1993

All the Lower Orders: Representations of the Chinese Cooks, Market Gardeners and Other Lower-Class People in Australian Literature from 1888 to 1988

Ouyang Yu

Follow this and additional works at: https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi

Recommended Citation

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library: research-pubs@uow.edu.au
All the Lower Orders: Representations of the Chinese Cooks, Market Gardeners and Other Lower-Class People in Australian Literature from 1888 to 1988

Abstract
Chinese first came to Australia as indentured labourers in 1848, then as gold-diggers from 1850s onwards. When the gold-rush ended, many turned to other occupations, such as market-gardening, street-hawking and cooking. Their representations in Australian literature have been subject to rabid racism from early on, particularly from 1888 when anti-Chinese sentiments reached their height. In the Bulletin writing, for example, Chinese are often portrayed as the heathen Chinee who commit all sorts of crime from gambling, opium-smoking and prostitution to stealing and spreading disease like leprosy and small pox. When the 'White Australia' policy was established in 1901, the lower order of the Chinese was gradually assimilated but remained an odd, exotic sight on the Australian landscape, ignorant, funny, docile and loyal to the master. They are not really what they are but what Australians want them to be and represented as such, to suit the purpose of assimilation and domination, as a result of racism and nationalism.

This serial is available in Kunapipi: https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol15/iss3/6
All the Lower Orders: Representations of the Chinese Cooks, Market Gardeners and Other Lower-Class People in Australian Literature from 1888 to 1988

Chinese first came to Australia as indentured labourers in 1848, then as gold-diggers from 1850s onwards. When the gold-rush ended, many turned to other occupations, such as market-gardening, street-hawking and cooking. Their representations in Australian literature have been subject to rabid racism from early on, particularly from 1888 when anti-Chinese sentiments reached their height. In the Bulletin writing, for example, Chinese are often portrayed as the heathen Chinee who commit all sorts of crime from gambling, opium-smoking and prostitution to stealing and spreading disease like leprosy and small pox. When the 'White Australia' policy was established in 1901, the lower order of the Chinese was gradually assimilated but remained an odd, exotic sight on the Australian landscape, ignorant, funny, docile and loyal to the master. They are not really what they are but what Australians want them to be and represented as such, to suit the purpose of assimilation and domination, as a result of racism and nationalism. It is only until very recently that real Chinese heroes, e.g. intellectuals and artists, appear in Australian literature such as in Christopher Koch and Alex Miller’s fiction, which represents a new trend towards a revision of history by a humanizing process that rehabilitates the image of the Chinese as a people who have been so long held as contemptible, inferior and as the very antithesis of Australians. In the following paper, I will deal in three parts with the representations of the lower-class Chinese people in general and touch upon cooks and market gardeners in particular.
1. Cooks

According to a Chinese historian, since the gold-rush days when Chinese in Australia turned to other occupations, cooking as an occupation was entirely taken up by the Chinese.\(^1\) Whether this is true or not, it is immediately clear that Chinese cooks dominate early Australian fiction and poetry. Whenever a Chinese appears, he is invariably described as a cook. A *Bulletin* writer once had this to say of the Chinese cooks,

> God sends victuals, and the Devil sends cooks... Truly the Devil does send cooks, and he sends a great many of them from China to Australia, where they have become a recognized institution, glorified in Australasian song and story, but rarely with full justice to their abilities as purveyors and compounders of mystery, uncertainty, disease and dirt.\(^2\)

The image of the Chinese cooks as ‘purveyors and compounders of mystery, uncertainty, disease and dirt’ is widely found in early Australian literature. He is the worst of worst human beings. A classic example is Brunton Stephens’s two poems, ‘My Chinee Cook’ and ‘My Other Chinee Cook’ where John and Johnny, nicknames given to Chinese in early days, are either a criminal who robbed a jewellery shop in Sydney and ‘used us as a refuge from the clutches of the law’\(^3\) or a disgusting, dirty ‘Chow’ who cooks puppy dogs for meals. The poet says: ‘He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty, he was sly,/ But he had a single virtue, and its name was rabbit pie.’\(^4\)

