

THE FIVE BRIGHT STARS

*By the same author:*  
THE TWENTY THOUSAND THIEVES  
THE VETERANS

*Eric Lambert*

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## THE FIVE BRIGHT STARS



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Eric Lambert

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FOREWORD

This book pays tribute in a short work of fiction to the men of Eureka and their times. With a broad base of historical fact, it has created and re-arranged many incidents and men, not to conceal but to reveal, not to destroy but to re-create—in all, to render the truth more eloquent, so that we may look back and understand the world we have gained; so that we may look forward and perceive the worlds we have yet to win.

This year comes the hundredth anniversary of the Eureka Stockade, the name that towers like a beacon-light in the short history of our land. For a hundred years it has stood as the symbol of Australian freedom, and the freedoms yet to come. It did not flash across our skies like a brief fork of lightning, but rose and blazed like the sun and burns with a steady light, and the false or cynical historian casts no shadow on its brilliance.

Eureka was the glory and the culmination of a movement that found new strength with the finding of gold. This movement, gathering men of many nations, classes and ideals, clamoured for the right of all men to vote in an election to Parliament, without qualification of property, and an end to a licence-tax as harsh and as heavy as the administration enforcing it was corrupt. It forced on a tyrannous colonial governor the realisation that these things could no longer be delayed. So that, despite a military defeat, treacherously inflicted on the Sabbath morning of December 3, 1854, the movement prevailed and has not been forgotten.

E. L.

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For source material I am indebted to the following publications:

W. B. Withers: *History of Ballarat* (1870).

Carboni Raffaello: *The Eureka Stockade* (1855, and the foreword to the 1942 edition by the Rt. Hon. H. V. Evatt).

John Lynch: *Story of the Eureka Stockade* (1893).

Charles Thatcher: *The Colonial Minstrel* (1857).

Clive Turnbull: *Eureka, The Story of Peter Lalor* (1946).

Henry Gyles Turner: *Our Own Little Rebellion*.

Robert Ross: *Eureka: Freedom's Fight of 'Fifty-four*.

*Lord Robert Cecil's Goldfields Diary*.

Thomas McCombie: *A History of Victoria* (1858).

Charles Barrett: *Gold* (1944).

G. Mackay: *The Annals of Bendigo* (1912)

and to the newspaper files of 1853, 1854 and 1855 of the Melbourne *Herald*, the Melbourne *Age*, the Melbourne *Argus*, the *Ballarat Times*, the *Geelong Advertiser* and the *Bendigo Advertiser*; and to the *Communist Review*.

The illustrations are here reprinted from a folio of drawings by the late Ambrose Dyson, *Gold*, by courtesy of Mrs. Phyl Dyson.

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*Brethren, we are not children of the bond woman, but of the free. Stand fast therefore in liberty, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage.—Galatians.*

*Eureka to-day is part of the Australian fabric. The people have seized on its inner meaning. To its enemies it remains, perhaps, a forlorn emeute, a doomed stand by a little band of Tipperary Boys and their comrades in a ridiculous fortification, devoid of military art . . . but among the burning tents and on the scarred ground of Eureka a greater battle was fought and won than any recorded in the reports of Government agents—a battle that remains to be fought again and again by men of goodwill until the last fight of all is won. . . The Southern Cross was torn down and tossed from hand to impious hand. But a banner still streams in the breeze, a story still unfolds.—Clive Turnbull.*



PART FOUR

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THE EUREKA STOCKADE

**B**UT dissension had come among them. Now that the issues were stark, and the choice seemed unavoidable, they argued. Humffray left them, denouncing the mere thought of resistance, gentle but courageous. Kennedy, so fond of declaiming:

*"Moral persuasion is all humbug,  
Nothing convinces like a lick i' the lug!"*

thought of his wife and children.

Raffaello was strangely quiet and full of Latin and satire by turns, finally offering himself as a mediator who could talk to the authorities as their equal. George Black believed that his eloquence and fire could feed and swell on this crisis and might yet sway the minds of the tyrants. Patrick and Jonathan quarrelled.

