The Austral edition of the selected works of Marcus Clarke, together with a biography and monograph of the deceased author / compiled and edited by Hamilton Mackinnon.

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THE AUSTRAL EDITION

OF THE

SELECTED WORKS

OF

MARCUS CLARKE,

TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHY AND MONOGRAPH OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR,

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HAMILTON MACKINNON.

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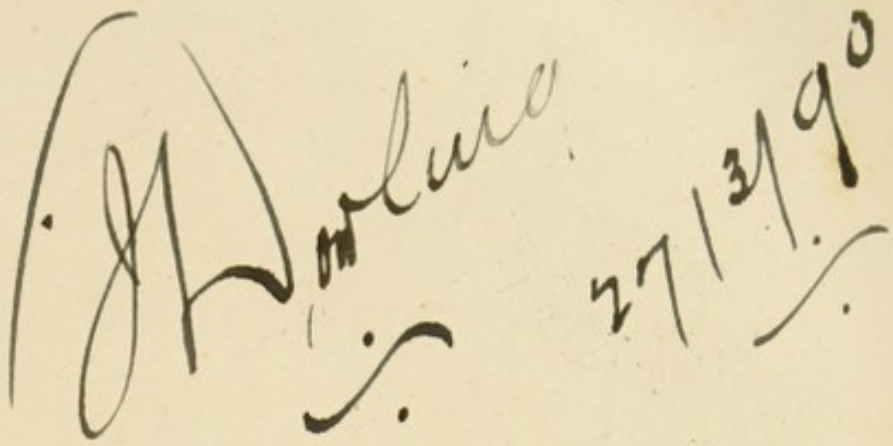

TO

SIR W. J. CLARKE, BART.,

(FOR HIS GENEROUS AID)

AND THE OTHER SUBSCRIBERS,

THIS BOOK

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE WIDOW OF THE AUTHOR.

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BIOGRAPHY.

MARCUS ANDREW HISLOP CLARKE was born at Kensington—the Old Court suburb of London—on the 24th April, 1846. His father, William Hislop Clarke, a barrister-at-law, was recognised as a man of ability, both professionally and as a *littérateur*, albeit eccentric to a degree. Of his mother little is known beyond that she was a beautiful woman, of whom her husband was so devotedly fond that when her death occurred some months after the birth of the subject of this biography, he isolated himself from the world, living afterwards the life of a recluse, holding of the world an opinion of cynical contempt. Besides his father, there were among other brothers of his two whose names belong to the history of the Australian colonies; the one is that of James Langton Clarke, once a County Court Judge in Victoria, and the other, Andrew Clarke, Governor of Western Australia, who died and was buried at Perth in 1849. The latter was the father of General Sir Andrew Clarke, K.C.M.G., formerly Minister of Public Works in India, and Governor of the Straits Settlements. To the colonists of Victoria he will be better known as Captain Clarke, the first Surveyor General of the colony, the author of the Existing Municipal Act, and one of the few lucky drawers of a questionable pension from this colony.

The late Marcus Clarke claimed a distinguished genealogy for his family, which, though hailing as regards his immediate ancestors from the Green Isle, were English, having only betaken themselves to Ireland in the Cromwellian period. And among his papers were found the following notes referring to this matter:—

> In 1612 William Clarke was made a burgess of Mountjoie, Co. Tyrone, and in 1658 Thurloe wrote to Henry Cromwell, desiring him to give Colonel Clarke land in Ireland for pay.

With an inherited delicate constitution, and without the love-watching care of a mother, or the attention of sisters, he passed his childhood. And that the absence of this supervision and guidance was felt by him in after years, we have but to read this pathetic passage from a sketch of his:—

> To most men the golden time comes when the cares of a mother or the attention of sister aid to shield the young and eager soul from the blighting influences of wordly debaucheries. Truly fortunate is he among us who can look back on a youth spent in the innocent enjoyments of the country, or who possesses a mind moulded in its adolescence by the gentle fingers of well-mannered and pious women.

When considered old enough to leave home the boy was sent to the private school of Dr. Dyne in Highgate, another suburb of London, hallowed by having been at one time associated with such illustrious names in literature as Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Keats, and De Quincey. Here he obtained whatever scholastic lore he possessed, and was, according to the opinion of a schoolfellow, known as a humorously eccentric boy, with a most tenacious memory and an insatiable desire to read everything he could lay hands on. Owing to his physical inability to indulge in the usual boyish sports, he was in the habit of wandering about in search of knowledge wherever it was to be gleaned, and not infrequently this restless curiosity, which remained with him to the last, led him into quarters which it had been better for his yet unformed mind he had never entered. Here especially was felt the absence of a mother's guidance, which was unfortunately replaced by the carelessness of an indulgent father. Of his schooldays little is known, save what can be gathered from a note-book kept by him at that period; and even in this the information is but fragmentary. According to this book he seems to have had only two friends with whom he was upon terms of great intimacy. They were

brothers, Cyril and Gerald Hopkins, who appear, judging from jottings and sketches of theirs in his scrap album, to have been talented beyond the average schoolboy. Among the jottings to be found in this school record is one bearing the initials G. H., and referring to one "Marcus Scrivener" as a "Kaleidoscopic, Parti-colored, Harlequinesque Thaumatropic" being. Another item which may not be uninteresting to read, as indicating the turn for humorous satire, which, even at so early a period of his life the author had begun to develop, is an epitaph written on himself, and runs thus:—

Hic Jacet
MARCUS CLERICUS,
Qui non malus, 'Coonius
Consideretus fuit
Sed amor bibendi
Combinatus cum pecuniæ deficione
Mentem ejus oppugnabat—
Mortuus est
Et nihil ad vitam restorare
Posset.

To his schoolmaster, the Reverend Doctor Dyne, the following dedication to a novel *(Chatteris)* commenced by his former pupil shortly after his arrival in Australia was written. From this it is apparent that the master had not failed to recognise the talents of his gifted pupil, nor yet be blind to his weaknesses. It reads—

To
T. B. Dyne, D.D.,
Head Master of Chomley School, Highgate.
This Work
Is respectfully dedicated in memory of the advice so tenderly given, the good wishes so often expressed, and the success so confidentiy predicted for the author.

But whatever good influences might have been at work during his residence at Dr. Dyne's school, they were, unfortunately for their subject, more than counterbalanced by others of a very dissimilar character met with by him at his father's house. It seems scarcely credible that so young a boy was allowed to grow up without any restraining influences except those of a foolishly-indulgent father, as we are led to believe was the case from the following extract, which the writer knows was intended by the subject of the biography as a reference to his boyish days when away from school. Doubtless the picture is somewhat over-coloured, but substantially it is true:—

My first intimation into the business of "living" took place under these auspices. The only son of a rich widower, who lived, under sorrow, but for the gratification of a literary and political ambition, I was thrown when still a boy into the society of men twice my age, and was tolerated as a clever impertinent in all those witty and wicked circles in which virtuous women are conspicuous by their absence. I was suffered at sixteen to ape the vices of sixty. You can guess the result of such a training. The admirer of men whose successes in love and play were the theme of common talk for six months; the worshipper of artists, whose genius was to revolutionise Europe, only they died of late hours and tobacco; the pet of women whose daring beauty made their names famous for three years. I discovered at twenty years of age that the pleasurable path I had trodden so gaily led to a hospital or a debtors' prison, that love meant money, friendship an endorsement on a bill, and that the rigid exercise of a profound and calculating selfishness alone rendered tolerable a life at once deceitful and barren. In this view of the world I was supported by those middle-aged Mephistopheles (survivors of the storms which had wrecked so many Argosies), those cynical, well-bred worshippers of self, who realise in the nineteenth century that notion of the Devil which was invented by early Christians. With these good gentlemen I lived, emulating their cynicism, rivalling their sarcasm, and neutralising the superiority which their existence gave them by the exercise of that potentiality for present enjoyment, which is the privilege of youth.

Again, in another sketch he wrote, referring to this period of his life:—

Let me take an instant to explain how it came about that a pupil of the Rev. Gammons, up in town for his holidays, should have owned such an acquaintance. My holidays, passed in my father's widowed house, were enlivened by the coming and going of my cousin Tom from Woolwich, of cousin Dick from Sandhurst, of cousin Harry from Aldershot. With Tom, Dick, and Harry came a host of friends—for as long as he was not disturbed, the head of the house rather liked to see his rooms occupied by the relatives of people with whom he was intimate, and a succession of young

men of the Cingbars, Ringwood, and Algernon Deuceacre sort made my home a temporary roosting-place. I cannot explain how such a curious *ménage* came to be instituted, for, indeed, I do not know myself, but such was the fact, and "little Master," instead of being trained in the way he should morally go, became the impertinent companion of some very wild-bloods indeed. "I took Horace to the opera last night, sir," or "I am going to show Horatius Cocles the wonders of Cremorne this evening," would be all that Tom, or Dick, or Harry, would deign to observe, and my father would but lift his eyebrows in indifferent deprecation. So, a wild-eyed and eager school-boy, I strayed into Bohemia, and acquired in that strange land an assurance and experience ill suited to my age and temperament. Remembering the wicked, good-hearted inhabitants of that curious country, I have often wondered since "what they thought of it," and have interpreted, perhaps not unjustly, many of the homely tenderness which seemed to me then so strangely out of place and time.

In the midst of this peculiar and doubtful state of existence for a youth his father died suddenly, leaving his affairs in an unsatisfactory state. This unexpected change brought matters to a climax, and at seventeen years of age Marcus Clarke found that instead of inheriting, as expected, a considerable sum of money, he was successor to only a few hundred pounds, the net result of the realisation of his late father's estate. With this it was arranged by his guardian relatives that he should seek a fresh field for his future career, and accordingly in 1864 he was shipped off to Melbourne by Green's well-known old liner, "The Wellesley," consigned to his uncle, Judge Clarke, above mentioned. Referring to this episode of his life, he has written in the following sarcastic and injured strain :—

My father died suddenly in London, and to the astonishment of the world left me nothing. His expenditure had been large, but as he left no debts, his income must have been proportionate to his expenditure. The source of this income, however, it was impossible to discover. An examination of his bankers' book showed only that large sums (always in notes or gold) had been lodged and drawn out, but no record of speculations or investments could be found among his papers. My relatives stared, shook their heads, and insulted me with their pity. The sale of furniture, books, plate, and horses, brought enough to pay the necessary funeral expenses and leave me heir to some £800. My friends of the smoking-room and of the supper-table philosophised on Monday, cashed my I O U's on Tuesday, were satirical on Wednesday, and cut me on Thursday. My relatives said "Something must be done," and invited me to stop at their houses until that vague substantiality should be realised, and offers of employment were generously made; but to all proposals I replied with sudden disdain, and, desirous only of avoiding those who had known me in my prosperity, I avowed my resolution of going to Australia.

After one of those lengthy voyages for which the good old ship "The Wellesley" was renowned, the youth of bright fancies and disappointed fortune set foot in Melbourne; and, after the manner of most "new chums" with some cash at command and no direct restraining power at hand, he set himself readily to work, fathoming the social and other depths of his new home. The natural consequence of this was that one who had prematurely seen so much "life" in London, soon made his way into quarters not highly calculated to improve his morals or check his extravagantly-formed habits. In other words, he began his Bohemian career in Australia with a zest not altogether surprising in one who had been negligently allowed to drift into London Bohemianism. And naturally, a youth with such exceptional powers of quaint humour, playful satire, and *bonhomie* became a universal favourite wherever he went, much, unfortunately, to his own future detriment. But, in due course, a change came of necessity o'er this Bohemian dream, when the ready cash was no longer procurable without work. It was then, through the influence of his uncle the Judge, that the impecunious youth was relegated to a high stool in the Bank of Australasia. As might have been expected of one who spent most of his time in drawing caricatures and writing satirical verses and sketches he was a *lusus naturæ* to the authorities of the bank, and this is not to be wondered at when one learns that his mode of adding up long columns of figures was by guesswork, to wit, he would run his eye over the pence column, making a guess at the aggregate amount, and so on with the shillings and pounds columns.

After a patient trial of some months it was considered, in the interests of all concerned, that he should seek his livelihood at a more congenial avocation, and thereupon he left the bank. But here must be mentioned the manner in which the severance took place, as being characteristic of him. Clarke applied for a short leave of absence. The letter containing this request not having been immediately answered he sought the presence of the manager for an explanation, when the following scene took place:—Clarke: "I have come to ask, sir, whether you received my application for a few weeks' leave of absence." The Manager: "I have." Clarke: "Will you grant it to me, sir?" The Manager: "Certainly,

and a longer leave, if you desire it." Clarke: "I feel very much obliged. How long may I extend it to, sir?" The Manager: "Indefinitely, if you do not object!" Clarke: "Oh! I perceive, sir; you consider it best for us to part; and perhaps it is best so, sir?" And Mr. Clarke ceased to be a banker. Here it will not be inopportune to quote from an article on "Business Men," written by him subsequently, referring to this banking experience :—

> It has always been my misfortune through life not to be a Business Man. When I went into a bank—The Polynesian, Antarctic and Torrid Zone—I suffered. I was correspondence clerk, and got through my work with immense rapidity. The other clerks used to stare when they saw me strolling homewards punctually at four. I felt quite proud of my accomplishments. But in less than no time a change took place. Letters came down from up-country branches. "I have received cheques to the amount of £1 15s. 6d., of two of which *no* mention is made in your letter of advice." "Sir! how is it that my note of hand for £97 4s. 1¾d., to meet which I forwarded Messrs. Blowhard and Co.'s acceptance, has been dishonoured by your branch at Warrnambool?" "*Private.*—Dear Cashup: Is your correspondent a hopeless idiot? I can't make head or tail of his letter of advice. As far as I can make out, he seems to have sent out the remittances to the wrong places.—Yours, T. TOTTLE." I am afraid that it was all true. The manager sent for me, said that he loved me as his own brother, and that I wore the neatest waistcoats he had ever seen, but that my genius was evidently fettered in a bank. Here was a quarter's salary in advance, he had no fault, quite the reverse; but, but, well—in short—I was not a Business Man.

In addition to this the following remark, bearing on the same subject, written in one of the "Noah's Ark" papers in the *Australasian*, may also here be quoted :

> A Man of Business, said Marston, oracularly, is one who becomes possessed of other people's money without bringing himself under the power of the law.

Finding commercial pursuits were not his *forte*, the youthful ex-banker bethought him of turning his attention to the free and out-door existence of a bushman. Accordingly he, shortly after leaving the bank in 1865, obtained, through his uncle, Judge Clarke, a "billet" on Swinton Station, near Glenorchy, belonging to Mr. John Holt, and in which the Judge had a pecuniary interest. Here he remained for some two years mastering the mysteries of bushmanship in the manner described in the sketch in this volume, styled "Learning Colonial Experience." It was during his sojourn in this wild and mountainous region that our author imbibed that love for the weird, lonely Australian Bush, which he so graphically and pathetically describes in so many of his tales—notably in "Pretty Dick," a perfect bush idyll to those who know the full meaning of the words Australian Bush. Although sent up to learn the ways and means of working a station, it is to be feared that the results of the lessons were not over fruitful. Indeed, beyond roving about the unfrequented portions of the run in meditation wrapped, pipe in mouth and book in pocket, in case of thoughts becoming wearisome, the sucking squatter did little else till night set in, and then the change of programme simply meant his retiring after the evening meal to his own room and spending the time well into midnight writing or reading. From one who was a companion of his on the station at the time, viz., the popular sportsman—genial, generous—Donald Wallace, I have learned that though Clarke wrote almost every night he kept the product of his labour to himself. But we now know that the work of his pen appeared in several sketches in the *Australian Magazine*, then published by Mr. W. H. Williams. These were written under the *nom de plume* of Marcus Scrivener. It was while residing in this district that he took stock of the characters which he subsequently utilised in all his tales relating to bush life. For instance, "Bullocktown," is well known to be Glenorchy, the post-town of the Swinton Station, and all the characters in it are recognisable as life portraits presented with that peculiar glamor which his genius cast over all his literary work. And to one of the characters in it—Rapersole—the then local postmaster, Mr. J. Wallace, I am under an obligation for supplying me with some incidents in our author's bush career. According to Mr. Wallace young Clarke was a great favourite with everybody, and was the life and soul of local entertainments such as concerts, balls, &c., in which he took part with great zest. He was also at that time a regular attendant at church, and a frequent visitor to the local State-school, in which he evinced a lively interest, giving prizes to the boys. He was, moreover, an omnivorous reader, getting all the best English magazines and endless French novels from Melbourne regularly. But whatever progress he may have been making in his literary pursuits, it was found by Mr. Holt that as a "hand" on the

station he was not of countless price. Indeed, it was discovered after he had been there some months, that not only did the gifted youth pay little heed to his unintellectual work, but that he had to a great extent imbued others engaged on the station, with such a love for reading—more particularly the novels of Honoré Balzac—that the routine duty of their daily existence became so irksome that they sought consolation by taking shelter from the noonday sun under some umbrageous gum-tree, listening to their instructor as he translated some of the delicate passages from the works of the Prince of French novelists.

Accordingly it was mutually agreed by the employer and employé that the best course to pursue under the circumstances was to part company. But, fortunately for the literary bushman, it was just at this time, when he had tried two modes of making a living and had hopelessly failed in both, that a person appeared on the scene who was destined to direct his brilliant talents to their proper groove. There came as a visitor to Mr. Holt, in the beginning of 1867, Dr. Robert Lewins. As Dr. Lewins had no small share in shaping the after career of Marcus Clarke, it behoves me to briefly refer here to him and his theories. Dr. Lewins, who had been staff-surgeon-major to General Chute during the New Zealand war, had shortly before this arrived in Melbourne with the British troops, *en route* to England; and, being a friend of Mr. Holt's, went on a visit to him to Ledcourt, on which station Clarke was then employed. Learning while there of the peculiar youth whom Mr. Holt had as assistant, Dr. Lewins, who was like most thinking men of his class, always on the look-out for discoveries, whether human or otherwise, sought an introduction to the boy, whom practical Mr. Holt considered a "ne'er do weel." And no sooner was the introduction brought about than the learned medico discovered that, buried within view of the Victorian Grampians, lay hidden an intellectual gem of great worth. Rapidly a mutual feeling of admiration and regard sprang up between the young literary enthusiast of twenty and the learned medico of sixty—an attachment which lasted through life. The *savant* admired the rare talents of his *protegé* with the love of a father; while the fanciful boy looked up to the learned man who had discerned his abilities, and placed him on the road to that goal for which he was destined. But the influence of the elder on the younger man did not cease here, as without doubt the former converted the latter to his views regarding existence. What these views were the Doctor explained in more than one pamphlet addressed to eminent men in England and Europe. As regards his pet theory, which he affirmed he had proved beyond doubt by experiments, extending over forty years, in all parts of the world, it may be, for the curious, briefly explained in his own words, as follows:—

"1. That there is no distinct vital principle apart from ordinary inorganic matter or force,

"That oxygen is capable of assuming an imponderable form, and that it is identical with the Cosmic '*primum mobile*,' the basis of light, heat, chemical affinity, attraction, and electric force.

"3. That the theory of materialism is, in fact, the only tenable theory."

The result of this tuition as regards Clarke was a remarkably able article on "Positivism," which he wrote some months afterwards, and which, I believe, saw light in one of the Liberal English reviews. But I am forestalling the order of the biography. Having satisfied himself upon the merits of the newly-found intellect, the doctor, on his return to Melbourne, told the proprietor of the *Argus*, with whom he was acquainted, of his discovery, advising him to secure the unknown genius for his journal, and so, in the course of a few weeks after meeting Dr. Lewins, Marcus Clarke appeared in Melbourne, and in February, 1867, became a member of the literary staff of the *Argus*. After an initiation into the mysteries of a newspaper office the young journalist was allotted the task of theatrical reporter, which routine drudgery he performed satisfactorily till one night he took upon himself to criticise an entertainment, which, unfortunately, through the indisposition of the chief performer, did not come off. This carelessness on the part of the imaginative critic led to his withdrawal from the *Argus* reporting staff, but his relations with that paper and the *Australasian* were, however, continued as a contributor. It was during this period that Marcus Clarke contributed to the *Australasian* the two masterly reviews on Doré and Balzac, published in these pages, besides writing weekly for the same journal those sparkling and humorous papers, "The Peripatetic Philosopher," which brought

his name prominently before the public and placed him at once in the front rank of Australian journalists—and here it may be mentioned that the letter "Q.," under which he wrote the weekly contributions, was the stock brand of the station on which he had attempted to learn "colonial experience." Apart, however, from his contributions to the *Australasian*, he supplied special articles to the *Argus*, and acted as the theatrical critic of that paper for some time, during which he wrote some admirable critiques on the late Walter Montgomery's performances—critiques which gained for him the admiration and regard of that talented actor, though unhappily they fell out afterwards for some foolish reason or another.

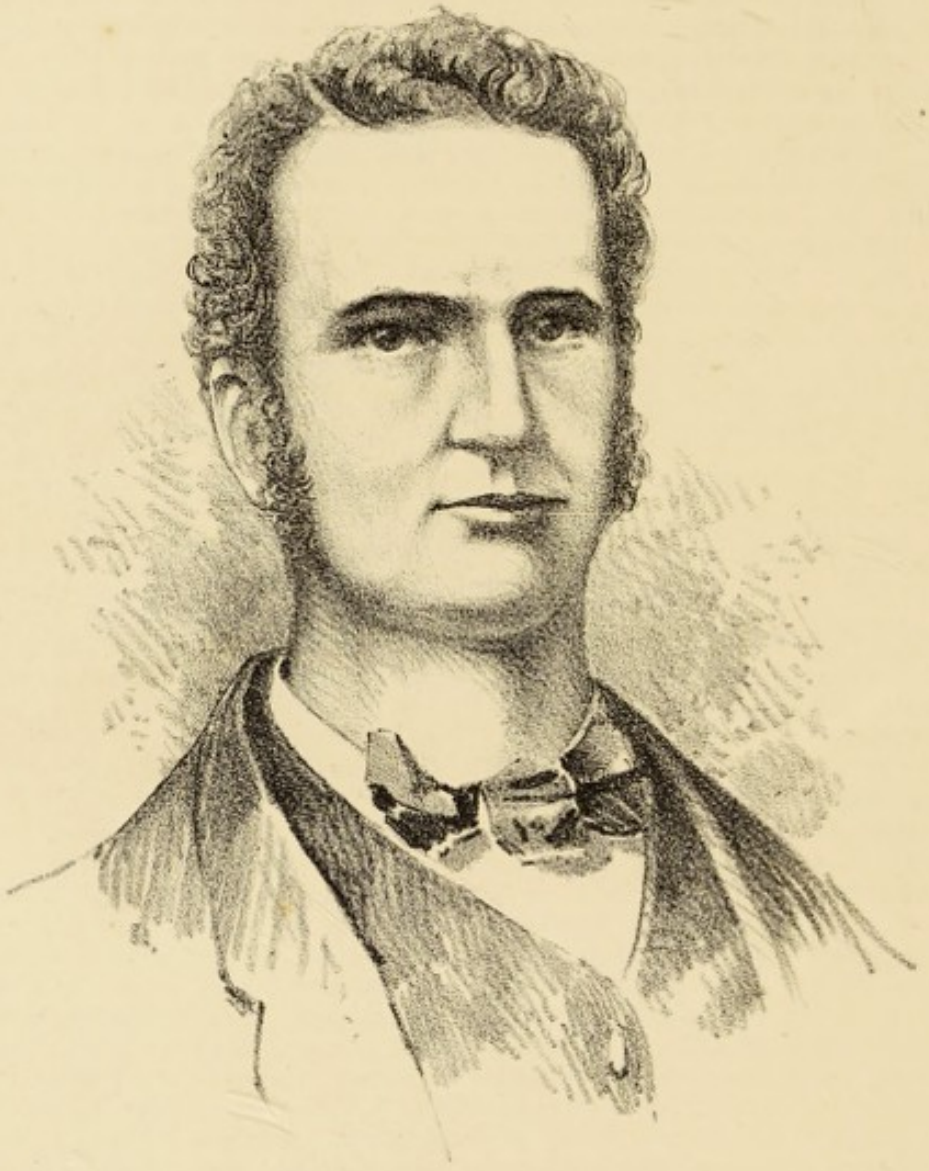
But the active brain of the sparkling *littérateur* was not satisfied with journalistic work merely. With the pecuniary assistance of a friend and admirer, the late Mr. Drummond, police-magistrate—whose death shortly afterwards by poison received from one of the snakes kept by the snake-exhibitor Shires, whom he held to be an impostor as regarded his antidote, caused so much excitement—he purchased from Mr. Williams the *Australian Magazine*, the journal in which had appeared his earliest literary attempts. The name of this he altered to the *Colonial Monthly;* and with praiseworthy enthusiasm set about encouraging Australian literary talent by gathering around him as contributors all the best local literary ability available. But, despite his laudable efforts to create an Australian literature, racy of the soil, he was doomed to disappointment and loss. The primary cause of this unfortunate result may be ascribed to the sneers which any attempt made by an Australian received at the hands of a few self-sufficient, narrow-minded individuals, who, sad to say, had the ear of the then reading public, because they unfortunately happened to be in a position to dictate on literary matters.

It was in the *Colonial Monthly* that Clarke's first novel, *Long Odds*, appeared in serial form. Of this, however, he only wrote a few of the first chapters, as shortly after its commencement he met with a serious accident through his horse throwing him and fracturing his skull—an accident from the effects of which he never totally recovered.

Some months prior to this mishap—about May, 1868—Clarke, in conjunction with some dozen literary friends, started a modest club for men known in the fields of Literature, Art, and Science—THE YORICK. This has developed in the course of the past fifteen years into one in which the three elements predominating originally are lost in the multifarious folds of "Professionalism."

The Yorick Club was the outcome of the literary and Bohemian—analogous terms in those days—spirits who used then to assemble nightly at the Café of the Theatre Royal to discuss coffee and intellectual subjects. These gatherings grew so large in the course of time that it was found necessary, in order to keep the communion up, to secure accommodation where the flow of genius, if nothing else, might have full play without interruption and intrusion from those deemed outside the particular and shining pale. Accordingly a room was rented and furnished in Bohemian fashion, with some cane chairs, a deal table, a cocoa-nut matting and spittoons. In this the first meeting was held in order to baptise the club. The meeting in question debated, with the assistance of sundry pewters and pipes—not empty, gentle reader—the subject warmly from the first proposition made by Clarke, that the club should be called "Golgotha," or the place of skulls, to the last, "alas, poor Yorick!" This brief name was accepted as appropriate, and the somewhat excited company adjourned to a Saturday night's supper at a jovial Eating-House, too well known to fame. The first office-bearers of the club were:—*Secretary*, Marcus Clarke; *Treasurer*, B. F. Kane; *Librarian*, J. E. Neild; *Committee*, J. Blackburn, G. C. Levey, A. Semple, A. Telo, J. Towers. The first published list of members gives a total of sixty-four, but Time has made many changes in that list, and Death has been busy too. Of the sixty-four original members there have passed away the following well-known intellectuals:—B. C. Aspinall, Marcus Clarke, Lindsay Gordon, Henry Kendall, T. Drummond, J. C. Patterson, Jardine Smith, A. Telo, Father Bleardale, etc.

It was at the "Yorick" that Marcus Clarke first met one of whose abilities he entertained a very high opinion, and towards whose eccentric and mournful genius he was drawn by a feeling of sympathetic affection, namely, Adam Lindsay Gordon, poet, and the once king of gentleman Jocks. Nothing could have shown more assuredly the deep feeling and regard felt by Marcus Clarke for Lindsay Gordon than



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

the pathetic preface he wrote for the posthumous edition of the poet's works (an extract from which preface is given in this volume under the title of "The Australian Bush") when the poet himself put an end to his life, to the horror of the community, which did not learn till after the heartbroken poet's death that it was only the want of the wherewith to live upon which drove one of the brightest geniuses Australia has seen into a suicide's grave. To those who knew Gordon and Clarke intimately, the keen sympathy of genius existing between them was easily understood, for there was, despite many outward differences of manner, a wonderful similarity in their natures. Both were morbidly sensitive; both broodingly pathetic; both sarcastically humorous; both socially reckless; both literary Bohemians of the purest water—sons of genius and children of impulse. That the deep feeling for the dead poet and friend lasted till death with Marcus Clarke was evidenced by his frequently repeating when in dejected spirits those pathetically regretful lines of the "Sick Stockrider"—

I have had my share of pastime and I've done my share of toil,
  And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
  Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For goods undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain
  'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over if I had to live again;
  And the chances are I go where most men go.

And to see him seated at the piano humming these lines to his own accompaniment, while the tears kept rolling down his cheeks, was proof enough that the tender chords of a beloved memory were being struck, and that the living son of genius mourned for his dead brother as only genius can mourn.

Turning to a more lively memento of Lindsay Gordon, characteristic of him when the spirit of fun possessed him, the following note, written to Clarke and kept by him sacredly, will interest his many admirers:—

Yorick Club.

Dear Clarke,—Scott's Hotel, not later than 9.30 sharp. Moore will be there. Riddock and Lyon, Baker and the Powers, beside us; so if 'the Old One' were to cast a net—eh?—Yours,

A. Lindsay Gordon.

It was shortly after Gordon's untimely and sad death that Clarke became acquainted with another erratic though differently constituted son of genius—Henry Kendall, the foremost of Australian-born poets. Kendall met with warm sympathy from the friend of Gordon, and, moreover, with a helping hand in the hard life-struggle—which the poet feelingly referred to in the following memorial verses written on the death of his friend and benefactor:—

The night wind sobs on cliffs austere,
  Where gleams by fits the wintry star;
And in the wild dumb woods I hear
  A moaning harbour bar.

The branch and leaf are very still;
  But now the great grave dark has grown,
The torrent in the harsh sea-hill
  Sends forth a deeper tone.

Here sitting by a dying flame
  I cannot choose but think in grief
Of Harpur, whose unhappy name
  Is as an autumn leaf.

And domed by purer breadths of blue,
  Afar from folds of forest dark,
I see the eyes that once I knew—
  The eyes of Marcus Clarke.

Their clear, bright beauty shines apace;
  But sunny dreams in shadow end.
The sods have hid the faded face
  Of my heroic friend.

He sleeps where winds of evening pass—
  Where water songs are soft and low.
Upon his grave the tender grass
  Has not had time to grow.

Few knew the cross he had to bear
And moan beneath from day to day.
His were the bitter hours that wear
The human heart away.

The laurels in the pit were won ;
He had to take the lot austere
That ever seemed to wait upon
The man of letters here.

He toiled for love, unwatched, unseen,
And fought his troubles band by band ;
Till, like a friend of gentle mien,
Death took him by the hand.

He rests in peace. No grasping thief
Of hope and health can steal away
The beauty of the flower and leaf
Upon his tomb to-day.

So let him sleep, whose life was hard !
And may they place beyond the wave
This tender rose of my regard
Upon his tranquil grave.

The idiosyncrasies of the two men were in many respects widely dissimilar—Clarke's belonging to the polished school of the Old World while Kendall's were akin to those of his own native land, in the New World, but the acquaintanceship ripened into mutual admiration and friendship ; and together they worked on *Humbug*, the brilliant weekly comic journal, started about this time by Clarson, Massina & Co., under the editorship of Clarke. Probably one factor which exercised an influence over Clarke in the interests of Kendall was the poem written to Lindsay Gordon's memory by Kendall, of which the following few lines may here be given :—

The bard, the scholar, and the man who lived
That frank, that open-hearted life which keeps
The splendid fire of English chivalry
From dying out ; the one who never wronged
Fellowman ; the faithful friend who judged
The many, anxious to be loved of him,
By what he saw, and not by what he heard,
As lesser spirits do ; the brave, great soul
That never told a lie, or turned aside
To fly from danger ; he, I say, was one
Of that bright company this sin-stained world
Can ill afford to loose.

During this period, 1868-69, Clarke was a regular contributor to the *Argus* and *Australasian*, writing leaders for the former journal, and, besides the "Peripatetic Philosopher" papers for the latter, a series of remarkably able sketches on "Lower Bohemia." These articles, as their name implies, were descriptive of the life then existing in the lowest social grades of Melbourne, composed to a great extent of broken-down men of a once higher position in life, drawn hither by the gold discovery. They made a great impression upon the public, being full of brilliantly realistic writing, reminding one greatly of Balzac's ruthless style of exposing without squeamishness the social cancers to be found among the vagrant section of a community. Apart from his connection with the two journals named, the prolific and sparkling journalist contributed at this time to *Punch* some of the best trifles in verse and prose that ever adorned its pages. This connection, however, he severed about the middle of 1869, on undertaking the editorship of *Humbug*, a remarkably clever publication. In *Humbug* appeared, perhaps, the best fugitive work Marcus Clarke ever threw off. Besides his own racy pen, those of such well-known writers as Dr. Neild, Mr. Charles Bright, Mr. A. L. Windsor and Henry Kendall were busy on the pages of the new spirited, satirical organ, which was ably illustrated by Mr. Cousins. Notwithstanding, however, all this array of talent the venture was not financially a success, as at that time the taste for journalistic literature was very much more limited than now, and a writer, however gifted, had then a poor chance of earning a livelihood by the efforts of his pen.

HENRY KENDALL.

While thus rapidly rising in the rank of Australia's *littérateurs*, Clarke was unfortunately induced, by the foolish advice of friends, who felt flattered by his company, to live at a rate far exceeding his income, naturally becoming involved in debt. From this there was no recourse but to borrow, and so the presence of the usurer was sought. Thus commenced that course of life which, after a few years of ceaseless worry, brought, long ere his time, the brilliant man of genius, with the brightest of prospects before him, to the grave broken-hearted. Surely those who led him into the extravagances, men his seniors in years and experience, must bear their share of responsibility for the dark end to so bright a beginning. And yet some of these were his bitterest enemies afterwards.

Undeterred, however, by the pecuniary difficulties in which he found himself, he, with characteristic thoughtlessness, plunged into matrimony by espousing Miss Marian Dunn, the actress-daughter of genial John Dunn, Prince of Comedians. This young lady was at the time of her engagement to Clarke playing with great success a series of characters with the late Walter Montgomery, who entertained so high an opinion of her histrionic abilities, as to urge her to visit England and America with him. But the little lady preferred to remain in Australia as the wife of the rising *littérateur*, and so they were married on the 22nd of July, 1869, the only witnesses of the marriage being the bride's parents and the best man, the late Mr. B. F. Kane, Secretary of the Education Department. And the strangest—but characteristic of him—part of the ceremony was that the bridegroom, after the connubial knot was tied, left his bride in charge of her parents, while he went in search of lodgings wherein to take his "better half."

Having settled down as a Benedict, so far as it was possible for him to do so, our author, doubtless inspired by the society he had married into, set himself to work for the first time as a playwright, the result being the production of a drama styled *Foul Play*, a dramatisation of Charles Reade's and Dion Boucicault's novel of that name. It met with but partial success. But not discouraged by this comparative failure, the newly-fledged dramatist wrote, or rather adapted from other sources, for the Christmas season of 1870 at the Theatre Royal, a clever burlesque on the old nursery story of *Goody Two Shoes*, which met with considerable success both from the Press and the public. But even in this, his almost initial piece, he betrayed that weakness, theatrically speaking, which, more or less, marred all his dramatic efforts, namely, writing above the intelligence of the average audience.

Soon after this overwork had told its tale upon the restless brain, and the doctors ordered change of air to the more salubrious climate of Tasmania. But as funds were, as usual with him, decidedly low, how was the change to be effected? Eureka! He would ask the publishers of the now defunct *Humbug* to bring out a tale of his in their *Australian Journal*. The tale should be full of thrilling incidents relating to the old convict days in Tasmania. Brimming over with the idea he sought the presence of the publishers in question—Clarson, Massina & Co.—and made his suggestions. The offer was at once accepted, and the needy writer received the necessary aid to take him over to Van Diemen's Land, in order to improve his health and enable him to pore over prison records. Thus was the now deservedly celebrated novel, *His Natural Life*, initiated. But as to how it was completed is another matter. Let the unfortunate publisher testify his experience. And in such manner was produced *His Natural Life*. But the reader must remember that the work, as now published by Messrs. Bentley in London, is very different, as regards the construction and ending, to that which appeared in serial form in the *Australian Journal*.

As without doubt this is the best and most sustained effort of Marcus Clarke's genius, and the one upon which will chiefly rest his fame in literature, it is only right to publish here some extracts from the various reviews written of the novel in English, American and German papers.

The Daily Telegraph, London:—"And who," some thousands of readers may ask, "is Mr. Marcus Clarke? Until a recent period we should have confessed the very haziest knowledge of Mr. Marcus Clarke's existence, save that in the columns of Melbourne newspapers his name has appeared. Mr. Marcus Clarke has hardly entered into the ken of perhaps more than a hundred persons in England; but, having read the forcible and impressive novel entitled *His Natural Life*, we have not only come to an acquaintance as admiring as it is sudden with the author's name, but esteem it by no means a venturesome or hazardous act to predict for it a fame as great as that achieved by any living novelist. Indeed this wonderful narrative, which, despite the thrilling

incident, bears on every page the honest impress of unexaggerated truth, has the material of a whole circulating library of tragic romance within itself. The only fault is the over-abundance which necessitates hurry in its disposal. But if Mr. Clarke's future has been embarrassed in some measure by its own riches, the author may well be satisfied with the result, for he has furnished readers in the old and new countries with matter for grave and earnest reflection; he has re-opened a discussion that has too soon been abandoned to torpor, and he has, in short, rendered better service than the State of Letters is wont to receive at the hands of a mere novel writer. . . . We have by no means over-praised this novel. The temptation to run into superlatives is great, and it has been resisted here for the one reason, if for no other, that, highly meritorious as Mr. Marcus Clarke's first English publication seems in our eyes, we are yet of belief, after its perusal, that he is destined to give the world yet greater and more effective because more concentrated work."

Boston Gazette, America:—"One of the most powerfully written and most absorbingly interesting novels that has lately attracted our notice is *His Natural Life*, by Marcus Clarke. It is a story dealing with convict life in Australia, and has been written 'for a purpose.' The plot is constructed with remarkable skill, and in the depicting of character the author manifests a talent we have rarely seen surpassed in any modern writer of fiction. A similar high degree of praise may be awarded him for his description of scenery. The book is intensely dramatic both in subject and treatment, but it is quite free from 'sensationalism' in the objectionable sense of the word. The style is healthy, manly and vigorous, and shows a surprising facility in word-painting. Mr. Clarke professes to have drawn his characters, localities and incidents directly from nature, and his work bears internal evidence that he has. It is the most stirring story of its class that has appeared since Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, of which it has all the fire and artistic feeling, minus the affectation. This novel cannot fail to make its mark."

The Spectator, London:—"It is something to write a book so powerful, especially as all the power is directed to the noblest end."

Saturday Review, London:—"There is undeniable strength in what Mr. Clarke has written."

Morning Post, London: "This novel appals while it fascinates, by reason of the terrible reality which marks the individual characters living and breathing in it. The tragic power of its situations, the knowledge of the sombre life which the author shows so vividly in the able handling of its subject, the pathos which here and there crops up like an oasis in a sandy desert, lead the reader from the beaten track of fiction."

The Graphic, London:—"It is, of course, possible that Mr. Marcus Clarke may turn out to be a man of one book, and out of his element in any atmosphere but that of convict and penal settlements. He shows, however, too much knowledge of human nature generally to make us think this at all likely, and if so, he must be hailed as a valuable recruit to the ranks of novelists of the day."

Vanity Fair, London:—"There is an immensity of power in this most extraordinary book."

The World, London:—"Few persons will read his remarkable descriptions of convict life and antipodean scenery without recognising an author of commanding originality and strength."