The portrait of the ‘dirty’ Chinese cook derives in part from a belief in their heathen ways such as eating dogs and rats. This vicious habit was made widely known by nursery rhymes and popular ballads of the day. One line in an American nursery rhyme goes that ‘Ching Chong Chiman Eat dead rats’.\(^5\) And Charles Thatcher, the most popular Australian balladist of the 1860s and 1870s, dramatises this in his poem, in which a Chinese is described to have dark designs on both the girl and her dog,

> He gazed at her, then at the dog  
> She carried in her arms,  
> For to his heart or appetite  
> They mutually had charms:  
> ‘Oh, would,’ poor Chink-a-li then cried,  
> That lovely pair was mine,  
> That I might make the one my bride,  
> And – on the other dine.’\(^6\)

Because Chinese are heathens, they are diseased, unhealthy and thus either dirty or poisonous. In a *Bulletin* story called ‘Stuffing’ the Chinese cook is seen preparing stuffing for fowls by munching things up such as bread, greens, etc, and stuffing them into the deboweled fowls.\(^7\) ‘A Lady’, as early as 1860, had summarized her perception of Chinese cooks in a
conclusive remark that says, 'They [the Chinese cooks] are generally con- sidered very quarrelsome, are easily offended, and so terribly revengeful and treacherous.' The revengeful Chinese cook is best described in an Australian nursery rhyme about a boy who bought a Coke from a Chinese and complained it 'tasted funny' to which the Chinese answered, 'Me Chinese, me play joke/ Me do wee-wee in your coke.' This story may have stemmed from an old Australian yarn called Pee Soup about a Chinese cook who took revenge by pissing in the soup on those migrants who teased him and pulled his pigtail.

A bush song focuses on the poisonous side of the Chinese cooks in a damning tone:

The Chinese cook with his cross-eyed look  
Filled our guts with his corn-beef hashes,  
Damned our souls with his halfbaked rolls  
That poison snakes with their greasy ashes.

which finds a ready echo in *Ironbark Chips*

Even now we are overshadowed by a vast army of Chinese cooks, who hold our lives, so to speak, in the hollows of their frying-pan; and that we are not at all poisoned out of hand must be due to the fact that we can drink our own manufactured rum, and are, naturally, not susceptible to meaner influences or milder poisons.

In early Australian short fiction, the image of the Chinese cooks is no less negative. They are portrayed as an undesirable lot that should be excluded as soon as possible. One frequently encounters the cunning cook who will do anything to cheat money out of people. In Ernest Favenc's story, 'The Rumford plains tragedy' for example, Ah Foo, the Chinese cook, tries with treachery to induce five different people to strike at a dead emu that he has put up against the fence with his head poked outside. When they think that they kill him and do not want anybody else to know it, Ah Foo comes up and demands hush money, thus winning five pounds. A similar story is told in 'His Chinee Cook' in which Reginald B. Clayton, the author, draws a moral lesson from the story of a Chinese cook who shams death by leaving traces of sheep's blood and flocks of hair from his pigtail so that he can make it to the nearest bank to cash 80 dollars with a cheque of only 8. At the end of the story, the station owner Kemmis is able to draw the conclusion that he 'will employ no Chinaman in Queensland', which encapsulates the exclusive attitude towards the Chinese at the time in accordance with the exclusive anti-Asian, anti-Chinese policies.

There are more violent ways of dealing with a Chinese cook than just draw a moral lesson. Because of the hatred and abhorrence of the heathenish ways associated with the Chinese cook, Chinese cooks often
become victims of racial animosity and violence. Henry Lawson provides the best footnote to this anti-Chinese violence. In a newspaper article about Chinese in Australia, he says, 'I think a time will come eventually when the Chinaman will have to be either killed or cured – probably the former.'