"Aye, there is a chance of it," said Jonathan. "Perhaps Rede and the military can be shown they've gone too far. All the goldfields are of a like mind. Remember Bendigo, Patrick."

"You fool, Jonoh!" shouted Patrick. "I remember Bendigo. I remember Latrobe keeping the licence at thirty shillings and promising to do away with it at the end of the year. I remember what Hotham promised when he first came——"

"I know that, lad," cried Jonathan, miserably troubled.

"And what is there?" Patrick swept on. "The licence

hunt has become a large expedition, and we hear of a commission of enquiry that nobody has seen. And still you talk of deputations!"

"Patrick, as your friend——"

"If you shirk this, you are not my friend."

Jonathan's broad face was stricken, and he looked aside blindly.

"Lad," he muttered. "Oh, lad!" He shook his head wearily. All he could say was: "I have seen more bloodshed than you all."

At that moment, fair-haired fearless Captain Ross, the tall Canadian, walked into the store.

"While you have been talking," he said contemptuously, "ten thousand men have formed themselves into loose groups. Listen." He turned to George Black. "Your brother is there with Peter Lalor, who says the time has come to arm and resist."

"Hurrah!" shouted Vern, thumping his sword. He seemed to tower in his conceit.

Patrick stood up. His moment had come. All the facts had fallen into place, immovably. The way ahead was clear. The leader was there. It could never be Vern, who was untrustworthy, nor Ross who was reckless, nor Raffaello. Not George Black nor loud-spoken Kennedy; not even Jonathan or Alpin or Manning or Hayes, good men as they were. Not even himself, for many resented him for his harsh honesty. He had a moment of self-revelation, a pang of disappointment. But there was one man whom they would all accept and look up to; one man without blemish or malice or ambition or fear. Peter Lalor. He looked around them all.

"We are wasting time. I shall go up and ask Lalor to begin calling for formations. I think that he is the man. Those who have no stomach need not come."

He looked directly at Jonathan, who stepped forward and held Parick's arm.

"We are still together, lad, as before," he said humbly.

"This time you have shown me the way."

"Jonoh—my mate!"

Patrick put his arm round Jonathan's shoulder, and together they went out into the sunshine, the thunder of voices, and the thousands that swarmed over Bakery Hill.

Patrick pushed his way to the platform, where Peter Lalor stood with Alfred Black. Around them milled men, shouting for fight and clamouring for the leader. Patrick placed his hand on Lalor's shoulder, looking at him fixedly. Lalor simply nodded, and his features grew alive with the realisation of his hour. He climbed on to a tree-stump, leaning on his rifle. Above him swung the flag. Gradually, as they saw that a man had arisen and was looking out across their heads, the shouting died. A clear, inflexible voice spoke out:

"I call upon all here to arm and prepare for battle. I am no general, but I know myself to speak with the voice of you all. And like you I am not afraid to fight for justice and liberty. For the time has come when there is nothing else to do. As my captains I appoint Patrick Shanahan, Frederick Vern, John Lynch, Captain Ross, and Patrick Curtin. I call upon all those who are willing to join, to come past the stump where I stand and give their names to Alfred Black. I call on the captains to form their divisions."

There was a roar as if the mountains had burst.

Peter Lalor looked up into the illimitable. Did you hear that, Fintan? he thought. At this hour, I am one with you.

All that afternoon, Alfred Black stood taking their

names, and Peter Lalor's captains gathered their men. Spies sped out from the Government Camp and came back with fearful news.

Lalor beckoned to Raffaello. "I want you, signor." He pointed to a fierce-eyed group of Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians, who stood expectantly a little way off. "Tell these gentlemen that if they cannot provide themselves with firearms, let each of them procure a piece of steel, five or six inches long, attached to a pole, and that will pierce the tyrants' hearts."

After this, Raffaello came across to Patrick, saying: "My hand, signor. Peter Lalor is our man, as you discerned, and I shall prepare such a resolution for the Committee."