The Reform, Hamburg (translated from the German.)—"This novel treats of a terrible subject. The life of the prisoners in Van Diemen's land is set before us in a panorama painted by a master hand. Ladies of a sentimental turn had better abstain from reading this story, unless they choose to risk a nervous fever. The romance is full of power. The writer illuminates the lowest depths of human nature in a manner which holds us spell-bound, despite ourselves. Marcus Clarke is a master of psychology, and his descriptions of nature are as effective as his style is pure."

And from no less a giant in literature than Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, America, the following complimentary letter was received by Clarke in acknowledgment of a copy of the novel sent to the author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*:—"The pictures of life under the dreadful conditions to which the convicts were submitted are very painful, no doubt, but we cannot question the fact that they were only copied from realities as bad as their darkest shadows. The only experiences at all resembling these horrors which our people have had were the cruelties to which our prisoners were subjected in some of the southern pens for human creatures during the late war. I do not think they were driven to cannibalism, but the most shocking stories were told of the condition to which they were reduced by want of food and crowding together. There are some Robinson Crusoe touches in your story, which add greatly to its interest, and I should think that the colonists, and thousands at home in the mother country, would find it full of attraction in spite of its painful revelations. This work cannot fail to draw attention, and make your name widely known and appreciated as an author throughout the world."

Besides contributing this historical romance to the columns of the *Australian Journal* Clarke was busy writing in the *Australasian* those sketches of the early days of Australia, which were afterwards published in book form under the title of *Old Tales of a Young Country*. These sketches, like his great novel, though highly interesting as historical records of the colonies, were for the most part worked up from governmental pamphlets and old journals. But in the casting they were stamped by the genius of the master-hand, which could appropriate and improve upon the appropriation as only men of original *calibre* are able to do. In the meantime the "Peripatetic Philosopher" ceased to adorn the pages of the *Australasian* with his caustic and eccentric dissertations, because, through the influence of one of the noblest patrons of letters in Victoria—the late Sir Redmond Barry—the Philosopher had been found a congenial post as Secretary to the Trustees of the Public Library, of whom Sir Redmond himself was the respected President. This appointment was made in June, 1870, and from that time Clarke ceased to be connected with the staff of any journal, though remaining a brilliant and valued contributor all his life to

newspapers, magazines, reviews, &c., instead of, unfortunately, concentrating his exceptional powers on the production of works of a class with *His Natural Life.* Among other articles contributed by him about this time were the "Buncle Letters," which appeared in the *Argus* and attracted much attention, being running comments of a satirically humorous character, on the social and political events of the day, supposed to be written by one brother resident in town to his less sophisticated brother in the country. In the same journal, Clarke wrote a descriptive sketch of the mining mania which had seized upon Sandhurst at the time; and for piquancy the sketch was among his best in descriptive journalism. At this period, also, he once more tried his hand at the drama, and adapted for John Dunn, his father-in-law, Moliére's celebrated comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, into English, under the title of *Peacock's Feathers*, which was produced with great success at the Theatre Royal.

Mention has been made of the interest Sir Redmond Barry evinced in the rising *littérateur*, whom he took under his parental wing when obtaining for him the post in the Public Library. And this interest and regard the respected judge retained for his *protégé*, despite his oft-repeated thoughtless acts, to the end of his life, which end arrived, strange to say, only some few months before that of the much younger man, who, on hearing of Sir Redmond's death, expressed himself as having lost his best and truest friend. But with all the warm regard existing between the venerable judge and the youthful author, there was always a certain characteristic *hauteur* on the one hand, and a reverential respect on the other, in their official and social relationships. In proof of this a couple of examples may be related.

It was a hot summer's day, and, as was his style in such weather, the librarian was dressed dandily in unspotted white flannel, a cabbage-tree hat shadowing his face. So clothed he was leisurely wending his way up the steps of the library when he met the President, looking more starched, if possible, than ever, and wearing the well-known, flat-rimmed, tapering, belltopper, which shone sleekily in the glare of the noonday sun. The following brief dialogue then ensued:—President: "Good morning, Mr. Clarke." Librarian: "Good morning, sir." President: "I scarcely think your hat is exactly suited to the position you occupy in connection with this establishment, Mr. Clarke—Good morning," and with a stiff bend of the erect body the President took his departure with just a glimmer of a smile playing round the firmly-closed lips. Again, not long before Sir Redmond's death, and when the librarian had got himself into "hot water" among the "unco guid" section of the Trustees, through writing his clever though caustic reply to the Anglican Bishop, Dr. Moorhouse's criticism on Clarke's article, "Civilisation without Delusion," the President appeared one evening in the librarian's office with a clouded countenance, and said, "Good evening, Mr. Clarke." The librarian, with an intuitive feeling that something was wrong, returned the salutation, when the President remarked: "Mr. Clarke, you would oblige me greatly if you were to leave *some* things *undone*. For instance, that unfortunate article of yours—attacking so estimable a man as the bishop. Very indiscreet, Mr. Clarke. I—think—I—should require—to—have—some—thousands a year of a private income before *I* would—venture—upon writing such an—article on—such a subject, and among so punctillious a community as exists here. Good evening, Mr. Clarke:" and the librarian was left dazed and speechless at the solemnity of the rebuke, and the dignified departure of his President.

Recurring back to the literary work being done by our author, we find that it was during the next two years—namely, in 1872-73—that his prolific pen was in its busiest mood, for within the space of those twenty-four months he wrote the psychological dialogues styled "Noah's Ark," in the *Australasian;* these were interspersed with those exquisitely told stories, subsequently published in book form, under the names of *Holiday Peak* and *Four Stories High*. The former was dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes upon whom he looked as one of the brightest gems in the literary firmament, and from whom he had received much literary encouragement; the latter was dedicated to an appreciative friend, the late kind-hearted though explosive William Saurin Lyster, the man to whom Australian lovers of music owe a deep debt of gratitude as the first introducer of high-class opera and oratorio to these shores. Of these stories, *Pretty Dick* is perhaps the finest piece of work as regards execution done by Australia's greatest literary

artist. And in this opinion I am not alone, as the following letter, from one who stands very high in the world's estimate as a master of true pathos and humour will show :—

BOSTON, *23rd December, 1872.*

DEAR MR. CLARKE,—

I received your letter and MS., with the newspaper extract, some two or three days ago, and sat down almost at once and read the story. It interested me deeply, and I felt as much like crying over the fate of "Pretty Dick" as I did when I was a child and read the *Babes in the Wood*. I *did* cry then—I will *not* say whether I cried over "Pretty Dick" or not. But *I* will say it is a *very* touching story, *very* well told.

I am, Dear Mr. Clarke,
Most sincerely yours,
O. W. HOLMES.

Apart from these tales, there appeared among the "Noah's Ark" papers some excellent original verse, at times approximating to poetry and several metrical translations from Greek, Latin, German and French poets. He also composed in this year—1872—his most effectively written drama, *Plot*, which was produced at the Princess' Theatre with success. Following on *Plot*, he wrote, or rather adapted, the pantomime of *Twinkle Little Star*, which was played at the Theatre Royal during the Christmas season making quite "a hit."

It was about this time that the relations between Marcus Clarke and the journals with which he had from the commencement of his journalistic career been connected became strained, as is said in diplomatic jargon, and shortly afterwards all connection between them ceased for ever.

As a good deal of misconception exists about the breach that took place between the subject of this biography and the representatives out here of the proprietors of the *Argus* and *Australasian*, it is advisable in the interest of the author to explain the cause of the breach. It was in this year that Mr. Bagot, the "indefatigable" Secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, declined while under some peculiar influence to issue free tickets to the press, as had been the universal custom from time immemorial. The very natural reply of the press to this uncalled-for and blundering affront was simply not to report the races. This was agreed to by the morning journals then published in Melbourne. But in the *Evening Herald*, which was not, through questionable motives, consulted in the matter, there appeared the night the Cup was run, a remarkably clever report of the event—perhaps the cleverest description of the Cup meeting which has been seen in the pages of any Melbourne journal. Naturally the sparkling report caused no small consternation in the ranks of journalism in the city; more especially among the authorities of the *Argus*, who did not fail to recognise it to be the ingenious brainwork of their own contributor—Marcus Clarke. When questioned on the subject the erratic journalist denied having been at the races, but admitted writing the sketch, claiming his right to do so on the ground that, as the *Argus* did not choose to employ him because of a disagreement with Mr. Bagot he had every moral right to earn an honest penny from the proprietors of another journal who afforded him the opportunity of so doing. This, however, did not satisfy the ruling power of the *Argus* (Mr. Gowen Evans), who was probably chagrined to read in another journal the work of one whom he looked upon as that paper's property. The result of this attempt at autocratic interference and dictation was the loss to the journals in question of the writer whose work above that of all others had adorned their columns, and increased their popularity.

Having parted from the journals which he had so greatly aided by his rare abilities, Clarke became attached as a contributor to the *Herald* and *Daily Telegraph* and subsequently to the *Age* and *Leader*.

The next, most important and unfortunate, event which overtook him about this period was his insolvency. Though long expected, and known to be inevitable, the victim of untoward circumstances put off the evil day by every means in his power, thereby sinking deeper and deeper in the mire, till at last his doom had to be met, and his name appeared in the bankruptcy list. What those who had helped to lead him into this position felt when the disagreeable fact became known can only be conjectured, but, at any rate, their foolish dupe felt the position more acutely than any acquaintance of his could possibly imagine, judging by the light-hearted manner in which he discussed the subject with one and all. Only those who knew Marcus Clarke intimately—and they were few—realised how keenly he suffered from the thought that one, like himself, with a name and a fame, who had had

every chance of being independent, should become what he, poor, generous, thoughtless fellow, had become. Still, it was unavoidable, and his fate was sealed. Would that the first mistake had acted as a warning, but it was not to be, for no sooner was one difficulty overcome than another commenced, ending only when life was no more—that life which was driven to its death by the merciless snares of the crafty usurer, against whom, at the last, he fought as desperately as man does against the remorseless python, who knows his prey is safe in the fatal embrace.

Yet despite all these monetary troubles, the inherently strong sense of humour in him would trifle with the seriousness of the position, for it was about this time that he penned the following remarks as the real excuse for his chronically impecunious condition :—

I have made a scientific discovery. I have found out the reason why I have so long been afflicted with a pecuniary flux. For many years past I have tried to find out why I am always in debt, and have consulted all sorts of financial physicians, but grew no better, but rather the worse. The temporary relief afforded by a mild loan or an overdraft at the bank soon vanished. I once thought that by the judicious application of a series of bills at three months I could check the ravages of disease; but, alas! my complaint was aggravated, while I had not courage for the certain but painful remedy of the actual cautery, as recommended by Dr. Insolvent Commissioner Noel. My friends said I had "got into bad hands," that I had been deceived by advertising quacks, whose only object was to depress the financial system, and keep me an invalid as long as possible. I applied for admission into the Great Polynesian Loan Company's Hospital, and pawned myself there, in fact, at the ridiculously low rate of 350 per cent. I was insured in the Shylock Alliance Company (which afterwards, to my great disgust, amalgamated with the Polynesian), and there I sold the reversionary interest in my immortal soul, I believe, to a bland gentleman who calculated the amount of blood in my body and flesh on my bones by the aid of a printed money-table. Yet my financial health did not seem to improve. I grew anxious, and began to reason. I resolved to write a book. I wrote one, and called it *A Theory for the Causation, and Suggestions for the Prevention of Impecuniosity; together with Hypotheses on the Causation, and Views as to the Prevention of Composition-with-creditors, Bankruptcy, Fraudulent Insolvency, and other Pecuniary Diseases.* In the course of examination of Bills of Sale, Acceptances, Liens on Wool, and other matters, I discovered by accident the cause of my disease. It was the simplest thing in the world. The idiots of doctors had been treating me for extravagance, whereas the fact was that *I was cursed with so powerful and innate a passion for economy that I never could bring myself to the expenditure of ready money.*

But turning to a pleasanter and more interesting subject, the Cave of Adullam has to be mentioned. The Cave of Adullam! "What is that?" may ask the uninitiated reader. Well, the particular cave alluded to was a club house, once situated in Flinders Lane, behind the *Argus* office, where stands now some softgoods palatial structure. To this only a very select body of members was admitted, the selectness in this case necessitating that a member should be happily impecunious, and, if possible, be hunted by the myrmidons of the law. From this brief description it will be seen that the Adullamites were a family *sui generis*. The entrance to the modest building was not easy of access, being only reached by a tortuous lane of ominous appearance, guarded by an animal who boasted the bluest of blue bulldog blood. The pass-words were—"Honor! No Frills!" The members were mostly composed of literary Bohemians, whose wordly paths were not strewn with roses, and between whom and the trader there existed a mutual disrespect. Chief among the members of this exclusive brotherhood was the subject of this biography, who, having discarded the more conventional surroundings of the Yorick Club, became a shining light within the shades of the Cave of Adullam. And to commemorate the genius of the members of the Cave was written a Christmas tale, yclept *'Twixt Shadow and Shine*, which contains fanciful portraitures of the leading Adullamites. But, alas! the destroyer of all things, Time, has one by one scattered its members, till now the place that knew the members of that eccentric Bohemian band knows them no more. *Sic transit gloria*, &c. And with Hamlet we may say, addressing that once coruscating group—"Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own jeering? Quite chap-fallen!"

Notwithstanding, however, all the merry goings on at the Cave, Clarke was, perhaps, harder at work in those years than at any other time, although certainly the work was thrown off without much effort, and with as little care for a future reputation. It was at this time he first became a contributor to the *Age* and *Leader*, with which his connection lasted up to his death, having gone through the trying ordeal incident upon the *Age cum* Berry Reform Agitation of 1877, '78, '79,

into which he threw himself with all the zest of a thorough hater of Shoddocracy, writing some of the most telling articles which illumined the pages of these journals at that time. And he fought the more zealously in the fray, because he wrote under the editorial guidance of one upon whom he looked as, at once, the best read and the ab'est journalist on the Australian press—Mr. A. L. Windsor. It was during this period he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the then Governor of Victoria, Sir George Bowen, and was offered by Mr. Graham Berry (now Sir) the Librarianship of the Parliament Library, which he declined, relying upon securing that of the Public Library, in which, however, he was doomed to disappointment a year or two later.

Clarke, apart from Melbourne journals, contributed largely to the *Queenslander* as also to the *Sydney Mail*, through the introduction of the late Mr. Hugh George, the gentleman who as general manager of the *Argus* raised that paper to a high position, and who subsequently was the valued general manager of the Messrs. Fairfax's newspapers in Sydney. Of all those connected prominently with the *Argus* when Marcus Clarke was its brightest ornament, Mr. Hugh George alone remained to the end the generous advocate of his exceptional abilities, of which he never lost an opportunity to avail himself in the Sydney journals, over which he exercised a control. And about the last negotiations Clarke entered into, only a few weeks before his unexpected death, were with that gentleman, in connection with a proposal that he should start on a tour through the colonies and South Sea Islands as the accredited "Special" of the Messrs. Fairfax's newspapers, and of the London *Daily Telegraph*, for which brilliantly written journal he had been acting for some years as "Australian Correspondent;" and that he was held in high estimation by the authorities of that remarkable paper the following letter, written by its proprietor and editor, speaks for itself. Wrote Mr. Lawson Levy:—

"Without having the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I am sure you will pardon me if I venture to address you on a subject which may not be without interest. I have read your books with very great pleasure, and it has occurred to me that you possess most of the qualifications for journalism of the highest order. Has the idea ever occurred to you of adopting this branch of literature, and would it suit your views to come to England? I am, of course, ignorant of what your position may be, and ignorant of any feeling that you may have upon the subject. It is quite possible that ties may bind you to Australia—ties that you cannot break. If, however, the idea should have entered into your mind, tell me in a letter what your position is, what income you would require to entice you to come to London, whether you feel yourself competent for journalistic work, whether you have ever done any, and if you have, you would perhaps think it advisable to send me by the next mail, samples of such work. If, moreover, for the moment, the notion should seem acceptable to you, sit down and write me three or four leading articles on any subjects that may seem best to you—articles that will make about a column of our newspaper matter; and put into them as much of your force and vigor as you can command. Under any circumstances, whether my ideas waken any sympathy in your mind or not, I am sure you will permit me to congratulate you on the success your works have met with here."

Why Marcus Clarke did not avail himself of the chance of going to London under such auspices it is difficult to imagine, the more particularly that he was well aware that such talent as his had no possible scope in this, a new country, whereas in London literary circles it would have been appreciated at its proper value.

Surely, in the face of such encouragement, a genius, well nigh suffocated by the denseness of the *quasi*-intellectual atmosphere surrounding it, should have seized the opportunity to move from scenes clouded over with trouble, and from a community which gave but a feeble response to its bright efforts? But, somehow, it did not, or could not.

Returning to the year 1876, an event happened which deeply affected Marcus Clarke. In August of that year his father-in-law, genial, witty John Dunn, for whom he had a sincere affection, fell down dead in the street. The bitterness of this loss was greatly aggravated by his inability to publish the autobiography of the deceased actor, which he had together with Dr. Neild revised at the author's request, with a view to its publication after his death. But the wish of the deceased was not carried out, owing, it is said, to an objection taken by a daughter of the actor, who had married into so-called Society circles, to have the ups and downs of a poor player's family career submitted to public view.

Accordingly, the autobiography of Australia's clever comedian was not brought out, and the early history of the Australian stage has been lost to the public. For the next three years, besides the journalistic work alluded to, Clarke was busy at dramatic composition, producing, in conjunction with Mr. Keely, *Alfred the Great*,

a burlesque, which achieved a success at the Bijou Theatre, during the Christmas season of 1877. This was followed by the adaptation for the Theatre Royal of Wilkie Collins' sensational novel *Moonstone*. This play was not the success anticipated, but it must be said in justice to the author that it was considerably spoiled by the pruning-knife of the management, which did its slashing with little judgment. Another piece, a comedietta, styled, *Baby's Luck*, was subsequently written for Mr. J. L. Hall, in which that popular actor appeared to great advantage. *Fernande*, a clever adaptation of Sardou's emotional drama of that name, was also written about this time, but never produced owing to a disagreement over the matter. Of this adaptation Miss Genevieve Ward expressed to the writer a high opinion of its merits, which, coming from so great an artist and one who had read the play in the original, is no small compliment to the author. It may also be surmised that it was during this period that the fanciful extravaganza of *The King of the Genii* was composed. This piece is written in a Gilbertean manner, and is not unlike that author's *Palace of Truth*. Yet Clarke's ability as a playright was thrown away, as theatrical managers in the colonies had not, unfortunately, either the capacity to know a good thing, or the enterprise to encourage local talent. But not only was Clarke's pen busy at dramas—it was tempted into an entirely new field—that of history. At the suggestion of the then Minister of Education, the late Mr. Justice Wilberforce Stephen, he was engaged to write a history of Australia for the State-schools, which had just come under the new secular, compulsory, and free Education Act. This work entailed upon the writer more routine labour than was to his taste, and consequently, instead of devoting himself to the somewhat tedious task, he, after commencing the book, handed it over, in his usual good-hearted way to some impecunious friends, who did not possess any literary qualification for such work, the consequence being that the book turned out to be a miserable *fiasco*, and was never used in the schools for which it was intended. Some notion of its value may be gleaned from the following critical notice of it in a leading journal :—"In short, the book before us is calculated to impress the reader with the idea that it has been compiled by some literary charlatan rather than by an author of Mr. Marcus Clarke's ability and reputation." But because little or no attention was given by the supposed author of the history to the work, it must not be imagined that the fertile mind was inactive That clever, though eccentric. *brochure*, *The Future Australian Race*, was written at this period. Of it an English paper wrote :—"It deals with a subject of considerable ethnological and social interest in language more forcible than philosophical. Mr. Clarke considers that vegetarians are Conservatives, and 'Red Radicals,' for the most part meat-eaters, while 'fish-eaters are invariably moderate Whigs.' He thinks that 'the Australasians will be content with nothing short of a *turbulent democracy*,' and that in five hundred years the Australasian race will have 'changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilisation,' but it is fortunately 'impossible that we should live to see this stupendous climax. *Après nous, le déluge.*'" Besides this his restless mind was weekly giving out articles, reviews, and sketches, bearing his own mint mark, in the *Age*, the *Leader*, the *Sydney Mail* and *Morning Herald*, and *London Daily Telegraph*. It was also at work on the *Melbourne* and *Victorian Reviews*, in a somewhat significant, albeit imprudent manner, for it was in the *Victorian* that his "disturbing" article on "Civilisation Without Delusion" appeared, and in the *Melbourne* his clever rejoinder, to Dr. Moorhouse's reply to the original article, saw light.

The last efforts of Clarke in the direction of dramatic work, were the two comedies written for his wife on her re-appearance, after an absence of some years, at the Bijou in the winter of 1880. Of the two, the one, *A Daughter of Eve*, was original ; the other, *Forbidden Fruit*, being an adaptation from the French. The former is undoubtedly clever, being on the lines of Sheridan's comedies ; and in the leading character of "Dorothy Dove," Mrs. Clarke did every justice to her histrionic abilities.

Besides these comedies, the author left unfinished the libretto of *Queen Venus* an *Opera Bouffe* on which he was engaged with M. Kowalski, the eminent pianist, at the time of his death ; also the plots and a portion of the matter of the following ;—*Reverses*, an Australian Comedy ; *Paul and Virginia*, a burlesque ; *Fridoline*, an opera comique, and *Salome*, a comedy.

And now reference has to be made to that which more than any other single cause led to the unfortunate pecuniary and other complications in which the subject of this memoir became involved during the last year or two of his short life—namely his appointment as agent with power-of-attorney to act as he deemed desirable for his cousin, Sir Andrew Clarke, in connection with some landed property owned by that gentleman in this colony. Paradoxical as this statement may appear it is nevertheless too true that the confidence placed by Sir Andrew Clarke in his cousin's ability to act as his sole and unchecked agent in business matters was one of the most fatal errors ever committed both for the principal and the agent. For the former it meant pecuniary loss, for the latter neglect of all literary work. That Marcus Clarke was altogether to blame for the "mixed" condition into which the business affairs of his cousin got is simply absurd. All that can be urged against him in the matter is that he was negligent and thoughtless in connection with them as he had always been with his own. However, the less said the better in connection with this episode of the brilliant *littérateur's* life for after all it was not his fault but misfortune, as he has said himself, that he was not a Business Man. Indeed, no reference would have been made to this matter were it not that it was the greatest misfortune that ever happened to Clarke that he had anything to do with this business, as it not only led him to abandon his proper duties, but led him, also, deeper into the clutches of usurers, who eventually wrought him to death before his time. And it is probably owing to this "bungle" that Sir Andrew Clarke has not seen his way to help (although receiving a handsome pension from this colony) the widow and children of him of whose abilities he could think so highly as to induce the Prince of Wales, when on his visit to India where Sir Andrew was Minister of Public Works, to read *His Natural Life*. The Prince did read the book, and was so struck by its powers that he expressed a desire to meet the author, who, he suggested, ought to go to that intellectual centre of the world—London.

It may be assumed that it was owing to this unfortunate business craze which had seized hold of our author, that there had been left behind in an unfinished state a novel which began so brilliantly as *Felix and Felicitas*. Commenced years before, it was allowed to lie by during his "landlord" days, and until a few months previous to his demise, when it was re-commenced; but too late, for the hand of Death was already upon him, as he himself too well knew and frequently remarked during the last few weeks of his life—notably on the Queen's Birthday, preceding his decease—when, walking with a friend in the vicinity of the Yarra Bend Asylum he mournfully remarked, "Which shall it be—the Mad Asylum or the Pauper Grave? Let a toss of the coin decide—head, grave; tail, asylum." And forthwith a florin was tossed, and fell tail uppermost. "Not if I know it, my festive coin. No gibbering idiot shall I e'er be; rather the gleeful, gallows-tree."

That English literature has lost through the incompletion of *Felix and Felicitas*, no judge who has perused the opening chapters can deny; and that the promise of artistic merit held out by these chapters was fully realised by authorities on the subject is proved by the anxiety of Messrs. Bentley and Sons to urge on the writer to complete the work for publication in London; and so capable a critic as Mrs. Cashel Hoey, writing from London to the *Australasian* of the story, remarked:—

> The literary world here has received with great regret the intelligence of Mr. Marcus Clarke's death. His tales of the early days of the colonies, and his very striking novel, *His Natural Life*, made a deep impression here. We were always expecting another powerful fiction from his pen. I fear he has not left any finished work, and I regret the fact all the more deeply that I have been allowed the privilege of reading a few chapters of a novel begun by Mr. Marcus Clarke, under the title of *Felix and Felicitas*. The promise of those chapters is quite exceptional; they equal in brilliancy and vivacity the best writing of Edward Whitty, and they surpass that vivid writer in construction. It is difficult to believe, while reading the opening chapters of this, I fear, unfinished work, that the author lived at the other side of the world from the scenes and the society which he depicts with such accuracy, lightness, grace, and humour.

In order to enable the reader to have some idea of the interesting nature of the plot of the story ideally drawn, it is said, from the author's own experiences, the following sketch of it written by him for the publishers will doubtless be welcome:—

> The following is a synopsis of my novel now in MS. The title is FELIX AND FELICITAS. Those who were in the Academy Exhibition of 18— remember the picture "Martha and Mary."

The artist was a Mr. Felix Germaine, the son of a country parson having a rectory near Deal. I know the place well. The brother of this clergyman is travelling tutor and friend to Lord Godwin (one like Lord Pembroke), who has just returned from a cruise in the South Seas in his yacht. Ampersand, the idler (everybody knows him), meets Godwin on his return, and tells him of the success of his old schoolfellow—Felix. He brings both to a concert at Raphael Delevyra's, the famous pianoforte maker; and there they hear some good musical and witty talk. Stivelyn, Carbeth, Storton,—not unlike Swinburne, Buchanan, and Albert Grant—are there amongst others. Felix, who is married to a charmingly domesticated wife, falls in love with Mrs. Delevyra, who, as all the world knows, was Felicitas Carmel—the niece of Carmel, the violinist, who retired from public life, having paralysis of the left hand. (N.B.—The great Beethoven was deaf; but his torments were nothing to Carmel's.) Mr. Delevyra is a rich, thriving man—some say that his name is really Levi—but Felicitas doesn't care for him. She and Felix you see—want to live that Higher Life of which we have heard so much lately; and consequently they resolve to break the Seventh Commandment. They get away in Godwin's yacht; and now begins my effort at mental analysis. In a little time they grow weary; then blame each other; then they are poor; and finally they hate each other—each blaming each for causing the terrible fall from the high standard of Ideality settled by them in their early interviews. In the midst of this Delevyra arrives. The Jew has made up his mind. He loves his wife; but she has betrayed him. He will not forgive her; or rather he cannot forgive himself. He explains the common-sense view of the matter. He shows her that she has spent two-thirds of his income—that her desertion was not only treacherous, but foolish, inasmuch as she loses respect, position, and *money*. In fine, with some sarcasm and power, he strips adultery of its poetic veil, and shows it to be worse than a crime—a blunder. Felix expects a duel—not at all. Delevyra discourses him sweetly upon the "Higher Life," and says to his wife—"If this is the congenial soul you pine for I will allow him £300 a year to live with you and make you happy." Felicitas travels—divorced and allowanced (Teresa Perugino did the same). She writes books, poems, and travels—very recondite stuff they say. Felix, utterly shamed, goes home in Godwin's yacht. He is wrecked at Deal, near his own house, and his body is brought to his wife. He, however, recovers and lives happily. Ampersand says in the last chapter—"You ask what the Modern Devil is." It is an Anti-Climax. We haven't the strength to carry anything to the end. These people ought to have taken poison or murdered somebody. I saw Felix the other day. He is quite fat and rubicund. His wife henpecks him. He makes lots of money by pictures—but they are not as good as "Martha and Mary."

The romance is musical, æsthetic, and sensational. It is not written *virginibus puerisque*, but the effect is a moral one. Some of the characters may be recognised, but I have avoided direct personality.

And now comes the last scene of all, and it is with a sorrowful heart I pen these lines, for Memory flies back to the bright days of our early friendship, when, boys together, we never found "the longest day too long," and whispers, in mournful tones, "Ah! what might have been." But it was not to be, and I bow in silent submission to the Omnipotent Will.

Some months before the end came the never strong constitution of my friend began to give forth ominous signs of an early break-up. The once-active brain became by degrees more lethargic, and the work which at one time could be executed with rapidity and force became a task not to be undertaken without effort. The vivid, humorous imagination of the Peripatetic Philosopher assumed a more sombre hue, yielding itself up to the unravelling of psychological puzzles. The keen vein of playful satire which was so marked a feature of his mental calibre turned into a bitterness that but reflected the disappointed mind of this son of genius; and hence, for upwards of six months, from the opening of the year 1881 to the day of his death in the August of that year no literary work of consequence was done with the exception of the *Mystery of Major Molineux*, which opened in his usual finished style, but which through force of untoward pecuniary circumstances was wound up suddenly, leaving the mystery as mysterious as ever. But above all other matters that occupied his thoughts during the few weeks preceding his death and the one which may be set down as the chief cause of that death, was the compulsory sequestration of his estate by Aaron Waxman, usurer (since gone to render his account before the Almighty Tribunal), which meant the loss of his position in the Public Library. All these mental troubles came upon the broken-down body in a cluster, and the burden was too heavy to bear. Struggling against his bitter fate—the more bitter that he knew he was himself greatly to blame—he fell by the way, crushed in mind and body, and the bright spirit passed away from the weakly tenement of clay which held it, to, let us hope, more congenial realms, leaving behind it a blank in the social and literary circles it was wont to frequent, which cannot be filled up, for that spirit was *sui generis*.

The illness which immediately caused his decease commenced with an attack of pleurisy, and this developing into congestion of the liver, and finally into erysipelas, carried him off in the space of one short week. Indeed he had, during the last year of his life, suffered so frequently from attacks brought on by a disordered liver, that little heed was given to the final attack till a day or two

previous to his death, when the wife, who had so unwearyingly attended him night and day, found that matters were more serious than anticipated and sent for an old companion and friend of her husband's, Dr. Patrick Moloney. From the beginning he held out little hopes, as the constitution was sadly worn out, and the mental worry of the latter weeks had completed the task of dissolution. But the dying man himself did not evidently realise his position even up to the time of the insensibility which preceded death setting in, for only a few hours before his decease he remarked jocularly to his watchful wife, "When I get up I will be a different man with a new liver," and then asked for and put on his coat. But the end came upon him rapidly. Losing his speech he beckoned for pencil and paper, and seizing hold of the sheets moved his hand over them as if writing. Shortly afterwards the mind began to wander, but still the hand continued moving with increasing velocity, and every now and then a futile attempt to speak was made. But the tongue could not utter what the fevered brain wished apparently to explain; and then, by degrees, the arms grew weary, the body fell back on the pillows, the large, beautiful eyes, with a far off gaze in them, opened widely for a second—then closed—and all was over on this earth with—Marcus Clarke.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, 2nd August, 1881, he died, aged 35.

Reader, let us draw the veil over this sad scene. The sorrow caused by the passing away of so bright a spirit is too mournful to dwell upon.

A MONOGRAPH.

THE foregoing biographical sketch of my friend having been written immediately subsequent to his death, and when the sorrow occasioned by it overshadowed all feeling in respect to him that dealt with the brighter and lighter sides of his nature, I have deemed it would not come amiss to his many admirers to learn more of the man and author than could be gleaned from a brief outline of his birth, life and death. But in attempting this, I feel I have set myself to do no easy task, for of a verity a more contradictory and many-sided brain could scarcely be found. Only to those few who knew him intimately was it vouchsafed to fully recognise the vividness of his imagination, the lightness of his fancy, the bitterness of his satire, the depth of his pathos. To the outside world, or even to his many acquaintances, he was an enigma they vainly tried to solve, for one of the predominating features of his character was a marked reticence, allied with a desire to mystify by inuendoes and exaggerations, those whom he casually met, or who sought his company out of curiosity. Despite however all these apparent contradictions of character the underlying trait of his nature was a dreamy melancholy. To the close observer this marked feature of his temperament was to be seen in his soulful eyes, even when they were sparkling with humour or flashing with anger, while in his thinking mood this trait was almost painful to contemplate, lending as it did a mournfulness to the expression of the eyes that was unspeakably sad. It was when in this mood that the real pathos of his nature spoke out with a power as pure as true. In proof of this, take the following heart-breaking passage from his great work *His Natural Life*, descriptive of the suicide of two poor little child-convicts, to whom even at so early a stage of their young lives death was preferable to existence.

Just outside this room Sylvia met with a little adventure. Meekin had stopped behind, and Burgess, being suddenly summoned for some official duty, Frere had gone with him, leaving his wife to rest on a bench that (placed at the summit of the cliff) overlooked the sea. While resting thus, she became aware of another presence, and, turning her head, beheld a small boy, with his cap in one hand and a hammer in the other. The appearance of the little creature, clad in a uniform of grey cloth that was too large for him, and holding in his withered little hand a hammer that was too heavy for him, had something pathetic about it.

"What is it, you mite?" asked Sylvia.

"We thought you might have seen him, mum," said the little figure, opening its blue eyes with wonder at the kindness of the tone.

"Him! Whom?"

"Cranky Brown, mum," returned the child; "him as did it this morning. Me and Billy knowed him, mum; he was a mate of ours, and we wanted to know if he looked happy."

"What do you mean, child?" said she, with a strange terror at her heart; and then, filled with pity at the aspect of the little being, she drew him to her, with sudden womanly instinct, and kissed him.

He looked up at her with joyful surprise.

"Oh!" he said.

Sylvia kissed him again.

"Does nobody ever kiss you, poor little man?" said she.

"Mother used to," was the reply, "but she's at home. Oh, mum," with a sudden crimsoning of the little face, "may I fetch Billy?"

"This is Billy, mum," he said. "Billy never had no mother. Kiss Billy."

The young wife felt the tears rush to her eyes. "You two poor babies!" she cried. And then, forgetting that she was a lady, dressed in silk and lace, she fell on her knees in the dust, and, folding the friendless pair in her arms, wept over them.

"What is the matter, Sylvia?" said Frere, when he came up. "You've been crying."

"Nothing Maurice; at least, I will tell you by-and-by."

* * * * * * * *

Unfortunately, when Sylvia went away, Tommy and Billy put into execution a plan which they had carried in their poor little heads for some weeks.

"I can do it now," said Tommy. "I feel strong."

"Will it hurt much, Tommy?" said Billy, who was not so courageous.

"Not so much as a whipping."

"I'm afraid! Oh, Tom, it's so deep! Don't leave me, Tom!"

The bigger boy took his little handkerchief from his neck, and with it bound his own left hand to his companion's right.

"Now I *can't* leave you."

"What was it the lady that kissed us said, Tommy?"

"Lord, have pity of them two fatherless children!" repeated Tommy.

"Let's say it, Tom."

And so the two babies knelt on the brink of the cliff, and raising the bound hands together, looked up at the sky, and ungrammatically said, "Lord, have pity on we two fatherless children!" And then they kissed each other, and did it.

Again we have real pathos in those sorrowful idylls, *Pretty Dick* and *Poor Joe*; and the remorse and agony depicted in *A Sad Christmas Eve* compel pity for the sufferer, albeit his grief is the outcome of his own selfishness. Turning to the brighter side of his nature, who can deny him the possession of a rare humour, light as laughter, and bright as sunshine. In his *Humbug* papers it bubbles up unconsciously, as when he writes *apropos* of thieving: "Borrowing may be reduced to a science or elevated to an art. Borrowing an umbrella is a science; borrowing half-a-crown is an art. The man who begins with an umbrella may get to half-a-crown or—even a 'crown;'" or, "Friends as a rule are a mistake. They are too expensive. No poor man can afford to have many friends. They would ruin him. Indeed, friendship is a luxury which should be indulged in with caution even by the rich;" or, of a man in New South Wales who borrowed his friend's horse and then sold it, on being remonstrated with, saying—"What did you lend it for? Do you expect a man in *this* colony to be an icicle?" or, "Mothers-in-law are ladies with daughters. A mother-in-law may be considered as the beard on the matrimonial oyster;" or, "Cordials, as a general rule, are worse than liquor. There is more *spirit* in them. A teetotaler who has been drinking Balm of Gilead is a terrible sight. I have calculated that a teetotaler could not possibly live through more than ten years of *cordiality*;" or, in reference to "loafing!" "Some people take time to acquire this art, but it is inherent in other people, like Original Sin, or buck-jumping in horses that you buy as bargains." But, apart from his humorous writings, Clarke was one of the most entertainingly amusing conversationalists one could meet if the spirit of fun possessed him. He could verily keep a company of clever men (amongst women he was a mute) listening enchanted to his quaint and original descriptions of character or incidents, so uttered that time was forgotten. It was this habit of his which greatly induced him to neglect more important duties, in the to him pleasant excitement of amusing others without giving heed to the fleeting hours. It is at this length of time difficult to recall the many gems of humour—mostly satirical—that fell from his lips, but one or two come to memory—to wit: When expostulated with for placing himself in the clutches of usurers, he would gravely remark that his banking experience had taught him that men who kept "double sets" of books were the safest to deal with financially as their consciences were more elastic. On another occasion, when an artist friend who had lent him money demanded payment, peremptorily threatening legal proceedings, he wrote across the angry letter, "Dear T———, 'Don't.' Yrs., M. C," and returned it. This laconic treatment meted out to the trusting friend served its purpose, as instead of further demands for payment, that friend, who enjoyed a point even to his own loss, showed the reply to his acquaintances, adding, "Who could after this sue him?" But as this conduct on Clarke's part may appear to some as ungrateful and selfish, let me assure such that he did to others in respect to similar transactions what he expected to be done, and was done, by others to himself. Whatever his financial position he could not refuse a call of charity, and although this might not be considered being just before being generous, still it showed that the heart was in the right place, albeit his notions of the value of money were, to say the least, peculiar, taken by the common standard accepted by the world at large. Many are the kind acts that my friend did unknown to anyone save those benefited or relieved. In confirmation of this, and in justice to his memory, let me relate one or two of these acts. Meeting one evening a literary friend of his—a prodigal Bohemian somewhat akin to himself—and learning from him that his family had eaten no food that day, Clarke, having no coin of the realm to give, unhesitatingly took off valuable solitaires, and gave them to his foodless brother in Bohemia to pawn, and so obtain sustenance. This act and others like it came to the writer's knowledge after the author's death, and when he went round taking a variety of articles out of "Uncle's" grasp. And to show how even those astute dealers felt towards their victim, it may be told that they as a rule gave up the articles pawned without charging the interest due thereon. So it will be seen there are "some bowels of compassion" in Israel yet! Another kindly act of my much misconstrued friend I must relate. Hearing one night late that a poor friend's wife was about being confined in a house devoid of blankets, &c., he took the clothes off his own bed, and hoisting them on his back, walked (it being then too late for cabs) over a mile to the unfortunate one's cottage, and there deposited the bundle, merely

knocking at the door to let the fact be known, and leaving without further intruding on the delicate and sad scene. Surely much will be forgiven him who hath so acted, be his failings as the sands of the sea?

After learning such reminiscences as these of the author's life, my readers will not be surprised that by those to whom his innermost nature was known he was *beloved*—this word exactly expresses the feeling, for the object of it was in some respects more of woman's delicate than of man's rougher fibre. In proof of this feeling, let me quote a few love-offerings of friends in verse and prose—in addition to the dirge of Kendall's, printed elsewhere in this volume. Such utterances give a stranger to Clarke's nature a better insight into it than columns of description. Wrote of him Mr. Frank Hutchinson, a brilliant *littérateur* of Sydney:—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well!"
What needs there more his brief, bright tale to tell?
The merry heart that mocked at Fortune's spite,
The "lips of laughter" and the eyes of light,
Once known and seen, must keep the memory green
Of all he was and all he might have been.
For those who knew him not, enough to know
He shared the poet's joy, the poet's woe.
Life's cup of gladness not content to skim,
He tossed it off in bumpers to the brim;
Careless as child that knows no after day,
He laughed and sang his happy life away;
Sketched men and manners; drew with deftest hand
Bright, living pictures of this latest land,
Or grave or gay, in colour all akin,
Lit by the selfsame "sacred fire" within;
His wit with wisdom mixed his years belied;
Cheered; charmed; himself immortalised and died.