Chinese cooks scattered in small sheep stations, in Lawson's eyes, are a particularly vicious lot. In one story about the outback life, a station owner remarks that 'The Chinese cook and the carving knife are so handy to each other in lonely places to make it worth while showing one’s superiority over the cook on every possible occasion.' In fact, such superiority is sometimes carried too far, as the story 'The Premier's Secret' clearly demonstrates, in which a Chinese cook, Jimmy, is put down a wool press by the drunken station hands and is flashed to death before the wool is sent to England with his body rolled inside. There are numerous instances of this on a smaller scale, not to mention well-known riots like Lambing Flat Riot.

It is not until after the turn of the century that the image of the Chinese cook improves to some extent. This is because the old virulent attitude softened towards the few remaining Chinese in Australia after the 'White Australia' policy was firmly established. It is also because there was an undercurrent of sympathy towards the Chinese, which can be seen in books like 'Gizen-No-Teki's Colorphobia, a reaction against the suppression of any criticism of the 'White Australia' policy,' and E. W Cole's 'A White Australia Impossible.' In literature, Aeneas Gunn's 'We of the Never-Never, a novel published in 1908, is a notable example that was immensely popular during its day, owing its success chiefly to the creation of 'a strange medley of Whites, Blacks, and Chinese' and of 'the ever-mirthful, ever-helpful, irrepressible Cheon' the memorable Chinese cook. Although the portrait of Cheon goes to the other extreme of servile loyalty, he as a Chinese cook is the first attempt by Mrs Aeneas Gunn at de-stereotyping Chinese cooks in general.

Contrary to the previous misconceptions, Cheon is described to have all the good qualities a cook is supposed to have: he is clean, able to cook excellent meals, ebullient, helpful in times of need, and a vegetable gardener into the bargain. As the author says, 'There was nothing he could not and did not do for our good.' For the first time a Chinese is valued not for being a cook or market gardener but as a human being, as Gunn points out, 'Cook and gardener forsooth! Cheon was Cheon, and only Cheon; and there is no word in the English language to define Cheon or the position he filled, simply because there was never another like Cheon.'

Having said that, it must be pointed out that the stereotype of the 'poisonous cook' persists well into the century. In 'Bush Bred, a novel about outback life, a group of Australian bushmen are nearly poisoned to death by their Chinese cook, Young Ket. The comic figures of the Chinese cook are also maintained until very recently. In Max Fatchen's 'The River
Kings (1966), for example, Charlee the Chinese cook on the Murray river boat is described as one who is afraid of everything from snakes to sharks, and from flood to fights, a comic figure that only elicits derision and laughter. Details such as he never goes on shore for fear of snakes and always stays behind on board the boat whenever something happens that requires physical courage add to the impression of the comic stereotype.

2. Market Gardeners

Chinese in Australia are often regarded as either cooks or market gardeners or other lower orders. The popular association is so strong that an English writer was quite surprised to meet people like Quong Tart and said, 'I had hitherto associated Chinamen in Australia exclusively with market-gardening and laundry work.'

That association is not an exaggeration, at least judging by the frequent appearances of Chinese market gardeners in Australian fiction. It is interesting to note that Chinese market gardeners do not elicit the same sort of disgust, contempt and derision as do the Chinese cooks. On the contrary, there seems to be more sympathy and affection towards them from early on, perhaps for the simple reason that no one is more harmless than a Chinese market gardener and no one contributes more to Australian food culture, as one French visitor observed in 1883,

The Chinese, who are the best gardeners in Australia, grow all sorts of fruits and vegetables and perform horticultural miracles along the banks of the Macquarie. To-day on the outskirts of every Australian town, great or small, one comes across these beings who look as though they were suffering from chronic jaundice. They are our vegetable purveyors, and without them these delicious necessities for European tables would be beyond the reach of most people.