"And my hand, Carboni. I should like you in my division."

"The man who fought with the great Garibaldi accepts with pride."

A pale and thin-faced lad of twenty plucked at Patrick's sleeve.

"Sir, I wish to join your division."

"What is your name, boy?"

"Monty Miller, sir."

"Are you armed?"

"No, sir, but I shall be."

"See that you are. And do not call me sir."

"Then I shall call you Captain."

Lalor and his captains, and the men of the Reform League walked down to Diamond's store, meeting this time as a council of war. Manning and Raffaello had already written their resolution:

"I. That Peter Lalor has acted worthy of the miners of Ballarat, in organising the armed men on Bakery

Hill, against the wanton aggression of the Camp this morning.

"II. That he be desired to call in all captains of divisions now present on the spot, as well as other persons of importance, well-known good-wishers to the cause of the diggers.

"III. That said parties constitute the council of war for the defence.

"IV. Lalor to be president pro tem.

"V. That he proceed at once to the election of commander-in-chief by a majority of votes."

Lalor smiled briefly as he was handed the slip of paper. He looked around at them, appraising them severally. His fellow-Irishmen; Thonen the Prussian; Vern, still aching to be commander-in-chief; Raffaello, Jonathan Blake and Hayes and many others who crowded round the table. That! to their organisation! Their Charters and Declarations! Their slips of paper! Their solemn meetings! Hotham had declared war!

Slowly he tore the slip of paper across and rose to his feet:

"Gentlemen, I find myself in the responsible position I now occupy for this reason. The diggers, outraged at the unaccountable conduct of the Camp officials in such a wicked licence hunt at the point of the bayonet as the one of this morning, took it as an insult to their manhood, and a challenge to the determination come to at the monster meeting of yesterday. The diggers rushed to their tents for arms, and crowded on Bakery Hill. They wanted a leader. No one came forward, and confusion was the consequence. I mounted the stump, where you saw me, and called on the people to fall in into divisions according to the firearms they had got, and to choose their own captains out of the best



men they had among themselves. My call was answered with unanimous acclamation, and complied to with willing obedience. The result is that I have been able to bring about that order without which it would be folly to face the pending struggle like men. I make no pretensions to military knowledge. I have not the presumption to assume the chief command, no more than any other man who means well in the cause of the diggers. I shall be glad to see the best among us take the lead. In fact, gentlemen, I expected someone who is really well known to come forward and direct our movement. However, if you appoint me as your commander-in-chief, I shall not shirk; I mean to do my duty as a man.

"I tell you, gentlemen, if once I pledge my hand to the diggers, I will neither defile it with treachery nor render it contemptible by cowardice."

There only remained for him to test his assumption of the command.

"I offer myself!" cried Vern.

But when the Committee voted, Vern voted for himself alone. He hid his spleen under an access of swagger. And then Peter Lalor and the captains of the divisions went again to the stump to take the oath of Eureka.

The commander-in-chief mounted the stump, resting the butt of his rifle on his foot. He reached out above them with his right hand.

"It is my duty now to swear you in, and to take with you the oath to be faithful to the Southern Cross.

"Hear me with attention.

"The man who, after this solemn oath, does not stand by our standard is a coward at heart.

"I order all persons who do not intend to take the oath to leave the meeting at once.

"Let all divisions under arms fall in, in their order, round the flagstaff."

In silence the formations assembled round the tall white flagstaff. As each captain gathered his division he saluted Peter Lalor, who then took off his hat and knelt. And, his right hand stretched towards the flagstaff, he cried:

"We swear by the Southern Cross to stand truly by each other and fight to defend our rights and liberties."

"Amen," murmured that multitude.