Mr. Garnet Walch, a friend and brother journalist, adds his meed of praise in these lines:—

The brightest genius that our land could boast,
Whose gifts outweigh'd the gathered golden ore
Of thrice ten years—is dead at half Life's span.
Dead! when coy August-buds are whisp'ring "Spring,"
And nature wakes to trill her matin song.
Asleep; asleep too soon! For thee, dear friend,
No golden harvest and no aftermath,
No ripened vintage of the full globed grape;
No luscious Wine of Life—no fruited Fame,
No flowers, save those pale blooms that deck thy grave.
Oh! cruel blast—oh! keen-edged, callous frost;
Killing the tree that blossomed earliest, best—
The one brave tree, whose growth we watched with pride.

Another member of the same fraternity of Bohemians wrote on the first anniversary of his death.

He was an idler and a dreamer, they
Who little knew that noble heart may deem.
He was a soulless cynic, so may say
Those who judge only things by what they seem.
The love we bore him tells a different tale,
We, his companions in life's bitter fight;
We, who have fought so oft and hard, to fail,
And still to struggle onward to the light.
We, who his generous heart and kindly soul have read,
Can only give our all—a moment with the dead.

But while intimate friends, and they alone can speak to the lovableness of Clarke's nature, which lay hidden to the outside world, men of acknowledged intellectual position have spoken with no uncertain voice as to his literary power—his undoubted genius. In reference to this subject the Earl of Rosebery sent the author's widow the following letter in accepting the dedication to him of the Memorial Volume of her husband's works.

"There can, indeed, I think, be no two opinions as to the horrible fascination of the work *(His Natural Life.)* The reader, though he cannot but be harrowed by the long agony of the story and the human anguish of every page, is unable to lay it down; almost in spite of himself he has to read and to suffer to the bitter end. To me, I confess, it is the most terrible of all novels, more terrible than *Oliver Twist*, or Victor Hugo's most startling effects, for the simple reason that it is more real. It has all the solemn ghastliness of truth.

"Since I have been in Australia I have employed some of the little time at my disposal in carefully examining the blue-books on which *His Natural Life* is founded, and during my recent visit to Tasmania I made some personal inquiries on the same subject. The result has been to bring conviction to my mind that the case is not one whit over-stated— nay that the fact in some particulars is more frightful than the fiction. The materials for great works of imagination lie all round us; but it is genius that selects and transposes them.

"It is rare, I think, that so young a country has produced so great a literary force. I cannot believe but that the time must soon come when Australians will feel a melancholy pride in this true son of genius, and Australian genius. While as they read his greatest work (written when he was but twenty-five) they cannot but be thrilled at the thought that the bright present they enjoy is separated by so narrow an interval of time from the infernal tragedy portrayed therein. And in England you may find that he may have made up to him in posthumous honour what was lacking in his lifetime."

And here it is my pleasant duty to record that not only did Lord Rosebery show his appreciation of Marcus Clarke's genius, but he testified to the genuineness of that feeling by sympathy with his widow and children in seeking them out when passing through Melbourne, and giving them a practical illustration of what that sympathy meant.

The once King of English Journalists—Mr. George Augustus Sala—in expressing his opinion of the author—wrote to a friend thus:—

"It is a thousand pities that a man who could produce a book of such extraordinary genius as is displayed in *His Natural Life* did not avail himself of the splendid opportunities awaiting him in London. Of local fame he had no lack; but fortune—and splendid fortune—would have been at his beck and call in London, whether he had laboured in the field of journalism, or of fiction, or of the drama. Assuredly Charles Reade never wrote so powerful a romance as *His Natural Life*. As assuredly Reade, Sims, and Tom Tayler would have had to look to their laurels had your friend seriously grappled with the craft of the playwright, and most assuredly he would have taken a very high place as a descriptive journalist."

While on this subject I cannot do better than quote from an article written upon Clarke by the late brilliant William Bede Dalley, of Sydney. Referring to his literary ability he says, "He was almost universally regarded as by far the brightest, readiest, and most gifted writer of Victoria." Of *His Natural Life* he writes—

"He made as intense and exhaustive a study of the old well-nigh forgotten records of prison experiences, of gaol sufferings, and horrors, as could have been undertaken by the most laborious philanthropist animated with a generous desire to reform institutions of anguish and terrors. No great humanitarian could have been more industrious and conscientious, more exact and sympathetic. He patiently accumulated the materials of history, and employed them in the construction of a romance."

In a characteristically pathetic manner the great lawyer, brilliant orator, and charming *littérateur* concludes his review of the memorial volume of Clarke's works:—

"We lay down this brief memorial of powers and faculties, which formed through circumstances so incomplete an expression, with a feeling of sadness that one so richly gifted, so capable of the noblest service in the cause of social refinement, was afforded so few opportunities, and was swept away so soon, before, to borrow the words of Matthew Arnold, the stars have come out, and 'the night wind brought up the stream murmurs and scent of the infinite sea.'"

And reader, it is of one thus written of by such men that two would-be political leaders of the Colony of Victoria, Thomas Bent and J. B. Patterson, spoke from their places in Parliament in brutal and coarse language (unfit for publication) when the subject of a grant of £1000 to the widow and orphans of the deceased author was under discussion at the instigation of one who is justly the pride of his country—Alfred Deakin. But assuredly Posterity will adjust the balance, and sift the grain from the chaff as regards what constitutes a National Representative.

I do not think I can conclude this monograph more appropriately than by quoting the character given of the author, as revealed by his hand-writing, by a gentleman formerly resident here who had acquired a mastery of the foolishly despised art of graphiology—namely, Mr. Noel Conway:—

"A man of a highly cultivated intellect and possessing much refined poetical feeling and eloquence of mind with considerable penetration and clearness of ideas; also having a certain simplicity and severity of taste, with a judgment formed rather by intuitive observation than from sequence of ideas. A cheerful, ardent disposition with strong passions, straightforward and truthful, so far as a most vivid imagination would allow. Possessing a strong, obstinate, despotic will, and a quick, hot temper; in fact, where indifference was felt, a most provoking man to deal with. Should think he would pay the greatest attention to detail in any cause or work that interested him. Finally, a man with much force of character, very marked originality of thought, and eccentricity of manner. Still, without the affectation and pretension often seen with such a lively imagination."

Christmas, 1889. H. M.

PART I.

AUSTRALIA OF THE PAST.

AUSTRALIA OF THE PAST.

WILLIAM DAMPIER: NAVIGATOR.

THE notion of giving to the great reading public a series of sketches of the lives and exploits of the early voyagers to Australia, is so excellent a one that I wish the execution of it had been entrusted to an abler pen than mine. Difficulties arise at the outset. The information to be obtained concerning these old Australian Worthies—if I may call them so—is scanty and often unreliable. The major portion of their journals is occupied by descriptions of dangers and perils, which tempt one to turn aside from the bare narration of facts; while the space at command compels to brevity and condensation. Having read the wonderful adventures of some of these sea-kings, one feels more inclined to expand one's knowledge into a romance of three volumes than to compress it into an article of three pages, and I must beg that these brief, bald notes may be considered but as hints to those who desire to gain for themselves full information concerning some of the gallant and heroic souls who have gone before us.

In the seventeenth century existed a condition of mundane affairs which was altogether unique in the history of the world. The genius of navigation had seized upon men. Americus Vespucius and the great Columbus had discovered a new earth where the skies were balmier, the waters bluer, the soil more fruitful than in Europe. To this favoured land—teeming with plenty and rich in mineral treasure—came the desperate, the reckless, the daring of all nations. The young nobles, the impoverished gentry, the broken soldiers, who in former times would have lived and fought [the hired comrades of some lawless prince or usurping monarch], eagerly betook themselves to the El Dorado of the West, to the islands of the Pacific, to the country where blood bought both gold and glory. They found it occupied by the Spaniard.

The history of the government of New Spain is the history of a torture-chamber. Putting aside the question of religious intolerance, there is no doubt whatever but that the conquerors were merciless to the conquered. Nor would they suffer other nations to share with them the spoil so rudely seized. Along the shores of the forest-coasts had encamped some daring spirits, tired of civilization and eager for the free life of the savannah and the jungle. These men

lived upon jerked flesh, *boucan*, and were called buccaneers—a name to be hereafter spoken with dread by many a Spaniard. To dislodge these men of the woods was the incessant task of the governors of the settlements round the coast, and a wood-warfare began, which was carried on with such bloodthirsty fury on both sides that the report of it soon spread to Europe. The resistance of the logwood-cutters of Campeachy Bay was interpreted to mean the protest of all free nations against the increasing power of Old Castile, and from all sides flocked to their aid those daring adventurers whose hopes of treasure and renown had been dashed at sight of the guns of Carthagena, or checked at the report of the grandeur of Panama. The buccaneers became the rovers of the South Seas, the pirates of the Pacific, the Norsemen of the New World.

The history of these heroes demands for itself a whole encyclopædia. They were the ancestors of the men who fought at Navarino and Trafalgar. They beat the Armada. They laid the foundation of Britain's naval glory, and the memory of their prowess is perpetuated by every breeze that waves the shot-tattered Union Jack of England. The exploits they performed savour of the miraculous. Sir Henry Morgan crossed the Isthmus of Darien, sacked Panama, and marched back with his plunder. Van Horn took Vera Cruz in five hours, and sailed through the Spanish fleet with a booty of £437,500 without the loss of one of his six small ships. In 1670, thirty-seven vessels rendezvoused at Cape Tribaron and disembogued an army of 2000 men, each sworn to kill a Spaniard for the glory of the English arms. Stories of the greatness, the desperation, the piety, and the iniquity of these sea-rovers were in the mouths of every boy in every English fishing village. The glories of Captain Montbars and Raveneau de Lussan were compared with the tigerish ferocity of Morgan, and the piety of honest Captain Watling, who swore his men to give no quarter and to keep the Sabbath-day.

In the year 1669, such legends as these fired the mind of a boy of seventeen years of age at the Latin School of East Coker in Somersetshire. This youngster, one William Dampier, was an orphan, a friendless youth with a large heritage of hopes and of but little beside. He longed for the sea, for the Spanish Main, for wild adventure and spirit-stirring change. Placed with the master of a ship at Weymouth, he made voyage to Newfoundland, but the bleak regions of the cod-banks chilled his spirit. The marvellous land of the West tempted him. Returned a sturdy and self-confident youth to his native town, he engaged as a common sailor in a voyage to the "Indies." His voyage brought him adventures. He was in the Dutch war under Sir Edward Sprague. He was an overseer on a logwood factory at Campeachy Bay. He was a speculator at Bantam. In 1678 he returned, brown, careless, worldly-wise, a past-master in the free-masonry of the ocean. Colonel Hellier, of Jamaica, had lost a good servant, and England gained a great navigator.

From this date began William Dampier's career of fortune. In 1679 he sailed with one of the numerous semi-mercantile, semi-piratical

expeditions of the time, to the West Indies, and falling in with the bold hearts and ready blades of the coast, snapped fingers at merchandise, choosing rather to seek for El Dorado. It was a weary search. In company with Captain Ringrove and Surgeon Wafer he crossed the isthmus of Darien, plundered the rich townships on the Pacific Coast, recrossed the isthmus, and joining (in 1683) with Cook and Eaton, sailed conquering and to conquer for the Undiscovered Islands. Cook died, raving of buried treasure, and Davis took command. Davis was a man of courage, but lacked brains; Swan, who, commanding the "Cygnet" (duly furnished by staid London merchants), met the pirate fleet at Guayaguil, was a man of stratagem. "Let us," cried he, "force the whole Pacific Coast to pay tribute to our arms! We, with our lively craft, our agile vessels, can steal upon their towns, swoop into their harbours, harry them 'twixt midnight and morning!"

A nobler ambition was Dampier's. His plan was to attack, capture, and hold Santa Maria, thus locking the coast to Quito. "We must organize," said he, at a meeting of the Captains. "The Spanish flag droops before the united banners of our comrades. Give me the silver mines of Darien with a thousand slaves to work them and I will defy the yellow ensign of old Spain till death shall clutch me." Swan embraced the scheme with eagerness, but was overruled. So with the memories of the great Darien expedition of Basil, Ringrove, Barty Sharp, and Wafer, our hero turned his vessel's beak and made for open sea.

His fortune deserted him. He lost fifty men in forays upon the coast. On the last day of March, 1686, he took his departure from Cape Corrientes, and starved in deadly calms to the Ladrones. It was proposed to kill and eat Swan and other malcontents, but as the fatal lot was drawn, rose into view the purple shore of Guam, and the victims breathed again. At Mindanao awoke a mutiny, and Dampier, with others, left his incapable co-adventurer to his fate. The next year saw them at Manilla, and having careened their vessels at Pulo Condore, they made for the Chinese coast, were driven through the Spice Islands, and in February, 1688, sighted New Holland. Nothing in the account of this continent was then of interest. The natives were dirty and stupid, the vegetation and soil uninviting after the glorious prodigality of the tropic seas. Dampier says of them:—"The inhabitants are the most miserable wretches in the universe, having no houses but the heavens, and no garments but the bark of a tree tied round the waist. . . . . Their eyelids are half-closed to keep out flies, which are here very numerous and troublesome, and we saw no fruit trees, nor so much as the track of any animal, except one footstep of a beast which seemed the size of a large mastiff." This *beast* was, without doubt, the kangaroo. From this unhospitable shore they crossed to Sumatra, and having vainly attempted to establish a trade in ambergris, Dampier, broken in credit and health, started with Hall and Ambrose for Acheen, in an open boat. After a terrible voyage they reached the harbour. Dampier remained there, baffled and defeated, an unsuccessful man,

until 1690, when (acting as gunner to the English fort of Bencoolen) he was offered a passage to England by Captain Heath of the "Defence." He sailed on the 25th January, 1691, and cast anchor in the Downs on 16th September, 1691, having been absent more than twelve years from his native country.

The *eidolon* of Dampier appears now in fashionable society. The sailor had brought with him a curiosity—a tattoed chieftain! This savage—one Jeoly—called in the slang of the day "The Painted Prince," was bought a slave at Mindano by a planter named Moody, and when Dampier left Bencoolen, the owner presented him with his serf. "Jeoly was curiously painted," says Dampier, "down the breast, behind, between the shoulders, and most of all on the fore part of the thigh, in the nature of flower-work. This was done by pricking the skin and rubbing in the gum of a tree called *damuser*." Poor Jeoly was carried about and "shown for money," and finally died of the small-pox at Oxford. Those interested in the memoirs of the time can find frequent mention of this unhappy barbarian in the *Gazettes*, papers, and contemporary correspondence of the day.

A lapse of eight years—amply accounted for, doubtless in tavern bills—now occurs in the history of Adventurer—Sailor—Showman—Navigator Dampier. In 1699, we find him engaged in command of the "Roebuck" sloop of eight guns, which, with fifty men aboard, and provisions for twenty months, sailed in the King's service for New Guinea. The records of this voyage have perished. Dampier touched at Brazil, ran across to New Holland (arriving there 1st August, in lat. 26°), and in 1701 sprung a leak at Ascension on his homeward voyage, and was conveyed by a returning East Indiaman ingloriously to England.

One more voyage only was he destined to command. It had been reported that his rashness or vanity precluded others from working with him, and the respectable merchants of London were loth to trust so furious a commander. At the beginning of the Succession War, however, the hopes of performing great feats against the Spaniards urged the merchants, who, in the bitter words of Funnell, "believed that a profitable expedition might be made into those parts, if the buccaneers with ill-provided vessels had performed such extraordinary things." So the good men fitted out two ships of twenty-six guns and one hundred and twenty men each, one the "Fame," commanded by John Pulling, the other, the "St. George," commanded by Dampier. Both ships were amply supplied with warlike stores and well victualled for nine months, having commissions from Prince George, the Queen's husband, against the French and Spaniards. The expedition was a failure for Dampier, who was "broken" over it. Funnell (a self-seeking and lying fellow) relates the story of the cruise, which can be read by the antiquarian in the "Voyages" of Harris. He says, "Dampier returned naked to his owners with a melancholy relation of his unfortunate expedition. . . . Even in his distress he was received as an eminent man, and was introduced to Queen Anne.

. . . The merchants were so sensible of his want of conduct that they resolved never to trust him again with a command."

So disappears Dampier, drunken and desperate as "pilot" to Captain Rogers, in a final expedition to "those seas where his name had long been a terror to Spaniards." Despite his faults he was a greatly daring man, one suited to the times, bold, fearless, and English. Humbolt calls him "the Prince of Navigators." He not only extended the power of British arms, but enriched science and history by his discoveries. An author of much picturesque and graphic power, his works are accurate and interesting. His portrait hangs in Trinity House for all good mariners to admire.

* * * * * *

I would not have the boys who read this copy William Dampier in his drunkenness or in his desperation. I would, however, be glad to hope that the rapid narration of his stirring history may win from the bar-counter, or the cheap cigar shop, some young English-blooded boy, who reminded of the ancient glory of his race, will fling his tobacco out of the window, stop his silly lass's mouth with a kiss, and manfully hoist sail for the Southern Archipelago, the future El Dorado of Federated Australasia.

ABEL JANSEN TASMAN: EXPLORER.

THE seventeenth century may be called the century of Companies. The English, the French, the Spaniards, and the Dutch seem almost simultaneously to have recognised the great principle of Co-operation in the furtherance of commercial enterprise. In the year 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted to certain merchants of the city of London a charter to trade to the Eastern Indies, reserving to them all rights and privileges and constituting them a body corporate. This charter was the foundation of that great power, afterwards known as "John Company." Eleven years afterwards, Gerard le Roy, an adventurer of daring and genius, obtained a similar privilege for the French. Still later the Emperor Charles VI. created at Ostend a commission known as the "Imperial Company" which died strangled in its birth by political intrigue, while the Danes, under Christian IV, established a trading company in 1612.

The Co-operative Society that at present concerns us, however, is that of the Dutch. The greed of Phillip of Spain strove to secure to himself all the commerce of those magnificent islands of the Pacific to which the daring spirits of the old world were hastening. Phillip knew that a monopoly of trade was the first step to universal Empire. He seized upon the passage into the Baltic hoping to become master of the commerce of the North. He intended to build a city at the straits of Magellan, and there establish such a colony as might, to use the words of old Harris, "put it out of the Power of other Nations to trouble the Commerce of the South Seas or find a passage that way to the Indies." Now Phillip's revolted subjects in the Netherlands had already begun to make a figure in trade, and the instant Spain mastered Portugal she forbade the Dutch to purchase those commodities of the East, which, by their commerce with Lisbon they had hitherto procured and advantageously spread over Europe. This prohibition created men like Abel Tasman, and made the Dutch lords of the Indies.

The merchants of Amsterdam, considering the profits already made by the English who had run successfully the Spanish blockade, took up a resolution to open for themselves a passage to those countries from which they were so contemptuously excluded, and in 1595, they organized a co-operative, offensive, and defensive society called "The Company for Remote Countries." The proceedings of the captains employed by this first company savour of the piratical. Stephen Van der Hagan, the gallant Heemskirk and dashing Oliver van Noort did not stick at trifles. They were on the decks of their own ships, and woe betide any adventurous Spaniard or Portuguese

who crossed the range of their fat cannon. The ships of the Hague merchants were little better than subsidised privateers, and it was not until by repeated battles they established a claim to settlement and trade, that the great East Indian Company of the Netherlands can be regarded as respectably existent. The first charter was dated 20th March, 1602, and was to continue for twenty-one years. The second charter was granted on the year that the former expired and terminated in 1644. The third terminated on the 7th February, 1665. The company obtained five charters in all, and in lieu of the fifth, which expired in 1717, procured from the States-General a monopoly of trade within the limits of the original charter, thus making themselves, not only masters of the rich commerce of Japan, but absolute monarchs of Batavia and the smaller islands of the East.

To understand precisely the position which the subject of this monograph held when he first became notable in history, we must take a rapid survey of the condition and economy of the settlements of the company. The government was carried on by a Governor-General and Council, who had their head-quarters at Batavia, or at Amboyna. Banda, Malacca, Ceylon, and Cochin were ruled by lieutenant-governors, who reported directly to head-quarters at Batavia. The Governor and his Council were specially instructed from Holland to use the ships at their disposal in the exploration of the adjoining seas, and when the captains of the Dutch-Indian fleet were not chasing Spaniards or subjugating refractory savage monarchs, they were cruising about the unknown waters of the South seas in obedience to the orders of the Governor. Now, in 1642, that astute and ambitious man, General Antony Van Diemen, was Governor at Batavia, and one of his most trusted captains was a Hollander of obscure birth known as Abel Jansen Tasman.

It is remarkable that the Dutch biographers have neglected to record particulars of the life of their countryman. Notwithstanding the magnitude and importance of his discoveries his name is but briefly mentioned in the histories of the settlements of Dutch-India. Nothing is said of his birth or death; the narrative of his first voyage only survives, and that but by the accident that Valentyn the historian and author of the notable *Omstanding Verbaal van de Geschiedenissen en Zaaken, etc.*, had married into the family of the Secretary of Batavia and obtained access to the neglected private journal of the navigator. Even this narration is open to suspicion, for though the Dutch had treated Tasman with a silence which was either contempt or policy, other nations had recognised the value of his explorations, and several accounts, each purporting to be the only correct one, had appeared in England and France. The editor of *De Hondt's Collection of Voyages* asserts that he himself possessed the manuscript journal, though his transcript differs in many important particulars from that of Valentyn. An English translation from *Dirk Rembrandt*, published in London in 1711, again differs from the French of Thevenot, and the earlier translation (1682), in *Dr. Hook's Philosophical Collection*. In the standard work upon the lives of the great men of the Dutch Indies—*Dubois, Vies des Gouverneurs*

Hollandois aux Indes Orientales—Tasman is dismissed with a paragraph in the *Life of Anthony Van Diemen*; and no known book contains any records of his second voyage. I have taken the following account of the first voyage from Dalrymple [*Voyages to the South Pacific Ocean*, Lond. MDCCLXX.] collating with Harris. [*Navigatiarum Bibliotheca*, 1744.] Thevenot, and the *Terra Australis Cognita* published in Edinburgh, 1766. Dalrymple asserts that his narrative is a transcript of Valentyn's reprinted M.S. corrected by De Hondt's quarto, published at the Hague, 1749; Thevenot's folio of 1663; *Nasborough's Voyage*, 1711; and Campbell's *Navig. et. Itiner Bibliotheca* (the London folio of 1744.)

On the 14th August, 1642, Tasman sailed from Batavia with two vessels of the Company, the "Heemskirk" and the "Zeehan" (named as are the two peaks which overlook Macquarie Harbour after the two great adventurers who laid the foundation of the Dutch Empire in the South), his instructions being to discover the extent of that Australian continent which previous navigators had already discovered. Touching at the Isle of France, he shaped his course south, then south-east, meeting with stormy weather. On the 22nd November, in lat. 42° 58′ S., the compasses traversed eight points, so that they imagined themselves near some magnetic mines, and on the 24th, land was discovered ten miles distant, which Tasman named "Van Diemen's Land" after the Governor-General.

Stress of weather drove them out to sea, and they did not attempt a landing until the 2nd of December, when, having anchored in Frederick Henry Bay, they sent Francis Jacobez, the master of the "Heemskirk," with a guard of four musqueteers, and attended by the prauw of the "Zeehan," to look for water. In three hours Jacobez returned without accident, and reported abundance of wood and water, but had seen no human being, hearing only a noise as of a gong at a little distance. Prudent Tasman waited all that day, observing from the ship smoke towards the W. by N. and "seeing plainly men of extraordinary size" moving along the shore. On the 3rd, he attempted a landing on the east side of the bay, taking with him a boat's crew and six men, but the surf being dangerous the carpenter, Peter Jacobez, swam ashore, towing with him a pole and the Dutch flag. Making shift to set up his pole near four high trees, the new-found territory was formally taken possession of by our saturated carpenter, and two days after Tasman sailed to the east, thinking it not worth while to prosecute enquiries into the customs of the inhabitants. Calculating his latitude and longitude by the new notation [longitude east and west from the meridian of Greenwich], it would appear that the land first seen was Point Hibbs, and that had Tasman run up Storm Bay he would have reached the present site of Hobart Town. In any case, if, instead of sailing out eastward he had continued his course northerly about four degrees, he would have struck the continent some three degrees east of the present site of Melbourne, midway between Wilson's Promontory and Cape Howe, while less than a single degree north from this point of divergence would have brought him into the straits which divide Van

Diemen's Land from Terra Australis, and anticipated the discovery of Bass. It is probable, however, that his instructions were so framed as to induce him to rather sail for the south, where it was believed existed islands as rich in spices as those of the Javan Archipelago.

On the 13th of December, in latitude 42° 10′ S., and longitude 178° 28′ E., he discovered a mountainous country, which he named Staaten Land, and anchored in what he calls a "fine bay," but which was really the straits between the north and middle islands of New Zealand. When thus at anchor, a disturbance took place with the natives who approached in their canoes and surrounded the two vessels. Seven canoes full of Maories in war costume lay off the "Zeehan," and five canoes, each containing seventeen men, put off to the "Heemskirk." Tasman describes the natives as of a colour between brown and yellow, their hair twisted on their heads like that of the Japanese, and their bodies covered round the loins with a sort of mat. The plates in Dalrymple's work portray the natives as Maories. An affray took place in which the Maories upset the prauw of the "Zeehan," killing three men, and forcing the others to swim for their lives. The weather being rough, Tasman thought it prudent to depart without risking further combat, so, naming the ill-omened spot "Murderers' Bay," he sailed to the eastward.

Here again the Dutchman was just on the point of anticipating the discovery of Cook's Straits. He sailed to the north to Three King's Island, in latitude 34° 25′ S., and longtitude 172° 40′, naming a cape to the eastward (the north-west coast of Auckland) Maria Van Diemen, in honour of the daughter of the Governor-General. Being in stress for provisions, he did not land, and sailed north for the islands of Cocos and Hoorn (discovered by Schonten in 1616) for a supply of food. After passing a rock which he named High Pylstaarts Island, from the abundance of its fowl, he sighted, on the 21st January, 1643, two islands called Amsterdam and Middleberg (part of the Friendly Islands), the inhabitants of which brought fruit, pigs, and poultry. The navigators went ashore here and held a festival. Tasman gives a most picturesque description of his reception by the King, which I regret I have not space to quote, regretting even more also that I cannot reproduce the fantastic and charming illustration of the "Harbour of Amsterdam Island," and the bird's eye view of the anchored fleet lying outside the palisaded and populous town.

On the 1st of February, he discovered the islands of Prince William, and on the the 22nd an easterly trade wind in latitude 5° 2′ S., and longitude 178° 32′ E., brought him in sight of the group of islands called Ontong-Java, by Le Maire, and set down by him as ninety miles from New Guinea. From thence he sailed to New Britain, which he erroneously called New Guinea, and passing by Seram-Bourg and Boston, arrived at Batavia on the 15th of June, having accomplished his voyage in ten months. A map of his discoveries was sent to Amsterdam.

As I have before said, no complete memoir exists of the second voyage of Tasman, though there is little doubt but that it was more important in its results than the first one. Mr. Major supposes that these records were wantonly destroyed. There is some reason for this supposition, for the Company was unreasonably jealous of the progress made by its West India rival, and carefully locked up all charts which might give aid to foreign mariners adventuring into those seas which it regarded as its own. The works from which historians compiled their narratives were few in number. Almost all that was publicly known concerning the discoveries of the Batavian governors was to be found in Thevenot's folio of 1663-72; the *Nord en Oost Tartarye* of Witsen, 1692-1705; Valentyn's *Oud en Nieuw Oost Indien* 1724-26; in the *Inleidning tot de algemeen Geographie*; *Nicolas Struyk*, 1740, and the celebrated *Book of Despatches* quoted by Flinders in the introduction to his *Voyages*.

In this last-named work, the instructions to Tasman for his second voyage in 1644, are set down with a phlegmatic and money-making caution which is curious to contemplate. No ardour for science or for discovery for discovery's sake stirred the mercantile souls of the "Company." Tasman was to "put up signs of possession" on such countries as he might discover, by "planting European trees, and carving the arms of the Netherlands and the Company on posts, stones, and rocks." He was to institute trade with the natives, but "to keep them ignorant of the value of precious metals," showing samples of lead, tin, or pewter as of more value than gold. He was to bring home samples of everything likely to be of mercantile value and to make treaties with the natives to exclude in trading transactions all other nations but the Dutch. He was to make drawings and descriptions of the bays, capes, rivers, etc., for which purpose a draughtsman accompanied him, and he was desired to note most carefully the latitude and longitude, and prevailing currents of wind. His sailing directions were as follow:—He was to proceed to Amboyna and Banda, thence by Tenimber, Key, and Aroun to Point Ture on the south coast of New Guinea. From that place he was to continue eastward to 9° south latitude, and endeavour to ascertain if within the great inlet of Spratt's River there is not an entrance into the South Sea. Thence to coast along the west coast of New Guinea to the farthest known spots in 17° south latitude, and follow the coast, despite all opposing winds, in order "that we may be sure whether this land is divided from the great known south continent or not." If he found that the great south land *was* so divided his instructions were to circumnavigate it, but if—as the Council believed—no opening existed between New Guinea and New Holland, Tasman was to run down the north coast to south latitude 22°, proceed to Houtman's Abrolhos, fish up a chest of dollars lost in Pelsart's wreck, pick up two Dutchmen who had been there put ashore for mutiny, and obtain from them all particulars of the country. If the weather did not permit him to go to Houtman's Abrolhos, he was to complete the discovery of Arnhem and Van Diemen's Lands and return by Java and the Straits of Sunda. So he departed some time in January,

1644, with three ships, the "Limmen," the "Zeemeuw" and the "Brak," and disappears for ever out of human history.

There is no doubt but that the cool-headed navigator fulfilled his mission with honour and credit and brought back numerous drawings and plans. These together with his charts and journal were carefully concealed or destroyed by the Company. The only fragment of anything which looks like an authentic record is some four paragraphs of a journal published in 1705, by Witsen, and purporting to be written by Tasman. These paragraphs are understood to refer to Papua, though the latitude is given 17° 12′ south, and longitude 121° east. They describe the natives as very populous and possessing bows and arrows. It is more than probable that the assumption of Burgomaster Witsen is unwarranted. Better evidence of Tasman's fortune are the maps of 1648-60. In the same year in which the map of Australia was inscribed in the floor of the Stadthouse in Amsterdam (1648), Louis Mayerne Turquet published at Paris a *mappemonde*, which is evidently based upon observations similar to those which Tasman was directed to make. So also in the *Mar di India* in the 1650 edition of Janssen's *Atlas*, in the *Atlas* of Klencke of Amsterdam, in the sixteenth chart of *Thevenot's Relation de divers voyages curieux* (1663), distinct reference is made to discoveries which it is most reasonable to suppose were made by Tasman. In one of the early maps of Van Keulen a portion of Tasman's track with his soundings is given, and in the British Museum is a chart which Mr. Major regards as a *copy* of Tasman's own [See *Major's Early Voyages to Terra Australis: Introduction*, p. xcvi], and which appears to give evidence that, missing the discovery that New Guinea and New Holland were separated by sea, he took the alternative afforded him and continued sounding down the Gulf of Carpentaria, sounded ingloriously all the way to De Witt's Land and then returned in a direct line north-west for Java.

So ends all that is at present known of a man who was without doubt a prudent commander and a competent, well-skilled navigator. That he did not leave a larger memory is perhaps due to the system which created him—a system which cultivated human sponges to be filled, squeezed and thrown away.

THE SETTLEMENT OF PORT JACKSON (N.S.W.).

AT daylight on the 13th May, 1787, His Majesty's ship "Sirius" made signal to sail to a little fleet that had been lying off the Mother Bank since the 16th of March. This little fleet was destined to carry Governor Phillip to take formal possession of Botany Bay, a place recommended to the Government as suitable for a convict station.

The fleet was not a large one. It consisted of His Majesty's ships "Sirius," "Supply," and "Hyena" (the latter only acting as convoy for a certain distance), three victualling ships with two years' stores and provisions for the settlement, and six transports with troops and convicts. The Major-Commandant and his staff were on board the "Sirius," and the transports carried about 200 officers and soldiers, together with 775 convicts, consisting of 565 men, 192 women, and 18 children. The list of the military force, as given by Captain Watkin French, of the marines (from whose account of the expedition the minuter details of this paper are derived), is worth noting—four captains, twelve subalterns, twenty-four sergeants and corporals, eight drummers, and 160 private marines, and he adds that the majority of the prisoners were mechanics and husbandmen specially selected by order of the Government. Having got through the Needles with a "fresh leading breeze, the convicts began to repine at their lot, but on the morning of the 20th, getting their irons knocked off by order of the Commandant, and sending a few messages to England by the "Hyena," which parted company that afternoon, matters began to assume a more cheerful aspect.

Let us glance for a moment at the state of affairs in Europe. It was seven years after the Gordon riots and the burning of Newgate. American independence had been already declared, and the blood-shed at Bunker's Hill had caused the tree of liberty to blossom and bud. Admiral Kempenfelt and the "Royal George" had gone down at Spithead. William Pitt was twenty-nine years old, and had been Premier of England for four years. The steam-engine had supplanted the hand-loom in the cotton mills for nearly three years. Poor Peg Nicholson had just stabbed at George III., and Edmund Burke had thrown the first stone at Warren Hastings. Washington was on the eve of his presidency, and the Convocation of Notables was waiting to be convoked. It was the age of mail coaches, knee-breeches, frogs, Frenchmen, taxation, and wooden shoes. England was yet bleeding from her struggle with her colonies, and the thundercloud of revolution hung over France. Napoleon had just got his commission as sub-lieutenant, and the Bastille had not yet fallen.

After touching at Teneriffe on the 3rd June—where a convict made a desperate attempt to escape by seizing a boat in the night and rowing off to a small cove, from which he intended to "cross to the Great Canaries"—and Rio de Janeiro on the 7th August, the fleet cast anchor in Table Bay on the 13th of October, and found the harbour crowded with shipping. At the Cape they remained until the 12th of November, and took on board two bulls, seven cows, three horses, forty-four sheep, thirty-two hogs, besides goats and poultry, for the purpose of stocking the settlement. A few officers also purchased live stock, but found it an inconvenient proceeding, as hay cost 16s. the hundredweight. It was also gratifying to the expedition to be informed by the master of an American ship—140 days from Boston, on a trading voyage to the East Indies, and rescuer of the officers and crew of the "Harcourt," wrecked on the Cape de Verde Islands—that "if a reception could be secured, emigration would take place to New South Wales, not only from the old continent but the new one, where the spirit of adventure and thirst for novelty were excessive."

Meeting with contrary winds, Governor Phillip resolved to change his pennant from the "Sirius" to the "Supply," and proceed on his way without waiting for the rest of the fleet. On the 25th, therefore, the separation took place, several sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and other mechanics being drafted from various ships into the "Supply," in order that His Excellency might get a few buildings run up by the time the fleet should arrive. The fleet itself was put into two divisions, the first, consisting of three transports, under the command of Lieutenant Bird; and the second, comprising the victuallers and remaining transports, was left in charge of Captain Hunter of the "Sirius." Sailing in this order, on the 7th of January, 1788, the expedition sighted the shore of New South Wales, but the westerly wind dying away, the little squadron was compelled to hold off the shore, and did not get sight of it again until the 19th, and on the morning of the 20th—a dull, heavy, and cloudy day—the last division cast anchor in the harbour, and was welcomed by the already-arrived "Supply" and her illustrious passenger. The voyage had taken exactly thirty-five weeks, and out of 112 marines His Majesty had lost but one, making up for it, however, by the death of twenty-four out of the 700 convicts.

The stay in the bay was not of long duration. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor (Mr. Robert Ross) started to explore the country the next morning, and getting into an opening called by Captain Cook "Port Jackson," were so struck with the advantages of the place that it was determined instantly to remove thither. On setting sail the next morning, however, a great alarm spread through the fleet,—two large ships were seen standing in for the mouth of the bay! All sorts of rumours were afloat. It was the vanguard of a Dutch fleet coming to dispossess them. It was an armed vessel of war, and her consort. It was a store-ship from England. Governor Phillip, however, stayed the panic by making public announcement that the strange sail were French ships under the command of

M. de La Perrouse. The next morning the two nations saluted each other as they passed with flags flying in the solitary bay. After a few hours run to Port Jackson, during which time the party admired the luxuriant prospect of its shores, among which many of the "Indians" were frequently seen, they anchored in a snug cove, and on the next day commenced to disembark.

Setting vigorously to work to cut down the trees, set up the tents, and mark out the dimensions of their future home, the expedition passed away some weeks pleasantly enough. The Governor fixed his residence on the eastern side of a small rivulet at the head of the cove, with a large body of convicts encamped near him, and on the western side were stationed the remaining body of prisoners, with guards posted over them night and day. The pressure of business—that is to say, the making of huts and daubing of wattles—prevented the immediate reading of the commissions, but on the 7th of February the colony was taken possession of in due form. On that day the officers of the guard took post in the Marine battalion, which was drawn up and marched off the parade, with colours flying and music playing, to an adjoining ground which had been cleared for the occasion, and upon which the convicts were assembled. The Judge-Advocate, David Collins, Esq., then read His Majesty's commission, which appointed His Excellency, Arthur Phillip, Esq., Governor and Captain-General in and over the territory of New South Wales and its dependencies; together with an Act of Parliament for the establishment of laws, and patents for holding civil and criminal courts. Upon this His Excellency made a judicious speech to the convicts, assuring them of his desire to treat them fairly and kindly. Three volleys were fired by the troops, who then marched back to their parade, and were reviewed by His Excellency, and the day's proceedings wound up by a "cold collation" in His Excellency's newly-erected tent, and the "drinking of many loyal and public toasts." We can imagine the happy little picnic party in the cool of the evening drinking prosperity to Port Jackson, with the "Indians" handy in the adjoining bush, and about 1,200 square feet of cleared land round about them, all unwitting of goldfields, Bathurst rushes, separation of Victoria, land acts, universal suffrage, and the like.

The extent of the Governor's authority by this commission is defined to reach from 43° 39′ south to latitude 10° 37′ south, and commencing again at the 135° of longitude, east of Greenwich, it proceeds in an easterly direction, and includes all islands within the limits of the specified latitudes in the Pacific Ocean. As far as regarded his authority over his governed subjects he was absolute; he had no council, he could imprison at will and pardon at will.

He was soon called upon to exercise his power. Four days after the conciliatory speech, three convicts were brought to trial. One was convicted of striking a marine with a cooper's adze, and received 150 lashes for his pains. Another, for theft, was marooned on an adjoining island, and kept there on bread and water for a week; while a third, sentenced to receive fifty lashes, was pardoned by the

grace of the Governor. On the 28th of February a "mutinous" plot was discovered among the convicts, who had planned to steal the provisions and take to the bush. Four were arraigned, three sentenced to death, and the fourth to be flogged. Only one, however, was executed—the ringleader, Thomas Barrett, "an old and desperate offender, who died with a hardy spirit." He was swung off the limb of a big tree, near which were assembled the whole body of convicts, guarded by the battalion of Marines.

