



## “THE DOMAIN,” SYDNEY.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.



HE “larrikin” has been described before as being one of the lowest types of humanity in the Colonies; yet he does not look it, and there is another phase of low life which does not assume its correct rôle either. The “sundowner”—another name for the Sydney tramp—appears a greater ruffian than the larrikin, yet in many respects he is his superior. He is a loafer, not a sneak; an idle, worthless, drunken ne'er-do-well, perhaps, but not the crafty, bullying black-guard that the larrikin is.

There possibly may be amongst the sundowners many respectable but unfortunate citizens, driven through dire necessity to make their home in the Domain, but it is

when you get the mixture of larrikin and sundowner that the very lowest type of character is obtained. In the sketch we have a horde of these ruffians stealthily creeping up in the twilight to worry and blackmail the innocent young lovers on the stone seat—doubtless fresh arrivals from the Old Country, continuing a flirtation begun on the steamer, where as fellow-passengers they have been thrown into each other's society for the past six or seven weeks. They are whispering vows of eternal fidelity, and so rapt are they in their mutual admiration, that they are oblivious of the approach of the wretches who make the Domain their happy hunting-ground from sunset to dawn.



NEWSPAPER PYJAMAS.

In the daytime, like the bats and owls, they vanish and keep in hiding, and then



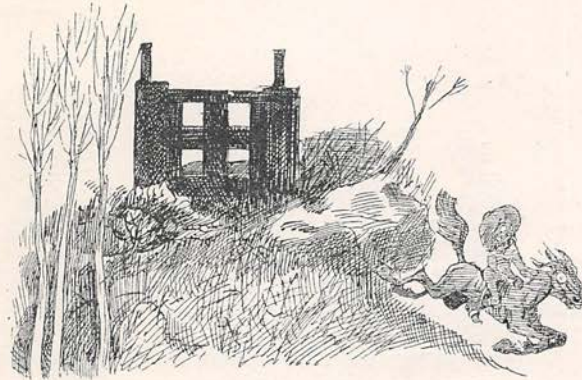
respectable people may enjoy the beautiful walks in the park and about the Government House unmolested, and with their children and friends enjoy the beautiful and picturesque scenery with which the Domain abounds.

The view of the harbour and the shipping is particularly animated and interesting, and there are many natural beauties to be observed in the park itself, which deserve more than a passing notice. Amongst other natural curiosities in one of the side paths



A LOVERS' MEETING.

tralian, and in this park the horses are allowed to graze at their own sweet will. Being very high-spirited animals and full of fun, there is quite an excitement when their owners come to capture them after having been loose all day. In stating that the accompanying sketch was drawn from nature on the spot, it is necessary to explain (lest he should be accused of maligning the magnificent horses of Australia) that the artist was so disconcerted at the wild careering of the animals that he was unable to do justice to the drawing, although the native Australians seemed to regard the whole affair as a matter of course, and sat about on the grass quite undisturbed at the proximity of the horses' heels.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

are to be observed a group of rocks eaten away by the changing tides till they resemble nothing so much as a number of strange and uncouth monsters of a bygone age—at any rate, thus they were regarded by a lady and her charge who were admiring them on the day of my visit.

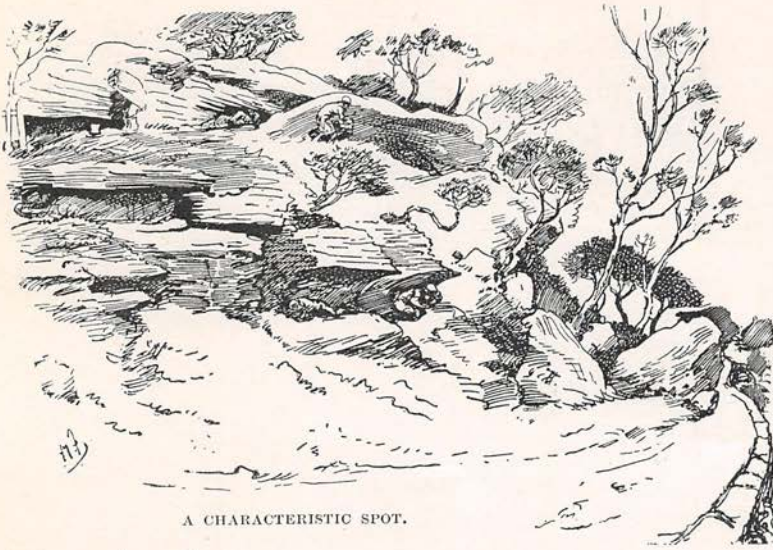
Although the larrikin and the sundowner may not be rampant in the daytime, the Domain is not altogether free from an element of peril and danger of another kind. It is well known how important a part the horse plays in the everyday life of the Aus-

As the sun sets, and the better class of visitors to the Domain retire, the park becomes the undisputed property of the



A FREE-AND-EASY GALLOP.





A CHARACTERISTIC SPOT.

loafers and sundowners, who nightly use the niches and crevices of the rocks as their dormitories, from the dim recesses of which they draw forth their "bed-clothes," consisting of old newspapers and wrappers. Observe the gentleman in the sketch carefully adjusting his newspaper pyjamas and tying up himself in a weird fashion—thus literally becoming "wrapped up in literature."



MORNING ABLUTIONS.



THE AUSTRALIAN BEAR.

In the morning these gentry perform their ablutions in the cattle troughs in the park, and later on may be seen fishing for their breakfasts from the wooden piles in the harbour. They are sometimes fortunate enough to catch a sufficient number of fish to sell for a few pence, and thus provide themselves with food for the remainder of the day, till darkness once more drives

them to their primitive resting places. All tell the same tale: they were born tired, and have never been able to throw off the feeling.

It seems to the stranger a shame that the best parts of a beautiful park like the Domain should be given up to these vagrants, and that better regulations are not enforced to protect what might be made one of the most beautiful places of public recreation in the world, possessing as it does so many natural facilities and advantages. A strong hand is required to deal effectively with this difficult problem.