A forest of work-stained hands stretched upward to the flag. Faces ruddy and brown and withered and young, bearded and beardless, rank upon rank. In that moment all were united: Chartist and adventurer, Republican and rebel, anarchist and conformist; those who loved England and those who hated her. Irishman and Scotsman, Briton, American, Frenchman and Negro; Italian, Canadian and German. The shining proud flag with its five white stars stirred over their heads, and there came on them a silence that was greater than all the sounds they had ever heard.

## 2

IN the late afternoon they marched in a column of twos to the place of their defence, the summit of Bakery Hill on the diggings called the Eureka. At the head was brave Captain Ross bearing on a pole their standard of the five stars. They swung round the curve of that hill and past the little wooden Catholic church, where Father Smyth stood with fearful and gloomy eyes.

"Oh, God!" he whispered. "What of Thy children now?" And went inside to pray.

At nightfall, the hill was as thick with fires as the sky with stars. By the light of both, men trimmed and carried logs for the stockade. Men came and went through the night—among them diggers who had not been on Bakery Hill that day, some of them traitors and spies. In the commander's tent, lists of arms and provisions were being written down as they were brought in by reinforcements and well-wishers.

Lalor picked up a weapon from a pile. "What is this?"

"I know it well," said Patrick. "It is Joey Ah Long's carving knife. He has given it to us to carve the necks of traps."

"We are still badly in need of weapons," said Lalor. "More firearms and more shot. Where shall we get them?"

"I shall get them," said Patrick, and calling Jonathan and Aaron, Andre, Inglefinger and Happy Jack, he took them down the hill to requisition arms, striding into tents and demanding the weapons therein for the stockade, with or without their owners. And few argued with that tall, sombre, sabre-clad man, or those under him.

All night long, in the stockade, hammers rang on the anvils as pike-heads were forged and fitted to poles before they were even cool. Faces were red and fierce in the glow of the brazier, and men stepped away testing their weapons grimly.

Father Smyth came among them, crying that to arm themselves was wrong and against the word of God. He was unheeded for the most part, or thrust aside. But he held to his duty. He entered Lalor's tent, saying:

"Violence can never be justified, Mr. Lalor. To use force is a godless act."

"Have you told them that in the Government Camp?" asked Patrick, and the priest seemed to wither.

"You were not about with your patter this morning," said Patrick, "when the soldiers came over the flat to shoot us and hack us down. Have you been down to the Camp to intercede for the eight lads captured by force this morning?"

"I am prepared to," replied the priest softly. "I shall do anything to prevent bloodshed."

"I will accompany you," said Raffaello.

"And I," said George Black.

Had not Smyth been with them they would not have gained the Camp, for all approaches were guarded, and there was a password. A policeman took them to Rede, who stood with one of the magistrates, Hackett.

"Let me warn you," said Rede, "that this conversation will be reported."

"We are not spies, signor. It is you who have those."

"Let me hear what you have to say."

"We have come to demand the release of the men arrested on the licence-hunt this morning!" broke in Black fiercely.

"Demand! What sort of a word is that to use to one who does the bidding of the Government? I am willing to let two of these men out on bail only. I will accept Father Smyth's surety."

They argued further, Black finally bursting forth:

"Englishmen will not put up with the shooting down of their mates!"

"I gave no orders to shoot, Mr. Black. I went out with Mr. Johnson," Rede said blandly, "to inspect licences——"

"With a hundred soldiers!"

Rede ignored this with a smile that was like a goad.

"We were treated impertinently and stoned——"

"And we were fired on, and insulted! We demand a pledge that there shall be no more licence-hunts."

Rede raised his hands in humorous horror.

"What would Sir Charles Hotham say, if I, knowing his orders, gave any such pledge? Why, to-morrow there would be another Commissioner! I have my duty to perform. I pledge nothing."

"Mr. Rede," pleaded Raffaello, "the object of the diggers in taking up arms was to resist the licence-hunt. I speak for the foreigners of the diggings. If you pledge an end of licence-hunting, I will pledge——" He tapped his chest.

"You are not authorised to pledge!" broke in Smyth.