The constitution of the Court by which these fellows were tried was rather peculiar. The number of members, including the Judge-Advocate, was limited to seven, who are expressly ordered to be officers of either army or navy. The Court being met in military fashion—armed, the Judge-Advocate swears in the members in the manner adopted towards jurymen, and is afterwards sworn in himself in the same manner. The crime is then put to the prisoner, and the prosecution is left entirely to the person at whose suit he is tried. The witnesses are all examined on oath, and the decision is directed to be given according to the laws of England, "or as nearly as may be, allowing for the circumstances and situation of the settlement," by a majority of votes. In capital cases, however, five out of the seven members must concur to make a verdict. During the sitting of the Court, the court-house was surrounded by a guard under arms, and admission granted to any one who might choose to enter it.

On the 15th February, Lieutenant Bull sailed for Norfolk Island, a place concerning which the "Ministry" had heard great reports, and took with him Lieutentant King as commandant, a surgeon, a midshipman, a weaver, two marines, and sixteen convicts, of whom six were women. Events went on quietly enough. The natives, or "Indians" as they seem to have been called, were friendly, and viewed with astonishment the white skins and shaven chins of the new comers. Governor Phillip seems to have protected them from insult, and they in return behaved with some civility, though occasionally breaking out and knocking in the skull of some aggressive convict. They were a poor set of creatures, going entirely naked, sleeping in a sort of coffin of bark, eating roots, and refusing rum, but when roused they could be dangerous. Their weapons were stone hatchets, wooden swords, spears, and clubs. The dingo, that pest of the early squatters, was quite domesticated in those days. Governor Phillip had one given to him as a present by a friendly native, and thought it something like a fox. With the aspect and appearance of the colony the settlers seemed more than satisfied, but they complained bitterly at first of the bad grain of the wood. Snakes were plentiful, and the emu and kangaroo alarmed the female convicts greatly. The soil seemed well adapted for agriculture, and the vegetables planted by the garrison grew very successfully. The notion of "mines," which it would appear had possessed the brain of some wild dreamer in England, was speedily laughed to scorn, although Governor Phillips observed a "prodigious chain of mountains," running north and south, at a distance of some sixty miles inland, which he thought might be worth exploring.

In the middle of March the French departed on the prosecution of their voyage. Their ships—under the command of M. De La Perrouse—had sailed from France on the 1st August, 1785, and as all the world knows, were not destined to get back again. While at Botany Bay, Abbé Receveur—the naturalist attached to the expedition—died, and was buried on the north shore, with a plate of copper attached to a tree above his grave.

On the 20th March the "Supply" returned from Norfolk Island, having safely landed Lieutenant King. Lieutenant Bull reported that the Norfolk pines were very large, but regretted much that he could not find any New Zealand Flax, arguing badly for the future commercial prosperity of the Colony from that circumstance.

Winter now coming on, the erection of barracks was set about with great vigour, and the privates of each company undertook to build for themselves two wooden houses, 68ft. in length and 23ft. in breadth, but were compelled to abandon the undertaking and proceed on a more limited scale. The plan of the town, moreover, was drawn out, and it being agreed that "to proceed on a narrow confined scale in a country of the extensive limits we possess would be unpardonable, extent of empire commanding grandeur of design," the principal street was laid down 200 ft. in breadth, and the rest in corresponding proportion. Possessed with the same admirable notions, His Excellency undertook an expedition into the interior. His party consisted of eleven persons, but at the end of four days, provisions growing scarce, it was deemed prudent to return.

Now the troubles began. Fresh meat began to fail. The "Supply" went to Howe's Island (discovered on her former trip) to look for turtle, but found none. Fish became scarce. It was not thought prudent to kill the live stock bought at so great an expense at the Cape, and the settlement was compelled to live almost entirely on salt provisions. As a natural consequence, scurvy broke out; vegetables were scarce, and the garrison fell sick. It drew near the time for the departure of the ships for Europe, and earnest representations were made concerning the supply of fresh meat. But there was a hopeful spirit abroad.

On the anniversary of the King's birthday all the officers dined with the Governor, and among other toasts drunk was that of "Prosperity of Sydney Cove in Cumberland County." At daylight the ships fired twenty-one guns each, which was repeated at noon, and answered by three volleys from the battalion of Marines. Each prisoner received an allowance of grog, and—glorious day—"every non-commissioned officer and private soldier had the honour of drinking His Majesty's health in a pint of porter, served out at the flag-staff." Three days' holiday were given to every convict on the Island, and four felons who had been marooned in irons were allowed to rejoin their comrades. This indulgence, however, was followed by ill effects. A prisoner named Samuel Peyton, twenty years of age, broke open an officer's marquee with intent to commit robbery, for which offence he was tried and hung, together with another man named Corbett, who had attempted to escape.

On the 14th of July, 1788, the ships, with the exception of the "Sirius" and the "Supply," which had gone to Norfolk Island, sailed for England, to report to the British Government that the Colony of Port Jackson had been successfully established.

Looking back—while a boy yells latest Sydney telegrams under my window—from the new story of 1870 to this old story of 1788, it seems worth the re-telling.

THE SCOTCH MARTYR CONVICTS.

IN the various histories of Australia reference is made to the story of "The Scotch Martyrs," Messrs. Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Skirving. These gentlemen were sent as felons to Sydney in the year 1794, and their crime was inciting certain citizens of Edinburgh to present a petition to the Crown for Universal Suffrage. The accounts given of their sufferings and adventures differ materially; the fullest is written by Mr. Samuel Bennett, in his *Australian Discovery and Exploration*;—and even the report of the trial by Howell is not corroborated in all particulars by other authorities. Unfortunately books which ought to throw further light on the matter are not accessible. Mr. Palmer wrote an account of his voyage to Sydney in the "Surprise" transport, which was published by Mr. Joyce, and a letter of his, detailing the circumstances of his arrival in New South Wales, appeared in the *Monthly Repository*, but neither work is obtainable in Melbourne. I have done my best to reconcile incongruities and relate the extraordinary history with some degree of coherence.

The year 1793 was an eventful one in Europe. The French Revolution was at its height, and the minds of all men were disturbed with fear of social revolution or with hope of political reform. The National Convention sitting at Paris had, on the 21st of January, ordered the execution of Louis XVI., and the feeling of terror and insecurity became intensified. London had just seen the Gordon riots, and had pronounced Thomas Paine guilty of libel in publishing the *Rights of Man*. All over the Kingdom were societies calling themselves "The Society for Constitutional Information," "The London Corresponding Society," "The Revolutionary Society," "The Society of Friends of the People;" and the Government were unusually active in prosecuting the vendors of pamphlets printed by these bodies. On the 23rd of February, Thomas Holland, a print-seller in Oxford Street, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £100, for publishing *An Address to the Addresses on the late Proclamation*—an expression of opinion concerning war with France—and the following day Daniel Eaton was arrested for circulating a pamphlet entitled *Political Hog's-wash*. On the 1st of March, Butler and Bond were fined £500 and sentenced to six months in Newgate, for printing a publication animadverting on the Secret Committee of the House of Lords; and on the 11th the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland issued a proclamation commanding magistrates to disperse by firearms all private political assemblies. On the 26th March, Dr. James Reynolds, a physician in good practice at Belfast, was committed to

Kilmainham Gaol for refusing to give evidence "concerning the condition of the district where he resided"—that is, I suppose, to betray his disaffected neighbours; and on the 8th May two booksellers, named Ridgway and Symonds, were imprisoned for three years and fined £300 for publishing the works of the abhorred Paine. On the 19th of June, Frost, the attorney, was struck off the rolls and sentenced to the pillory for "using seditious words;" and on the 30th August one Thomas Muir, Esq., the younger, of Hunter's Hill, was put on his trial for sedition before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh.

Mr. Muir was a young man of true ambition and parts. Born in Glasgow in 1765, he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and, being of a liberal disposition, and taking a keen interest in social developments, soon found his sympathies enlisted on the side of political reform. About 1792 one of the numerous societies which I have mentioned established a branch in Glasgow, and Muir became an ardent worker in the cause. Allied with him was a Mr. Palmer—the Rev. Thomas Fyshe Palmer, a native of Bedfordshire, and a Master of Arts of Queen's College, Cambridge. He was ordained a curate in the Church of England, but in 1783 became a convert to Unitarianism, and under the auspices of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, laboured for some eight years as a clergyman of that denomination. He, too, was strongly impressed with liberal views, and was made a member of the "Friends of Liberty," together with Messrs. Skirving, Gerald, and Margarot. The "Friends of Liberty" held meetings in various places, one being in "Berean Meeting House" at Dundee, another, "Laurie's Rooms" in Edinburgh, and another, an inn in Archintilloch. The meetings in themselves were harmless enough, but it happened that the dreaded Thomas Paine was quoted, and that in the speeches made by Palmer and Margarot language less guarded than the times demanded was too often used. "We are oppressed with taxes." "We are spending the blood and treasure of the nation in an unholy war against a people who seek but the right of every man—liberty." "Universal suffrage and annual parliaments are the only means to enable the people to govern." "No man has a right to acquire land in fee simple from the State." "The overgrown estates of nobles and rich commons originated in rapine, murder, desolation, and proscription." "Those who have no votes in the election of representatives are not free," &c.;—all of which seems tame enough in these days, but all of which in July, 1793—when Charlotte Corday had just stabbed Marat—was very terrible treason indeed.

Mr. Muir was tried first. He was accused of having by his speeches, publications and acts, excited the citizens to sedition, and of having absconded from the Kingdom when called upon to stand his trial. His seditious practices consisted in holding meetings of the "Society of Friends of the People," in corresponding with the "United Irishmen," "and in printing the rude remarks of Thomas Paine." His absconding consisted in his having taken a passage for New York, and landing again in Ireland when the vessel in which he

shipped put into Belfast for cargo. The evidence against him, so far as these circumstances were concerned, was undeniable. He lent Thomas Paine's book to many people, and spoke of it highly. He read an address from the "United Irishmen" to the "Scotch Society," and openly pronounced himself a friend of Hamilton Rowan, and an ally to the Irish cause. He had in his pocket when arrested, a passport from General Mausry in favour of "Citizen Muir," given "in the first year of the French Republic." He had given orders that letters were to be sent to him under cover "*Au citoyen de Coudille, Hotel de Toulon, No. 1 rue des Fosses du Temple.*" All sorts of witnesses gave evidence as to his unguarded language, and the gravest attention was paid to their trumpery. A servant lass named Annie Fisher was complimented by the Court upon her honesty when she said that she heard her young master tell his hairdresser to buy Paine's *Rights of Man*, and keep it in the shop to enlighten the people. Another witness said that the prisoner stated that members of Parliament should have forty shillings a day, and none but honest men sit in the Legislature. A third was permitted to allege, as a proof of the young man's hatred of the Government, that he had termed the Irish Catholics "men taxed without being represented, bound by laws to which they had given no consent, and politically dead in their native land." The High Court—Lord Justice Clerk (M'Queen), Lord Henderland, Lord Swinton, Lord Dunsinnan, and Lord Abercrombie—found the "panel" guilty with one voice, and sentenced him to transportation beyond seas for fourteen years, under penalty of death should he return before the expiration of that term.

Palmer fared equally ill. An attempt by his counsel to overthrow the indictment on account of the misspelling of his name—Fische—was promptly rebutted. There was no evidence that he *wrote* the MS. of the "libel" complained of, but it was proved that he paid for the printing of it, and he too received his sentence—seven years merely—for an offence which Lord Eskgrove characterized as "dangerous to society and dangerous to himself—an attack upon the King, Parliament, and the Constitution."

Skirving, Gerald, and Margarot were arrested together in their room at the "Black Bull," and their papers and effects seized. Margarot was one of the most active members of the society which met in a room in Black Friar's Wynd, in Edinburgh, and both he and Skirving frequently took the chair. The business of the meeting—the minutes of which were read at the trial—was to urge upon the people the necessity for petitioning for Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments. In fact, the "Friends of Liberty" were the forerunners of the Chartists. Constables twice attended to disperse these meetings, and on one occasion the Provost himself appeared on the scene. The assemblage, however, protested against interference, and went away peaceably enough, to continue the debate elsewhere. The tenor of the arguments and of the documents was the same as those circulated and used by Muir, and the three prisoners were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Margarot made a most eloquent, and—for one in his situation—a most imprudent speech.

He defended his own conduct, and that of his friends, with warmth and roundly attacked the system of boroughmongering and aristocratic patronage which a few years more saw happily abolished. The Lord Justice Clerk in summing up the case, said, "The panel has been accused of sedition, and he has defended himself in a speech which is nothing but sedition from beginning to end." Lord Abercrombie said, "the right to enjoy universal suffrage and annual parliaments would bring ruin and destruction on England," and gave it as his opinion, that the "punishment was, on the whole, perhaps the mildest that ought to be pronounced."

The only place of transportation beyond seas, which was at the disposal of Great Britain in 1794 was the six-year-old settlement of Botany Bay, and thither the unfortunate victims of bigotry and fear were conveyed by the transport "Surprise," Patrick Campbell, master, in April, 1794. But, there were not wanting humane men to plead the cause of the enthusiasts. On the 10th March the Right Hon. W. Adam brought the case before the House of Commons, and, seconded by Mr. Fox, strove to procure a remission of the sentence. But in vain. Hansard records briefly, "The motion was negatived without a division." After a long voyage, during which they would appear to have been treated with unusual severity, the five victims of advanced ideas arrived in Sydney. Palmer's inaccessible pamphlet, doubtless, gives full particulars of the journey and the reception. On the authority of Howell, I may say that the Governor (Hunter) extended his protection to the exiles, and gave them permission to cultivate land, and employ their capital in hiring labour. Gerald, however, whose health had been broken by continued confinement in a close cell in Newgate, died soon after his arrival, and Skirving, a delicate man, did not long survive. Gerald was buried in Farm Cove, now part of the Botanic Gardens, but I do not know if any record marks his tomb. Margarot lived to return to England in 1815. Howell says that "he seemed to have behaved throughout with the most shameless profligacy," but I can find no reason for such an assertion, save that the staunch old Scotchman persistently denounced the infamous traffic in rum, by which many of the officers and early settlers laid the foundation of their fortunes. Margarot gave evidence before the First Committee of the House of Commons on Transportation, in 1812, and is described by Lord Strangford as "Old Maurice Margarot, one of the Aboriginal reformers." "I saw him," says his lordship, "with his wife and an old cat, the faithful companions of his exile." According to Howell he died in November, 1816, while a subscription was being raised for his relief.

Palmer lived quietly enough in Sydney until the year 1799, when he began to make preparations for his homeward voyage. In conjunction with Captain Reid, Mr. Boston, and Mr. Ellis, he purchased a small vessel, and set sail from Port Jackson on the 20th January, 1800, with the intention of taking in timber at New Zealand for sale at the Cape. They, spent, however, twenty-six weeks in New Zealand, and exhausted their stores. Pressed for provisions, they ran for the Tonga Islands, but were not allowed to land. At Fiji they obtained

some fruit and yams, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck on a reef at Goraa, they sailed for Macao, but were compelled to put into Guam, although aware that it was a hostile port. The Spanish Governor seized them as prisoners of war, but treated them kindly. The exposure he had suffered caused Palmer to be seized with dysentery, and though keeping life flickering for nearly eight months, he died early in June, 1802, two years after his sentence expired.

The end of Thomas Muir's life was as romantic as the beginning. He had been in "correspondence" with France from early boyhood, and it was destined that after many adventures his bones should rest in the land he loved so well. On his settlement in Sydney he built a house on some land which he had purchased, and named the little estate "Hunter's Hill," after his paternal acres in the Scotland he had left for ever. It is remarkable that Tuckey, who knew nothing about the story of Muir, copies in a note to his voyage to Port Phillip, an inscription in an English book presented to the library of Antonian monks, in St. Sebastian, by the unhappy exile during the stay of the "Surprise." The opening lines show how thoughts of his home still wrung the poor fellow's heart :

> "O Scotia ! O longum felix, longumque superba
> Ante alias patria, Heroum sanctissima tellus !"

The book is inscribed as presented to the monastery by Thomas Muir, Gente Scotus, animâ orbis terrarum civis. He employed his leisure by instructing the convicts in certain portions of the Bible, and even set up a little printing press, and circulated copies of texts struck off by his own hand. In America, says Mr. Bennett, the story of the trial had excited much interest. Muir had many friends in New York, and General Washington, then in the seventh year of his Presidentship, permitted a sloop named the "Otter" to be fitted out and put under the command of Captain Dawes, for the express purpose of rescuing Muir. The "Otter" anchored in Port Jackson in January, 1796, and after about a fortnight the captain succeeded in getting speech with his man. There was no time to lose if escape was meant. The "Otter" had put in, presumedly, for water, and folks wondered why she stayed so long. Muir went home, wrote a letter of thanks to Hunter, and carrying with him only his pocket-Bible, embarked under cover of night in the friendly vessel. But his adventures had only just began.

After a voyage of four months, the "Otter" made Nootka Sound, struck on a rock, and went to pieces. None survived of all the ship's company save Muir and two sailors. The three were captured, when in a starving state, by a tribe of Indians. Muir won the affection of the savages by his bold bearing and by his compliance with their customs. His companions were killed, but Muir managed to escape, and after a walk of nearly four thousand miles he reached Panama, naked, and covered with wounds. The Governor treated him civilly, and after a little rest, the undaunted man started for Vera Cruz, across the Isthmus. Here the Governor offered to send him to the Havannas in a vessel that was about to sail for that port, but the

unfortunate man was attacked by yellow fever, and, as Mr. Bennett pathetically says, "laid on a bed of sickness, a stranger, and penniless." On his recovery he was sent to Cuba, but was there imprisoned, and finally put on bard a Spanish frigate, the "Nymph," as a common sailor. The "Nymph" and her consort were sighted off Cadiz by the "Emerald" and the "Irresistible," part of Sir John Jarvis's squadron, on the look-out for treasure ships. A fight of two hours took place in Canille Bay, and, after a bloody battle the Spaniards surrendered. The last shot from the "Irresistible" struck Muir on the head, and he fell as one dead upon the deck. When the English officers boarded their prize, they were struck with the curious fact, that one of the bodies which lay on its face held, clasped in both hands, a pocket-Bible. The sailors raised the apparent corpse, and, seeing that one eye was knocked out, and part of the cheek carried away, made as though to fling it overboard, when the man uttered a sigh, and the book fell from his hands. An English officer picked it up, and read in the title-page the name of his old schoolfellow, Thomas Muir. Keeping his own counsel, he got his friend conveyed ashore as a wounded Spaniard; and after some months of suffering, the iron constitution of the hardy Scotchman triumphed. He found means to communicate with his friends in Paris, and was invited by the Directory to "make his home, as one of the friends of liberty, in the land which liberty had chosen for her own."

His entrance into France was a sort of triumph. At Bordeaux he was entertained at a banquet of five hundred citizens, the Mayor of the town presiding. His health was drunk with enthusiasm, and, supported in the arms of the American Consul, he attempted to return thanks, but fainted. On the 4th of February, 1789, he reached Paris, but, despite the most devoted care and attention, gradually sank from the effects of his frightful wound in the head. He died at Chantilly on the 27th of September, and was buried by the French nation with every mark of respect.

Thomas Muir was a brave and pious man. If he erred from zeal in his youth, he surely atoned for his indiscretions by his bitter punishment. In the stories of himself and his companions, I can find little to rebuke and much to pity. Victims to the popular fury of the hour, they yet watered the tree of political liberty with their blood. The residents of "Hunter's Hill" may surely think, with a blameless sigh, of the sad fate of its quondam owner. As was said of a greater martyr than Thomas Muir, "His crime was that he lived too soon."

BARRINGTON: PRINCE OF PICKPOCKETS.

MOST people have heard of George Barrington, the pickpocket. His name has become notorious—I had almost written famous—for gentlemanly larceny. Bulwer has dished up an imitation of him in *Paul Clifford*, and Lever introduced him bodily into *The O'Donoghue*. I read once a highly-spiced romance called by his name, and purporting to be an account of his doings, in that oracle of nurserymaids the *London Journal*, and I came very near to seeing a sensation drama in five acts, of which he was the intelligent hero. I have heard his name mentioned with almost as much admiration as that of Jack Sheppard by pipe-smoking "old hands," yarning while the sheep were camped; and I have seen a picture of him—Claude Duval dashed with Almaviva—presiding at a banquet as the Prince of Prigs. That he *was* the prince of prigs in the age of the First Gentleman in Europe there can be no doubt. He robbed with grace, and broke the eighth commandment with an air. He was not such a grand speculator as Price, otherwise Old Patch; he did not ride so dashingly as Claude Duval; he had not the more solid qualities of M. Vidocq, nor the enterprising financial ability of Sir John Dean Paul; but he was, in his way, as smart a fellow as any of them. He lived merrily all his life, and having been transported, made the best of his altered circumstances, took the goods the gods provided him, became superintendent of convicts at Parramatta, wrote a history of his adopted country, and died in the odour of respectability.

It is on account of his latter exploit in the way of authorship that I have elected to tell the true story of his life in these pages. Strangely enough, however, though Messrs. Sherwood, Neily, and Jones, of 5, Newgate Street, London, published, in the year 1810, in two volumes quarto, a *History of New South Wales*, by George Barrington, superintendent of convicts, the literary fame of its author was not much enhanced. His speeches, at his trials, were excellent, but his writing is execrable. The *History* is a very slip-slop piece of work; and is, moreover, according to Dr. Lang, untrustworthy. As a thief, Mr. Barrington was not above suspicion. As an author, he is beneath contempt. One would have thought that so ingenious a stealer of other men's property could not but have succeeded in literature: but, strange to say, he neglected the advantages afforded by his early training, and consequently has not achieved literary distinction.

George Barrington was born in the year 1755, at Maynooth, in Kildare. His real name was Waldron, and his parents seem to have

occupied the position of respectable cottagers. They were themselves in straitened circumstances, and their son would have grown up without education had not his precocious talents attracted the attention of a benevolent clergyman, who placed the lad at school in Dublin. He was liberally supplied with money by his patron, who announced his intention of starting him in life. At sixteen years of age, however, he quarrelled with another lad, and stabbed him with a penknife. For this, Waldron was severely flogged, and smarting as much from wounded vanity as from loss of cuticle, he determined to run away. The same night he packed up his clothes, stole twelve guineas from his master, and a gold repeater from his master's sister, and scaling the school wall, set out in the middle of the night to seek his fortune. Such as it was, he soon found it. Putting up the next evening at a small inn in the town of Drogheda, he heard that a company of strolling players were to perform that night, and, boy-like, went to see them.

The manager of this company was a man named Price. He was of gentlemanly exterior, of reputed good family, and agreeable figure, but having been detected in the commission of some fraud, was outlawed to Ireland. Price fell in with the boy, took a fancy to him, heard his story, and enrolled him as a member of his company. Burning with theatrical ambition, Barrington—as he now called himself—essayed the part of Jaffier in *Venice Preserved*, and made a hit. He had a speaking eye, a good figure, a handsome face, some talent, and a prodigious memory. The last two qualities gave him success in his new *rôle*; the first three gained him the heart of the Belvidera of the night. This was a young girl of respectable connections and some education, who had been seduced and deserted by a lieutenant of marines and thrown upon her own resources for a livelihood. She appears, however, to have been more sinned against than sinning, and to have in some degree merited the affection which the ardent, impulsive youth showed for her. Into this *liaison* Barrington fell, like the young gentleman in *Disowned*— or jumped— headlong, and the troop secured his services.

For some time life seemed cheery enough. With love in the person of the lively actress, and fame in the shape of the thumpings of the thick sticks of an Irish audience, Barrington was satisfied. But soon there came a change. At Londonderry, Manager Price announced that he was in difficulties, Barrington's stolen watch had long ago disappeared, and the twelve guineas had quickly melted in the sun of Belvidera's smiles. The "company" —poor devils—had not a sou amongst them. In this dilemma Mr. Price suggested pocket-picking, and Barrington—with Belvidera in tears—consented. What with pocket-picking and play-acting the winter of 1771 passed pleasantly enough, but falling sick of a fever, Barrington was left behind by the ungrateful Price and came near dying. Belvidera, however, refused to desert her lover, and nursed him to a recovery. A few weeks after, the poor faithful wicked little soul—she was only eighteen—was drowned crossing the Boyne.

Barrington, upon this, set out to look for Price, and found him at Cork, picking pockets. He told him of his loss.

"Join your fortunes with mine, lad!" says Price over a bowl of punch. "Fools were made for men like us to live upon."

The compact was soon made. Barrington took the part of a young gentleman of fashion, and Price that of his tutor. They frequented assemblies, balls, and races, and by the end of the year made £1,000. Emboldened by success, Price became less cautious in his operations, and was detected, convicted, and sent to the plantations. His hopeful pupil, turning his head from the card table, saw the arrest of his friend, and with a plausible excuse, rose slipped out, and took horse for Dublin.

At Dublin, *he* was caught on the racecourse, but, restoring the snatched purse to its owner, was permitted to escape. Judging that the story would soon get wind, he wisely started for London.

Now begins a new phase in his career. He had been the Bohemian, the strolling player, the *bon camarado* of bullyrooks and swindlers. He would take a new line of action. He would be the gentleman, the gamester, the man of fashion. He sailed in the "Dorset" yacht (which had on board the Duke of Leinster), and there he made the acquaintance of a Mr. H. Mr. H. was a pigeon of admirable feather. Rich, and of good family, he was well worth the plucking. Young, vain, and innocent, he was easy to be plucked To this young man Barrington introduced himself as a man of fortune "travelling for his health," and they soon became firm friends. With the remnant of his Irish booty. Barrington rivalled his friend in extravagance, and the two seem to have seen the usual round of London dissipation. When Mr. H. wanted money, he drew a cheque on his bankers; when Mr. Barrington's funds were low, he picked a pocket. Meanwhile, the dice-box rattled, and the cards were dealt frequently. *Ecarté* was a favourite game of the fashionable Mr. Barrington, and he had a knack of "turning the king" that was both curious and profitable. It was not fated, however, that he should keep his dish all to himself. One night at Ranelagh, while indulging in his usual depredations, he was accosted by a stranger. "I know you," said this man, "I came over in the yacht with you from Ireland. I saw you pick that gentleman's pocket. You are a scoundrel, sir; and unless you *divide* I hand you over to the police!"

The booty was nearly £100 in gold, and some five watches, but the virtuous stranger was firm. They adjourned to a tavern and Barrington divided the spoil.

The stranger turned out to be a swindler named James, who had been the possessor of £300 a year, but having ruined himself at the gaming table, had turned highwayman. A bullet wound received on Finchley Common incapacitated him for his profession, and he then turned parson, and pickpocket. With this worthy, Barrington joined his fortunes, and introducing him to poor H. as "Captain" James, the two rooked him without mercy.

The "Thatched House" and the "Devil's Tavern" at Temple Bar were the favourite resorts of the two friends, and they soon

became famous for their easy bearing and gentlemanly address. Cautious and cool, Barrington mixed in the best society, and picked its aristocratic pockets without detection. The noblemen of his acquaintance bewailed their losses to him, and he cheered them with his sympathy, or roused them with his wit. The memory which enabled him to play Jaffier at twelve hours' notice stood him in stead in his new part of gentleman of quality. He read largely, and remembered what he read. His natural talents were great, his impudence unbounded, his nerve admirable; he was Barry Lyndon varnished; he wanted but a touch of genius to become Vautrin.

In the summer of 1775, he visited the "waters" in company with other dandies, and at Brighton—then called Brightelmstone, and only in the bud of its Georgian blossom—he fell in with Lord Ancaster and Sir Alexander Leith, and was entertained by them with much gravity. During this time he still continued his partnership with James, who acted as jackall to the more noble beast of prey and found out his game for him. Moreover, in his late profession of high toby man, Mr. James had become acquainted with that useful creature, a "fence" or receiver of stolen goods, who purchased the commodities which the firm had for sale and asked no questions. It is just probable that Barrington imagined that his partner, jackall as he was, retained the lion's share of the booty, for in the beginning of the next spring I find him employing a Mr. Lowe as his chancellor of the exchequer

Lowe had been a livery-stable keeper, landlord of a sporting public-house, and usurer. His last speculation, while it enriched him considerably, enlarged his circle of acquaintance. He took a respectable house in Bloomsbury, lived like a man of easy fortune, and "put away" large quantities of stolen goods. To him Barrington linked his fortunes. James, at first disgusted, and then indignant, appears to have accepted the inevitable, and retired into private life. Like the wicked *marquise* of the old, or the Becky Sharpe of the modern Balzac, he "sought the consolations of religion." He retired to a monastery, and left all his earnings to the Church. Lowe, by the way, was not so fortunate. He was tried for firing a hospital at Kentish Town, of which he was treasurer, and poisoned himself in prison in 1779.

In conjunction with this worthy man Barrington rapidly rose to eminence. He went to Court on the Queen's birthday, and in addition to the innumerable snuff-boxes and purses, cut off the collar of an Order of the Garter, and sold the diamonds to a Dutch Jew who came over from Holland each year to purchase stolen jewels. Encouraged by his success, he next attempted to steal Prince Orloff's diamond snuff-box, at Covent Garden Theatre. This box was of gold, thickly studded with brilliants, and was presented to the illustrious Russian by the Empress Catherine. It was supposed to be worth £30,000. Barrington seated himself next the Prince and secured the box, but the Russian caught him by the collar and handed him over to the police. Being brought before Sir John Fielding, the wily prisoner set forth a sad case with such semblance

of truth that the good-natured Prince declined to press the charge, and he escaped with a caution. This *exposé*, however, ruined his social reputation, and, being turned out of his old haunts, he was compelled to hunt smaller game. In 1777 he was detected picking the pocket of a trull at Drury Lane Theatre, and was sentenced to three years' hard labour in the hulks. Here his behaviour was so good that he was released after twelve months, and six months after his liberation was again detected picking pockets at St. Sepulchre's Church, and sentenced for five years. The "hulks" of those days was a terrible place. Men and women were crowded together. Oaths, dirt, drink, and the cat embroidered the prison garments. Prisoners were treated like beasts, and behaved like beasts. The lash cut their manhood out of them. Here Barrington seems to have suffered severely in mind and body. He tried to escape twice and to stab himself once, but was unsuccessful in all three efforts. His misery, however, attracted the attention of a wealthy associate of former days, who, exerting his influence with the Government, succeeded in getting Barrington's release, on condition that he should exile himself, as his old patron manager Price had done, to Ireland. Here he resumed his old occupation, until Dublin was too hot to hold him; and then, taking Scotland by the way, returned to England.

His star shone brighter now than ever. He stole £600 at Chester, £1,000 at York, and 500 guineas at Bath. He was the chat of the coffee-houses, the scandal of the wells. His person was well known. He was the hero of a hundred stories. He achieved a reputation for gallantry. Fine ladies were in love with him, or professed to be. He was reported to have robbed the King's coach, and to have intrigued with a Royal duchess. He was captured once or twice, but always escaped. He had plenty of money, and turnkeys — in those days, at all events — were not angels. He jumped from one disguise to another with the nimbleness of a harlequin. Now he was here, now there. One day he would be a quack doctor at Bath, the next a respectable bagman at Gloucester. He kept an E.O. table at the races on Monday, and on Tuesday borrowed £20 as a Methodist missionary desirous of turning heathen souls to God. Even when arrested, his wit and manners saved him from the ready rope. Being seized at Newcastle, he was sent in irons to Newgate, but pleaded so successfully with his friends, that they raised 100 guineas for him, and spending it in feeing an astute counsel, he escaped again through some legal quibble.

last he was caught and held tight.

A Mr. Henry Hare Townsend, having entered a nag for the Enfield races, had gone down to see how fortune would turn. He had his watch and seals with him, in his waistcoat pocket. As he was leading his horse down the course, he was jostled by a person in light-coloured clothes, from whom he demanded, with an oath, what he wanted, but got no reply. A few moments after a Mr. Blades—a sporting friend of his—came up and asked him if he had not been robbed. Clapping his hand to his pocket, he discovered the loss of

his watch, and instantly suspected the awkward gentleman in buff. This was Barrington. Seeing him the other side of the course, Townsend and Blades went round and seized him, Townsend saying, "You d——d rascal, you've got my watch!" They took him into a booth, and there several witnesses of credibility swore that they saw him drop the stolen property. On Wednesday morning, 15th September, 1790, he was tried and convicted.

Barrington made an able defence, commenting on the unfavourable opinion which the jury entertained of him, and the facts that no one saw him *take* the watch, nor could absolutely swear that he dropped it. Referring to his expectation of a death sentence, he said that he should bear it with fortitude, as he was innocent and maligned, but that if time were given him to repent he would do so without delay. The jury, impressed by his eloquence, sentenced him to seven years' transportation. They *could* have hung him if they chose. On Wednesday, the 22nd of September, the Recorder pronounced sentence on him, and the accomplished scoundrel took leave of him in the following neat and appropriate speech, to which Mr. Owen Suffolk, late of this colony, could perhaps alone supply a parallel:—

"My Lord,—I have a great deal to say in extenuation of the crime for which I now stand convicted at this bar; but, upon consideration, I will not arrest the attention of the honourable Court too long. Among the extraordinary vicissitudes incident to human nature, it is the peculiar and unfortunate lot of some devoted persons to have their best wishes and their most earnest endeavours to deserve the good opinion of the most respectable part of society frustrated. Whatever they say, or whatever they do, every word and its meaning, every action and its motive, is represented in an unfavourable light, and is distorted from the real intention of the speaker or the actor. That this has been my unhappy fate does not seem to need much confirmation. Every effort to deserve well of mankind that my heart bore witness to, its rectitude has been frustrated by such measures as these, and consequently rendered abortive. Many of the circumstances of my life I can, without any violation of the truth, declare to have therefore happened absolutely in spite of myself. The world, my lord, has given me credit for abilities, indeed much greater than I possess, and therefore much more than I deserved; but I had never found any kind hand to foster those abilities. I might ask where was the generous and powerful hand that was ever stretched forth to rescue George Barrington from infamy? In an age like this, which in several respects is so justly famed for liberal sentiments, it was my severe lot that no noble-minded gentleman stepped forward and said 'Barrington, you are possessed of talents which may be useful to society. I feel for your situation, and as long as you act the part of a good citizen, I will be your protector; you will have time and opportunity to rescue yourself from the obloquy of your former conduct.' Alas, my lord, George Barrington had never the supreme felicity of having such comfort administered to his

wounded spirit. As matters have unfortunately turned out, the die is cast; and as it is, I am resigned to my fate without one murmur of complaint."

Being shipped off to his new home, Mr. Barrington not only conducted himself with propriety but did the State some service. A mutiny broke out on board the convict-ship. The convicts attempted to seize the vessel and take her to America, "where," says Barrington in his account of the voyage, "they expected to not only attain their liberty, but receive a tract of land from Congress." The plot was laid with some ingenuity, and on an occasion when the captain and officers were below examining the stowage of the wine, the mutineers attempted to get possession of the ship; but Barrington, snatching up a handspike, kept the hatchway until the officers came to his assistance. The two ringleaders were hung at the yard-arm that very afternoon, and the others severely flogged. This service caused the gentlemanly convict to receive some attention. He had the run of the store-room on board, and was recommended to Governor Phillip as soon as the ship anchored at Sydney.

The Governor received him with kindness, and appointed him superintendent of convicts, and in November, 1792, he entered upon that office by virtue of one of the first warrants of emancipation granted in the colony.

From this time Mr. Barrington seems to have conducted himself with propriety, and to have given up the follies of his youth. It is possible, indeed, that police were more plentiful than purses in the land of his adoption. However, he made an admirable superintendent of convicts, and would address his petty officers in tones which yet faintly smacked of the Phœnix and Ranelagh. At the expiration of his sentence he was but forty-four years of age, but he settled in Parramatta and lived to a good old age, though I cannot find the precise date of his death. The author of a little book called *Australian Discovery and Colonization*, published 1850, says that at that time the interesting thief was still remembered by some of the early residents as a very gentlemanly old man, scrupulously neat in dress and courteous in deportment. In addition to his "history," which he dedicated with characteristic impudence to "His Gracious Majesty," Barrington was the reputed author of the celebrated prologue to the "Revenge," spoken on the 16th January, 1796, at the first dramatic performance given in the colony, and which, from the neatness of the couplet—

> "True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good"—

has been often quoted. There is more reason, however, to suppose that some officer of literary ability and cultivated tastes was the author. No convict would have written such a cutting satire upon colonial society and his own pretensions to respectability. Moreover, the neatness of the prologue is in striking contrast to the slovenliness of the history. It is impossible to imagine that the same hand wrote both.

GOVERNOR BLIGH AND THE "RUM" REVOLT.

THE social condition of Sydney in 1807 was somewhat curious. The place being under military discipline, and controlled by military officers, the army was at a premium. The Governor was a sort of pro-consul with absolute power, and his officers monopolised all the good things of the colony. Among the principal of these good things was the rum-trade. From the first settlement of New South Wales the unrestrained importation of ardent spirits had prevailed to an alarming extent. Rum poured into the colony in barrels, in hogsheads, in puncheons. Rum flowed like water, and was drunk like wine. Rum was taken morning, noon, and night, was paid as "boot" in exchanges, and received as payment for purchases. Rum at last became a colonial currency. The Governor, clergy, and officers, civil and military, all bartered rum. The New South Wales Veteran Corps (a regiment of pensioners tempted by promise of privilege to emigrate) was called the "Rum-Puncheon Corps." Mr. Macarthur (the chief actor in the drama about to open) says in his evidence on the trial of Major Johnstone, that such barter "was universal. Officers, civil, and military, clergy, every description of inhabitants, were under the necessity of paying for the necessaries of life, for every article of consumption in that sort of commodity which the people who had to sell were inclined to take: in many cases you could not get labour performed without it."

This being the case, one may judge of the disgust that prevailed among the rum-storers when it was reported that a new Governor was to replace Governor King—a bluff sailor, who loved rum—with strict injunctions from the Home Government to put down the monopolists. The name of this new Governor was Captain Bligh, a bold and daring, though somewhat pigheaded post-captain, who had gained some notoriety by reason of the famous mutiny of the "Bounty." This story is so well known that I will do no more than glance at it. The "Bounty" was sent to collect seeds of the bread-fruit tree of the South Sea Islands, for the purpose of planting them in the West Indies. Tired of this botanical exploration, and seduced by the black eyes of the Tahitian damsels, the crew of the "Bounty," led by a lazy old reprobate named John Adams, mutinied, and putting Bligh and his officers adrift in a longboat, gave themselves up to unrestrained licentiousness on one of the lovely islands of the South Pacific. Here they lived for some years, until Adams, worn out by debauchery, achieved patriarchal dignity, and preached the Gospel to his numerous family of half-caste children. Although it is more than probable that he never heard of Byron, the old gentleman

verified the poet's statement anent "rum and true religion," for he tried the charms of both, and died in the odour of sanctity. His companions, ultimately found, were given the convict settlement of Norfolk Island as a residence. They—with Adams at their head—have since been canonized by the low Church missionary story-books, and the "Mutiny of the 'Bounty,'" was for some time the strong point of the *Sunday at Home*. Bligh displayed much ability in navigating his boat to safety, and, as a sort of recompense for the sufferings he had endured, was made Governor of New South Wales. His previous history was a good one. He had been for nineteen years a post-captain; had fought under Parker, Howe, and Nelson. At Copenhagen he commanded the Glatton, and was thanked by Nelson publicly on the quarter-deck for his services. He was said to be a tyrant, and to have ill-treated the crew of the "Bounty." It is possible he did so, but it is also possible that they deserved it.

