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with our coats on the road very early in order to get something to eat. The bullock-drovers were very kind to us all the way. We had to keep off the tracks all day for fear of meeting policemen and make our way to the camp fires at night. As we sat around the fire one night, the bullock drovers, who were all natives, wanted to know something about the old country, and about the railways. We told them all we knew about them. They also wanted to know what the telegraph was like. I explained it to them as well as I could, telling them that two men hundreds of miles apart could sit down at day or night time and send messages to each other. When I got to that point, one of those long slabs of fellows got up, and said "Tell no more of your b—— lies." He went on to say that he had been in Gasmania, and had seen a telegraph on a hill, and knew that it was