Rede was amiably triumphant. Affably, he told Raffaello:

"My dear fellow, they are making a cat's-paw of you. All this talk of the licence is merely a cloak for a democratic revolution."

"And the licence-hunt!" cried Black, beside himself. "That is a cloak for the putting down of all thoughts of free labour and a voice for us in the Legislative Council!"

"That I cannot answer."

"That," said Black contemptuously, "you have no need to answer."

FOR two days it went thus. The anvils rang and the logs grew on the stockade. By day the divisions drilled under their captains, and men still came and went. More soldiers entered the Government Camp as Hotham despatched his reserves.

Kirk and O'Mahony had formed their spy band well. Little that happened in the stockade was unknown to the Camp. Rede and Johnson, the police inspectors, and the military commanders, Captains Thomas and Wise, conferred as each fresh betrayal was carried to them. The police had the names of the leaders, to be arrested when the time came. Finally the informers feared to go any longer into the stockade, and O'Mahony offered to go alone, having the courage of the truly evil.

This was on a Saturday night.

O'Mahony smeared clay on his face, changed into digger's clothes, and wore a hat whose brim hid his features. He borrowed a musket and went up the hill to the stockade, mouthing digger's jargon as he went. To enter was easy.

He stood amid the tremendous bustle therein and watched it curiously, where around the fires men sat talking and drinking with their weapons beside them, or hurried to and fro with burdens, stacking arms and provisions. In the ruddy firelight gleamed the round features of Father Smyth as he shouted at the top of his voice, hands upraised as if in supplication.

"Patrick Gittins! All of you! In the name of God, I order you to follow me out of this camp!"

"That I cannot, Father. I have taken an oath!"

"Do you place your oath above the word of God?"

To-morrow is the Sabbath. You shall not bear arms against your fellows. I call on all Catholics to return to their homes so they may observe the Sabbath as their faith demands."

A man laid his pike down, saying: "There will be nothing doing to-morrow. I am going down to my family. It may be our last day of rest for some time."

In ones and twos they began to drift away. Tigerishly Patrick Shanahan leapt up on the stockade, his eyes blazing. "If any man of my division leaves to-night he needn't return. I want no traitors!"

"Patrick!" cried one in anguish. "Remember the Sabbath!"

"Remember your oath! And you, Smyth! Get yourself out of this camp. You have misused your cloth long enough! Go down to the Government Camp and preach to them!"

There was anger against Patrick at this, and many moved over to join Smyth. A turmoil of bitter argument spread among them. Patrick leapt down and ran to Lalor's tent. O'Mahony smiled in the shadow of his hat. Good! Good! Their numbers were being decimated without a shot fired. His agents had spread false rumours, come with grog and lured many away, and now to-morrow was the Sabbath. He threw his musket on the ground.

"They will do nothing on the Sabbath! We all know that. I am a strict Catholic. Why stick here? Come on, lads!"

As he led several of them over the logs, Lalor and others ran out urgently, shouting that any man leaving the stockade from that time on would be shot; there would be sentries and a password. The grim stalwarts ran hither and thither to put it into effect, throwing out

orders, kicking drunken men awake. Too late! thought O'Mahony. Too late!

He ran down to the Government Camp, demanding instant admission to the headquarters tent with vital information.

Here he faced his principals. Against a background of lantern-lit canvas, Captains Thomas and Wise sat at a map-strewn table. Also there were the police inspectors, with Kirk and Milne and the Gold Commissioners standing around. He drew a deep breath and sought to contain his vainglory.

"Forgive my appearance, gentlemen. I adopted digger's disguise to gain admission to the Eureka Stockade. I have made important discoveries. To-morrow being the Sabbath, most of them have left the stockade, believing that nothing will happen. There are less than two hundred left inside."

"We are indebted to you," said Thomas, not looking at him.

As he went outside, O'Mahony was withered by the soldiers' contempt for the traitor, however useful he might be. His master-stroke of spying had not turned out quite as expected; no-one had praised him but the police. No-one at all had called him a hero. Rede, Johnson, Thomas and Wise had only wanted to be rid of him. He gazed upward. The night was clear and full of stars.