The Chinese market gardener is thus portrayed more often as a victim of violence and butt of ridicule with a certain amount of sympathy or pity than as 'purveyor[s] and compounder[s] of mystery, uncertainty, disease and dirt'. However, I must qualify this statement by saying that at the height of anti-Chinese agitation, Chinese market gardeners are also the target of abuse. One Bulletin article says that the Chinaman only 'produces two things – vice and vegetables'. Similar sentiments are found in a poem which goes,

The Chinky's sins are glaring
In the face of orthodox warning,
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act –
Watering greens on Sunday morning.
Under the influence of racism, there are people both in reality and in fiction who object to vegetables grown by Chinese market gardeners. Two Australians were reported to have never eaten any Chinese produce all their life due to a vehement abhorrence for Chinese food. In a most recent novel by Jennifer Dabbs, a Melbourne writer, there is a reference to this abhorrence with the main character, the Mother, who ‘had never bought any of his [the Chinese greengrocer’s] vegetables anyway; they had filthy habits, the Chinese, she said. She knew for a fact that they peed on the vegetables that they grew in their backyards’.

However, it is by comparison with the overwhelming number of negative examples of Chinese cooks that Chinese market gardeners appear less negative. In ‘A Yellow Santa Claus’ a touching story is told of Ah Chung, a Chinese market gardener in an Australian diggings town, known for his way of keeping entirely to himself from the white men and the Chinese alike. He is turned into a scapegoat for what he has not done: kidnap the son of Dick because the two are ‘close friends of late’. Dick is so enraged that he burns down Ah Chung’s house and is going to lynch him when Ah Chung, after a day and night’s search, finds the boy and brings him back, to the delight and relief of everybody, thus earning the name of ‘Yellow Santa Claus’.

Chinese market gardeners often become objects of children’s play or adults’ practical jokes, partly because of their stoic endurance and patience, and partly because of the dominant racist ideology that influenced a whole generation of Australian writers. The racist attitude towards the Chinese market gardener makes painful reading in P.R. Stephensen’s ‘Willy Ah Foo’, the story of how a Chinese market gardener is driven from a little country town by the hostile locals, especially by the children. The story is told from a child’s point of view that begins with this,

We lads thought it particularly noble to steal peanuts from Willy Ah Foo, for the peanuts of Willy Ah Foo were not only remarkably tasty in themselves, but they were grown by a Chinaman, a Chink, a Chow, a Pong, and they were most legitimate plunder for small White boys.

Later, another explanatory note is attached to this that says, ‘White Australia began in a drinking-song bellowed in pubs on the gold-fields and in townships:

Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!
No more Chinamen allowed
In New South Wales

and we youngsters thought, therefore, that it was more than legitimate to steal the peanuts of Willy Ah Foo, because they were the peanuts of a Pong.’
The reason why children take great delight in teasing Chinamen, particularly the Chinese market gardeners is explained by a writer thus,

In those days the very height of delirious, exciting enjoyment, the very spiciest and most soul-stirring of adventures, was... to be chased by a Chinaman. It put everything in the way of playing truant from school, or birds'-nesting, or orchard-robbing completely in the shade.40

One common feature that characterizes Chinese market gardeners is the way they speak English.

They are notorious for their use of 'l's for 'r's, and the babyish singsong tone. Henry Lawson's Ah Soon is a case in point, who is nicknamed ‘Nexy-time-Fliday’41 because of the way he pronounces it, and his son, Ah See, continues the ignorant way by mispronouncing 'writing' for 'delightum'.42 A poem sings of a Chinese ‘buyer of dead wool, skins and hides’ by aping his pidgin English thus:

'Ere Chee kum, ali,
Buy' em skin and bone and hi',
Wool, too, s'pose'e die,
Pay cash, you savee, Ah Chum,
O cly!