The expectations of the colonists were realised. Bligh landed in 1806, and forthwith announced his intention of travelling through the colony in order to ascertain the condition of its inhabitants. Now, but four months before his arrival, occurred the great March flood of 1806, and the colony was suffering from scarcity of grain. According to Dr. Lang (*History of New South Wales*) maize meal and coarse flour were sold in Sydney at 2s. 6d. the pound, the two-pound loaf being 4s. 6d., and sometimes 5s., while "whole families on the Hawkesbury had often no bread in their houses for months together." Bligh riding round, like the King of Yvetôt, made personal inquiries into the condition of each settler, and volunteered to take from each a certain quantity of wheat or produce, giving in payment orders in *advance* on the King's Stores at Sydney. This arrangement, however beneficial to the settlers, did not accord with the interests of the military and civil importers of rum and tobacco. No settler who could obtain tea, sugar, and woollen stuffs at nearly cost price from the King's stores would sell his crop for the fiery Jamaica compound of the monopolists, or accept as part payment the usual puncheon of strong waters at the usual high rate of valuation. The merchants of Sydney were most indignant, and their indignation was not decreased by the publication on February 14th, 1807, of a general order prohibiting the rum-puncheon trade altogether. By this alarming order the monopoly was at once crushed. Bligh prohibited "the exchange of spirits or other liquors as payment for grain, animal food, labour, wearing apparel, or any other commodity whatever." A prisoner convicted of such sale or purchase rendered himself liable to 100 lashes and twelve months' hard labour. A settler, free by servitude, pardon, or emancipation, was deprived of all indulgences from the Crown, fined £20, and imprisoned for three months. Free settlers and masters of ships were fined £50, and deprived of indulgences from the Crown. This sledge-hammer proclamation at once knocked to shivers the brittle pot of profitable monopoly which had hitherto boiled so briskly, and the merchants and trading members of the New South Wales Corps began to mutter curses against the popular despot of Government House.

At last a spark from an unexpected quarter fired the train. In March, 1807, the ship "Dart" arrived in Sydney. Among her cargo were two large stills, one addressed to Captain Abbott, of the New South Wales Corps, and the other to Mr. Macarthur. It seems that Mr. Macarthur was part owner of the "Dart," and that the agent to whom Captain Abbott had written for the still, thinking that the speculation would be a profitable one, took upon himself to send another to the owner of the vessel. In these stills a wondrous potion was about to be brewed.

According to custom the manifest of the "Dart" was exhibited to the Governor, who, observing the unlucky stills, ordered them to be both placed in the King's stores, in order that they might be shipped back to England on the first opportunity. It so happened that the coppers of the stills had been filled with drugs, and the naval officer to whom the execution of the Governor's mandate was entrusted, retained only the heads and worms, allowing the coppers to be placed in Mr. Macarthur's stores.

Mr. Macarthur, formerly captain and paymaster of the New South Wales Corps, and then a merchant of respectability, was not on good terms with the Governor. As might naturally be expected, he sided with the monopolists. Indeed, he was bound to the "opposition" by a threefold band. As an old member of the military corps he possessed all the *camaraderie* by which a regiment hangs together, and resented the proclamation of the Governor as injurious to the interests of his old companions. As a merchant, with whom the rum-puncheon trade was necessarily a source of income, he saw himself deprived of large and sure profits. As a private gentleman of wealth and station, holding a position universally admitted to be only inferior to that of the Governor, he had imagined himself injured by the action of Bligh with reference to an appeal from the law courts, and refused to visit at Government House. At this distance of time, and in the absence of anything like satisfactory evidence, it is impossible to decide how far the conduct of Macarthur was dictated by petulance or vanity. Mr. Flanagan, in his *History of New South Wales*, warmly supports the course he took, and declares that Bligh's pretended affection for the people but veiled his quarter-deck detestation of all interference, and that he tyrannized grossly over Macarthur and his friends; while Dr. Lang contends that Bligh was an honest, rough, and well-meaning man, who opposed himself sturdily to a monstrous system of mercantile robbery. Having due regard to Bligh's former career, I feel inclined to agree with Dr. Lang.

Macarthur, annoyed at the order of the Governor, was yet to be subjected to another act of oppression. The "Duke of Portland" being about to sail for London, it was discovered that the stills were not on board her, and the Governor ordered them to be shipped forthwith. Macarthur replied that he had nothing to do with Captain Abbott's still, and that he intended to dispose of his own to some ship going to India or China, but that if that should be objected to, the head and worm could be disposed of as His Excellency thought

fit, and that he would apply the copper to some domestic use. His Excellency but reiterated his former order, and after some complication and correspondence, a Mr. Campbell was sent to "take the stills." The merchant showed him where they were placed, and told him that he might take them at his own risk if he chose. Campbell did choose, and Macarthur prosecuted him instantly for illegal seizure of property, asking in Court, "if an Englishman in New South Wales was to have his property wrested from him on the mere sign manual of the Governor." The rebellion against despotism had begun.

Now another complication arose. In the month of June, a convict named Hoare had escaped in the "Parramatta" to Tahiti. Macarthur was part owner of this vessel, and the English inhabitants of Tahiti (that is to say, a few missionaries who had usurped the lands of the natives under the pretence of converting them) complained to the Governor. Proceedings were taken against Macarthur by the Governor, and a bond of £900 given by the owners of the "Parramatta" to the Government declared forfeited. Macarthur appealed to the Governor against this sentence, but without effect, and thereupon refused to pay the fine. In default of payment, the vessel was seized, and Macarthur hearing of the seizure, informed the captain and the crew that as they had "abandoned" the vessel, they might expect nothing more from him. By the colonial regulations, no seamen were allowed ashore in Sydney unless under certain conditions, and the men were therefore compelled to make affidavit of their owner's procedure. In consequence of this affidavit, the Judge-Advocate sent a summons commanding the appearance of Macarthur at court on the following day.

Unfortunately Richard Atkins, the Advocate-General, was himself involved in Macarthur's personal quarrels, and an action at law was then pending between them. Moreover, Atkins was a man of intemperate habits, and profligate character. He is characterized by Dr. Lang as "the broken-down relative of a person in power," and was notoriously incapable of fulfilling his legal duties. Governor Bligh, indeed, having been desired by the Secretary of State to inform him privately of the characters of individuals holding office, wrote thus of Mr. Atkins:—"He is accustomed to inebriety. He has been the ridicule of the community. Sentence of death has been pronounced in moments of intoxication. His determination is weak, and his opinion floating and infirm. His knowledge of the law is insignificant, and subject to private inclination; and confidential causes of the Crown, where due secrecy is required, he is not to be trusted with." The result of this mingled ignorance and intemperance on the part of Atkins was, that he was obliged to have recourse to a convict named Crossley in order to prepare his indictments and aid his wavering judgment. Crossley had originally been an attorney, but was transported for perjury, and having been pardoned by Governor King, was living on his acquired property on the Hawkesbury River.

As may be easily imagined, the scandal anent Atkins and his friend was considerable, and Macarthur in his quarrel was supported by the majority of the officers under Government. Desirous of pushing matters to a crisis, and, I am afraid, not without a certain malice prepense against his enemy the Governor, Macarthur replied to the Judge-Advocate's summons by a cold and stinging letter, briefly refusing to attend. Upon this Atkins committed an error. Galled by the contumacy of the wealthy merchant, he determined to put a slight upon him which he would not easily forget. He issued a warrant for his arrest. The execution of this warrant was entrusted to a man named Francis Oakes, who had been a "missionary" to Tahiti, but was now head-constable at Parramatta. Oakes, having thus from a fisher of souls become a fisher of bodies, repaired to Macarthur's residence on the 15th December, 1807, and, "after many humble apologies," presented the warrant. Macarthur read it, and—remarking to Oakes that "if he came a second time to enforce it, to come well armed, for he would never submit until his blood was shed"—refused to comply. "I have been already robbed of ten thousand pounds," said he, "but let them alone and they will soon make a rope to hang themselves." Poor Oakes then requested that the great man would give him some document to show that the warrant had been duly executed, and Macarthur wrote the following:—

"Parramatta,
"December 15th, 1807.

"Mr. Oakes,—You will inform the person who sent you here with the warrant you have now shown me, and given me a copy of, that I never will submit to the horrid tyranny that is attempted until I am forced; that I consider it with scorn and contempt, as I do the persons who have directed it to be executed.

"(Signed) J. MACARTHUR."

Oakes having obtained this document, posted off to Atkins, and (doubtless chuckling at the speedy humiliation of his superior) recapitulated all that had passed. Atkins, furious with rage, sought the Governor; and Mr. Oakes' deposition having been taken, a warrant was issued for Macarthur's arrest. The next day three constables, armed with cutlasses, apprehended the "monopolist" in the house of Mr. Grimes, the surveyor-general, and he being brought on the 17th before a bench of magistrates, was duly committed for trial for "high misdemeanours" before a special criminal court to be summoned for the purpose. To the inhabitants this intelligence was as startling as the news of the arrest of the Five Members had been to their ancestors. The despot had accomplished a *coup d'état*.

Macarthur, however, was liberated on bail, and in the interim between the 17th of December and the 25th of January the greatest excitement prevailed. The ill-feeling between the prisoner and the Judge-Advocate was well known and freely commented upon. Macarthur himself was not idle. He enlisted the sympathies of the New South Wales corps, and seems to have informed its officers (who were to try him) that he relied upon their favourable verdict. This reliance was not unfounded. The officers rallied round their old comrade, and it is on record that the night before the trial Macarthur's son and nephew and two of the bailsmen dined at a public

mess-dinner of the corps. The colours of the regiment were displayed and the regimental band playing, Mr. Macarthur himself walking up and down the parade and listening to the music. History again suggests a distant parallel in the "white cockade" Opera House dinner of bodyguards at the Œil de Bœuf.

It is, I am afraid, beyond question that Macarthur, not content with the knowledge that the six jurors would acquit him, to the confusion of the Government party, determined to strike a final blow at his old enemy the Judge-Advocate; nay, it is possible that, strong in his own position, he meditated nothing less than the downfall of Governor Bligh himself. On the 25th January, 1807, the Court was crowded, not only with civilians, but with many soldiers of the Veteran Corps, muttering discontent, and fingering their side-arms. It was generally understood that the prisoner had, in a letter addressed to the Governor, protested against the presence of the Judge-Advocate; and as it was evident that the Judge-Advocate was about to preside, the action of Macarthur was anxiously looked for. The indictment, prepared by Crossley, charging Macarthur with contempt and sedition, was then read, and the six officers having been sworn, Atkins was preparing to take the oath himself, when the prisoner challenged him. The point was argued, and Atkins declaring that by the terms of the patent the Court could not be formed without him (which was perfectly true), Captain Kemp replied that the Judge-Advocate was nothing more than a juror, and Lieutenant Lawson desired the prisoner to state his objections, calling out, "We *will* hear him!"

Amid the greatest confusion, Atkins vacated his seat as President, and Macarthur harangued the Court. He stated that he had been brought to trial in ignorance of the charge against him, that he had in vain attempted to obtain from Atkins a copy of the indictment, and that he objected to him on six grounds:—First, that a suit was pending between them. Second, that Atkins cherished a "rancorous inveteracy against him." Third, that having given evidence to support an accusation against Atkins, he was therefore exposed to his enmity. Fourth, because Atkins had "associated and combined with that well-known dismembered limb of the law, George Crossley," to accomplish his destruction. Fifth, because Atkins knew that should he fail to procure a conviction, he would be prosecuted for false imprisonment. Sixth, because Atkins had already pronounced sentence against him at the bench of magistrates, and, consequently came into Court with the intention to convict. This speech contained a quotation of eight "authorities" on the question of challenge, and ended with an *ad captandum* appeal to the New South Wales Corps.

At the conclusion of the harangue Atkins swore he would commit the speaker for contempt, but Captain Kemp cried, "You, you commit! No, Sir; but I will commit you to jail." The soldiers began to cheer, and Atkins, apprehensive of violence, called out that he adjourned the Court, but the six refused to listen, and told the people not to disperse, saying, "*We* are a Court. Tell them not to go out."

The Judge-Advocate having left, Macarthur demanded protection, stating that he had been informed that a force of armed ruffians had been prepared against him, and begging for a military guard. As perhaps had been previously agreed upon, this request was instantly granted. The Provost-Marshal, however, considering this proceeding a rescue, left the Court in search of Atkins and three magistrates, in order to get a warrant for the apprehension of Macarthur.

The six, thus left masters of the situation, desired to proceed *pro formâ*, and solemnly then and there concocted a letter to the Governor, requesting that another Judge-Advocate might be appointed in the place of Atkins. At half-past twelve the reply came. The Governor refused. "Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," the six sent another letter, reiterating their opinion, and begging further consideration.

Atkins, however, had not been idle. He, too, sent a memorial to the Governor, giving his version of the story, and complaining that the six had impounded his papers. Upon the receipt of this letter the Governor, at a quarter-past two, sent his secretary, Mr. Edmund Griffin, to the court-house with a peremptory order to bring away all papers. The six, however, respectfully refused to comply with this command, unless "His Excellency would be pleased to appoint another Judge-Advocate." At a quarter to four the Governor played his last card. He sent a letter "finally demanding an answer in writing" as to the intentions of the six, and with italics "*repeating* that they were *no* Court without the Judge-Advocate." The six at 5 p.m. closed the campaign by formally informing His Excellency that they intended to retain the original correspondence, and had adjourned to the following day.

That evening was one of intense excitement in Sydney. The recalcitrant six were in some tremor as to the result of their proceedings, and one may not unreasonably think that the mess-table talk was not of the brightest. Mr. Macarthur snatched out of the hands of the fowler, and exultant in his temporary triumph, could not but be alarmed as to the ultimate issue of the struggle; Richard Atkins, Esq., and Crossley, his companion, were indignant and revengeful, breathing threats and warrants; while His Excellency, Governor Bligh—whose fits of rage were notorious—paced the dining-room of the verandah cottage called "Government House," waiting with furious impatience for the arrival of his allies. The Prussians of this Waterloo were represented by Major Johnstone, commanding the New South Wales corps; and immediately upon the receipt of the last manifesto of the six, Bligh had sent a despatch commanding his appearance. If the presence of their commander-in-chief did not quell the rebellious officers, Bligh's quarter-deck knowledge was good for nothing. Unluckily, Major Johnstone had been thrown out of his chaise some time before, and was unable to come. He lived four miles from town, and returned merely a verbal message, regretting his inability to comply with His Excellency's order. "He was too ill to come, and too weak to write." This was the *coup de grace*. It was evident that the major sided with his comrades. Nothing now remained but to try conclusions with Macarthur.

Early the next morning (January 26) Macarthur was arrested and lodged in gaol. The Court re-assembling, demanded that he should be restored to his former bail, and at 10 o'clock addressed another letter to the Governor, asserting that the deposition of the Provost-Marshal was false, and that the prisoner ought in law to be released. No answer was vouchsafed to this document, and at 3 p.m. the Court adjourned, wondering what His Excellency would do next. They were soon informed. In the course of the afternoon Bligh had decided upon war, and before dinner each of the six received a letter summoning him to Government House on the morrow to answer for "treasonable practices." It was also rumoured that Major Johnstone had received another letter, containing a tacit threat that, unless he appeared to support constituted authority, he would be virtually superseded in his command by Captain Abbott.

The utmost dismay now prevailed. It was urged that Bligh intended to set aside all forms of law, and ignoring the powers and jurisdiction of the Criminal Court, would seize upon his enemies in virtue of his untempered despotism. The barracks were in a ferment. Officers and men were alike ready for resistance. In the midst of the turmoil, at 5 p.m., a chaise containing the injured Johnstone drove up to the barracks. Lafayette's white horse could not have produced a greater sensation. The crowd on the barrack steps received him with open arms, and, amid a storm of mingled cheers and hisses, demanded whether he was come to ruin or to save the State. Johnstone, whose action would seem to point to a foregone conclusion, vowed that he had no intention of injuring his old companions in arms, and his utterance was received with intense enthusiasm. Presently the waiting mob outside the gates, eager to know the result of the noisy council within, were gladdened by a visible sign of power. Two merchants, Messrs. Bloxcell and Bayley, appeared flourishing a folded paper and took the way to the gaol. Major Johnstone, the "Lieutenant Governor," had signed an order for Macarthur's release, and was ready to back it with the muskets of the regiment under his command. Presently Macarthur appeared amid more cheering, and was conducted by his rescuers to the Council Chamber. For more than an hour the Council deliberated, and at last a strange noise was heard in the barrack-yard. The soldiers were getting under arms. It was more than a revolt; it was a revolution.

At half-past six the drums beat hard and loud, and the regiment, having been formed in the barrack-square, marched down to Government House with colours flying and fixed bayonets. Government House was a verandahed-cottage in O'Connell Street (in 1852 it was still standing), and was guarded by the usual guard of honour, under Lieutenant Bell. As the regiment approached Bell was heard to order his men to prime and load, and the instant after joined his comrades. In another moment the house was surrounded. The Bligh dynasty had fallen. Major Johnstone was Governor of New South Wales.

The entrance of the revolutionary army was opposed by but one person—and that a woman. Mrs. Putland, the widowed daughter of the Governor, ran down to the gate and endeavoured to dissuade Johnstone from entering, but she was put aside, and a search was made for the Governor. It has been stated that Bligh took refuge under a bed, and was dragged thence in a condition of craven terror; but this statement is stoutly denied by many persons. It seems, indeed, almost impossible to suppose that a man of Bligh's well-known courage would be guilty of such an act of gross cowardice. All that we know of his past life militates against such a supposition. In times of danger he had always been found brave to rashness. His very vices were those which spring from an overweening self-confidence, combined with strong personal courage. It is not likely that a captain who had fought his ship so as to merit the thanks of Nelson, and had lived through such a voyage as that which followed upon the mutiny of the Bounty, would hide beneath a bed to escape from the violence of officers who had dined at his own table. Moreover, there was nothing in the aspect of affairs to warrant such a display of timidity. The "revolution" was after all but a civil matter. There was no infuriated mob waiting to tear him in pieces. No threats of personal violence had been used, and Bligh must have known that his life was never in danger. Apart from the evidence of "character," which is directly opposed to the supposition of rank cowardice, there is not the shadow of motive for such a dastardly act as that with which he is charged, while the story is in itself precisely one of those coarse lies which are so easily invented and so readily believed by the vulgarer sort. Bligh and his bed is only another version of James II. and his warming pan.

What really took place is—as nearly as I can discover—as follows:—

On entering the house Major Johnstone despatched Lieutenant Minchin to summon the Governor to his presence, and calling for pens and paper composed in Bligh's dining room a formal letter of dismissal. This letter stated that Bligh "having been charged by the respectable inhabitants of (*sic*) crimes that render him unfit to exercise supreme authority," it was the painful duty of the writer to require him "in His Majesty's sacred name" to resign his authority and submit to arrest. This letter was addressed to "William Bligh, Esq., F.R.S.," and signed "George Johnstone, acting Lieutenant-Governor, and Major commanding the New South Wales Corps."

Bligh, in the meantime, had resolved on his course of action. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, he called to his orderly to saddle his horses, and ran upstairs to put on his uniform. His idea was to escape from the house and get to the region of the Hawkesbury, where he believed that the people, remembering the benefits he had formerly bestowed upon them, would rise in his behalf. While standing on the stairs, waiting for a servant who had gone for his sword, he was surprised by a number of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who made their way up stairs. Conceiving at once that Johnstone wished to take him prisoner, he stepped back into a bedroom adjoining, and

attempted to get from a cupboard some papers which he wished to destroy. In this position he was found by Lieutenant Minchin, who arrested him in the name of the king.

Minchin brought his prisoner into the drawing-room, "crowded," says Bligh, "with soldiers under arms, many of whom appeared to be intoxicated." The letter written by Johnstone was then brought by Lieutenant Moore, and while Bligh was in the act of reading it, the new Governor appeared in the doorway, surrounded by officers, and verbally confirmed the contents of the letter.

Martial law was then proclaimed; all official papers and letters, together with Bligh's commission as Governor, and the "great seal" of the colony were seized, and Bligh left with his daughter and another lady, sentries being placed round the house to prevent his escape. Strangely enough, this eventful evening was the 26th January, 1805, the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the colony.

On the 27th a general order was published, headed with the following Napoleonic fustian :—

"Soldiers! your conduct has endeared you to every well-disposed inhabitant in this settlement. Persevere in the same honourable path, and you will establish the credit of the New South Wales Corps on a basis not to be shaken. God save the King!"

By the general order all the officers of the late Government were deposed, Atkins heading the list. The ringleaders of the revolution were appointed magistrates, and Mr. Campbell, the Treasurer, was dismissed, with directions to balance his accounts without delay.

Nor was this all. Three days afterwards Mr. Fulton, the Chaplain, was suspended, and all civil and military officers, and every well-disposed inhabitant were ordered to join in giving thanks to Almighty God for his merciful interposition in their favour by relieving them without bloodshed from the awful situation in which they stood before the memorable 26th inst.

On the 2nd of February Mr. Macarthur was tried over again before the same court which had already sat upon his case, Mr. Grimes acting as Advocate-General in the place of Atkins, and was unanimously acquitted. Ten days afterwards he was made Colonial Secretary and Territorial Magistrate.

Not satisfied, however, with advancing their friends, the successful revolutionists determined to take vengeance on their enemies. Mr. Lowe, the Provost-Marshal, who had arrested Macarthur, was imprisoned for nearly three months on a charge of perjury, and finally sent for four months to the coal mines at Newcastle. Atkins was too high to be assailed, but Crossley, the attorney, was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

These arbitrary acts caused some sensation among the free settlers, and the Government went the length of prohibiting all public meetings, fearing lest a demonstration might be got up in favour of Bligh. Notwithstanding this, however, a memorial was drawn up, and signed by a large number of persons, and forwarded secretly to England. This proceeding was discovered, and the most active

mover in the business, Mr. George Suttor, was imprisoned for six months.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the rum-puncheoners had hailed the accession of Major Johnstone (bonfires had been blazing in all directions), the disaffected mustered largely, and it was rumoured that a conspiracy was on foot to reinstate Bligh. The illustrious prisoner was the white elephant of the Johnstone Government. He was kept at Government House, and followed by a sentry wherever he went; but upon these rumours gaining ground, was with his daughter placed as a close prisoner in the military barracks. At last it was decided to send him to England, and in March, 1809, he was permitted to go on board the "Porpoise," on the condition that he sailed straight for Great Britain, and did not attempt to land on any part of the Australian coast. Bligh gave his word to this effect; but I am sorry to say that he broke it immediately, and landed at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land being then a dependency of New South Wales. His coming created considerable excitement, and for some time he received the honour due to his rank; but before long an attempt was made to seize him, and he was compelled to lie on and off the coast in the "Porpoise" hoping for despatches from England.

For nearly nine months the "Porpoise" beat about the Van Diemen's Land coast, and at last the wished-for succour arrived. On the 25th of December Colonel Macquarie arrived in Sydney with orders to reinstate Captain Bligh for twenty-four hours, and to then assume the command. Johnstone was to be sent home in strict arrest, and the New South Wales Corps was to be replaced by the 73rd Regiment. In January, 1810, Bligh arrived from Adventure Bay, where he had been lying when the news of the arrival came to him, and was received with due honour by Colonel Macquarie. The former officers were reinstated, and a special act passed to legalise proceedings taken under the usurped Government.

On the 12th May Bligh sailed for England, and was followed by Johnstone and Macarthur, together with a cloud of witnesses of all kinds. The Government—caring but little for its convict colonies—was willing to deal gently with the culprits. Bligh was certainly made rear-admiral, and sent on active service, but Major Johnstone was not prevented from becoming lieutenant-colonel. At length, on the 7th May, 1811, the trial took place. The Court sat at Chelsea, the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton (father of the present Lord Canterbury, Governor of Victoria), being Judge Advocate General. Colonel Johnstone was found guilty, and cashiered. In publishing this sentence in the general orders the following rider was added:—

"The court in passing a sentence so inadequate to the enormity of the crime of which the prisoner has been found guilty, have apparently been actuated by a consideration of the novel and extraordinary circumstances which by the evidence on the face of the proceedings may have appeared to them to have existed during the administration of Governor Bligh."

Colonel Johnstone returned to the colony, and died there universally respected, during the Government of Macquarie. Mr. Macarthur, after a compulsory absence of eight years, also returned, and died better than poor Johnstone—he founded a family.

So ended the Rum-Puncheon Revolution. To us it may seem something like a storm in a teapot, but to the worthy residents of New South Wales in 1807, it was a very terrible hurricane indeed!

GOVERNOR RALPH DARLING'S "IRON COLLAR."

AT the Sydney Quarter Sessions, held on the 8th November, 1826, two soldiers of the 57th Regiment were indicted for stealing calico from the shop of a Jew named Michael Napthali, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

The circumstances of the offence were peculiar. In December, 1826, Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Darling succeeded to the governorship of New South Wales, and was clever enough to become in twelve months the most unpopular personage in the Colony. A detailed disquisition upon his character would be out of place here, but a very excellent and brief summary of it is given by Mr. Sidney in his *Three Colonies of Australia*:—"He was a man of forms and precedents of the true red-tape school—neat, exact, punctual, industrious, arbitrary, spiteful, and common-place." Impressed with a marvellous sense of his own importance, and obstinate to desperation, Sir Ralph Darling brought the severest military discipline to bear upon the social relations of governor and governed. He was Sir Oracle, and if any unhappy dog dared bark when *his* august lips were open, instant annihilation was the punishment of his temerity. He ruled the convicts with a rod of iron, and surrounded by a tribe of parasites, flatterers and knaves, stretched the authority he possessed to the verge of abuse. A violent opposition to Government House and its belongings had been growing ever since the days of Bligh, and the bureaucratic despotism of the military Governor gave to this opposition a weapon which it was not slow to use. The more he was abused, the more arbitrary did the Governor become; and at last he perpetrated an act of tyranny, which went near to bracket him in history with Governor Wall.

The condition of the military forces in the colony was not an enviable one. The privates of the 57th Regiment saw around them many wealthy men whom they remembered as convicts, and startled by the strangely lenient sentences passed by many magistrates, began to murmur at the severe punishment and strict discipline meted out to themselves by the Governor's orders. The convict population of Sydney was, in 1827, in one of two positions. A prisoner of the Crown was either better or worse treated than his deserts. The cat was used unsparingly. A county magistrate was "permitted to award any number of lashes for insolence, idleness, and other indefinite offences." Men were flogged until they died, or abused until they committed suicide to escape the weariness of living. The newly established settlement of Moreton Bay rivalled the infamies of Macquarie Harbour, and was only exceeded in terror by that lowest of

deeps, Norfolk Island. But the corrupt condition of officialdom rendered immunity from punishment sufficiently easy to a patient and designing convict. Money could do everything, and instances are not wanting of murderers and thieves who succeeded in establishing themselves in snug shops and snugger farms. Convict jurors sat upon convict prisoners, and the *bon camaraderie* of the chain-gang and the hulks was not invariably forgotten. The military, not always composed of the best materials—viewed with disgust the social success of the men whom they had in former times helped to guard, and a pernicious and dangerous feeling ran current in the garrison that to be a soldier was not always to be better off than a convict. During the residence of the 57th Regiment in the colony more suicides took place in it than in any other corps quartered there before or since—five men had already committed robberies in order to obtain their discharge, while two had incurably mutilated themselves for the same purpose.

Darling was aware of this notion, and unreasonably irritated at what he considered an insult to his own judgment, instead of lightening the military yoke, caused it to press the heavier, vowing that he would take dire vengeance on any exponent of the rebellious doctrine.

Sudds and Thompson were fated to be the martyrs of a military reformation. Discontented with their position, and eager for their discharge from a service which the peddling tyranny of the Governor had made worse than penal, the two silly fellows determined to commit an offence which should, by rendering them amenable to transportation for five or seven years, secure them their discharge at the end of that time. Thompson who bore a good character in the regiment, appears to have been drawn into the scheme by the arguments of Sudds, who had a wife in England, and was doubly anxious to escape from the bondage of the Barrack-square. Sudds had been for a long time discontented and was regarded as a "loose fellow" by his officers; that is to say his discontent took the usual shape of rebellion against constituted authority. The military stock had become too tight for Sudds and Thompson.

On the evening of the 20th September, 1826, the two men determined to put their project into execution. They went into the shop of a Jew named Napthali, and asked to see some shirting. Several pieces were shown them, and Sudds selecting twelve yards of calico placed the bundle under his arm and walked out of the shop, remarking that his companion would pay. Thompson chatted with the shopman for a while, and being at last certain that Sudds was beyond pursuit, declined to pay anything, and walked out. The pair having met, bestowed the calico about their persons, and awaited the arrival of the constables. They did not wait long. As they had anticipated, they were soon apprehended, and giving up the calico, laughingly, told the officer that they were weary of military service, and had taken this means of quitting it On the 8th of November they were tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. All had turned out as they had hoped, and Thompson on leaving the dock

said, with a smile, "I hope your Honour will let me take my firelock, it may be useful to me in the bush!"

Thus far nothing in the case called for public comment, and beyond the ordinary newspaper paragraphs concerning "daring conduct," and "robbery in open day," the case of the two men passed unnoticed. But on the 21st of November it began to be rumoured that General Darling intended to make "an example of the two prisoners," and that some extraordinary punishment was in store for them. On the 22nd of November a general order was issued, which stated that—"The Lieutenant-General, in virtue of the power with which he is invested as Governor-in-chief, has thought fit to commute (!) the sentence, and to direct that privates Joseph Sudds and Patrick Thompson shall be worked in chains on the public roads for the period of their sentence, after which they will rejoin their corps. The garrison has been assembled to witness the degradation of these men from the honourable station of soldiers to that of felons doomed to labour in chains. It is ordered that the prisoners be immediately stripped of their uniform in the presence of the troops, and be dressed in felon clothing! That they be put in chains, and delivered in charge to the overseers of the 'chain gangs,' in order to their being removed to the interior, and worked on the mountain roads, being drummed as rogues out of the garrison.

Now the usual way to "drum a man out of the garrison" is to put a rope round his neck, cut off the facings of his uniform, and place on his back a piece of paper on which is written the name of the offence which the culprit has committed, and it was supposed that such had been the course pursued in regard to Sudds and Thompson. On the evening of the 22nd of November (Thursday), however, the officers and soldiers of the garrison began to let fall hints respecting some more imposing ceremony, and it was rumoured that the prisoners had undergone some extraordinary punishment which had seriously injured one of them. These rumours gained ground until Monday the 27th, when it became known that Sudds had died on the previous night. The Opposition papers published an exaggerated account of ironing, chaining, and flogging, and after some bickering between the democratic *Australian* and the Government paper, an inquiry was held, at which General Darling most indecently presided—and it was given forth that Sudds had died from combined dropsy and bronchitis. Mr. Wentworth—a native-born Australian barrister of some eloquence and intense capacity for hating—would not rest satisfied with this explanation, and little by little the facts of the case leaked out.

Sudds and Thompson had been loaded with heavier irons than those placed upon the most desperate convicts, and the ingenious Darling had placed round their necks spiked iron collars attached by another set of chains to the ankle fetters. The projecting spikes prevented the unhappy men from lying down at ease, and the connecting chains were short enough to prevent them from standing upright. Under the effects of this treatment Sudds had died.

Public fury now knew no bounds. Tradesmen put up their shutters as though in mourning for some national calamity. The fiercest denunciations met the Governor on all sides, and he was accused of wilful murder. A full investigation of the case was demanded, and granted, but in the meantime Darling's parasites had *made away with the irons*. At the sitting of the Executive Council lighter ones were substituted. A Captain Robison, however, had, unluckily for himself, found the original irons at the Government station at Emu Plains, and gave a full description of them. Shortly after this he was sent to Norfolk Island, and, after many harassing changes, finally cashiered by a court-martial convened by Darling, on a frivolous pretence. Wentworth published in England a series of pamphlets, containing an account of the whole transaction, and it is from these pamphlets (taken in connection with the Parliamentary papers of the day) that I have attempted to compile an impartial history of the case.

While awaiting trial Sudds had complained of illness. On the 8th of November the two prisoners were removed to the gaol. On the 11th, Sudds, being in irons, complained of pains in the bowels, and was admitted as an out-patient of the gaol hospital. A few days after he was brought into the sick ward, suffering from pains in his head and bowels. The irons were removed, and the following morning his legs, belly, and thighs were greatly swollen. John Thompson, the gaol attendant, ordered fomentations of hot water, which removed the pain in the bowels, and the surgeon arriving that afternoon ordered him to be discharged. The next day he was brought back worse than before. "My belly is like a drum," he said. Medicines were given to him, and he remained in the hospital with gaol irons on until the morning of the 22nd. On the 22nd the order arrived for the two prisoners to be sent to the barracks. Wilson, the under-gaoler, and two constables thereupon came for Sudds, and dressed him in his regimentals. Outside the ward he met Thompson, and the two were sent down to the parade-ground. The day was one of extreme heat, and most oppressive. Sudds was unable to stand, and was supported by a man under each arm while the order was read. Captain Robison, who was present at the ceremony, says of Sudds: "His whole body was much puffed and swollen, particularly his legs and feet." The order having been read, the regimentals were stripped off their backs, and replaced by the yellow convict clothing, while a set of irons was placed upon each of them. During this operation Sudds was obliged to sit upon the grass. "These irons," says the editor of the *Australian*, "were of a peculiar kind. The rings from the ankles are made after a peculiar fashion, and are of an uncommon size. In place of having chains attached to them in the common way, they are connected by means of long and slender chains with another ring, which is put round the neck, and serves as a collar. Two thin pieces of iron, each about eight inches long, protrude from the ring collar, in front under the chin, behind under the nape of the neck. This is the position of the pieces of iron (they are not spikes, not being sharp at the end) when

the chains are put on and adjusted as intended. From this it is evident that the degree of ease or torture experienced by the wearer must depend entirely upon the length of the several chains. He can't lie down on his back or on his belly without twisting round the collar, in order to remove the projecting irons to the side. If the chains be not longer than that part of the body between the ankles and the neck, he never can extend himself at full length, but must remain partly doubled up, and become cramped in the course of a short time; for, in turning the collar in order to lie down, the chains wind, and form a curvature round the body, thus diminishing in effect their length." The weight of these irons was, according to Captain Robison, between thirty and forty pounds.

Having been thus bound, the pair were conducted to the barrack gate, and given over to the constables. Sudds was obliged to lean against the wall, and complained that the basils of the fetters cut his legs. Being placed in the cell the torture commenced. Sudd's neck began to swell, and he found that he could barely breathe. Thompson offered to "turn" the collar for him, but his offer was refused. Sudds said it hurt him if it was stirred. "It would admit nothing between it and the neck but a cotton handkerchief." As for Thompson, he says, at his examination on board the "Phœnix" hulk, "The projecting irons would not allow me to stretch myself at full length on my back. I could sleep on my back by contracting my legs; I could not lie on either side without contracting my legs. I could not stand upright with the irons on; the basil of the irons would not slip up my legs, and the chains were too short to allow me to stand upright" This was the "little cage" of the Power, or the stone cage of the Bastille over again. We can imagine without much difficulty the torture that would be produced by such compulsory contraction of the body.

That night Sudds was taken so ill that Thompson borrowed a candle from Wilson the under gaoler, fearing lest his companion should suddenly die. He also gave him some tea which he had purchased. A little after midnight the poor wretch became so bad that Thompson, thinking he was dying, asked a fellow-prisoner to come and look at him. The man looked, and said, "He's not dead, but I do not think he'll live long." Upon this Thompson asked Sudds if he had any friends to whom he would wish to write, Sudds replied that he had a wife and child at Gloucester, and begged Thompson to "get some pious book and read to him," adding that "they had put him in irons until they killed him." Shortly after this, Thompson, worn out with fatigue, fell asleep, and a man named Moreton, who was in gaol for an assault upon his mother, undertook to sit up with the dying man. At eight o'clock the next morning, Thursday, Sudds was taken to the hospital; his irons were removed when the doctor came round at twelve o'clock. That day he ate nothing but a piece of fish brought him by Thompson. Mr. M'Intyre, the surgeon, said to him, "You have brought yourself into pretty disgrace. You will be a fine figure with those irons at work." To which he replied, "I will never work in irons." "You would be

better out of the world," says M'Intyre, and the poor creature with a groan said, "I wish to God I was."

His wish was fulfilled on Sunday night. Had he died within the precincts of the gaol, an inquest could have been demanded, and Generl Darling, hearing of the precarious condition of the prisoner, absolutely ordered him to be removed on Sunday afternoon to the General Hospital, whither he was taken in a small cart about an honr before he expired. The necessity for an inquest was thus obviated, and Mr. M'Intyre, the assistant-surgeon of the gaol, went down to the hospital to make a *post-mortem* examination of the body, He found the organs healthy, but "discovered in the throat mucus of a slimy, frothy description. The wind-pipe was rather inclined to a reddish colour." It is tolerably clear that this appearance was caused by inflammation, induced by the tight and heavy collar; but Mr. M'Intyre, who held his post at the Governor's pleasure, obligingly considered it the effect of bronchitis.

The *Australian* newspaper, however, thought otherwise, and said so. Upon this Mr. M'Leay, Colonial Secretary, at the Governor's request wrote to the editor and put him in possession of what he was pleased to term the "facts of the case," to wit, that the punishment inflicted was, in reality, a *mitigation* of the original sentence; that Sudds died from dropsy, that the chains weighed exactly 13lb. 12oz., and could be seen at his office. Public feeling was still rampant, and on the 5th of December Darling brought the case under the consideration of the Executive Council. At this meeting Mr. M'Intyre reiterated his statements about bronchitis, saying that he had been most particular in his observations as he knew that "this was a case which the rascally newspapers would take up." Captain Dumaresq, acting civil engineer, and son-in-law to the Governor, produced a set of 13lb. irons, and said they were the ones worn by Sudds. A soldier of the 57th, named Jesse Geer, who was in waiting, was then called in, and the Governor remarking that Geer was as nearly as possible of the same size and stature as Sudds, ordered the irons to be put upon him, and called the assembled council to witness how easily they fitted!

Everything now seemed explained, and Darling as a last precaution, wrote to Earl Bathurst on the 12th reporting the case and the decision of the Council, and adding that "being satisfied from what had occurred that the conduct of the hospital requires investigation he would immediately appoint a Board to 'inquire into the management and system generally,' and report upon the same for his lordship's information."

But tenacious Wentworth still held on to the facts of the case, and was presently gratified by a piece of important information. Captain Robison of the Veteran corps had seen the original irons which had been placed on Thompson, and had tried them on out of curiosity. To that gentleman, on the 1st of January, does Wentworth write, requesting a full account of the circumstance. Robison replied on the 3rd, and after giving in his letter the particulars concerning the "drumming out" already quoted, says, "A few

months after Sudd's punishment and death (May or June, 1827), I was returning from the command of the Bathurst district in company with Lieutenant Christie, of the Buffs, and we stopped a night at the Government station on Emu Plains. The chains which Private Thompson worked in, as above mentioned, had been left at Emu, and were brought for us to see. They were of a very unusual description, and the iron collar reminding me of those I had seen on condemned slaves, &c., in South America, I was anxious to examine them, and from this motive was induced to put them on my own person, as did also Lieutenant Christie, of the Buffs. *We had but one opinion as to the torture they must have produced.* . . . I found it quite impossible whilst I had the collar and irons on me to lie down, except on my back or face, there being two long iron spikes projecting from the iron collar which was rivetted round the neck, which put it quite out of my power to turn over to the other side; independently of which there were two chains on either side extending from the collar and communicating with those on the legs. . . . I guessed the weight at about 30lbs. or 40lbs., or even upwards."

Mr. Mackaness, the Sheriff, stated also that calling at Government House with Colonel Mills a few days prior to the punishment of Sudds and Thompson, he saw on the right hand of the hall after entering the door, "either one or two sets of irons, having collars and iron spikes projecting from them," which now, he has no doubt were the same he afterwards saw upon the men in gaol. Mackaness "took them to be newly-invented man-traps."