"This evens us, Patrick," he whispered.

But suddenly he was wrung with a bitter and useless regret for the things he had done. He ached to leave Ballarat at once and settle with his fortune in some other place, seeking forgetfulness. It is a big land, he reminded himself. So big! Either he had reeled, or

the Southern Cross swung lower to remind him that it shone over all the land, and would shine each night for all of time.



Captain Thomas, with His Excellency's orders quite clear in his mind, now knew what to do, and summarised it for his colleagues:

"Our task is to put down a popular democratic revolution that could break out on every diggings in the Colony. But here is its centre. We know that columns of diggers from Creswick and Bendigo, well armed, are on the way. We now have the heart and centre of this uprising left momentarily weak. Agents have confused them. A great many have left the stockade because to-morrow is the Sabbath.

"This is our chance. We shall attack at dawn and deal with the rebels outside the stockade at our leisure. Now, as to dispositions—Captain Wise, are you ill?"

"No, sir, I think I am ashamed. I also have a religion."

"You have a duty, Captain."

"I have a duty, sir. I shall perform it."

4

**M**Y Dearest Mary,  
Soon it will be dawn, and I must be about my duties in the stockade, which I must not leave. In a few hours the men will come crowding back and we

must prepare them for whatever is to be. God alone knows that. All that is known on my part is that I have a clear conscience and shall not flinch. I am consoled and made brave by the thought of yourself, not very far away. Looking above, I can see our flag which was once the dress that covered the body that holds my child. I am full of the image of you. I am as proud of you as I am of our flag. Please, if you can, be proud of me. Farewell, my love.

Your Patrick.

5

**D**AWN.

The sentries along the stockade moved restively and shivered in the sad little wind that came with it. Below them all was mist. One of them blinked his eyes, for it seemed for a moment that the mist had stirred hugely and throbbed for a second with colour. He looked away, and back. Then he gave a wild cry and fired his rifle in the air. There came on the instant a drumming of hoofs and a roll of musketry.

Thus dawned the Sabbath.

Three hundred police and soldiers, mounted and on foot, came up Bakery Hill. As the red and blue and the tossing heads of horses grew out of the mist the stockade sent fire down the hill and soldiers fell. Peter Lalor ran from his tent with Patrick and Vern, and leaping on the stockade directed their volleys. The

cavalry fanned out, embracing the stockade like great claws, so that the few diggers with firearms did not know where to shoot first. A great volley came from the infantry, now only fifty yards away, and many diggers fell back riddled from the logs.

Peter Lalor was struck by a bullet in the side, but without a flinch continued to fire, directing and crying encouragement to his men. Once again he was struck, this time in the arm, and flung to the ground. Immediately, three Irishmen knelt to aid him. With what was left of his consciousness, he tried to motion them back to the stockade. But their leader was stricken and perhaps dying. They carried him away, ignoring the bullets and Patrick's entreaties; for it was clear they would soon be overwhelmed, and their leader was not to be left for police or soldiers to practice their foulness on. So he was carried to a pit, where he was laid, insensible and hidden with branches.

Those with sabres and pikes waited grimly. As the fire from the stockade grew thinner, Captain Wise led his scouts on foot to the logs where they broke over like a savage human wave. The captain fell mortally wounded, and his shame died with him. They were met with sabre and pike, slashed, pierced and felled.

Patrick stood with his men in a square. Jonathan Blake fell dead with a bullet in his honest heart. Monty Miller lay crippled by a musketball.

The pikemen were swept like chaff before the musket fire. They broke and ran to huts and tents, which were set ablaze by the frenzied police.

Happy Jack was dead, his scars opened afresh, and Edward Thonen and many Irishmen; Ross badly

wounded, with Hafele. Still, Patrick, shot and bleeding, stood his ground, wielding his sabre in great arcs, surrounded in slaughter.

