

11

These examples of local northwest poetry  
believed to be written by a man named  
Thatcher were copied out for Harold  
Aubry Hall by Emily Withnell (Mrs J.G. Meares).  
Thatcher was briefly in the north in the  
early days of the settlement.

H.M.W.

" THE BATTLE OF MINDEROO. "

Twas Sabbath morn, the rising sun  
Had not appeared in view;  
But day contested with the night  
At beauteous Minderoo  
The Cork-bark shed a sweet perfume,  
And the wild Ashburton Pea  
Made sweeter still the morning air,  
And birds sang merrily  
What means this band of armed men  
Who ride on firey steeds  
What mission brings them this abroad  
That so much caution need as,  
No pannicans or hobble chains  
Upon ~~the~~ saddles tied.  
They seem to hold their very breath,  
As O'er the plain they ride.  
How slowly, and how silently  
They're riding neck, and neck.  
The impatient neighing of a steed  
His rider soon doth check.  
The sun shows in the Eastern sky  
Illumining the scene,  
And lighting up the thick snake-bush,  
With leaves of heavy green.  
The startled Emu o'er the plain ;  
Is quickly lost to view,  
And from the gums with noisy scream  
There flies the Cockatoo.  
A smile comes o'er our leaders face,  
A smile that seems to show  
He feels that job, a warrior feels  
Who meets a worthy foe :  
For there some hundred yards ahead  
The dimly burning fires  
Betray the presence of the foe  
To meet whom he desires.  
A foe both dangerous & cruel  
With cunning like to theirs  
He means now to surround their camp,  
And take them unawares ;  
They see the troop, and starting up,

" THE BATTLE OF MINDEROO. "

With wild discordant cry.  
 They yell like fiends, & on the whites  
 Intimidation try.  
 They little know that leader bold ;  
 Who fought in many a field  
 With stern commanding voice he crys  
 On every man to yield.  
 They answer with their fighting spears  
 Most cruelly barbed in rows  
 With cooley's, and with clubs they try  
 to disconcert their foes.  
 Now Hooley had that barbed spear,  
 But one inch nearer been ;  
 By Heaven above your  
 your wife, & child  
 You never more had seen.  
 Well shot bold Bob! that warrior  
 His earthly course has run;  
 He'll never throw another spear,  
 Nor view the setting sun.  
 Bold trooper Vincent's restive steed  
 Doth rear with all his force  
 He only asks to fight on foot  
 If one will hold his horse  
 Now Ensign Willie's mare doth try,  
 From off the field to bolt  
 She kicks, and rears but still Will lets  
 Them taste his navy colt  
 M.<sup>C</sup> Rae confronts the dusky foe  
 Upon his well trained horse ;  
 He fears no spears ; alike defies  
 The coyles whirling force.  
 An ugly smile upon his face  
 Most dangerous to see  
 Descended evidently from  
 A Scottish ancestry.  
 His rein hangs loosely on his arm;  
 His rifle grasped tight  
 He sits just like one carved in stone,  
 And cooly takes a sight  
 The leader of the savages  
 The white man's arms defies ;

" THE BATTLE OF MINDEROO. "

Encouraging his followers  
 With yelps & shouts, & cries.  
 His left hand grasps a painted shield,  
 His right his spears, & rest  
 To strike the horses of the foe ;  
 He bids them do their best  
 But suddenly his shield is dropped  
 His spears are scattered round,  
 With loud despairing cry of rage  
 He drops upon the ground  
 A bullet from M<sup>C</sup> Rae's good piece  
 Has gone right through his brain.  
 He never more will use that shield,  
 Nor throw those spears again  
 Hurrah ! cries Thatcher with delight  
 That shot was worth a crown;  
 Another warrior bites the dust  
 The boldest of them down.  
 Their leader gone, & falling fast  
 For mercy then, they pray,  
 And send their prettiest women out  
 To plead with bold M<sup>C</sup> Rae  
 That flinty hearted champion  
 The damsels proudly eye ;  
 He heeds not their <sup>en</sup>extreating looks,  
 Nor cares about their sighs.  
 "Send out the old men, and the boys ;  
 We only fight with men.  
 Throw down your arms, unship your spears  
 We'll talk of quarter then ".  
 They send out boys, & aged men,  
 The nuncaberrys stay  
 And fight like wolves, or tigers till  
 They're vanquished by M<sup>C</sup> Rae.  
 And there they lay upon the plain  
 A ghastly sight to view  
 Their life blood stains the clayey soil  
 Of beauteous Minderoo.

" THE BATTLE OF MINDEROO."

By murdering natives on that plain  
 A lesson may be read ;  
 "Whose sheddeth the blood of man  
 By man shall his be shed. "

The party consisted of : -

Farquhar M <sup>c</sup> Rae.	leader.
Robert Sholl.	Captain.
Edward Hooley.	2 <sup>nd</sup> in command.
William Shenton.	Ensign.
Richmond Thatcher.	volunteer.
William Vincent.	trooper.
Edward Kelsh.	volunteer.

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