"Do so" answered War.

"Dost thou remember," continued Atah, "what happened in the destruction of the legion of traitors whom thou hast burned alive? I do not think thou even perceivest it or ever heard anything about it;" and Atah gave an account of the escape of Paouri, of his fall into the lake, and of the scourge which his corpse had been to the unfortunate land. She spoke of the desolation of the country, of the destitution of our fore-fathers, and implored War to do what he could in justice to the harmony of the universe, and for her own sake and pleasure, our country lying under her watchfulness, and her long night of expectation having been disturbed by the piercing lamentations of the unfortunate inhabitants of the land.

Having heard the account of what had happened, which had never before reached his ears, War was only too glad to promise to do all in his power to set matters right, and to recompense in a God-like manner the land and its poor population who had suffered so much at the hands of fatality.

As soon as he had learned all the facts, he left Atah, promising to come back as soon as he could to give her an account of what he should have been able to do for the land.

Days and nights passed away, but not one of them now could have the slightest tinge of dreariness for Atah. Henceforth her life was one of enchantment, delight, and activity; she attended with devotion and tenderness to the wants of everything placed within her sphere which needed help, comfort, or support, and all felt her influence, so that soon after the departure of War, there prevailed such a delicious harmony as had never existed before, and Atah waited for his return, listening to the concert of constellations celebrating the glory of War, his courage, his exploits, his indomitable and unbounded energy, but particularly his kindness and his sublime and beneficent sense of pity, which they so called because they could only realise that manifestation of love, and had not risen high enough into consciousness to understand the divine nature of War. They knew only of his strength, his omnipotence, of his sweet and fecund generosity, and ignored altogether that the whole of it was propelled from the depths of his heart by the force of unfathomable love without which there can be no God. . . ."

One morning Atah was balancing in her orb, she was dreamy, and now and then the twinkling of her blue eyes, though half wrapped in sleep, was such that every one felt that in her repose she was thinking, seeing; the deep and mysterious sparkle of her black pupil threw from under her half-open lids darts which passed like meteors through space, pure reflections of the glory of her love. She was thus between watchfulness and sleep, in the void of calm, looking without the help of her eyes into the coming future, approaching from the distance, unrolling and reforming its involutes as the ocean spreads and recontracts its clear and superb waves of emerald and lapis lazuli, before breaking at last on the white sandy beach, on the soft bed of the waiting shore, in a magnificent explosion of pearls—pearls vanishing like a dream, but a dream which has been—perchance, with the swiftness of meditation, but a meditation melting as soon as it appears into the gorgeousness of light and eternity.

She was there waiting, pervaded with the sweet consciousness that War would come back and expecting him every instant; and her intuitive surmise was soon realised in its fulness. Earlier than usual the sky became coloured with the most delightful tints, in which were to be found, mingled with the pure white light, the tenderest of pinks and the less metallic of the bright yellows. Dancing in the atmosphere, vibrating in the morning light, were seen radiating in a constantly increasing circle all the shining points of the darts and spears thrown as forerunners from the mane of the approaching God, as sharp as rods of lightning intermingling with their zig-zags.

Millions of radii were elongating, spreading themselves and scattering ever larger and longer waves, just as we see when we drop a stone into a pool of sleeping water, but with this difference—that instead of being produced on a plane surface the waves were developing in a spheric movement and expanding in infinitude in a manner which has nothing terrestrial, and which in my ignorance I cannot better illustrate than by comparing to the explosion of a bombshell.

War soon appeared in all his blazing glory, and went direct to his lovely little Atah.

"Hail to thee! Sweet and divine joy of mine. I stand overpowered by the sight of thy beauty. Hail to thee!"

"Thou art so very kind to have come back so soon," and Atah's eyes, covered with the velvety opacity of rapture, drank at the fountain of his beauty.

"I would that I had been able to come sooner, dearest, but I could not do so. I wanted to have news for thee and to have fulfilled thy desire. Since I left thee I have suffered terrible pangs; I have had once more to learn that the Gods themselves have to bend under the yoke of fatality, and that whatever be its stature and the exalted summit it has been called upon to occupy, every creature is, after all, nothing but a pitiable and insignificant force when it has to do with inexorable and blind fate."