Armed with this fresh information Wentworth succeeded in getting a sort of Commission to examine Thompson. This Commission, consisting of M'Leay, the Colonial Secretary; W. H. Moore, the acting Attorney-General, and Wentworth himself sat on board the "Phœnix" hulk on the 23rd April, 1827. Thompson in his examinations spoke boldly, and confident in popular support, did not hesitate to expatiate upon the cruelties to which he had been subjected. The day before the death of Sudds, Thompson could endure the torture of the collar no longer. On Saturday, the 25th November, he broke the chain, "so as to turn the collar, and lie at ease." The chains remained broken until Monday morning, when Wilson, the under-gaoler, took him to the yard, and had Sudds' irons put on him. It so happened that the chains of these were a little longer than the others, and Thompson being a smaller man than his companion, could straighten his body. He remained in the gaol until Tuesday, when he was placed in a boat and taken to the prisoners' barracks at Parramatta. On Wednesday, he was taken in a bullock-cart to Penrith Gaol, and on Thursday morning conveyed to "No. 1 Iron-chain-gang-party" on Lapstone Hill, being the first range of the Blue Mountains. At three o'clock the same day he was taken out and set to work with the gang, having the spiked collar that had killed Sudds on his neck the whole time. After eight days of this work he gave in. It was very hot weather, and the heat of the iron collar became intolerable, "compelling me," he says, "to sit down frequently in

order to hold it with my hands off my neck." The overseer ordered him to continue work; but he refused, and asked to be taken to gaol, where he could get "rest from the heat of the sun." To gaol he went accordingly, and on the following morning the collar was removed by Mr. M'Henry, "by order of the Governor." Having had his irons removed, he was sent back to the overseer, carrying the collar, &c., with him, and on the arrival of the gang at Emu Plains, was invested with "the usual irons of the gang." A week after this he refused to work, and being lodged in gaol, fell sick of dysentery, and was finally sent on board the hulks. What became of him at last I do not know, and cannot discover. Having played his little part in the drama, he retires. His exit is doubtless noted in the prison records of New South Wales.

Thus informed, Wentworth wrote to Sir George Murray, the Secretary of State, and forwarded to him a long bill of indictment against the detested Governor. On the 8th July, 1828, Mr. Stewart, a member of the British House of Commons, rose to move for "papers connected with the case of Joseph Sudds and Patrick Thompson." Sir G. Cole bore testimony to "the excellent and humane character of the Governor of New South Wales," but the motion was agreed to.

In the meantime, "the rascally newspapers" had not been idle. "Miles," a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, at that time edited by Black, took up the cudgels for Mr. Wentworth, and commented severely on the conduct of the Tory Governor of New South Wales. The Tory papers retaliated, and after some fierce fighting, Darling seems to have received a hint to resign. The facts of the case came out but two clearly, and the motion of Mr. Stewart was fatal. But the struggle lasted four years—long enough to ruin Robison, who was bandied from post to pillar, and finally cashiered. On Darling's resignation in 1831, Robison attempted to obtain redress from the Home Government but failed. The Whig party still clamoured for vengeance, and "Miles," persistently chronicling all Darling's misdeeds, vowed that unless he was tried for his life Picton would have been an ill-used hero and Wall a murdered man. The crowning stroke was delivered in a letter published in 1832. On Wednesday the 14th December, 1831, a savage letter from "Miles" in the *Chronicle*, called forth a silly and abusive reply in the *John Bull* from Lieutenant-Colonel Darling, the brother of Sir Ralph. The writer averred that "Miles" would not dare to attack the Governor of New South Wales when that much-injured man arrived in London in May. "Miles" waited quietly until June, and then came out with a clear exposition of the whole case, couched in the most bitter language, and gives a little bit of information which sets the question of Governor Darling's veracity at rest for ever. John Head, who was hut-keeper at Emu Plains, deposed upon oath in Sydney, on the 29th July, 1829, that, "being at the hut when Thompson arrived he was desired by Plumley, the overseer of the gang (he not being able to read), to read to him a letter which he said Plumley had received purporting to be signed by Alexander M'Leay, Colonial

Secretary, by command of the Governor, and that it directed the said Plumley to take the chains and collar off the said Patrick Thompson, and to convey the same *privately* to Government House, and that the said Plumley did accordingly take the chains and put them in a bag, which the deponent, Head, carried on his back above half-a-mile to the Government House at Emu, and delivered them to Mr. James Kinghorn, and it is his opinion that they could not have weighed less than from 30lbs. to 40lbs." However, there was no "trial for murder." The Government expressed itself fully satisfied with the conduct of Sir Ralph, who was Tory to the back-bone. Robison was cashiered, and Mr. Wentworth having got for Governor Major-General Sir Richard Bourke (unquestionably the ablest man that had yet occupied that office), turned his attention to other pursuits.

Meanwhile, if some official in Sydney Gaol will turn up the records for 1826, he may solve the mystery of poor Thompson's fate.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

ON Saturday, the 23rd September, 1820, the free residents of Hobart Town, on opening the moist folio of the *Hobart Town Gazette* and *Southern Reporter* found a startling proclamation.

The *Hobart Town Gazette*, let us note, was the paper authorised by the Government, and assisted by those agreeable evidences of patronage, Government advertisements. It was published "by authority," and printed by Mr. Andrew Bent—the father of the Tasmanian press, who was at that time the leading printer in Hobart Town. Mr. Bent, however, fell out with Governor Arthur, and venturing to attack the Government, was summarily deprived of his office, and eventually ruined.

In the year 1820, however, Mr. Bent was in good favour, and headed his *Gazette* with the following notice :—

"His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has thought proper to direct that all Public Communications which may appear in the *Hobart Town Gazette* and *Southern Reporter*, signed with any Official Signature, are to be considered as Official Communications made to those persons to whom they may relate.

"By command of His Honour,

"E. ROBINSON, Secretary.

The proclamation which greeted the readers of this issue of the 23rd of September, fifty years ago, was nothing less than an announcement of the death of the late "Sovereign Lord, King George III.," and accession to the crown of that "High and Mighty Prince, George of Wales," and ran to the effect that William Sorrell, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of the settlements of Van Diemen's Land, together with several other distinguished persons, being assisted by the officers, civil and military, the magistrates, clergy, and principal inhabitants of the colony generally, did publish and proclaim, "with one Voice and consent of Tongue and Heart," the aforesaid High and Mighty Prince, to be *George IV.*, defender and rightful liege lord of all sorts of things and Supreme Liege Lord of Van Diemen's Land among the rest.

The paper in which this piece of news appears is lying before me as I write. It is a broadsheet of the coarsest character, and, with its flourish of Royal Arms at the head of it, looks not unlike a corpulent playbill. The paper is rough in texture and brown in colour, and the imprint is not as clear as it might be. The whole matter is of course surrounded with a deep black border as mourning for poor old George Tertius.

A glance at its columns will give us a glimpse into a curious condition of society. In the first sheet is the Police Fund of Van Diemen's Land "in account current with John Beamont, Esq., Treasurer," in which are some quaint items. Mr. John Petchey receives £10 for firewood supplied to Government House. Mr. R. W. Fyett charges £1 for the use of his cart and bullocks. The superintendent of police receives £6 as "a reward for capturing three absentees," also £5 for "apprehending Blackmore, reward advertised" (Blackmore, I presume, being a convict illegally at large). Mrs. Cullen is paid £2 15s. for accommodating persons in attendance on the Lieutenant-Governor at general muster. Nicholas de Courcy claims £1 for tailor's work for the Governor's orderly, and Mr. Lord charges £50 "for a horse supplied to Government." The Government was all in all in those days.

Immediately after this financial statement comes a paragraph that may perhaps surprise one or two of the inhabitants of Hobart Town who think their church has been named in honour of the patron saint of Wales.

"The Lieutenant-Governor directs that the New Church of Hobart Town shall be called 'St. David's Church' out of respect to the memory of the late Colonel David Collins, of the Royal Marines, under whose direction the settlement was founded in the year 1804, and who died Lieutenant-Governor in the year 1810."

Great generals have been canonized before now, and strong men lived before Agamemnon and Colonel David Collins. Though to name a church after a colonel of marines *does* seem rather a liberty with the Calendar.

The Lieutenant-Governor orders a "general muster of inhabitants" (civil officers and military alone excepted), on certain days. This proclamation is interesting because of its pleasant tyranny. It commands all "free men" and "free women," together with "male and female prisoners and ticket-of-leave men," to come together at certain places, at certain dates for the purpose of being counted, like sheep; and further orders that at "all these musters the free women—as well those who came free to this colony as those who are free by absolute or conditional pardon, and by expiration of sentence—are to give in the names and ages of their children."

What a strange sight this "muster" must have presented! Any colonial Frith desirous of painting a picture of the sensational school, might choose a worse subject than of "A General Muster in 1820." Let us imagine for a moment the old town, the old-fashioned dresses, the striving of the "tawdry yellow" of the convict garb with the "dirty red" of His Majesty's uniform, the intermingling of faces, the strong contrasts and curious juxtapositions. There seems room for powerful painting in such a picture.

The *Town Talk* is not very important. An account is given of a procession which took place on Sunday, and was composed of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Deputy Judge-Advocate, the officers and magistrates, and the principal inhabitants of the settlement, all in deep

mourning, and it is stated that minute guns, in number corresponding with the years of his late Majesty were fired from Mulgrave Battery. The reporter for the *Gazette* remarks also that the ceremony left a deep impression of the veneration and respect which were felt towards the lamented sovereign, "an impression," he says, "which was much strengthened by the discourse of the Rev. R. Knopwood, M.A., whose allusions to His late Majesty's public and private virtues were most appropriate to the melancholy occasion." "The writer further observes that the memory of the diseased monarch cannot fail to live while Royal Virtue continues to be venerated."

Le roi est mort ; vive le roi! The next paragraph relates how the reading of the Proclamation of the new king was received. The document—which is printed at the head of the paper—was read "in front of Government House under a Royal salute from Mulgrave Battery, and three volleys from a detachment of the 48th Regiment."

Commerce goes hand in hand with loyalty. The *Southern Reporter* is happy to hear that "the new flour mill lately erected in Liverpool Street grinds remarkably well." The mill-stones of this remarkable structure are specially mentioned as being "the first yet used in this settlement the production of Van Diemen's Land." A vaguely worded but well-meant support of native industries.

That portion of a paper which *Punch* called the *Hatches*, *Matches*, and *Dispatches*, is not very well filled. One solitary marriage is alone recorded :—

"Married by special license by the Rev. R. Knopwood, M.A., on Monday, the 11th inst., John Beamont, Esq., Provost Marshal, to Harriett, second daughter of G. W. Evans, Esq., Deputy Surveyor-General."

But close upon the heels of the marriage follows an amusing exposition of the intentions of a Mr. Fergusson.

"Mr. Fergusson hereby Begs leave to make known to those who stand Indebted to him his intention of Looking for the same in the next sitting of the Lieutenant-Governor's Court, and no Favour or Affection will be shown."

Mr. F.'s impartiality is quite touching. Debts appear difficult to collect at this date, for Mrs. Lord, acting as agent to Edward Lord, Esq., acquaints the public that though deeply desirous of "affording them every Facility for discharging their Embarrassments," still she cannot remain wholly unpaid, but is prepared to accept good storeable beef and mutton to the extent in quantity of 250,000lbs. weight at 6d. per lb. in liquidation of their debts. While making this liberal offer, however, Mrs. Lord feels it a duty belonging to her agency to state "that if the present opportunity be *not* embraced by Mr. Lord's creditors "she will not allow the expected Circuit of the Supreme Court to pass without resorting to that and the Lieutenant-Governor's Court as the case may require to *Compel* Payment of the several obligations." A courteous but a severe lady, Mrs. Lord, evidently, and one who will stand no "nonsense," but have her lawful bond or pound of flesh as the case may be.

Here is a curious advertisement:—"Mr. Reiby has the pleasure of informing the public that he has received by the last arrivals the following choice articles, which will be sold at very reduced prices for ready money:—Brass-wire sieves, loom-shirting, flannel, writing-paper, quills, wafers, ink-powder, tortoiseshell combs, spices of all sorts, snuff, ball-cotton, threads, white and coloured handkerchiefs, men's common hats, red cotton shirts, Flushing coats, red caps, waistcoats, pea-jackets, drill frocks, trousers and jackets, chip hats, nankeens, knives and forks, crockeryware, cotton socks, best English chintz, best bottled London porter, cedar in plank, tumblers, English playing-cards, gunpowder, white wine in draught and bottle, rum, tea, sugar, Bengal soap, and various other Useful and Valuable articles. Also, a capital One-horse Gig, with harness complete." Rather a miscellaneous collection of Mr. Reiby's!

The newspapers of that day contained items which would rather startle a modern Tasmanian. For instance:—

"One Hundred and Fifty Pounds Reward."

"Police-office, Hobart Town,

"November 28, 1820.

"Whereas, Thomas Kenny (No. 73), a convict, 5ft. 3¼in. high, brown hair, dark-grey eyes, 18 years of age, a blacksmith by trade, was tried in the county of Dublin in 1818, was sentenced to be transported for life, born in the county of Westmeath, has a crucifix above the elbow on the right arm, T.K. on the left arm, arrived in Sydney in the ship "Bencoolen," and here in the ship "Admiral Cockburn," charged with wilful murder; and Thomas Atkinson, &c., and James Letting, &c., and Thomas Lawton, &c., and Joseph Saunders, &c., charged with divers capital felonies, broke out of His Majesty's gaol at Hobart Town on the night of the 27th of November." And so on.

Beneath this Mr. James Blay puts a

"Caution to the Public.

"Whereas several of my One Shilling promissory Notes have been lately altered into Five Shilling Bills: in order to bring the offender or offenders to public justice, I hereby offer a reward of Five Pounds sterling to any person or persons who will be the means of apprehending them.

"James Blay."

A glance at the police reports and trials shows a healthy condition of severity:—

Daniel Eachan, charged with forging an order for £3, is sentenced to 200 lashes and transportation to Newcastle. James Flinn and John Griffiths, *alias* Frog, charged with stealing a pocket-book, value 15s., and attempting to steal a watch, are sentenced to fifty lashes and transportation to Newcastle; and John Anthony, James Taylor, and George Howel, charged with "committing divers felonies," are treated to 100 lashes each and twelve months in the gaol gang.

Here is a specimen of female "absconders."

"Ann Darter. May. 5 ft. 1½ in.; brown hair, brown eyes; aged 36; servant. Tried at the Old Bailey, April, 1822—life.

Native place, St. Sepulchre's. Absconded from the service of Dr. Bromley, 17th February."

"Janet Ceflude, Brothers. 5 ft. 4 in.; dark hair, dark eyes; aged 26; dressmaker. Tried at Chester, April 5—life. Native place, Whitehaven."

Constables who permitted convicts to escape were not merely reprimanded or reduced. A sterner punishment was meted out to them, as thus :—

"Thomas Trueman, a Constable, was charged with negligently suffering two prisoners, who were confined in the County Gaol on charges of a very serious nature, to escape, which was clearly proved by various witnesses, and he was sentenced, being a prisoner, to be dismissed his office and to receive 100 lashes."

Quis custodiet ipse custodes?

Amongst other duties of constables was that of seeing to the safe housing of all ticket-of-leave men by a certain hour, and the ancient institution of curfew, or something very like, was in force. A notice in the issue of the 23rd November, signed by Mr. Robinson, says:—

"Commencing on Monday next, the Evening Bell will ring at 9 o'clock until further orders."

Matrimonial matters did not always seem to go happily, even in this primitive condition of things. Gentlemen are constantly advertising their domestic troubles in the *Southern Reporter*, and scarcely a day passes without some husband being left lamenting by his frail spouse. Ladies seem to have been at a premium. I extract two plaints which are touching in their simple woe :—

"CAUTION.

"The public are hereby cautioned against harbouring or concealing or giving credit to my wife, Mary Steele, she having absconded from her home with sundry articles amounting to nearly fifty pounds in property, as I am determined not to pay any debts she may contract, and to prosecute any person or persons who may harbour or conceal her after this notice.

"GEO. STEELE."

The second is even more notable:—"Whereas, my wife, Margaret Banks, having eloped from her home without any just provocation, leaving me with her five small children!—This is to give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract on my account.

"THOMAS BANKS."

The care with which Mr. Banks distributes his personal pronouns is touching.

"Leading articles" are few and far between in the columns of our journal. Government advertisements, "local news," and lists of "prisoners tried" exhausted the balance of reading matter, which is made up of such items as these :—"Indian marriage in high life," "Singular discovery of a murder by dreaming," "New method of seasoning mahogany," "The honest cook," and "A jest by Mr. Curran." The jest is so exquisitely dull that it is worth extracting:—

"Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. 'I never put my hand into his mouth to try,'

answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel (mark this!) till he retorted, 'You are perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be *a great bite!*'"

With this witticism let me close the *Hobart Town Gazette* for 1820. If the reader pleases he can compare it with the *Hobart Town Advertiser* of 1870.

A SETTLER'S LIFE IN CONVICT DAYS.

"NOW, gentlemen," said the captain, "the boat's all ready for you." "We had come to anchor that morning in Sullivan's Cove," says Dr. Ross, writing in 1836 an account of his landing fourteen years before at Hobart Town, "and for the last hour or two had been doing our best, after a long voyage, to make ourselves decent, in order to pay our respects to the Governor."

Dr. Ross was a gentleman of ability and taste, who had emigrated from England with a view of settling as a farmer in Tasmania—as it was then called, Van Diemen's Land. After many vicissitudes, truthfully recorded in the following narrative, he became editor of a Government paper, and starting the *Hobart Town Chronicle* and *Van Diemen's Land Annual*, occupied a prominent position in the colony until his death. To his exertions the historians of Tasmania have been largely indebted for the material of their books. His *Annual* is —apart from the scarce newspapers of the day—the almost only record left of the earlier days of the colony, and his experiences may be read with interest.

On this memorable morning he seated himself in his well-creased "last new London-made dress-coat" in the bows of the boat, eager to be among the first to call at Government House. His fellow passengers were of a motley character, and he describes with some humour the incidents of the landing :—

"The boat was just shoving off when we were desired to stop (in a stentorian voice, which none of us dared to disobey), in order to take on board an emigrant whom we had all forgotten, and who we wished had also forgotten us, but who now appeared, descending the steps. I do not to this hour know how he managed to get down, for both arms were loaded with articles of the heaviest kind. One embraced a steel mill, on the excellent machinery of which he had enlarged almost every day since he had purchased it in Oxford street. The other held, linked together in a bullock-chain, a huge iron maul, a broad axe, and another very long felling, or rather *falling* one, as it is colonially called, and which it, unfortunately for me in this instance, too truly proved to be. For in spite of all our cries, 'No room, no room!' 'Keep back!' 'Wait till next time!' &c., in an instant he had his foot impressed, with all the superincumbent weight of himself and his iron ware, on the gunwale of the boat, which he at once brought down to the edge of the water, and with the help of the passenger who sat beside me, and by the sweep of his arm, trying to preserve his equilibrium, depriving me of mine, I was as suddenly precipitated about ten or a dozen feet below the water. Thanks to the aquatic

acquirements of my early days, however, I was soon again at the surface, where I swam until I caught the end of a rope, by which I returned on board, with the mortification of having my fine *levée* coat steeped in salt water, and seeing the rest of the passengers paddling smoothly on shore to get the first blush of the Governor's patronage. The only consolation I had under my catastrophe was the finding that the whole of the heavy articles which had contributed to it were now lying snugly four fathoms under water, at the bottom of the Derwent."

This unlucky accident, however, procured him the pleasure of a private interview with the Governor, Colonel Sorrell, who seemed much pleased at the intention of the new-comer to settle in Van Diemen's Land instead of going on to Sydney. He was assured that the colony was in urgent need of settlers like himself, and was promised all the assistance the Government could give. The largest grant that the Governor was at that time empowered to make to any settler was 2560 acres. Unfortunately, in sailing from London the doctor had been induced, in order to accommodate some other passengers, to take out of the ship a large quantity of goods, and as grants of land were only made in consideration of, and in proportion to, real property, he could not claim the full allowance. Colonel Sorrell, however, ordered that 1000 acres should be "laid off" for him, with the understanding that he could take it up as soon as the second vessel, containing his property, arrived. This took place six weeks afterwards, but Ross was then "busy with his farm and family in the interior," and was unable to come to town or see after the fulfilment of the promise. This state of things continued until a change of Governors took place, and when Colonel Arthur arrived, Ross came down to enforce his claim. New Governors or Governments are not always eager to confirm the minutes left by their predecessors, and Arthur did not appear to think it necessary to carry out the suggestions of Sorrell in every particular. Poor Ross was informed that "the additions would all come in good time, when he had made the proper improvements on the thousand acres he had already obtained;" and this decision, he says, took him so much aback that he never since stirred in the matter, and—"I have, in consequence, for a series of years been struggling with every colonial difficulty to maintain a numerous family. I have seen many other settlers, with far less original means, and—I say it without disparagement—with certainly no higher claims, enjoying the advantage of maximum and additional maximum grants, and rapidly accumulating large and independent fortunes."

Hobart Town in 1822 was not a very cheerful place. The population, including prisoners and military, barely amounted to 3000 souls. The streets were but just marked out, and consisted for the most part of thinly-scattered cottages standing in the midst of unfenced allotments, while the roots and stumps of primeval gum trees tripped up the unwary foot-passenger. Macquarie Street was distinguished by Government House, several stores, and the "Hope and Anchor public-house," St. David's Church (then but just built), and the "Macquarie Hotel," a store where Ross expended the first

money he laid out in the colony in "the purchase of a razor-strop for two dollars." The streets were knee-deep in mud, and undermined with large holes, into which the unwary fell headlong. Even in 1825 —three years later—Dr. Ross states that going home one night he witnessed the sudden plunge of the military band into a mud-hole, and the consequent stoppage of the martial music which they were discoursing.

The "old market-place," where "Mr. Fergusson's granary stood by itself," was an "impassable mud-hole periodically overflowed with the tide." The only inns were Mrs. Kearney's, the "Derwent" and "Macquarie Hotels," and the "Ship Inn"—the last named being at this moment the best hotel in Hobart Town—and the remainder of the town was principally composed of two-roomed cottages, having a "skillion" behind. The only bridge was the "Cross" in Elizabeth Street, which spanned the "town rivulet," and was calculated as the centre of the city. This bridge was the "Under the Verandah" of Hobart Town, and many admirable plans for spoiling the Egyptians were there concocted.

"There were assembled, especially towards evening, gentlemen of various classes, and from various parts of the world, those who had recently left the pocket-picking purlieus of the great metropolis, and those who had added to that experience a few years' sojourn in these colonies. Numerous bargains, assignments, and assignations were there planned and transacted, which made their appearance on the ensuing morning in dismantled and dilapidated stores and other symptoms of 'freedom' in a foreign land."

Mount Wellington overhung the city in all his primeval and barbarous beauty. The forest of gum trees reached down to the edge of the town, and "people cut cartloads and barrowloads of wood for their fires not a hundred yards from their own doors."

It so happened that another vessel had arrived in harbour at the same time with that one which had brought Dr. Ross, and this astonishing and unusual circumstance created a profound sensation. Lodging-house keepers, as rapacious then as now, and as ready to turn an honest penny at some one else's expense, had raised their prices, and Ross found it most difficult to obtain a resting-place for himself and his family. "After a weary search," he succeeded in "hiring a hut of two apartments, in one of the principal streets, at a weekly rent of four dollars, or 20s. currency.

Each room had a glazed window, and one of them a fire-place. It had no other floor but the mother earth, nor roof but the gum shingles, nor door but the entrance one. Such a building, at a moderate estimate, I think, could have been put up in any part of Middlesex for 40s., or two months' rent. Indeed, when I hired the premises, the proprietor said he would prefer selling it to me right out, and that I should have it for £20, or not quite a half-year's rent."

This pleasant and cheap domicile was situated about a quarter of a mile from the town, and Ross set out to find it, carrying his portmanteau in one hand and his little baby on the opposite arm,

while his wife and two little ones walked by his side—surely as forlorn a picture of immigration as could be well imagined.

Presently, however, a man, decently dressed in blue trousers and jacket, volunteered to carry the portmanteau, and on arriving at the "hut," demanded payment for his trouble. This good Samaritan was an "assigned servant," and eked out his living by this method of charity. Ross gave him "the only English shilling, with its George the Dragon," which had remained in his pocket since he had paid the boatman at Cox's Quay. Unluckily, English money was at a discount, and the convict did not like the look of it.

"He turned it from side to side, between his finger and his thumb—he looked at the dragon and he looked at the shield with the garter, but neither seemed to please him. I saw by his countenance that he considered them in bad taste in Van Diemen's Land, and he flatly told me that a pillar dollar of the then oppressed country of Spain was the only coin he approved of; which, as I did not choose to give him, he would make me a compliment of the shilling and the job together. As my pride at that time was not very high—I blush to avow it—I was mean enough to pocket the affront, and so we parted, never to meet again."

By dint of using one box as a table and another as a bed, the new settler contrived to give the "hut" a homely look; and, getting out his crockeryware and unpacking his tea and sugar, set to work and made tea for his "poor sick and wearied wife and little family." He had brought with him two servants—the seductive "married couple" of the advertisements—but, like many deluded settlers before and since, he found that his importations were worse than useless. The man was a lout and the wife a ninny, and disgusted, Ross was compelled to get rid of them both.

Being awakened by the cold of the morning air, he got up to stroll around his new premises, and inspected more particularly a little inn which was opposite his door. The servant in this place was sweeping out the remains of last night's feast, and stared so hard at the new arrival that Ross went across to look at him. The description he gives is so characteristic of the time that I extract it bodily :—

"A country settler, whose cart stood before the house, and whose four large oxen I saw grazing in the bush on the hill behind, was turning himself in order to renew his nap, on the long wooden sofa-seat, as it is colonially called, serving as a drinking bench by day and bed by night, on which he lay half undressed, and covered only with a kangaroo rug. I then inspected the garden of this hostelry, for though it had been once inclosed with a paling fence, many panels were already gone or lying prostrate on the ground, and, though so young in existence, it was already bearing the appearance of antiquity and decay. A goat was grazing in the farther corner, and no vestiges of horticulture were apparent, except a sweetbriar bush, a few marigolds in full yellow blossom, and the remains of two cabbage stalks, which had been nibbled by the goat."

The next week was passed in arranging his furniture, unpacking his household goods, and storing them in the town. He had

brought with him a small box of dollars for current expenses, and the conveyance of this box to his house cost him infinite pain. Some half-dozen fellows—"some in the garb of gentlemen, others in grey and yellow"—followed him to his hut, and peered suspiciously round the corner, looking with sharp eyes to see where the specie was stowed. Ross, however, purchased a bull-mastiff of one of the soldiers of the 48th, and hung his "trusty Manton" loaded, on a couple of pegs in his bedroom.

Having thus provided for home cares, he determined to fix on a locality for his future farm. Getting letters of introduction from the Governor, he clubbed with three of his fellow-passengers in the hire of a ticket-of-leave man, who would guide the party to its destination. This gentleman was civil and attentive. He had been a burglar, and informed Ross that his last offence—for the commission of which he was then suffering—was the robbing of the picture gallery of a nobleman in England, and that he had received £400 as his share in the booty. Winding along the foot of the Wellington range, with the Derwent on the right hand, Ross took the road towards the present township of New Norfolk, and kept his eye open for farmland. He did not see what he desired, but met with something that frightened him instead of pleasing him. Surmounting the hill where is now the cottage of Beauly Lodge, he was met by three men, one of whom carried a blue bag on which the stains of blood were very conspicuous. Curiosity induced the party to pause, and the strangers good-naturedly opening the bag, showed them a—human head.

"Taking it by the hair, he held it up to our view, with the greatest exultation imaginable, and for a moment we thought we had indeed got amongst murderers, pondering between resistance and the chance of succour or escape, when we were agreeably relieved by the information that the bleeding head had belonged two days ago to the body of the notorious bushranger, Michael Howe, for whom, dead or alive, very large rewards had been offered. He had been caught at a remote solitary hut on the banks of the river Shannon, and in his attempt to break away from the soldiers who apprehended him, had been shot through the back, so that the painful disseverment of the head and trunk, the result of which we now witnessed, had been only a *post-mortem* operation."

After a pleasant journey, with numerous pauses at hospitable settlers' houses Ross arrived at a beautiful spot on the banks of the Shannon, which he determined to make his future home, and returned to Hobart Town for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements to purchase it.

He found his family well but heard that several attempts had been made to carry off the box of dollars. Robberies at that time were absurdly frequent. The police—such as it was—was inefficient, and the thieves numerous. Scarcely a night pased without some robbery being committed. The assigned burglars, thieves and "burkers" would put their wits together to prey upon their neighbours. They would cut away boards, or pull out a brick from the chimney bottom, and so work a hole large enough to admit their

bodies. A foot-passenger walking the streets at night was almost certain to be attacked.

"It was a very common practice to run up behind a well dressed person, and whipping off his hat, to run away with it. This was called 'unshingling,' or taking off a man's roof. To say nothing of the jeopardy in which a watch and other little valuables were placed on such occasions, I have known instances of persons having the very coat taken off their back, especially if it happened to be a good one. For my part I could never discover what use the thieves could possibly put these stolen articles to; for in so small a population not only were the face and person of every individual well known, but the shape and colour of his coat, and even of his hat, were equally familiar. Unquestionably, if I had been so unfortunate as to lose my hat in this way (which I was not), I should have recognised it had I seen it on any man's head in Hobart Town next day. A man much more readily identifies an old friend of this kind, however great the similarity of black hats may be, when encountered in the open air, and in the bright light of day, than he can possibly do in an ante-room by candle light after the dazzle of a dancing party. I say this with the more confidence because one of my fellow-passengers, who had lost his hat in this manner, actually recognised it on the head of a dashing fellow, strutting with gloves and cane in Macquarie-street. The rogue was apprehended and convicted of the theft, and enjoyed as a reward of his 'unshingling' propensities the pleasure of what is called in these ingenious countries a 'second lagging.'"

Tired of these city joys, and having obtained his grant, and purchased tools, a plough, and bullocks, our immigrant started up the country to begin his farmer's life.

The account which Dr. Ross gives of his journey "up the country" does not much vary from the accounts which have been given by early settlers in any colony. The same troubles with refractory bullocks, the same camping out in unexpected places, the same astonishment at the beauties of nature as she appears at dusk, and the same raptures concerning the rising sun, which are common to all suddenly transplanted cockneys, characterise his writings. He is disgusted because his men swear at his bullocks, but admits, with grief, that swearing is, after all, a necessary evil. He finds the same difficulty in using an axe that all town-bred gentlemen have found from time immemorial, and his classical allusions to Tityrus, Melibœus, and Horace's Sabine farm have been made with more or less success by every "settler" of any pretensions to scholarship. But an element enters into Dr. Ross's narrative which is wanting in that of the Canadian backwoodsman or the Victorian "pioneer of civilisation." In addition to straying bullocks and cursing bullock-drivers, Ross had another experience. His servants were convicts, and their manners and customs were not of the most elegant nature.

The spot he selected for his farm was about fifty-six miles from Hobart Town, and was situated in the midst of a "howling wilderness." To reach it a pilgrimage had to be made with "assigned

servants," as assistant pilgrims. He purchased two carts, made to order, at a cost of thirty-one guineas each, and with two bullock teams and servants to match, set out from the city. The first cart was filled with baggage, and in the second sat Mrs. Ross and her family. The patriarch himself, sometimes walking, sometimes riding, hovered like the parent bird around this ambulatory nest. The day was oppressively hot, and before the cavalcade had proceeded two miles, Mrs. Ross, tired of the jolting and the flies, determined to walk a little. With the terrible exception of the nursemaid and the baby, the party dismounted, and Ross told the drivers to "proceed slowly." Instantly they cracked their whips, cursed the bullocks, and disappeared over the brow of the hill. "I feel the exertion I made on that occasion," says Ross, "at the moment I am writing. . . The hill was steep enough and long enough to my conception. No attempt had then been made to cut down the bank in order to lessen the acclivity. It was to my mind as steep a ridge as any Dame Nature ever left upon her fair face. What on earth was to be done? Was I to sit down by the roadside and bemoan my fate, and the still worse uncertain fate of my torn away infant. No, such a course would have been unworthy of a man born beyond the Tweed—of a man who had had the courage to transport himself. I carried the younger of my two little ones under my right arm, led the other by my left, and how I managed the 'Manton' I really cannot tell, but if I remember right it was in several ways. At one time carried by the side of the younger child I supported it across my arm; at another with a portion of the fingers of my right hand while I led the elder with the others. If the gun was not loaded I unquestionably was, and to all appearance with destruction too. The weight which Æneas escaped with from the flames of Troy was quite light compared with mine; for after a few steps accomplished in this manner, my anxiety to get to the summit of the hill, from whence I thought I might at least see the direction the carts were taking, or perhaps discover some stranger, though only an aboriginal, who would run after them, induced me to carry my eldest born also in my right arm—and now the difficulty of the 'Manton' was greater than ever. It is almost as impracticable for me to recollect how I did it as it was then to carry it. To the best of my memory, I contrived to support it in the loop of my shot belt, stuffed, as the latter was, as full of heavy shot as it could hold, while I balanced the other end under my arm-pit or my chin. I was pacing it along all the time, however, as fast as my legs could carry me. I perspired at every pore—my strength was tried to the utmost."

Surmounting the rise at last, however, he found the drays upset, and the nursemaid in a state of unwonted hilarity. This lady was a convict, and had but one eye. She consigned all the settlers in the colony to a place which Ross suggestively hints is "warmer than Siberia." This handmaiden—like a transported Miriam—burst into jubilee. "Free men," she vowed, "had no business in Van Diemen's Land. It was not meant for them. It belonged, ay, and

should belong, to prisoners only! It was their country, and their country it should be. Ducks and green peas for ever! Hurrah!" This sudden outburst somewhat astonished the good doctor, and the behaviour of the nymph was still more astonishing. "As she spoke, her hands followed the direction that her animated eye pointed to in the joyous regions above—she did not certainly wave her hat, because she had not one to wave, and her Dunstable bonnet had just received a new shape from the impression of the cart wheel under which it had fallen. But she waved her hand in the joy of her heart, and would have sent my then only son and heir to perdition, never to inherit the noble estate on the romantic banks of the Shannon, had not his mother happily caught him by the clothes, while the rump of my newly bought gigantic bullock 'Strawberry' saved his little head from dashing on the ground."

The cause was soon apparent. A bottle of rum which Ross had, "for his stomach's sake," conserved in the bottom of the dray, had been espied by the single eye of his Hobart Town exportation, and she had drank it silently alone. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

There is no need to expatiate upon the "assignment system." Suffice to say, that its main feature was the employment of the abilities of convicts in that groove in which they were best fitted to run. Any free settler who desired a servant could, by complying with certain conditions, hire a well-conducted convict from the superintendent's office. The master clothed and fed his man, and the man worked without pay for the master. Unluckily, it often happened that, to speak metaphorically—the round man got into the square hole. Cooks were hired as wood-cutters, poachers as cooks. Petty thieves, whose soft hands had touched nothing harder than a handkerchief or a watch chain, were sent to grub roots and drive bullocks; while the accomplished valet whose skill in hairdressing was the boast of Portman Square, and whose adroitness in assisting at the compound fracture of the seventh commandment rivalled that of Leporello himself, was too often condemned to hew wood and draw water for the use of some commonplace person who never had intrigued with another man's wife in the whole course of his plebeian existence. Hobart Town society was composed at that period of but three classes, free settlers and that male and female creation which are proverbially said to have populated Yorkshire. The "condition of things" was the most primitive in the world. Literature, as might be expected, was at a discount.

"It will appear strange," interjects Ross, "but it is no less true, the *Hobart Town Gazette* and *Van Diemen's Land General Advertiser*, printed once a fortnight on one leaf, sometimes of white sometimes of coloured paper, as Mr. Bent happened to get it, was at that time the only species of periodical literature which the colony could boast. It contained, however, a very full and circumstantial account of the goods for sale in the town, and the various articles that had arrived from England or elsewhere, and afforded me considerable assistance. It detailed the measures of Government, the appointments of public officers, general notices and regulations, agricultural meetings,

and indeed almost everything which a settler required or wished to know. Nevertheless it had no more claim to compete with the newspapers of the present day than Tom Thumb has with Tom Paine. Up to the time I am speaking of, and some years after, there was not a word of slander or defamation put in print in the colony, unless, indeed, the announcements of the Provost-Marshal or Sheriff of that period, injurious as they sometimes were to people's credit, could be called so. The 'free press,' or great fourth estate—the palladium of Englishmen and Van Diemen's Land men too, as it is justly and proudly called—had scarcely come into being in the colony, when a fifth power, 'the abuse of the press,' paramount of all others, such is the rapidity of advancement in new countries, was almost simultaneously created."

Good Doctor Ross, I may observe, in parenthesis, is a little warm on this point. Governor Arthur having been handsomely abused by Mr. Melville, took away from that too out-spoken writer the Government printing, and gave it to our author. Ross being Government publisher, and a Scotchman, had more sense than to risk his position. He "went with the tide," and supported the Government of the day by taking occasion now and then to give poor Melville a sly dig in the editorial ribs. As thus:—

"By the sanction of one of the slanderous journals with which this literary colony now abounds, you may enter the house of the most retired individual—you may turn his dwelling inside out—you may fill it with anything you like, or strip it to the bare walls—you may backbite himself, his wife, and his children, make his servants insult instead of serving him—give him a large nose or no nose at all, just as it suits your convenience—his castle shall or shall not be his castle, agreeably to your will and pleasure. Never on earth was power more supreme or despotic—the Imperial Parliament must submit and give way to its domination, and even Majesty itself must bend if you choose to write home with the consent and concurrence of this glorious, this tremendous autocratic, political association press!"

At the time at which he first landed, however, the "Press" was not in existence. That great engine for the blowing off of private steam not being yet established, the residents of the city were forced to vent their private malice in manuscript. "These were the days of 'pipes.' Certain supposed home truths or lively descriptions were indited in clear and legible letters on a piece of paper, which was then rolled up in the form of a pipe, and being held together by twisting at one end, was found at the door of the person intended to be instructed on its first opening in the morning."

Nor was the expression of private opinion confined to personalities. A considerable dislike towards the country itself was manifested. Sydney was the place, and nothing but Sydney. Any person who settled in Van Diemen's Land was looked upon as but little better than a madman. The same objections were urged by the same class of people who urge similar objections now.

"Sydney was the only place. Why don't you go on to Sydney, sir! There is nothing but oppression here. The colony is ruined, sir. There is not even a drop of good water in the whole island, sir. It is all alum; you will be poisoned if you stop here, sir."

An additional inducement to leave Tasmania was at that time held out by the establishment of the South Australian Company. Ross ridicules the notion of a "South Australia," and gives the names of the projectors of the scheme with a satirical emphasis that circumstances have since rendered amusing :—

"Neither Swan River nor King George's Sound, much less the recent hobby of 'a new colony in South Australia,' was then thought of. Mr. Gouger, whose brilliant conceptions gave the first spark to this great invention, was then, as far as I know, carrying on his trade of stockbroking within the legitimate bounds of that profession. But his ideas, it appears, were too large and spreading to rest quiet within the narrow confines of the Stock Exchange. After hovering some time like a restless bird of prey over the Canadas and other parts of North America, he took a new flight towards these Australasiatic countries, and as the leader of some species of geese described by Cicero and other natural philosophers, drew in his wake a whole flock duly arranged, until having launched them fairly and irremediably in their course he shifts to the rear, while the others fly ahead to destruction. So long and important a flight could not, of course, be undertaken without the sanction of Parliament, and an Act accordingly has been passed 'to empower His Majesty to erect South Australia into a British province or provinces, and to provide for the colonization and government thereof.' The principal birds that compose the flock are, we learn from their own notes and announcements : Colonel Torrens, F.R.S., chairman; George Fife Angas, Esq.; William Hutt, Esq., M.P.; John George Shaw Lefevre, Esq.; William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq., M.P.; Samuel Mills, Esq.; Jacob Montefiore, Esq.; George Palmer, jun., Esq.; John Wright, Esq.; George Barnes, Esq., treasurer; James Freshfield, jun., Esq., solicitor; Rowland Hill, Esq., secretary (not the late reverend preacher in Blackfriars Road); the said Robert Gouger, Esq, Broker, Commission Agent, and prompter, behind the curtain, and all the emigrants with any cash in their pockets, able-bodied mechanics and labourers whom they may be able to draw in their train." Residents in Adelaide can afford to smile at this exhibition of spleen.