S'pose'e fling a stone at me,
Telle policeman, you see,
Catchee summon, make'm cly,
I'm welly solly by'm bye,
Whaffor?43

In general, Chinese market gardeners fare better than their cook brothers, at least in their images, because they are recognized for their valuable contribution to the Australian food. Even when writers describe Chinese as monsters or criminals in fiction, they have to admit that ‘As market gardeners, no people in the world excel the Chinese’.44 In this, Oscar Asche is an apt example. Although he presents the devastating picture of a Chinese pirate bent on revenge and robbery in his novel The Joss Sticks of Cheung,45 he has very nice things to say about the Chinese market gardeners in his autobiography, in which he observes, ‘Australia practically depends on the Chinese market-gardener for his green vegetables. No other can compete with them, either as regards price or quality.’46 He then goes on to say, in opposition to the ‘White Australia’ policy,

Turn out every Chinese from Australia to-morrow and Australia would have no vegetables... But there is one thing certain: If Australia is determined to keep itself white by choice it will not be many years before that white is turned yellow, by force.47
Chinese market gardeners remain part of the Australian landscape and imagination to this day. Nearly all the novels or short stories dealing with the recent past feature Chinese market gardeners in one way or another. The old association of Chinese with market gardeners is still strong in the post-war years. In a children's story, for example, two boys when going to China talk about their impression of Chinese. One says 'I knew a Chinaman once. He had a laundry' and another echoes this by saying, 'I knew one, too. He sold bananas.' In fact the image of the Chinese market gardener is so strong with many of the older Australians that they would rather look at the Chinese that way. The other day, my son was quite puzzled by the way in which one of our neighbours addressed him, because he called him Charlie, until Dick, for that is his name, came to our door and explained to me why. He said that every Chinaman was a Charlie. Those Chinamen he saw when he was young (he is now over seventy) were all called ‘Charlie’. So to him, every Chinaman is a Charlie no matter what their names are.

There are, however, some recent attempts to rehabilitate the image of the Chinese market gardener, so to speak, in T.A.G. Hungerford's autobiographical fiction, where Chinese market gardeners are no longer butt of ridicule or object of racial violence but an inseparable part of the writer's childhood memory and a warm one at that. Wong Chu, the Chinese market gardener who lives 60 years in South Perth, is one of the Chinese there who impresses him most with his industry and with the gift of a kite he sent him, for 'Nobody worked harder in South Perth, few were more law-abiding, and none was kinder to the flocks of grasshopper kids'.

3. Other Lower Orders

Perhaps no Australian writer has written so many Chinese characters of different occupations into his short stories than Edward Dyson, that Australian nationalist famous for his 'The Golden Shanty'. He was as fiercely anti-Chinese as everybody else in his day and perhaps stood out as the most anti-Chinese of them. The range of his rogue's gallery covers Chinese from fishermen to joiner, from diggers to street hawkers, and from laundymen to market gardeners. Among these, his archetypal villain is Mr Sin Fat who starts from a rubbish collector at Ballarat and proceeds to Melbourne where he sets up an opium den in Little Bourke Street. Emphasis is laid on the two words 'sin' and 'fat' for he is 'ugly as Sin' and described as having:

Layers of blubber bulged about his eyes, leaving only two conical slits for him to peer through, his cheeks sagged below his great double chin, and his mighty neck rolled almost on to his shoulders, and vibrated like jelly with every movement. But
All the Lower Orders

his corporation was his greatest pride – it was the envy and admiration of all his friends; it jutted out, bold and precipitous, and seemed to defy the world.51

It is this image of him as an opium-den-runner that earns him the notorious name of Sin Fat who is in the end killed by his white wife, a 'she-fiend',52 in an attempt to prevent him from seducing her daughter by her ex-husband into the opium den.