"I have visited the little globe where lies the land in which thou hast taken so much interest, on which thou hast bestowed thy tender pity, I have visited it," said War, "and my heart has bled. Alas! Alas! I was struck with remorse, terror, and sadness. Is it not awful to think that every action, however noble, just, and pure be its motive, carries always in its train lamentation and misery? that in the hosannah of every blessing is heard the poisoned yell of malediction. Well, Atah mine, I have tried to atone for the crime I have unwittingly committed, and I shall not stop until I shall have succeeded in erasing completely the very last trace of it. If the past cannot be recalled, if a fault which has been, is, and shall be forever, yet it is the duty of everyone, and particularly of a God, to do all in his power, ceaselessly and unremittingly, to redeem it in fighting out to the very last the consequences of an evil deed."

"I have learned," continued War pensively, "two things which sadden me: the first is, that the land has been so scorched from one end of the continent to the other, that the inhabitants are all black, and will not be able to survive the accursed scourge, and it will be inhabited by a different race who, I hope, will deal generously to the small remnant of the first one. The second is that the thrice accursed gold which ran in mighty rivers from the heart of Paouri and sank into the bowels of the earth will be dug out one day and will be the chief cause of numberless and indescribable crimes, the atonement for which will take centuries of repentance before the long wished for dawn shall at last appear on the horizon. As for the worm of hypocrisy which was born from the putrefaction of Paouri's limbs, I shall give men wisdom to fight it out, and that same wisdom shall also teach them to dig in the earth and reach the stored sheets of water, which, brought to the surface, will transform the parched land into the paradise which it was before, into a land of happiness, joy, and plenty. Oh, my sweet Atah! I shall have such solicitude for that poor land of thine; I shall bestow so much care on it, that it will one day be the most lovely of all, the centre to which all the inhabitants of the earth will look with admiration, the focus from which shall radiate on all the light of the grandest of all civilisations."

"Oh, War! How godly is thy heart, how sweet thy love, how beneficent thy sublime intelligence, how limitless thy power! I am filled with gratitude, I sink into nothingness when listening to thy sublime work of redemption."

"Thou art a divine woman, my beloved, but I have not yet finished," said War. "Listen! As I was looking at the little globe, scrutinising everything, trying to measure in my mind the extent of evil, there rose towards me the most awful, the dreariest of all the complaints I have ever heard. The land was moaning, the rugged rocks frowning, the tree trunks and branches twisting themselves as in agony, and the breeze was carrying their lamentation upwards in a prolonged wail which sounded terrible, accompanied by the lugubrious voice of a bird which seemed to cry: 'Cur-lew . . . cur-lew . . .' in such a mournful, pitiful tone, such a long sad cry, that I felt a shudder; men and beasts, mountains, and plants, helpless, speechless, groaning, weeping, gasping, dying. Oh, what a spectacle! It will never be erased from my mind, but will rise to my remembrance every time I shall hear of my omnipotence. I was there, listening powerless, unable to cope at once with the evil.

I felt that it would be madness to decree the destruction of that world, it would be to stop progress in its course, to ask Nature to go back on her own work, to begin it afresh, to play with time and labour, and would be an act of cowardice unworthy of a God. I was thinking, and the more I contemplated the desolation in its ugly contortions, the longer I listened to the horrid slow moan of woe, the fainter and fainter grew my heart. I did not remain long in that immobility. I felt that some solace might be given, that a little goes a long way when it comes from a sympathetic heart; so I went to the land, seized her by the highest summit of her mountains of lapis lazuli, and gave her the warmest kiss of my heart. I had scarcely touched her with my lips when she began to tremble with emotion, everything living looked at me with admiration, the flowers of the mountains aspired towards me and reddened under my look, whilst the wattle of the valleys became yellow with jealousy and rage at not being able to catch sight of me. I then got up, and was just going to depart when I saw that at the place touched by my lips, gorgeous and superb flowers had sprung up out of the bare rock, and were there rising before me in all their beauty, all their splendour. I plucked one of them to bring to thee, Atah, as a souvenir of thy sympathy for thy land, as a token of my love and my sincere wish to do all in my power to give back to her the happiness she has lost by the will of Destiny."

Thus speaking, War offered Atah one of the red flowers which had been born under his kiss.