Having crossed the solitary vale of Bagdad, and camped at Constitution Hill, bogged his bullocks and lost them, Ross at last reached the "desolate spot" on which his future home was to be built. His preparations for permanent residence were rapid. He cut down some poles and made a "wigwam," and, dwelling in this wigwam for some weeks, set boldly to work to construct a "slab hut," in the midst of a landscape which he thought would have afforded scope for the employment of the pencil of Morland, and "does now, I trust," says he, "to the equally immortal one of my friend Mr. Glover."

The "hut" was built after the following manner:—

"Having first erected a snug hut for my men, with a good sleeping-loft above, which was very easily done by making the frame proportionately higher, and laying a floor of thinly split logs neatly across the joists—I added a very good kitchen, with a fireplace almost as big as a small room behind, a storeroom, a bedroom for my children, with two pretty little four-pane windows looking on the river, a study with a long bench or desk, which served as a library, a workshop, a schoolroom, and spare bedroom by turns (this place had three little windows to it, was lined with shelves all round stuffed full of old books), a small apartment for my nursemaid and youngest child, and a verandah with a porch in the centre, supported on four real Doric columns, formed of equal sized barrels of trees set upright with flutes and other carving of bark as nature gave them. They were, though I say it myself, very pretty, and gave my cottage, with very little trouble, an unassuming, but comfortable, rural appearance. I lathed the whole inside and out; and with the help of the sand and loam which I found at my door, mixed with chopped grass, I gave it two coats of plaster, that hardened and stuck, and sticks to this day, for aught I know, as well as any stucco. My two principal rooms were, moreover, nicely ceiled up to the rafters in the roof, giving them a lofty and arched appearance. They were fourteen or fifteen feet high in the centre, and the arching had this advantage, that it lessened the downward pressure, and saved it from falling, as I have known ceilings in houses of far higher pretensions often do—and especially at the most inopportune times, when the fumes of the dinner on the table informed the treacherous though blind mortar that the guests were assembled below. There was a very beautiful grass plot or lawn, of two or three acres in extent, a little to the right in front of my cottage, and elevated not more than two yards above the margin of the river. I took a great deal of pains with this little spot. I fenced it very carefully round, in connection with my garden and lawn that fronted my cottage, with good six-feet paling on all sides, except towards the river, which of itself was a sufficient fence, besides that the opposite side overhung the stream, as I have said, with beautiful, basaltic perpendicular rocks, with here and there a tuft of flowering shrubs growing out from the crevices. A long, straight path, of four yards in width, stretched from end to end, on the borders of which grew several English flowers, from seeds I had brought with me, intermixed with indigenous ones collected from the bush."

But the settler's life was not a bed of roses. Bushrangers and blacks swarmed about him, and the immigrant was often shot dead on the threshold of that home which he had but just snatched from the wilderness. Yet, if the blacks were well treated, they were not invariably treacherous. Ross says, having *began* with kindness, he found that good feeling continued, and that confidence once inspired, the natives behaved with civility. "They never once committed the smallest trespass or annoyance on my farm, and during the five or six years that elapsed between their final removal by Mr. G. A. Robinson to Flinders Island, and the time of my own removal with my own

family to Hobart Town, while the most dreadful outrages were committed by them all round, they never once attacked my farm, or anyone belonging to it."

But the bushrangers were of a different nature. John Cook, Ross's assigned servant, is a good example of the class. This fellow was surly, drunken, and obstructive, and after enduring his ill-humours for some time, poor Ross returned him to the hands of the Government. Three days after he was with his new employer he absconded, and was strongly suspected of being concerned in a murder and robbery perpetrated in the neighbourhood. Some weeks after this Ross missed a gun, ammunition, and an iron pot from his hut, and two days afterwards, on visiting his shepherd's, saw Cook, armed with the stolen weapon, sneak out of the back door. Ten days afterwards, a party of the 48th who were out "bushranger-hunting" caught sight of him, and then he disappeared. "I never more heard of him alive," says Ross, "but about a year after, a skeleton, which some articles of dress, especially the kangaroo jacket, with the iron pot and tin pot he had stolen from me, identified as the remains of poor Cook, and a gun shot entering under his left blade bone, showed clearly how he met his death. The gun and shot-belt were taken away and his miserable bones had been picked bare by the wretched crows, the self-same, I doubt not, whose fore-boding croaking had been so ultimately disregarded both by him and me in the gum trees, while we lay beside our swamped cart before dawn on the banks of the Fat Doe river. I learned from very good, though confidential, authority sometime after that this poor misguided man having on one or two occasions for a small reward aided and assisted a sheep-stealer who possessed some pasture land between the Shannon and the Clyde, and was acquainted with his deliquencies, had subsequently shown some little symptoms of disapprobation of a small sheep robbery committed by the same individual, being a neighbour, on my own flock, and in consequence a schism or quarrel ensued. The sheep-stealer then became uneasy from the fear of Cook on some future occasion coming forward or being called on, should detection and a trial ensue, to give evidence against him. He and another associate had resolved, as they had already 'put aside,' as it is colonially called, one poor man similarly circumstanced as to a knowledge of their doings, to join him once more in the bush under a cloak of friendship, and by sending him unawares and unprepared out of the world, to deprive him of all power to give evidence against them in a witness box."

The "name and fame" of Cook continued, however, for several years afterwards, and existed in 1836 in the "Runaway list," published in Hobart Town and Bow Street.

Apropos of the death of Cook, Ross tells a story of the untimely end of a friend of his, which, as an illustration of the "manners of the age," is curious enough. Riding over one day to this man's house, the doctor was surprised to find him "salting down the carcases of six sheep, which he had just killed. He said it was a very convenient plan, as it saved time, and obviated the necessity of

bringing home the flock, to kill one every second day for the use of the family. Besides, he added, the six sheep's heads and plucks served his people for more than a day, as though they would throw away one head or give it to the dogs, they could not have the face to waste a whole half-dozen at a time. I was simple and unsuspecting enough to believe there was some convenience in his plan, though it was not great enough to induce me ever to adopt it. The same individual, however, was afterwards tried for stealing a whole flock of about 400 sheep, convicted, and executed with several other bad characters and bushrangers at Hobart Town. I stood at the bottom of the ladder as he mounted to the scaffold. He had his arms pinioned behind his back, and after stooping his head to suck a Sydney orange, which he was unable otherwise to reach to his mouth, he placed it by a rose which he held in his other hand, and shaking hands with me, he wished me farewell, saying, as he looked in my face with a most altered countenance, which I shall never forget, 'Oh, sir! this is the happiest day I ever had in my life.'"

Amid such scenes did the first ten years of our "pioneer's settlement pass. Each day, however, brought an increase of civilisation, and, says happy Ross, "I now saw my way fair before me. My flocks and herds were rapidly increasing—I could readily sell the former at a pound a head, and the latter from £8 to £10. Every day was adding something to the value of my estate, and the efforts which the Government was making to put down the aggressions of both the black and white invaders of life and property, although yet abortive, I looked forward with every hope to be at last, as they have since proved, triumphantly successful."

JORGENSON: KING OF ADVENTURERS.

IN *Ross's Van Diemen's Land Annual for* 1835, appears the first part of a "Shred of Autobiography, containing various anecdotes, personal and historical, connected with these colonies." This autobiography is anonymous, and was written by a manumitted convict. The second part appeared in the *Annual* for 1838, after Dr. Ross's death. The writer's name was Jorgenson, and the story of his life reads more like a romance than a record of fact. He was seaman, explorer, traveller, adventurer, gambler, spy, man of letters, man of fortune, political prisoner, dispensing chemist, and King of Iceland, and was transported for illegally pawning the property of a lodging-house keeper in Tottenham Court Road. His "autobiography" is written in a vain and egotistical strain, with much affectation of classical knowledge, and is rambling and disconnected. It occupies 195 closely-printed pages of the *Annual*, and readers who prefer their information at first hand cannot do better than procure the volumes and read for themselves. My apology to the shade of the author must be that, as the publication in which his lucubrations appeared is long since out of print, and copies are extremely rare, it is just possible that such a course of action would—on the part of a few thousand readers—be absolutely impossible. I propose, however, to stick as closely to the narrative as I can, and to give Jorgenson's own language wherever practicable.

"Who is so able to write a man's life as the living man himself?" cries Captain Jorgenson. "The age of intellect has merged into the autobiographical. A Homer is no longer wanted to immortalize an Agamemnon. For where is now the man not qualified to sing his own praise? to sound the trumpet of his own exploits? or who, like myself, would suffer the sad but instructive vicissitudes of his fate to pass by unwept and unrecorded, or as Horace says—*illacrymabiles?* No; having been promised a niche in *Ross's Van Diemen's Land Annual*, the only sanctuary and safe retreat of great names, the sole Westminster Abbey which these Australian regions can yet boast—I hasten to fill it up before a greater man steps in to occupy the ground." After this peroration—repeated in the second part as a gem too bright to be lost—Captain Jorgenson proceeds to recount his birth and early adventures.

He was born in Copenhagen in the year 1780, and was the son of a mathematical instrument maker. He received a good education; but though his parents appear to have been in easy circumstances, and would have started him in business, the boy must needs "go to sea." "When I saw a Dutch Indiaman set sail, with its officers

on deck dressed out in their fine uniforms, my heart burned with envy to be like them." Old Jorgenson, however, did not approve of his son's notions, and with a view to sicken him of a seafaring life, bound him apprentice to an English collier, and kept him on board her for four years. He was then eighteen, and "beginning to think for myself (for we in Denmark are of age at sixteen)." He quitted the collier, and shipped on board the "Fanny," a South Sea whaler, bound with stores to the Cape of Good Hope. At the Cape he made another engagement with Captain Black, of the "Harbinger," bound for Algoa Bay. Black had obtained his appointment for services rendered on board the "Jane Shore" (prison ship). The prisoners and soldiers concerted a plan of mutiny, and seizing the vessel took her to Buenos Ayres. Black escaped the carnage, and, with 180 others (among whom was the famous pickpocket and swindler, Major Sempill, who refused to join the mutineers) was put into an open boat, and after much hardship got to the West Indies. The "Harbinger" had a narrow escape of being taken by a French ship of forty-four guns (this was in the year 1798), but beat off her enemy and accomplished her voyage without mishap.

Returning to the Cape, young Jorgenson joined a brig of sixty-five tons. This was the "Lady Nelson," commanded by Lieutenant Grant, and was sent as a tender to the "Investigator," commanded by Captain Flinders, on a surveying voyage round the Australian coast. Dr. Bass, originally surgeon of H.M.S. "Reliance," had got down to Western Port from Sydney in a whale boat, and gave it as his opinion that "some strait" must exist in that latitude. Captain Flinders set out from Sydney to ascertain this point, but before the result of his expedition was known in England, the "Lady Nelson" was despatched on the same errand. She was built expressly for the voyage, and was admirably fitted. Jorgenson says she had "a remarkable sliding keel, the invention of Commissioner Shanks, of the Navy Board, which answered so well that I have often wondered it did not come into more general use. It was composed of three parts or broad planks, fitted into corresponding sockets or openings, which went completely through the vessel, from the deck to the keel. These planks could be let down or drawn up at pleasure, to a depth of eight feet, according as the vessel went into deep or shallow water, or in sailing against the wind to obviate the leeway."

Lieutenant Grant received orders to shape his course for the western extremity of what was then believed to be the peninsula of Van Diemen's Land. The first point he made was King's Island (named after Captain King, third Governor of New South Wales). From King's Island they went to Sydney, and then returned and completed the survey of Port Phillip, Western Port, Port Dalrymple, and the Derwent. The "strait" was named after the doctor, and Bass's Straits are a sufficiently credible witness that Van Diemen's Land is *not* part of New Holland.

On her return to Sydney, the "Lady Nelson" was ordered to accompany Flinders in his expedition to the north; but at the Northumberland Island she lost "all her cables and anchors on the

coral reefs, and was obliged to steer for the main island of the chain," and eventually returned to Sydney. The "Investigator" went on, and circumnavigated the continent. She had on board Messrs. Brown and Kelly, botanists (the latter sent out at the expense of Sir Joseph Banks), M. Bauer, and Westall the landscape painter. The account of the voyage is well known, as it is written at length in the chronicles of the early explorers, but some particulars given by Jorgenson may find a place here. Having accomplished her task, the "Investigator" was condemned as unseaworthy—a condemnation which Jorgenson disputes—cut down, and sent home under the charge of Captain Kent, nephew (by marriage) to Hunter, the late Governor of New South Wales. Flinders placed his crew and himself on board the "Porpoise" man-of-war, and was wrecked in Torres Straits in company with the "Cato" and the "Bridgewater," "extra East India ships." The "Bridgewater" escaped, and seems to have left her consorts to their fate. The crew of the "Porpoise" got on to the reef, but all on board the "Cato" were lost except three. Flinders took the intelligence to Sydney in the ship's boat, leaving the survivors "building a schooner of the wreck." They were ultimately saved, but the botanical collection of "unknown Australian plants" was lost. Nothing daunted by his mischances, Flinders, being anxious to complete the survey of the continent, and to take the news of his discoveries to England, induced King to place at his disposal the "Cumberland," a small craft of thirty tons burden. Running short of provisions, and relying on his passport, he sailed for the Mauritius, and was detained by the French Government under suspicion of being a "spy." His charts and papers were never more heard of, and poor Flinders was kept a prisoner for six years. "He was at last liberated," says Jorgenson, "by the peremptory order of Napoleon, and died on the 14th July, 1814, the very day that the *Account of a Voyage to Terra Australia* was published."

Dr. Bass met with even a worse fate. That worthy, having completed his survey of the "strait," returned home, but, being unable to rest quietly came out again as supercargo and part owner of the brig "Venus," Captain Bishop, intending to trade to Sydney and Spanish America. On his arrival at Sydney, Bishop went mad, and Bass, "who, though a surgeon and physician, was a skilful navigator," took command of the ship. He went to Valparaiso, and endeavoured to "force a trade." That is to say, "Either buy my goods, or I storm the place." Such amenities of commerce were not unusual in those days. The Spaniards consented, but Bass and his crew being on shore, "relaxing from the fatigues of the voyage," and drinking rum and lime juice, the wily scoundrels seized the "Venus" and cargo, and capturing Bass and his men after a desperate resistance, sent them to the quicksilver mines, from whence they never returned. I fancy that this little episode in the life of the discoverer of "Bass's Straits" is but little known to the many good folks who sail across them. There were some things done in those days not unworthy of Salvation Yeo and the dogs of Devon.

Sydney was a tolerably strange place. It was a sort of South Sea city of refuge, and the French war gave a good excuse for gallant gentlemen with more blood than guineas to exchange the one for the other. The Spanish coast was the great place for gold and glory, and many a sly privateer of the "Venus" class sailed from Sydney Harbour. Jorgenson mentions two — a "Captain M'Clarence, of the brig 'Dart,'" who met with death or the mines at Coquimbo; and "Captain Campbell, of the East India brig 'Harrington.'" Campbell being in Sydney during the year 1803, got news of the peace of Amiens. Being a calculating, long-headed fellow, he guessed that a rupture would soon take place, and prepared to take advantage of the temporary calm. Getting together a crew of desperadoes like himself, he sailed for the Spanish-American coast. Entering the wealthiest ports, he brought his guns to bear upon the town, and landing sword in hand, at the head of his men, he plundered, burnt, and ravished, despoiling "even the churches, and bringing back with him an immense treasure." On his return to Sydney, however, contrary to his expectation, news of war had not yet arrived, and, fearful of Governor King's wrath, he buried his plunder in one of the many islands of the straits. His fears were not unfounded. Stern old King—he was an eccentric, homely, honest man—ordered him and his officers into arrest, where they remained for some time in fear and trembling. But Campbell's shrewd Scot's head had not deceived him. When the English news arrived it was discovered that war had been already declared with Spain, and that "Captain Campbell" had but served his country, and was honourably set free.

Jorgenson does not mention if he dug his treasure up again. If he did not, perhaps some lucky fellow may yet stumble upon it. But it is more than probable that a good deal of it found its way into the pockets of Sydney taverners. These gentry must have made large sums. Owing to the frequent failure of supplies from England provisions were very dear. "It was no uncommon thing," says Jorgenson, "to give ten guineas for a gallon of rum. Tobacco was proportionately dear, and tea was never under a guinea a pound. Money itself sympathized with the general rise. The common penny pieces passed for two pence, and half pence for pence. A large quantity of copper was in consequence brought out by the masters of vessels, who thus realised a profit of 100 per cent. The colony was ultimately most inconveniently overloaded with copper money. It was worse than the days of Wood's half-pence, which Dean Swift so ably put down; and Governor King, in like manner, was compelled to put his veto on the further introduction of such money, and speedily settled the point by reducing pence and half-pence to the proper value."

In 1803 the "Lady Nelson" set sail from Sydney with Captain Bowen, R.N., to form a settlement at the Derwent. "The late Dr. Mountgarrett and two ladies" whose names Captain Jorgenson has still the pleasure to "enrol among his friends," accompanied the expedition. They were disembarked on the "north bank of the Derwent at Risdon," and then went on to Port Phillip where Collins

had endeavoured to form a settlement. During their absence the station at Risdon was abandoned, and the tents pitched on the present site of Hobart Town.

Having completed the settlement of Hobart Town, the "Lady Nelson" returned to Sydney, and, after refitting, went down to the entrance of the Tamar, and reported upon a fit place for a settlement at "Georgetown." She then took a survey trip to King's Island, Kent's group, and the straits, and, finally, took the "establishment for the new settlement at Newcastle, seventy miles north of Sydney, a place rich with cedar, fish, and coals."

Tired of His Majesty's service, Jorgenson now took charge of a small vessel going on a sealing voyage to New Zealand, and then shipped as chief officer of a whaler. They sailed for the Derwent, and our author "can boast of having stuck the first whale in that river." From the Derwent they went to New Zealand, and having cruised for some time in those seas, bore up for London, having on board two New Zealanders and two Otaheitans, whom Jorgenson introduced to Sir Joseph Banks. Sir Joseph took charge of them, paid their expenses, and placed them under the care of the Rev. Joseph Hardcastle, "in order that by initiating them in the truths of the Christian religion, they might be able to confer a similar boon on their own countrymen." The poor fellows died in twelve months.

Jorgenson now went back to Copenhagen, which he found bombarded by the English, and, having seen his friends, was welcomed with great rejoicings. He seems to have become quite a "lion," for the next year (1807), we find him in a position of some importance. By dint of stories about the Australias and the Spanish Main, he, like Mr. Oxhenham, would appear to have fired the hearts of the honest Copenhagen burghers. Old Jorgenson and seven other merchants of Copenhagen, "touched with a spirit of reprisal against the English," subscribed to purchase a small vessel, armed with twenty-eight guns, and presented her to the Crown. She was armed, commissioned, and manned by the Government, and our hero placed in command. Now begins a new epoch in his life.

Our hero's vessel, manned by eighty-three men, and carrying twenty-eight guns, cut through the ice a month before it was expected that any vessel could get out," and coming unawares among the English traders, captured several ships.

Encouraged by this success, and relying on his knowledge of the coast, Jorgenson stood over to England. His courage, however, outran his prudence, and off Flamborough Head he came plump upon two sloops of war, the "Sappho" and the "Clio." The former, commanded by Captain Longford, instantly bore down upon him, and finding that flight was impossible, the Danish privateer determined to put a bold face on it and give battle. Notwithstanding that the "Sappho" had 120 men, he kept her at bay for three-quarters of an hour, making shift to fire seventeen broadsides. At last, his powder being spent, and his "masts, rigging, and sails all shot to pieces," he was compelled to surrender, and was taken in triumph to Yarmouth. That the action was a pretty severe one, is confirmed by the

fact that Longford was made a post-captain for his "services" on the occasion.

It would appear that Jorgenson had, like a wise man, secured a retreat. When at Copenhagen the year before, he had "chanced to obtain an interview" with a "public officer connected with the British Ministry," and this individual sent for him to London, where Jorgenson delicately hints at an offer of secret service employment. Fairly established in the city, and introduced to "several of the high official characters of that eventful period," Jorgenson suggested a scheme for the relief of Iceland. That island being in the very midst of the Danish and English combatants, came rather badly off. The inhabitants derived their means of support chiefly from the export trade of wool and fish, and trade being prohibited, and "British supplies" cut off by the Danish ships, the place was in a state of famine. The miseries of the islanders had attracted the attention of English merchants, who—doubtless with a shrewd eye to the main chance—cast about for some daring fellow willing to run the blockade. Jorgenson called upon his old acquaintance, Sir Joseph Banks, and represented his own good qualities strongly. Permission was obtained from the British Government to freight a ship with provisions, and Jorgenson, taking the command, sailed from Liverpool on the 29th of December.

Many predictions were made as to the failure of the expedition, the danger being increased by inclement weather and the winter season. Though the vessel was but 350 tons burden, the insurance cost the benevolent speculators 1000 guineas, for, says Jorgenson, "the enterprise was considered almost desperate," and it was held "madness to attempt such a voyage, which, from the high latitude of the country, must necessarily be made at that season of the year almost in the dark." The bold fellow, however, arrived in safety, and found "the hours of the night brighter than those of the day, owing to the brilliant reflection of the 'Northern Light.'" Finding that matters turned out well, he left the provisions in charge of the supercargo, and hastened back to Liverpool, in order to bring out another cargo.

He speedily loaded two vessels, one with flour and another with provisions, and started again for the north. During his absence, however, the governor, Count von Tramp, had issued a proclamation prohibiting all communication with the English. It would seem that Count von Tramp did not disdain to trade a little himself, for a Danish vessel was in the habit of running small cargoes of rye, which were sold—as Jorgenson hints, to the advantage of the authorities—at 40s. per 200lbs.

Here was a dilemma. The two vessels, anchored in the port with their flour and provisions aboard, were ordered to go away again, full as they came. Jorgenson, like Captain Hiram Hudson in *Foul Play* "knew his duty to his employers," and vowed he would land his cargo at all hazards. He feigned submission, but the next day being Sunday, and the "people at church"—good souls—he landed with twelve of his men, and making straight to the

Governor's residence, stationed six men at the front, and six at the back, with orders to fire on any one who should interrupt him. Then, with a brace of pistols in his belt, he walked into the Count's chamber, and informed him that he might consider himself deposed. The Count, "who was reposing on a sofa," made an attempt at resistance, but as there was no one in the house but the cook, one or two domestics, and "a Danish lady," he was speedily overpowered, carried down to the beach, and placed under hatches in Jorgenson's ship. The new king lost no time in "securing the iron chest," and when the people came out of church they found that a revolution had taken place.

"I am not aware," says Jorgenson, "unless some more deep-read historian than myself can cite an instance, that any revolution in the annals of nations was ever more adroitly, more harmlessly, or more decisively effected than this. The whole government of the island was changed in a moment. I was well aware of the sentiments of the people before I planned my scheme, and I knew I was safe."

The next day he issued a proclamation stating that the people, tired of Danish oppression, had called him to the head of the Government. This proclamation seemed to satisfy everybody. The few English on the island imagined that Jorgenson had concerted the plot with the Icelanders, and the Danes believed that he was supported by the English Government. Having thus secured his position, our hero issued laws, all "of course of a popular description." He relieved the people of half the taxes, ingeniously supplying their place by a duty levied on the "British goods" which he had himself imported. He released all people from debts due to the Crown of Denmark, compelled public defaulters to make up deficiencies from their private estates, and advanced moneys for the benefit of public schools and fisheries. He established trial by jury and "free representative government," and with true judgment augmented the salaries of the clergy. Some of these gentry had but £12 a year to live upon, and as the acute Jorgenson expected, "they were not wanting in gratitude, for they all preached resignation and contentment under the present order of things." Having thus provided for wants temporal and spiritual, he erected a fort of six guns, raised a troop of cavalry, and hoisted the ancient and independent flag of Iceland.

The inhabitants appeared to enjoy this novel condition of things, and when the king made a tour of his dominions, received him with acclamations. Indeed, it was but prudent that they should do so, for one contumacious fellow, a magistrate or head-man of one of the northern villages, some 150 miles from Reykavig, refusing to do homage and "surrender the iron chest," the monarch piled brush-wood round his front door and fired it, "upon which he immediately submitted." One advantage in primitive government is—despatch. When at Liverpool, Jorgenson had written to New York requesting that a ship might be sent to Iceland with tobacco, and soon after his return to the capital he had the satisfaction of seeing a vessel

enter the harbour "with a valuable cargo from New York," which cargo he received in exchange for his (taxed) British manufactures. This commercial enterprise proving so successful, Jorgenson, secure in his own impudence, resolved to visit London and "enter into an amicable treaty with Great Britain in order to permit vessels with British licenses to import grain," and set sail with a fleet of two ships, one the vessel which had brought him from London, and the other a Danish ship belonging to the deposed Von Tramp.

Unluckily, the Danish ship caught fire, and though every effort was made to save her, she burnt to the water's edge with all her cargo. "The firing of the ten guns, with the flames blazing along the shrouds and sails, had," says the king, "a sublimely grand effect upon the water; and when the hold and cargo took fire, the latter consisting of wool, feathers, oil, tallow, and tar, the effect was truly grand, the copper bottom continuing to float like an immense copper cauldron, long after the shades of night had come on." Indeed, in that latitude and in those seas, one might not have inaptly called to mind the celebrated story of the old Viking and his floating funeral-pyre.

This accident compelled them to return to Iceland for provisions; and, putting the passengers on board H.M. "Talbot," then in harbour, Jorgenson made all haste for Liverpool, which he reached in eight days. Fearing that the representations of the English captain might do him injury, he hurried up to London, and saw Sir Joseph Banks. That gentleman, however, justly incensed at the extraordinary breach of trust of which his privateer captain had been guilty, refused to have anything to do with him. And the "Talbot" having meanwhile got into port, the captain made a statement of the "Iceland affair" to the Government. He said that King Jorgenson had "established a republican government in Iceland, for the purpose of making that island a nest for all the disaffected persons in Europe," and added "that he was highly unqualified to hold the command of a kingdom, because he had been an apprentice on board an English collier, and had served as midshipman in an English ship of war."

Hearing of this statement, and fearing the consequences, the king went into hiding for a week or so, but one day, while dining at the "Spread Eagle" in Gracechurch Street, he was arrested and taken before the Lord Mayor, charged with being "an alien to an enemy at large without the King's licence, and with having broken his parole." In vain he pleaded that he was really acting in the interest of England; the Lord Mayor had no taste for romance, and the poor king was put into Tothill Fields prison, there to console himself by the recollections of other monarchs who had been placed in similar positions. Had Voltaire been alive, he might have given him a seat at the supper-table in *Candide*.

After five weeks in Tothill Fields, where he "met with persons the effect of whose intimacy steeped his future life in misery"—notably Count Dillon, then a political prisoner—he was removed to the hulk appointed for the reception of Danish prisoners, and kept there for nearly twelve months, at the end of which time he was permitted to reside at Reading on his parole. Here he cultivated

literary tastes, and wrote a little work, entitled *The Copenhagen Expedition Traced to other Causes than the Treaty of Tilsit.* I have no doubt he knew as much about the subject as most people. After a ten months' residence at Reading he received a permission to return to London, and was "soon picked up by my Tothill Fields acquaintance." How he lived at this epoch it is not difficult to conjecture. He says himself: "I was thoroughly initiated into all the horrors and enticements of the gaming-table." He appears to have lived his fair share of life in Bohemia, being now rich, now poor, now strolling in the parks, now lurking in a garret. At last, stripped of every penny, "including a sixteenth share of a £20,000 prize in the State lottery," he took his passage in a vessel bound for Lisbon. Even here his ill-fortune pursued him. Just before the vessel sailed, Bellingham had just assassinated Mr. Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons, and meddlesome Jorgenson must needs be the first to convey the intelligence to the British Consulate. That worthy, however, disbelieved the story, and as Jorgenson could give no very good account of himself, sent him back to England. Determined to go to Spain—doubtless, like ancient Pistol, with a view to the plunder obtainable at the seat of war—he engaged as mate of a merchant vessel, was discharged at Lisbon, passed through the lines, and visited Madrid. Unable to keep from play, however, he was again robbed of his gains, and selling his clothes, and retaining only a jacket and trousers, entered as seamen in a gunboat which was "going home with the mail." Unluckily the packet-boat hove in sight, and took the mails, while the gunboat was sent to cruise off Cape St. Vincent.

Here Jorgenson assisted in the capture of several privateers, and gained promotion. On arriving at Gibralter he "malingered," and was placed in the hospital, and finally invalided in the "Dromedary" (afterwards sent as store and prison ship to Van Diemen's Land). Arriving at Portsmouth in 1813, he was placed on board the "Gladiator," fifty guns, stationed as an invalid hulk. The berthing of the invalids would not appear to be conducive to their recovery. "Between 700 and 800 persons," says Jorgenson, "were collected in this horribly pent-up place, which could not have afforded moderate accommodation for half of them, even had they been in good health; as it was, they were obliged to remain on deck and below alternately night and day, a most trying vicissitude, which occasioned the death of many." Jorgenson, not liking his position, wrote a letter to the Admiral requesting to be allowed to go ashore. But this coming to the ears of the captain and the doctor, they were indignant, the doctor vowing that the patient was "shamming," and the captain swearing that he would "teach him to apply to the Admiral instead of to him." Upon this Jorgenson reflected—the small vanity of the captain was hurt at his authority being slighted. What would move one man would move another. Jorgenson wrote to the Admiral apologizing for his former letter, and regretting that "he did not know that the captain was only responsible to the Lords of the Admiralty and not to him." This touched the Admiral

on a sore point. He ordered the captain and the patient both before him, and to assert his dignity, dismissed Jorgenson and reprimanded the captain.

Getting back to London, Jorgenson seems to have subsisted by writing for patronage, and spying for the Government. In his leisure moments he wrote an account of the Icelandic revolution, which he presented to Sir Joseph Banks. He seems to have become quite a "lion" among the curious at this period. His "tempter," as he calls it, overtook him again, and going up to town he "launched into extravagance," and soon became little better than a sharper.

He tells here a curious anecdote. Being one day at a coffee-house in the Strand, he met Count Dillon, whose acquaintance he had made in Tothill Fields Prison. Dillon, thinking him an "enemy of England," began to talk freely, and Jorgenson, always ready to turn an honest penny, did not scruple to draw him out with a view to giving information to the Government. Dillon told him of a plot then concerted between the Americans and the French, "to send out an armed expedition" to take possession of the Australias.

This idea originated from the reports given by Boudin, Commodore of the "Geographe" and the "Naturaliste," who had visited the colonies in 1801. Jorgenson had met this adventurer in Sydney, but had at that time no suspicions of his intentions. He recalls, however, that "on the occasion of his making an exploring tour into the interior of New South Wales, I was induced to accompany him, and all his ambition was to advance further than any Englishman had ever been before. We had travelled about a hundred miles from Sydney, and had ascended the Hawkesbury a considerable way, some marked tree or remains of a temporary hut giving constant indications that a European had been there at some former period. I had become so impatient at his incessant reasons, thus continually discovered, for penetrating further, with so futile an object as that of returning to Paris and boasting that he had been where no traveller had been before him, that, espying a large white rock projecting from a little eminence, I ran forward, and standing upon it, called out to him with a show of exultation, that that was the point beyond which no white had been. Boudin then marched about twenty paces further, and returned quite satisfied."

The expedition was to consist of two armed French and American vessels, which, meeting at a certain *rendezvous*, were to sail together into the South Seas, and "participate in the plunder of the colonies." Immediately on hearing this, Jorgenson posted to the Colonial Office, and laid his intelligence before a "gentleman high in office." The information was, however, disregarded, the Government considering it a "wild scheme," and unlikely to be carried into effect "while the whole energies of Europe were drawn to a vortex in the Continental contest." Jorgenson says, moreover, that the "gentleman" remarked, that "even should the attempt be successful, England would lose little or nothing. These colonies are not worth keeping, for they already cost the Government £100,000 a year!

The expedition, however, sailed in 1813, but the two French ships under Count Dillon were wrecked off Cadiz. The Americans proceeded, and captured and burned seventeen whalers. The deficiency thus created in the London market sent sperm oil up to an enormous price. Upon this circumstance, and the indifference of the British Government to the smaller dependencies, Jorgenson remarks—"It is indeed much to be regretted that the navigation, fisheries, and trade of these seas has so long been looked over by the authorities at home. The immense archipelago of the Pacific is studded with islands, and inhabited by millions of friendly disposed people, ready and anxious to exchange their commodities for British manufactures. The benign influence of the Christian religion, which is rapidly extending itself by the aid of our Gospel missionaries, is doing much to raise these people in the scale of civilized society; and although the Americans are hourly taking advantage of our comparative supineness, the approach of an English flag is always, and we trust ever will be, hailed with superior satisfaction. The pearl fishery is said to be more profitable and less hazardous than that of the sperm whale, and the sandal-wood and *bêche-de-la-mer*, which are produced so abundantly on the northern coasts of our New Holland, are known to yield the Dutch, through the medium of the Malays, an immense revenue. Nothing surprised Captain Flinders more, in the course of his navigation of these countries, than the immense fleets of Malay proas extensively engaged in this traffic which he met with in the Gulf of Carpentaria." During the present discussion concerning Fiji and New Hebrides, these remarks will be read with interest.

Just at this time the adviser of the Government was arrested and sent to the Fleet for two years, and when the intelligence of the destruction of the British whaling ships was brought, did not fail to remind His Majesty's Ministers of the services he had rendered. He was supplied with money to pay his debts; but so inveterate was his passion for the gaming-table, that instead of discharging his liabilities, he went to a hazard-table and lost every penny.

Being now securely locked up without hope of release, Jorgenson "amused himself" by writing histories, pamphlets, and stories. Sending these, "neatly written in manuscript," to several persons of rank, he made enough money to live upon, and too little to allow him to gamble. He enjoyed the "liberties of the Fleet," and became a sort of "patron," a Danish Dorrit, a "father of his people." This Arcadian life, however, was somewhat strangely interrupted. One day he was sent for from the Foreign Office, and "had the pleasure to be engaged on a foreign mission to the seat of war," in other words, he took service as a "spy."

Amply supplied with money for his present expenses, and provided with an order to "draw on London," for any funds he might require while travelling, it would appear that Jorgenson had fallen on good days. He had a "career," such as it was, before him, and could have at once left London and the Fleet Prison with credit. His propensity for gambling was, however, too much for him, and instead of going to Dover, he went to a "silver hell," and lost,

not only his money, but the very clothes he had provided for his journey.

Totally destitute of the means of living, and ashamed to apply to "the gentleman in the Foreign Office" who had given him his place as spy, and who naturally concluded that his *protégé* was already in Paris, our poor hero was at his wits' end. But with a determination and impudence worthy of Lazarillo de Tormes or the more famous Gil Blas of Santillane, Jorgenson resolved to seize his chance of advancement with his naked hands. Repairing to the friend of debtors, vagabonds, thieves, and adventurers,—the old-clothes man, that great "dresser" for the Beggar's Opera—he exchanged his only suit for a sailor's jacket and trousers, walked to Gravesend, and embarked on board a transport bound for Ostend. At Ostend he met an officer who knew him, and testified to his identity, and an "order" was cashed without difficulty. Of his business on the Continent our friend speaks little—as becomes him. He says vaguely that he was "sent to ascertain what effect the subjugation of Napoleon was likely to have on British commerce," but, as he arrived in Ghent some weeks before the Battle of Waterloo, his explanation is not as satisfactory as it might be, and though we admire his delicacy, we can but regret his reticence. He was at Brussels when the celebrated stampede took place, and may have witnessed Mrs. Crawley's triumph and Jos. Sedley's flight (*relictâ non bene parmulâ*—his moustache ingloriously left behind). He was a "silent spectator of the three days," and wandering over the field of Waterloo after the battle, may perhaps have seen M. Thénardier (like Diogenes with his lantern), seeking for a man honest enough to be worth robbing. How the father of Eponine, and the saviour of the Baron Pontmercy would have fraternized with such a comrade!

The life of a spy in those days was not an unpleasant one. Jorgenson went to Paris with the stream, and found that "the business he had to perform brought him in contact with several celebrated names of that day," and in particular he had "the pleasure to form an acquaintance with a French general, a great favourite of Bonaparte, and now a Marshall of France," and being liberally supplied with money by his employers, enjoyed himself much. Paris at that time was a kaleidoscope of uniforms—Germans, English, French, and Russians, all fraternized and fought. Jorgenson had for six months ample opportunities to study human nature. He could attend the balls of Madame Roni (*née* Rooney); comment on the conduct of Captain Gronow's ferocious duellist; gaze at a distance on Madame Firmiani, or lend the natural vigour of his arm to the assistance of Arthur O'Leary, Esq., beleaguered in the gaming-house of the "Palais Royal." This last conjecture is not without foundation. He rushed to the gambling-houses with eagerness, and played with desperation. Mr. Blunt (the friend of Mr. Sala) did not beggar himself with greater *bonhomie*. Notwithstanding that he was ordered on a special mission to Warsaw, he played until he had nothing to sell but his shirt, and disposing of that

garment for seven francs to a sergeant, he buttoned up his coat, and leaving Paris by the east gate, set out along the north road on foot.

It was the month of December, and bitterly cold. Arriving at Joncherie, 120 miles from the capital, Jorgenson found himself worn out with fatigue and reduced to the last sou of the seven francs. He dare not draw upon the F.O. until he reached Poland, and knew no one on the road. Rendered desperate by circumstances, he did just exactly what little Con Cregan did in Dublin—walked boldly into the best hotel, and ordered the best dinner they could give him. The hotel was a *cabaret* of mean pretensions, and the dinner bacon and eggs. Jorgenson turned up his nose with the air of a prince, and determined to make the best of it. As he was very hungry this was not so difficult. Meanwhile the news of the illustrious stranger in the buttoned-up coat had gone the rounds of the village, and the Mayor called to see the stranger's passport. In the course of a lofty conversation with the host, Jorgenson had learned that the Mayor was "Bourbonniste," and in pulling his passport from his pocket, pulled with it a letter from the Duchess d'Angoulême. The Mayor picked it up. "Ha!—oh, a letter!" From my friend the Duchess d'Angoulême. "Thirty thousand pardons, Monsieur," cries the polite Mayor, "but we officials have our duties, you know." Jorgenson finished the bacon, and graciously forgave the impertinence of M. le Maire's enquiries. He was an Irishman going to the Holy Land—poor, like many of his countrymen, but of excellent family, like all of them. "Then," cries the Mayor, "you must see our Baroness D'Este, who will be most glad to receive any person going on such a mission!" Jorgenson visited the baroness—some pious woman without much brains—and not only talked her into paying his expenses at the inn, but got from her several coins to deposit, with her blessing, at the sacred shrine. With this aid our adventurer contrived to get as far as Rheims, and there resolved to make a bold stroke for fortune. "The politics of this ancient city," says he, "were of a very opposite description from those of my last resting place." The prefect was a zealous Bonapartist, and Jorgenson, who, like St. Paul, seems to have been "all things to all men," avowed himself a zealous adherent of that banished potentate, and further informed the prefect of a plot formed by the English to rob the commissariat. The plot was not discovered, but the letter procured a personal interview, and the prefect was so charmed with the stranger that he not only gave him a supply of money, but a fine horse, and a "billet," which entitled him to a certain sum per mile to defray expenses. Armed with these useful evidences of the prefect's political sentiments, Jorgenson reached Frankfort in twenty-two days, not without adventures. At Metz, the Mayor could not speak French, and refused to assist the traveller. "Though," remarks Jorgenson, with a degree of self-complacency only equalled by that of the bashful Plumper, "I have always found it an uphill sort of thing for myself to get over; I have found almost on all occasions, both in the old world and the new, that a certain degree of 'modest' assurance was a great help to a man in getting through life."