The cavalry horses began to soar over the logs, against the red dawn, crushing men and riding them down. The only cries were an odd one of fear and pain, else it was a phantasm that resolved itself mutely. Last of all came police, crazed and ravening for blood. The dead body of Thonen was slashed by their sabres again and again. In and out of the smoke from the burning tents they ran looking for helpless men to mutilate. A mounted policeman leaned over to slash at Monty Miller with his sabre. Monty took it on his hand and the thumb flew off with the sabre blade. The policeman turned his horse for another lunge, when Thomas Inglefinger's pike toppled him from his saddle. Unhorsed, he yelled with terror and ran, but another policeman had struck Inglefinger down from behind. Monty Miller crawled bleeding away. He dragged himself over the stockade, and with other wounded diggers staggered towards the soldiers who surrounded it without, imploring to be saved from the blind savagery of the police.

From a blazing tent came the screams of a wretch whom the police were burning alive. More and more horses jumped the stockade to mangle the bodies on the ground, where forty now lay.

A soldier had climbed the pole and cut down the flag which he impaled with his sword and flung to the ground. Patrick leapt on him in a mad fury, almost severing his head. He stood upon the flag, defending

himself against four police, who recognised him and rushed forward. Towering and bloody, he would not be moved. Blood came from him in freshets and it was pain to lift his sabre or see from his eyes; thus was Kirk able to get behind him and cut him down with a great blow of the sabre. Patrick sank and lay still, his blood making mud of the dust. Kirk stood above him, sabre raised, but Patrick did not move. He seemed dead at last. Kirk turned sobbing and ran, terrified of his own deed. The flag was trodden by maddened men into the earth.

The diggers who still stood clambered over the stockade, to surrender to the soldiers and be saved from the police, who, having exhausted their infamies in the stockade, now streamed down Bakery Hill to pursue, rob, murder and mutilate among the tents.

As the sun rose higher on the Sabbath morning, the soldiers could be seen bringing in the men they had taken prisoner, but other soldiers, remembering their humanity, were restraining the police in their frenzy of terror and hate.

Inside the shattered and blackened stockade men and women had come, to go among the corpses, to mourn, succour and bury. The gallant commander, Peter Lalor, was pulled unconscious from his hiding place and taken secretly away. It was told afterwards that though four hundred pounds were offered for his capture, and many knew where, with his arm cut off, he had been hidden, none betrayed him.

There was much told afterwards of the men of Eureka, by their brothers and their enemies. There were great

pages and great sounds of praise, but never enough. Much told that was splendid and imperishable; and a little told that was paltry and a lie. But their glory flew abroad, even on that blackened and dishonoured morning of the Sabbath.

It was also told afterwards that the dying Inglefinger was taken to the tent of a friend, whose wife dressed his wounds. When towards evening it was clear he was dying, she approached him and said:

"Thomas, have you made your peace?"

Thomas smiled a little. "I 'ave made my peace with all but him who struck me down from behind. And let 'im look out—Inglefinger will be lurking."

It was told that among other dying men attended to by Father Smyth was Patrick Shanahan, for he, leader with Lalor and the bravest of them all, had been carried by the Irish to safety. While the struggle still raged and the police still sought to pile up their infamies, someone had gone looking for Mary McLeod, to bring her to him. She arrived too late, it was said.

His first words on opening his eyes again were:

"Here's your Sabbath, then, Father."

The priest went deathly white beneath the accusation.

"I would rather the sun had never risen on this Sabbath, Patrick, than on bloodshed such as this."

Patrick smiled. "The sun rose this morning on more than blood. Why is it only when dying that most of us see the truth so calmly and with the full love of it?"

I know now from all that has gone before, this morning was our victory."

The priest wept softly.

"Oh, Patrick, what can I do for you?"

"You may take the hand of an Irishman as he leaves you. Afterwards, you may go to Mary and tell her how I died. Tell her I fought well, and that I fell defending the flag.

And he died with a proud face.

These were they, the nameless and the named, who died on that morning.

THE END.