The belief in the destructive power of the Chinese as well as in their infectious diseases and other devilish qualities lies at the basis of much of Dyson's writing. Thus Ah Ling, the Chinese joiner, is a leper who is taken away by 'the hand/Of the Law.../To a home of untold terrors'.53 Ling It, the Chinese fisherman, is an opium smuggler, who is finally caught by the police.54 A Chinese laundryman in Melbourne is arrested for being also a leper as these lines go,

Wun Lung, the flaky leper, by the laundry table stands,
A fearful thing to look on, seamed and shrivelled with disease,
And he mauls the snowy linen with his lean, infected hands,
By day or night he labors as the master Chow decrees.55

Now this is more than just a belief in the Chinese power of corruption and diseases. Dyson's portrait of Chinese as such corresponds with the need of the day for a 'White Australia' which excluded all the Asians, Chinese in particular, as made amply clear in a Bulletin article of the late 1880s that concludes: 'until the leopard changes his spots and the Ethiop his colour, the Mongols will continue to be an ulcer in the fair bosom of Australia. Expulsion, and expulsion only, can meet the necessities of the case.'56

Like Dyson, other writers often have Bret Harte's 'The heathen Chinee' in mind when they set out to write about Chinese. One short story by Mary Simpson is called 'The Shirt and the Heathen' about an 'inexorable Chinaman'57 who refuses to give out any linens unless the customers produce tickets, which reminds one of a similar stereotype in American cartoons and movies, called 'no tickee, no shirtee' 'Charlie'.58 Another story by F.R.C. Hopkins, called 'Heathens of the Bush' draws a moral lesson from the story of a Chinese market gardener with his European wife who laughs to scorn Christianity and Christmas. The story ends with a rhetorical question: 'Do you wonder, as I write this last page, that I am in favour of a very White Australia?'59

Apart from Chinese laundrymen, market gardeners, cooks and other lower-class people, there are two other kinds of Chinese that are worth special mention. One is the Chinese domestic servant and the other is the Chinese storeman. The Chinese domestic servant is usually found in 'China' novels, that is, novels set in China. One early example is Carlton Dawe's The Mandarin in which Ting-Foo, 'a trusted servant, a Christian',60
helps Paul, an Englishman, escape persecutions many times from Wang-Hai, the Mandarin, ‘the wily infidel’.61 This sharp contrast of the faithful, domestic Chinese servant with the sinister and lascivious mandarin reveals the two sides of one problem, that is, an ethnocentric belief in the disastrous effects education other than Christian can have on the Chinese and in the converted Chinese as part of ‘us’. For example, Paul believes that the revenge is in the nature of the Chinese mandarin because ‘the education of the Chinaman... seems to develop rather than retard the callousness of his nature’,62 echoing by chance the anti-Asian sentiment in Australia as voiced by a John Christian Watson to silence the proposal to introduce educated Asians into Australia. He argues,

We know that education does not eliminate the objectionable qualities of the Baboo Hindoo. With the Oriental, as a rule, the more educated he is the worse man he is likely to be from our point of view. The more educated, the more cunning he becomes, and the more able, with his peculiar ideas of social and business morality, to cope with the people here.63

The stock figure of the helpful, Christianized Chinese servant, not surprisingly, is found in other ‘China’ novels, such as Mary Gaunt’s A Wind from Wilderness, a novel about the missionary life in Northern China, where, in sharp contrast with Ling Cheong, a local Chinese bandit chief, a halfcaste, who is referred to as ‘a loathsome beast’,64 Chung is the epitome of the helpful servant who, like Ting-Foo in The Mandarin saves Rosslie, the English doctor, many times from the Chinese rioters, because his ‘salvation lay in sticking to us’ foreigners.65