That flower was the one we all know.

"What name hast thou given to this marvel?" inquired Atah.

"I have given it none," said War, "I thought only of bringing it to my sweet child, my beloved Atah."

"Well, my God," said she, "My adored master, my tender lover, let it be known henceforth by the glorious name of WAR-ATAH."

## Tasmanian Waratah Legend.

**A**BOUT fifty years ago, as the story goes, a native family dwelt in Amboo's Bottom, in the pretty district of Glenorchy, a few miles from Hobart town. Attawa was blessed with a dutiful daughter, the flower of the tribe. Beset with suitors and constantly attended by admirers, she was bewildered like other ladies in the maze of flattery, and knew not upon whom to bestow her angelic qualities. The tall and graceful Amboo relieved her from her perplexity. Who had whiter teeth, nobler limbs, better greased and ochred ringlets? Who could so exquisitely give the tremulous shake of the thigh in the moonlight corroboree, so adroitly waddy the feather throng, so fleetly chase the kangaroo? More than all, who could so chant a love lament, so whisper a moving tale, or so gaze at her? It is enough. Makooi is vanquished, and Amboo is the conqueror. But jealousy is cruel, the revenge of other devotees is to be feared, the public opinion of the tribe always supreme, might may forbid the bans.

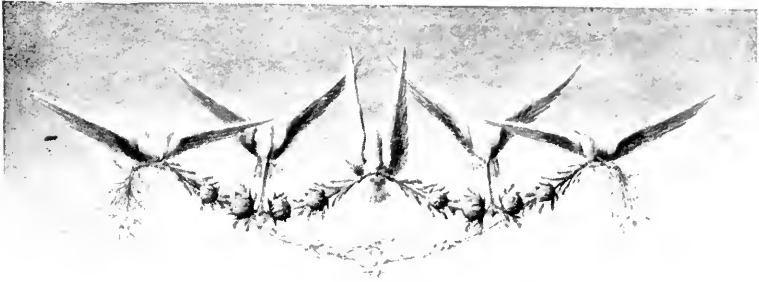
What was to be done? In Tartary the lady is mounted upon the best horse and given a distance. The suitors then ride after, and he who catches wins. There a lady has a chance of going too much on one particular side, making a false step at a convenient place, or using any one or other of these ruses of the gentle art of courtship which may secure her choice. Poor Makooi had recourse to a poetical expedient. She proposed to her lovers that at sunrise in the morning they were to search in the Derwent for a flower which she would drop into the waters at night, and that with him who should bring back the same, she would share the leafy gonyah for life. It was full moon when this dark Flora of the Forest hills gathered the gorgeous favourite Waratah, and carried it to the rocky margin of the river. Without a faith she had no god, no patron saint to invoke. But her heart pulsed forth "Amboo" as the moon's beams softened the scarlet of the floating floral beauty.

The tide bore on the precious freight. The hills glowed at the first glance of the sun, and the bank was trodden and the stream scanned by eager searchers. The day passed; one after another returned, but the flower was not presented. Only one was absent—the ardent Amboo. Hopes for his success were now mixed with fears for his safety in the breast of the maiden. He came not; he never came. The flower was not brought to the sweet gully of Glenorchy, and Makooi was free. Alarm for the lost one sent the tribe in search. A violent storm on the trial day had removed the track of the Tasmanian Adonis and the search was in vain. The heart-broken girl lingered for a few months, and the trailing *Kennedy* lay its crimson blossoms on her tomb.

About the year 1832 some persons were quarrying on the banks of the Derwent, not far below the scene of our story. A huge block had fallen from the top of the rock. Removing this they discovered a human skeleton, and tightly clasped within its bony fingers was a withered flower-stalk. Might this not have been the remains of Makooi's lover, who, seeking shelter under the rock from that eventful day's storm, was crushed by the mass detached from the hill?







ERRATA .

Coloured plate, opp. p. 34. Fig. 51 should be Fig. 31.  
" " (Frieze) Fig. 58 should be Fig. 32.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Coloured plates, (Buckles) Fig. 51 and 53 were designed  
by Mr C. Toms.

SYDNEY:

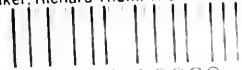
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