The other kind of Chinese that is often featured in Australian fiction is the ubiquitous Chinese store-keeper who is forever playing his shrewd and miserly role of a profiteer. For Australian as well as Western writers, the Chinese had been and were profiteers and the one overriding motive in their life is to make money and make it without, if it is possible, spending a penny. In Eleanor Mordaunt’s short stories, for example, the Chinese storekeeper is a man forever engaged in his business of ‘making thirteen [matches] of each dozen’ and blowing ‘water to increase the weight’ of his pork.66 This perenniel image of the Chinese store-keeper is kept alive in another story, ‘Parentage’, where a Chinese store-keeper is seen ‘taking matches out of boxes – half a dozen out of each – so as to gain an extra box in every dozen’67 and later is seen to be ‘engrossed in blowing water through a little tin pipe into the pork to increase its weight’.68

In sharp contrast, Chinese are often presented as honest people in non-fiction. S.W. Powell once said of Chinese that, ‘Honesty is the Chinaman’s policy: not, in his morality “the best policy”, as we put it, meaning that dishonesty deserves consideration also, and might be commendable if it weren’t so risky; but the only policy worth consideration’.69

Some writers, in recent time, like what T.A.G. Hungerford did with his short stories, attempt to restore the image of the lower Chinese orders. In
the fifties there was Ruth Park who treated Chinese herbalists and laundrymen very warmly in her *Poor Man's Orange* and *A Power of Roses* and in the sixties there was David Martin who told a convincing story of a Chinese hero in his *The Hero of Too* in the character of Lam, a Chinese herbalist. A recent story features a Chinese street hawker in an attempt to show that 'The Chinaman was not one of those larger than life characters whose colourful personalities lead to all sorts of stories being told about them, but he did represent some of the Chinese people who helped form our early history'.

The only one absence in Australian writing up to the recent time is that of Chinese women. Historically, the Chinese came to Australia without taking their women both for traditional and physical reasons. This is also reflected in literature where the Chinese male dominates. Only occasionally does one woman or two enter Australian fiction such as Ch'a F'a in Helen Heney’s *The Chinese Camillia* published in 1950, in which a Chinese concubine is sent to an Australian merchant by his Chinese friend as a gift, only to be seduced by his son and discarded into the ocean in the end. Some novels of the sixties do feature Chinese women who are mostly beautiful Eurasian prostitutes that exercise enormous power over the locals and foreigners alike, as made clear by books like *Sin in Hong Kong*, *Sin of Hong Kong* and *Hong Kong Caper*. However, as this will involve a detailed study and there is not much material available, I have to leave that out for future researchers.

**NOTES**

21. Ibid., p. xi.
23. Ibid., p. 328.
36. Ibid., p. 81.
37. Ibid., p. 97.
39. Ibid, p. 43; also see Norman Lindsay’s *Saturdee* (Sydney: The Endeavour Press, 1933), pp. 9-10 for another account of a similar attack on a Chinese market gardener by local children.
All the Lower Orders

46. Oscar Asche, Oscar Asche: His Life by Himself (London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd, 1929, p. 130.
47. Ibid., p. 183.
51. Ibid., p. 192.
52. Ibid., p. 189.
53. Edward Dyson, ‘Ah Ling, the leper’ in his Rhymes From the Mines and Other Lines (Angus & Robertson, 1896), p. 172.
55. Sivas Snell (Edward Dyson), ‘Lover’s young dream’ in the Bulletin, November 2, 1895, p. 11.
59. F.R.C. Hopkins, ‘Heathens of the bush’ in Birds of Passage and Other Stories of Our Own Country (Sydney: Deaton & Spencer, 1908), p. 171.
61. Ibid., p. 116.
62. Ibid., pp. 213-4
65. Ibid., p. 62
68. Ibid., p. 265.
69. S.W. Powell, A South Sea Diary, 1945 [1941], p. 115; Also see Oscar Asche, Oscar Asche: His Life (1929), where he comments on Chinese honesty by saying, ‘a Chinese always keeps his word. Written contracts are no more binding to him than his spoken word. And he will stick to his contract even if it means ruin to him. He is a gentleman. How different to the Japanese, who, if things are going against them,
will wriggle out of any agreement. To them, as to the old German, a contract is but a scrap of paper, to be torn up at will' (p. 26).