Acting on this notion, he put the "billet" (written in French) into the surly mayor's hand, and remarked with a low bow, "You will see, Sir, by that document with what you are to supply me." The excellent man, rather than admit his inability to read, at once gave the modestly-assured Jorgenson all he wished. Another mayor, however, received a specimen of what Frank Smedley called "Oakland's quiet manner," he refused to do anything, and told the bearer of the "billet" that he was a lazy vagabond." Jorgenson, whose Icelandic experiences had taught him to mingle the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*, promptly knocked him down, seized a horse, and galloped off amid a demonstration of pitchforks from the inhabitants.

Arrived in Frankfort in a storm of rain, he began to wonder how he should get on, and meeting an apparently charitable Jew, told him his story. The Jew, however, remarked that he had taken him for a rich Polish merchant, and waggishly laying a finger along his nose, departed. The recollection of his good fortune at Joncherie now came upon Jorgenson, and "entering a good inn," he ordered "a sumptuous meal, and went to bed." In the morning he sent for the landlord, told him that he had no money, but expected some in the course of the day; but that if he would permit him to go out he would leave his "waistcoat" as security. The landlord accepted, and once more buttoned up, Jorgenson roamed the town in the hopes of meeting with a friend. But Frankfort was large, and friends were few and far between. From the scanning the faces of passers-by, he at last took—like Balzac—to studying shop-fronts, and, also like Balzac, was at last rewarded by a name which "embodied his idea." This name, however, was not Z. Marcas but Frazer, and its owner was not a cobbler, but a watchmaker. In goes Jorgenson. "Good morning. My name is Jorgenson; that chronometer there was made by my father in Denmark." The honest Frazer looked. Sure enough it was so. A conversation began which ended by the watchmaker taking the waistcoatless son of his fellow tradesman to the house of Lord Clancarty, the British Minister. He sent in his name, "on secret service." The servants stared at his shabby attire. What if he were come to murder his lordship! His fate hung in the balance, when a side door opened, and "a gentleman attached to the Foreign Office" came out, like Horace's god out of the go-cart, and recognised him. All was now put right. He was supplied with money, redeemed his waistcoat, and paid for his dinner.

Mr. Frazer who seems to have been a man of intelligence and position, gave him a letter to the secretary of the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and on presenting it, Jorgenson had "some interesting conversation with his Highness with regard to what I had seen in these colonies" (Tasmania and New South Wales), and spent some time in admiring the ducal gallery of paintings. When he took his departure, the Duke made him a handsome present. Encouraged by these compliments, Jorgenson began to take his proper position, and travelled in a carriage to Berlin, calling on all the celebrities as he passed. He was mistaken by some for an English milord. At

Saxe-Weimar he was introduced to Goethe. "I saw him in the library of the Duke—a magnificent collection of books, containing upwards of 700,000 volumes. Goethe was a member of the privy council, as well as filling the office of librarian to the Duke, a situation more congenial to his literary habits. Though upwards of seventy, he was full of life and spirits. He wore the dress of a privy councillor, a blue coat with gold facings. He was stout and portly in appearance, rather tall, with hazel eyes, remarkably heavy eyebrows, and dark complexion."

At Leipsic our adventurer surveyed the battle-field and like a premature Childe Harold moralized there. In Berlin, the British Minister afforded him "every assistance," and there is little doubt that he held a position of some confidence as a secret agent. He visited Niebhur and Bernstoff (the latter Minister of Foreign Affairs), and appears to have been on terms of acquaintanceship with Prince (then Count) Puckler Muskau. He gives an entertaining description of the Prince's ascent in a balloon, in company with "a female aëronaut, to whom he presented 500 crowns." He played cards with Marshal Blucher, and had the *entrée* to good society. Unluckily, his passion for gambling again beset him, and ultimately proved his ruin. So enthralled was he by the gambling-table, that he never set out for Warsaw at all, but forming an acquaintance with some Poles, "collected from them such information as it was my duty to obtain," and actually wrote several despatches, dated Warsaw, embodying the intelligence thus received.

At last, in November, 1816, he got as far as Dresden, and there his ruin was completely effected. In two days all his money was swallowed up by a "set of sharpers." His false despatches were detected, and, in debt and in disgrace, he determined to retrace his steps to London. His creditors pressing him, he was compelled to leave without a passport, and thus had to "dodge" his way to the seaboard. One instance which he relates will serve as an example of the tricks to which he resorted. One night the gamekeeper at the gate of a small fortified town refused to let him pass. He was cold, hungry, and in despair. The noise of the altercation brought out the gatekeeper's wife. The sex love three things—charity, mystery, and finery. Jorgenson beckoned her aside, and, begging her to intercede in his behalf, pulled from his pocket two silk handkerchiefs, gave her one, and avowed himself a smuggler expecting hourly the arrival of his cart from the frontier. The gatekeeper's wife was mortal, and the gatekeeper was uxorious. The smuggler was asked in to supper, passed a pleasant night, and after a hearty breakfast went out to look after his cart, and "so proceeded on his journey." When he got to London he was paid for his services, and resolved with the money thus acquired to emigrate to Spanish America, the natural home of adventurers like himself. But "venturing a small stake" in hope of adding to the small store he had already with him, he soon lost every penny, and for the next three years of his life was engaged in a "continual whirl of misery and disappointment at the gaming-table."

And now, having sunk lower and lower, he seems to have become something little better than a copper-captain, the swashbuckling bully of the gaming-house. In the year 1820 he was arrested for pawning certain articles of bed-furniture belonging to his landlady in Tottenham Court Road, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Pending the execution of his sentence, he was placed under the surgeon of Newgate, Mr. Box, as assistant in the hospital. Here he made desperate efforts to get his sentence commuted, and at last succeeded. Permitted, doubtless, through the influence of his former employers, to retain his post as dispenser for nearly two years, Jorgenson conducted himself with propriety, and getting "favourable notice" from the sheriffs, his case was more minutely inquired into, and it being found that the articles, for the theft of which he had been sentenced, were pawned in the name of one of his fellow-lodgers, he received his pardon, on condition that he should quit the kingdom within a month from the day of his liberation. Unfortunately, however, having a considerable sum in his pockets, the savings of his "gratuities," he again sought the gaming-table, and in the excitement of play overstayed his leave. At last, being several weeks over his allotted time, he resolved to ship on board a man-of-war, and was on his way to the tender in the river. when he fell in with an old acquaintance on Tower Hill who asked him to dinner. This jolly companion had been Jorgenson's predecessor as "assistant" in Newgate, and hearing that he had "outstayed his time," brought in the police, and handed his guest over to the law he had outraged. Jorgenson calls this betrayer of social confidence a "scoundrel," and there are few who will not heartily endorse his opinion. He was tried and sentenced to transportation for life, and though three years in his former situation in the hospital—during which time he revised the account of his Continental tour, and wrote a religious work, *The Religion of Christ the Religion of Nature*,—he was at last sent out to Van Diemen's Land in the "Woodman," which "sailed from Sheerness with 150 convicts and a detachment of military," with their wives and children, in November, 1825.

Some of his experiences of Newgate are curious, as examples of convict discipline of that epoch. He says that "cards were often smuggled in," and that "as there is a standing rule against the admission of any female, unless a prisoner's wife, the majority of prisoners declare themselves married in order to obtain interviews with their former associates. This declaration is, of course, recorded in the books of the gaol, and transmitted in the lists sent to the convict settlement. The trials were conducted with indecent rapidity, and it was a common thing for prisoners to plead guilty "in order to save time." "I well remember," says Jorgenson, "one day when five men were arraigned at the bar, the four most guilty of whom, being asked their plea by the court, answered promptly, and with much *seeming* contrition, 'Guilty, my Lord,' and were sentenced to a few months' imprisonment, while the fifth, sensible of his comparative innocence pleaded not guilty, occupied the time of the court with

his defence for three-quarters of an hour, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation."

Capital punishment was frequent, and apparently but little feared. A man named Madden, under sentence of death, "malingered" for hospital comforts in his last moments. "He had fallen fast asleep one evening, when the sheriff came about 11 o'clock to announce to him the awful news that he was to be hanged next Monday morning. The poor creature, raising himself in his bed and thinking I verily believe more of the respect that was due to the sheriff than of his own dreadful situation, touched respectfully with his hand a little tuft of hair that stuck out on his brow from under his nightcap, in lieu of his hat, and bending his head merely said, 'very well, gentlemen,' then laying himself down again and throwing the blankets over his shoulders was asleep and actually snoring in five minutes." At the same time he mentions the case of an old man who was under sentence, and whose wife being in the most destitute condition, often came to the prison vowing that he had money and begging him to give her some—"if it was but a single sixpence." The miser refused, and "actually went to the gallows, and was hanged with nine sovereigns in his trousers pocket." Jorgenson speaks highly of Dr. Box, and cites in support of his assertion of that gentleman's probity, a story to the effect that a gentleman of good family was condemned to death, and as by his decease his relatives would lose a valuable lease of certain Crown lands, his two sons offered Box a bribe of £4000 to declare their father insane. Box would not accept the bribe, but pledged himself to secrecy, and two "eminent physicians," being less scrupulous, the prisoner escaped. He tells also a very strange story of a clerk, in the Transfer Office of the Bank of England, who being committed for forgery attempted to escape through the window of a third storey, but fell, broke his jaw-bone, his hip-bone, and one of his arms. The case was clear, but the accident caused a postponement of the trial until the next sessions, and the prisoner being then brought into court, "carried on a litter and bandaged all round," was again remanded. In the meantime, his friends set vigorously to work, and by dint of high bribery, suborned witnesses, and destroyed vouchers, got an acquittal.

Jorgenson gives as his opinion that convicts were in great terror of "transportation," and regarded it in many instances as a punishment worse than death. "I have known," says he, "several who would have looked upon death as less severe than being torn from their old friends and associates. The very remoteness of the scene and the uncertainty (notwithstanding every representation) of the fate they are to meet with, affects them with a species of horror inconceivable to those who have not been similarly situated. . . . The idea of reforming a person who has been convicted of ever so small an offence at home seems never to be entertained. . . . When in gaol it is a common boast among themselves, and a spirit of emulation exists among them to show who has committed the most numerous and most daring offences, from which they derive a sort of consequence over each other."

Previous to his removal on board the "Woodman," he was placed in the "Justitia" hulk, stationed off Woolwich, and did not appear to like his situation. The hulks were hot-beds of infamy and blackguardism. The authority possessed by the officers was often abused, and the most vicious of the criminal class herded together without proper superintendence, committed the most abominable crimes with comparative impunity. Jorgenson speaks bitterly of his sufferings; and admitting that it is possible that he may exaggerate, one cannot but agree with him when he characterizes the English galleys of that time as "schools of abominable pollution," and avers that "those who have been discharged from them have over-run England and everywhere spread vice and immorality." On board the prison-ship things were but little better. "Each prisoner was supplied with new clothing of the coarsest description," and each, without exception, had a pair of double-irons placed on his legs. . . . Swearing, cursing, wrangling, lamentations, and tears deafened all within hearing, and it appeared as if 10,000 demons had been let loose. . . . By daylight or dark they (the prisoners) did not scruple to steal all that came in their way; boxes and parcels of tea and sugar were torn from those who possessed any, and in case of resistance life was endangered. . . . Those who were most daring and active in these exploits were looked up to with a great deal of respect by their less hardened fellow convicts. . . The thieves easily found receivers, as wearing-apparel and other things were sold to the soldiers and their wives, and the sailors in the half deck." The surgeon-superintendent is described as a good-hearted man, as is also Mr. Leary, a lieutenant in the navy, who commanded the vessel. Jorgenson's description of the voyage is somewhat minute, but too lengthy to quote here. Once fairly in blue water the irons were knocked off and the prisoners sent up on deck in gangs. In the tropics four died of fever, and several were placed in hospital. This "fever"—probably "ship fever"—carried off the surgeon himself, and the "Woodman" was obliged to make the Cape, and take another surgeon on board. Fortunately, the disease did not spread in colder latitudes, and they arrived safely at Hobart Town on the 5th May, 1826; and Jorgenson "remembered sadly," as he contemplated the rising city, that "twenty-three years before he had assisted in forming Rest Down, the first settlement in the island."

The morning after the "Woodman" arrived in Hobart Town, the usual muster of prisoners took place.

The convicts in their prison clothes were landed and marched up to the prisoners' barracks, where they were inspected by the Governor, Colonel Arthur, and in due course "assigned" or sentenced to such further imprisonment as their conduct during the voyage had rendered desirable. Jorgenson had "letters of recommendation" from two of the directors of the Van Diemen's Land Company to their principal agent, Mr. Edward Curr. Unluckily, however, our hero had been enthralled by the representations of a Mr. Rolla O'Farrell, "a gentleman of fashionable appearance who spoke a little French," and had made application to be placed in his office on Government service. This application was

granted, and Jorgenson found that he had committed a great error, the Government pay being small and the work arduous. "A prisoner clerk," he says, "received only 6d. a day and 1d. for rations; the former paid quarterly, and the latter every month." He had hoped that the Government would have extended some mercy towards him, not only on account of his period of imprisonment in Newgate, but because of his services on board the "Woodman." But he was disappointed. Strange rumours concerning him were afloat. Some said he was a political pamphleteer, imprisoned for having written against the Government; others, that he had been a political spy, employed against the British Crown. These reports Jorgenson stigmatises as "devoid of truth," adding with some tolerable degree of that modest self-assurance which he alleges is so needful to success in life, that "a system of *espionage* is of so abominable a character, that no man possessed of the least particle of honour would engage in it."

At last, however, he succeeded in getting an exchange into the company's service, and was for some time employed in the office at Hobart Town, as a copying clerk.

Later on there was found for him an employment more suited to his ambition than that of copying letters in a Government office. A party had been formed to explore the company's land, and to trace a road from the River Shannon to Circular Head, and he was placed in command. It was the early part of September, and the rivers were much swollen with recent heavy rains. Each man had with him six weeks' provisions, slung swagwise on his back, (no small weight to carry), and the journey was most laborious. The settlers, however, received them with much kindness, and until they arrived at the Big Lake, north-west of the ford of the Shannon, they got on well enough. At the River Ouse, which runs parallel with the Big Lake, however, their difficulties commenced. No ford was to be found, and for more than thirty miles Jorgenson followed the course of the stream searching in vain for a crossing-place. Being now nearly fifty years of age, and in nowise re-invigorated by his travels and dissipations, Jorgenson was becoming knocked up, and meditated a retreat. Reaching, however, a "cataract pouring down between perpendicular and impracticable rocks," the parties were brought to a ford by the accident of their dogs pursuing a kangaroo, which "led them through an opening" in the cliffs. They crossed the river some miles farther down, but the provisions being nearly expended, were compelled to fall back to Dr. Ross's farm, situated on the confluence of the Ouse and Shannon. From this place Jorgenson despatched a man to Hobart Town with letters for Mr. Curr, and himself explored the country round, "armed with a ponderous sword given him by Dr. Ross."

The messenger having returned after an absence of some weeks, the adventurers made another more successful attempt to pursue their journey. Retracing their steps they penetrated to the source of the Derwent, and ascending the mountains—foot-deep with snow—had hopes of reaching Circular Head, when the desperate nature of the

country again barred their progress. The hills were rifted with chasms, and gored with *cañons* and ravines. It was impossible to go on, and the floods which had risen since their setting forth forbade them to go back. Provisions fell short and death stared them in the face. In this plight Jorgenson avowed his ability to lead his companions to a stock hut, and to his astonishment succeeded in doing so. Descending from the hills and keeping between the river beds, the party found themselves in a country of a different aspect, and traversing some broad cattle-tracks leading down a series of gentle slopes, arrived at the banks of Lake Echo. A distinct view of the Table Mountain on the Clyde now cheered their spirits, and by the afternoon of the next day they reached "Mr. Skene's stock hut."

The stockmen observing the tattered clothes, long beards, and portentous firearms of the travellers, took them for bushrangers, and until Jorgenson produced his maps, compass, journal, and letters from Curr, refused to give them shelter. Bushrangers swarmed at that time in the country districts, and the fear of the good folks was not without warrant. Jorgenson's good fortune—now bringing him in contact with a scholar, and now with a "shipmate"—protected him until he reached Hobart Town. It was lucky indeed that he had not succeeded in making Circular Head, for the provisions which were to have been buried there had missed carriage, and had the explorers reached the Bluff they must all have died of starvation.

In the early part of January, 1827, he was again employed by the Company on a like service. It was decided to send a party along the western coast of the island from Circular Head to the Shannon. Proceeding to Circular Head, Jorgenson did good service in "talking over" some of the most dissatisfied of the convicts,—a mutiny had just been put down by force of arms—and with three others, including Mr. Lorymer, one of the Company's surveyors, set out from Cape Cameron to Pieman's River. This expedition was a more disastrous one than the first. The coast was barren and flinty. In various resting-places on their weary journey they fell in with wrecks of beached vessels—melancholy memorials of former visitors. The sand-hills rivalled those of Jutland—"in one place," says Jorgenson, "a mountain of sand had been reared which, after ascending with great difficulty, measured on the top seven miles in length." Timber was scarce, it was even difficult to find a cross pole for their tent. Climbing at last with immense toil the almost perpendicular banks of Pieman's River, a scene of appalling desolation burst upon them. "It was as though some mighty convulsion had rent the earth asunder and sported with trees of enormous length and circumference tearing them up by the roots—trees nearly coeval with centuries back." Beyond this wild stretch of mountain land towered the Frenchman's Cap and the Traveller's Guide, the two landmarks of that dreary spot, Macquarie Harbour. Descending the gullies, with the hope of finding a road through what seemed to be a huge plain stretching away to the westward, they found themselves in a desert of six-wire scrub, so dense that they could not cut their way through it quicker

than at the rate of 200 yards a day. This was the "desert" where so many runaways from "Hell's Gates" settlement had been lost, and Jorgenson, finding that his two best dogs had died from hunger, and that the provisions were reduced to two bags of flour, determined to retreat to Circular Head.

Arriving at Cape Cameron, danger thickens upon them. They could not find water. They were nearly swallowed by the quicksands on the seashore. They made a raft, and poor Lorymer was drowned in attempting to cross the Duck River. Wet, exhausted, and fainting from want of food, the three survivors at last came upon "the tail of a dog-fish, at which the crows and gulls were greedily picking," and saw in this "savoury morsel a new lease of life." Concealing their firearms in the scrub, and flinging away all unnecessary burden of accoutrements, they pushed on with the energy of desperation, and at last reached Circular Head in safety. Jorgenson lay between life and death for four days, and at last recovered. This was his last expedition on the part of the Van Diemen's Land Company. Arrived at Hobart Town once more, he received his ticket-of-leave, and occupied himself in assisting in editing a colonial newspaper, "being glad," he says, "to employ myself in *any* way in which I could obtain an honest subsistence." He did not long fill the editorial chair, finding the "proprietor of the paper" not at all to his taste. This worthy man, it appears, "kept him starving," and also, after a fashion which has been found uncongenial to men of letters in every age, "insisted that every one in the house should attend prayers three times a day, and as these prayers were unusually long, and delivered in a tone and dialect extremely disagreeable," Jorgenson was "glad to get rid of the connection."

A new field for enterprise awaited him. The country at that time (1827-29), was infested with desperadoes, who, escaped from the various prison gangs on the island, had taken to the bush. The most daring robberies were committed in open day, and the authorities set completely at defiance. The day before Jorgenson had reached Dr. Ross's house on the occasion of his first expedition to the Big Lake, the place had been "visited by Dunn," a notorious ruffian, whose name yet lives in prison story. This gentleman was a mate of the more infamous wretch Brady, and was the terror of the district. He is reported to have shot down alike aborigines and settlers. Jorgenson tells how he cut off the head of a native and tied it round the neck of a lubra as a token of esteem; on this occasion he merely made one of the stockmen tie up the other two and then fry him some chops.

He was caught and hung not long after, and the compiler of the *Bushrangers* states that he appeared on the scaffold in "a long white muslin robe, with a huge black cross marked thereon before and behind." Such monsters as these were numerous, and "a formidable gang, consisting of upwards of sixty, in different parts of the colony, acted in concert" in stealing sheep, cattle and horses. "If any person accidentally came near where the offenders were killing or driving

stock he was instantly put to death, and one was even wrapped up in a green bullock hide and roasted alive by a large fire." The Government had determined to put down these villains with a strong hand. Up to that time it had been the custom to punish with death all captured runaways, but it was found that such a policy did not answer. It was resolved to offer pardon to approvers, and the instant this was done crime began to decrease. When a man had no chance of escape from the gallows whatever he confessed, he not unwisely held his tongue and confessed nothing; but when hope of mercy was held out, many betrayed their associates. As go-betweens of the Crown and the convict, some few daring and trusted agents were employed, and Jorgenson was chosen one of these. Given a letter from the Colonial Secretary to Mr. Thomas Anstey, of Anstey Barton, Police-Magistrate in the Oatlands District, he proceeded to that gentleman's house, and was soon installed as constable of the field police and assistant-constable to the Police-Magistrate. His duties were arduous. The circumference of the Oatlands District alone is more than 150 miles, and "bushrangers harrassing the settlers, and the hostile aboriginal tribes committing many murders and depredations, the situation of a constable was not without its difficulties and dangers." Jorgenson was obliged to visit all the farms and stock-huts in the Districts of Oatlands, Clyde, Campbell Town, the great and little Swan Ports, and sometimes the Richmond District, and slept out among such suggestive names as those of "Murderer's Plains," "Murderer's Tier," "Deadman's Point," "Killman's Point," "Hell's Corner," "Four-square Gallows," "Dunn's Look-out," "Brady's Look-out," and the like. In the record of his life at this epoch, he mentions several names now almost household words in Tasmania, out of which I may cite—Simpson, Anstey, Hepburn, Amos, Robertson, Gatenby, Mulgrave, and Meredith.

After two years of this life, during which he several times narrowly escaped death from bullet or starvation, Jorgenson took part in the celebrated war of extermination against the blacks. The aboriginals had for a long time harrassed the settlers, reprisals took place, and a mutual distrust was engendered. At this time things had arrived at the pass that natives speared white men wherever they found them, and white men shot down natives wholesale in return. In the year 1827, 121 outrages by natives were committed in the Oatlands District alone, and no less than twenty-eight inquests were held by one coroner on the bodies of people murdered by aboriginals. As an instance of the sort of amusement that had been going on for the previous eight years, Jorgenson cites an official report made by a settler named Robert Jones, "residing at Pleasant Place, near Poole's Marsh on the River Jordan, in the District of the Upper Clyde." This report gives so vivid a picture of "squatting" life at that period of Tasmanian history that I proceed to quote it nearly at length.

"On the evening of the 17th and 18th of March, in the year 1819," says Mr. Jones, "I resided in a stock-hut under a stony sugar-loaf, about two miles to the westward of the Macquarie River, then

called the Relief River. There were three inmates, of whom one went out on the Relief Plains to look after the sheep. Towards the evening this man came running to the hut, seemingly in a very exhausted state. He said that the natives were spearing the sheep on the plains, and when they saw him they pursued him until he came in sight of the hut. We seized our firearms, consisting of two muskets, and went in pursuit, but they were in so bad a state as to be almost useless. After proceeding about 200 yards, we observed several natives lurking behind the trees. We attempted to get up with them, but they ran up into a high tier, where they were joined by a great number of others. They did not offer to disperse, but on the contrary, some of the most daring came up to us quivering their spears, and making a hideous noise. We presented our pieces with an idea of frightening them, but they heeded us not; and what was worse, the man who carried the ammunition had unfortunately lost it. We now commenced our retreat, in which we found little difficulty, as it was by this time quite dark.

"The following morning, at dawn of day, I went down on the plains, about a quarter of a mile from the hut; I heard a kind of gibberish, and on looking round I saw a great number going towards the hut. I might have made my escape, for they seemed to take no notice of me; however, I ran with all speed to the hut, for I guessed it to be their intention to set fire to it, which might have been easily accomplished, as the inmates were still in bed. I succeeded in rousing them, and we prepared ourselves against an attack. They made a most formidable appearance; some were making along a valley at the back of the hut with lighted bark in their hands, whilst a far greater number took up a position on the side of the hill, whence they could safely throw spears, waddies, and stones at us. They now gave a great shout, and commenced operations, so we were obliged to take shelter under the far end of the hut. They continued to assail us for a length of time; and finding that our pieces would not go off, they made signs for us to quit the place, which we were unwilling to do. I could perceive, as they approached closer, that they were smeared all over with red ochre; and I have since been informed, that when so daubed, it is a sure sign of hostile determination. The whole strength of the tribe present could not have been less than 200 in number. I observed one of a portly stature, who appeared to stand six feet in height. He was smeared all over with red ochre, carrying a spear of peculiar make, different to those of the rest, and much longer; he had no other sort of weapon; and even of that he made no use; he stood aloof from the rest, and issued his orders with great calmness, and was implicitly obeyed. They now formed themselves into a half-moon ring, and attacked us with great vigour. We placed ourselves in the best posture of defence that we could. One of our men stood at the door of the hut with a waddy in his hand, while myself and the third man armed ourselves with shovels, and, in a state of desperation almost, attacked the two wings. This made a momentary impression on them, and they retreated up the hill, being closely pursued by us. On a sudden they

made a halt, and again commenced darting their spears, waddies, and stones; one of our men received a spear-wound on the shin bone. We endeavoured to ward off their spears, thinking they would at last be expended. They now rushed down in a most furious manner, so we were obliged to make our retreat towards the plains, having first secured our firearms. We ran down a small valley, with a small rise on each side. I observed a wild cow running with a spear in her, and several kangaroo-dogs were also speared. We were now completely surrounded, and in a very disadvantageous situation. We were obliged to stop; I received three spear-wounds at the same moment; one through my right cheek, another through the muscle of my right arm, and a third in my right side. I endeavoured to pull out the spears, but could not succeed, and one of my comrades came to my assistance. This man himself now received a spear-wound in the back, whilst the third, who was as much exposed as we were, escaped unhurt. I bled most profusely; we kept snapping our pieces, but to no purpose; our caps were knocked off several times, our trousers were full of spear-holes, and the blacks now came rushing down within a few yards with uplifted waddies to knock out our brains. We had now been engaged about six or seven hours, and were greatly exhausted; I stood in utter stupefaction, and we gave up all hopes of escape. At that moment a most fortunate accident occurred, which I have ever considered as an act of Providence. One of the pieces, which would not for a length of time go off, now happily did execution, and the chief, the portly man spoken of above, received a ball, which killed him on the spot. The natives gave way on all sides; they endeavoured to make the chief stand on his legs, made a frightful noise, looked up to heaven, and smote their breasts. With the help of my comrades we made towards the plains, when about forty blacks, forming themselves into two divisions, pursued us until we reached them, when they abandoned further pursuit. A man now came up with a gun in his hand, who asked us what was the matter. He conducted us to a fire by the river-side, and gave us some warm tea. I became very faint, my comrades disincumbered me of my jacket, and sprinkled me over with cold water. We had now upwards of ten miles to travel before we could obtain any assistance, and we were compelled to course down the river, as I was obliged to lie down very frequently. At length we reached the stock-hut of Mr. Rowland Walpole Loane, where we were received with much kindness; after which, suffering severely from my wounds, I was with difficulty conveyed to Hobart Town.

"A party afterwards went in quest of the hostile tribe, and found that they had burned the hut down, after having taken out a bag of sugar, sheep-shears, a tomahawk, a hat, and jacket. All these things they had scattered about in every direction."

This is not the only narrow escape Mr. Jones had from the blacks. In another part of his report, he says:—"In November, 1826, I was attacked by a numerous tribe of the aborigines, at my residence at Pleasant Place, in the parish of Rutland, in the county of Monmouth. On a Thursday morning, I left my wife and family at home, proceeding

myself in search of some sheep, and returned about 10 o'clock of the forenoon. I had scarcely entered my dwelling when my little boy came in, saying to his mother that the blacks were about. I seized my musket and went out, and saw two. I pursued them; but when I had got half-way up to the tier, I saw about twenty natives in ambush amongst some wattle-trees. My wife was at the time standing at our door, with a loaded pistol in her hand, and called to me to come down, which I did. The natives followed, swearing at me in good English. They now extended themselves, and as the trees were at that time standing close to the house, they simply skulked behind them. I was on the alert, for I observed one man on one side, and another man on the other side, with lighted bark in their hands; the women and children were up in the tier. I was much perplexed, for I was obliged constantly to run forwards and backwards. The centre of them worked down when they saw an opportunity. It had been a high flood the day before, and the water had scarcely left the marshes, so we were hemmed in on all sides, the river behind, and the blacks before us. Mrs. Jones had several times prevented the men from coming to the house, by presenting her pistol to them, which so exasperated them, that he who was taller than the rest, and seemed to be their chief, exclaimed in a great passion, in English—'As for you ma-am—as for you ma-am—I will put you in the b——y river, ma-am,' and then he cut a number of capers. We had then with us a courageous and faithful little girl, who proposed to go upon a scrubby hill about a mile distant, to tell the sawyers who were at work there, the dangers to which we were exposed; but we would not allow it, fearing she might be speared. Shortly after the girl was missing; it appeared afterwards that she had crawled along the fences, and succeeded in getting up to the sawyers. Guessing that she had proceeded thither, in about half-an-hour after we *cooeed*, and were speedily answered by the men. The native women on the tier gave out a signal, and the blacks all fled. We pursued them, and I got very close to one, when he stooped under the boughs of a fallen tree, and I could see no more of him. We came up to a spot where we found a fire, with some kangaroo half-roasted, and some dogs which ran away. We then observed the blacks ascending the second tier, and we quitted further pursuit, as it would not have been safe to leave the house and family unprotected. This engagement with the natives lasted about four hours."

This statement of Mr. Jones gives a very accurate notion of the condition of affairs in the colony. Jorgenson quotes it with expressions of resentment against the aboriginals which need not be repeated here. There can be but little doubt but that there existed faults on both sides. The colonists, rude, hot-tempered, and blood-thirsty, as many of them were—often made unprovoked attacks upon the natives, and the blood shed in these encounters was bitterly avenged on the first opportunity. "The career of the blacks in Van Diemen's Land," says Jorgenson, "has been ever marked with ingratitude towards those who treated them with kindness, and in their

attacks on the whites they pursued them with indiscriminate slaughter, not sparing any who had even vindicated their cause and fed them."

In consequence of repeated outrages of this nature, the Government resolved to bestir itself, but as yet apparently unwilling to commence hostile operations on a "grand scale," contented itself by forming a committee of deliberation, which should take into consideration the whole question. Among the names of the gentlemen constituting this committee, Jorgenson mentions those of the Rev. William Bedford, Senior Chaplain of the Colony, Mr. Roderick O'Connor, Mr. P. A. Mulgrave, and several others.

The sitting of this committee resulted in the establishment of an armed band—a sort of land privateer force—in each district. Mr. Gilbert Robertson, the chief-constable of the Richmond District, had in November, 1828, been sent in pursuit of an aggressive tribe, and had captured six of them without injury to his own men. Upon the strength of this exploit the Government engaged him to go in quest of the blacks for twelve months on a salary of £150 per annum, and in case of success he was to receive a grant of 2000 acres of land. Robertson does not appear to have been particularly successful, for in the spring of 1829 Mr. Anstey received a commission from Colonel Arthur to undertake the superintendence of all the roving parties. Four bands were thereupon sent out, and the direction of these guerillas was assigned to Jorgenson. Mr. Batman had twelve men under his control; Nicholas, in the Campbell Town district, six; Sherwin, in the Clyde district, and Doran, in the New Norfolk district, five apiece. The duty of these bands was to range the country, and, while executing vengeance for outrage committed, to keep the natives within their assigned limits. A bounty of £5 was given for every one of the aborigines taken alive. The settlers round about meantime did yeoman service. Mr. George Anstey, "then a mere youth," headed a party of his father's servants and captured a small tribe; and Mr. Howell, of the Shannon, captured another, and, forwarding them to head-quarters, received a grant of 1000 acres of land. The blacks, however, were bold and united. Arranging their plans of action, they would creep through the country by twos and threes, and suddenly uniting at a given spot, would slaughter women and children and fire homesteads. The settlers in those days never went out to plough without "placing their firearms against a stump in the field."

The nature of the country favoured these sudden attacks. Mr. Frankland, the Surveyor-General, in a report prepared for the express purpose of assisting Colonel Arthur in a campaign which he was then meditating against the natives, says:—"The most lofty mountains rise in basaltic order in all parts of the territory, piercing in their upheaval the more recent formations, and leaving round their bases the various strata of sandstones and fossiliferous rocks. Independent of these great ranges, the whole country is broken into a sea of minor elevations, sometimes extending in long ridges called by the colonists 'tiers,' sometimes in unconnected hills." The nature of

the ground thus rendered anything like concerted action of a disciplined body almost impossible, and the guerillas dodged the blacks from gully to rock, from hill to plain, silently tracking their footsteps like Indian warriors on a war-trail.

As might not unreasonably be looked for, Mr. Robertson quarrelled with Jorgenson. The convict performed the work more satisfactorily than the constable, and Robertson sent privately a series of charges against him "to the Governor." Colonel Arthur, however, was not the man to be taken in by any specious misrepresentation of facts. He wrote to Mr. Anstey and ordered a full inquiry, upon which Robertson despatched another missive disclaiming all notion of injuring Jorgenson, and shielding himself under the pitiful pretence that his letter was a private one. Unfortunately, Mr. Anstey had been ordered to furnish monthly reports to Colonel Arthur of the work done by the scouting parties; Robertson had neglected to furnish his report, and as it was clear that he had captured no natives, the inquiry resulted only in a repudiation of his claims upon the Treasury. Mr. Alfred Stephen, the Solicitor-General, however, took up the case, and finally the Governor bestowed on Robertson 1000 acres of land.

The conduct of the scouting parties, however, was so far unsatisfactory that Colonel Arthur determined to put into practice a notion which had been long simmering in his brain,—he would draw a *cordon* round the recalcitrant blacks, and drive them into one corner of the island. The natives, irritated rather than cowed by the constant pursuit of the armed force, had committed some daring reprisals. Watching until their enemies had been betrayed by a false alarm into some fruitless errand, they would in broad daylight sally forth upon the unprotected farms and massacre the inhabitants. So bold had they grown that in one case—a peculiarly atrocious one—six of them climbed the fence of a settler's house, and entering by the back door killed the housewife and three children, while the father and his servants were at work but fifty yards away in the field with firearms at hand. Popular indignation was excited to the highest pitch, and upon the proposition of Colonel Arthur being mooted an extraordinary demonstration took place.

By a Government order issued from the Colonial Secretary's Office on the 9th September, 1830, the whole population of the island was called to arms. "The Lieutenant-Governor calls upon every settler, whether residing on his farm or in a town, who is not prevented by some overruling necessity, cheerfully to render his assistance, and place himself under the direction of the police-magistrate of that district in which his farm is situated, or any other district he may prefer." The whole military force in the colony was to be stationed at those points where the natives were most likely to be encountered. The north side of the island was placed under the care of Captain Donaldson, of the 57th Regiment. Captain Wellman, of the same corps, commanded from "Ross, north-east to St. Patrick's Head, and north-west to Auburn and Lake River." The Bothwell district was occupied by Captain Wentworth, of the

63rd, whose *cordon* extended north-west to the lakes, and south-west to Hamilton Township. The Lower Clyde, from Hamilton Township, south-east to New Norfolk, was under the charge of Captain Vicary, 63rd Regiment. The force at Crossmarsh, and the borders of the Oatlands, Richmond, and Bothwell districts, was commanded by Captain Mahon, 63rd Regiment. Lieutenant Barrow, 63rd, commanded the force in the district of Richmond, "extending north to Jerusalem, north-east to Prosser's Plains, and east to the coast; and Lieutenant Aubin, of the 63rd, commanded the force in the district of Oyster Bay, extending south to Little Swan Port, north to the head of the Swan River, and west to Eastern Marshes, while the whole body thus employed was placed under the general charge of Major Douglas, 63rd, who was stationed at Oatlands. Volunteers from Hobart Town were urged to join the force in the districts of New Norfolk, the Clyde, or Richmond, and those from Launceston were directed to close in with the police to the westward of Norfolk Plains, or in the country between Ben Lomond and George Town, "while," says the *Gazette*, "still more desirable service will be given by any parties who will ascend to the parts round the Lakes and Western Bluff, so as to intercept the natives if driven into that part of the country; and any enterprising young men, who may have been accustomed to make excursions into the interior, and to endure the fatigues of the bush, will most beneficially promote the common cause by joining the small military parties at the out-stations, and in making patrol expeditions with them, and the services of all such will be readily accepted by the military officers in command of the several stations."

The roving parties were to be further increased by every possible method, to which end the Governor desired that "all prisoners holding tickets-of-leave, who are capable of bearing arms, report themselves to the police-magistrate of the district in which they reside, in order that they may be enrolled, either in the regular roving parties, or otherwise employed in the public service under the instructions of their respective employers."

This announcement once made, operations were pushed forward with vigour. Colonel Arthur placed himself at the head of the forces; the "peace" of Hobart Town and Launceston was left to the care of the principal inhabitants, who could not attend the line. Captains Wentworth, Mahon, Bayley, Vicary, Wellman, Macpherson, and Lieutenants Aubin, Croly, Pedder, Champ, and Murray, placed themselves at the head of their respective divisions. The whole field police, all ticket-of-leave men, and "a multitude of convicts, either in assigned service or otherwise at the disposal of Government," were ordered to join the line; and this immense force, consisting of more than 2000 armed men, moved slowly across the island, driving the natives before them. A glance at the map of Tasmania will show the effect of this manœuvre. The blacks were to be "driven" like deer into the south-east corner of the island, to be forced over that narrow strip of sand known as East Bay Neck, connecting Forestier's Peninsula with the mainland, and then—driven across the second

isthmus, "corralled," in what is now the penal settlement of Port Arthur. Nature had made for Colonel Arthur an immense stockyard, with two natural gates. The *cordon* drawn across County Pembroke was complete from Sorell Town to Spring Bay. Huge Fires were lighted at night, and guards posted constantly by day. Constantly reinforced, supplied with an ample commissariat, the terrible line closed in as it were inch by inch, and the natives, entrapped in the point of land that runs out between Pittwater and Marion Bay, were compelled to retreat towards East Bay Neck—the first gate of the stockyard. From East Bay Neck it was proposed to drive them still further south, across the terrible Eaglehawk Neck—yet seen in dreams by many a manumitted convict—down to the last point of dry land, the basalt cliffs at whose jagged base breaks unchecked the fury of the Southern Sea. It was as though the blacks, like rats driven to the utmost extremity of a quay, should be compelled to take to the water.

Colonel Arthur, however, did not push matters to this extremity. Having closed in upon East Bay Neck, and driven the natives into the stockyard, he broke up his forces and gave the volunteers leave to return to their homes "to prepare for a second series of operations," which ultimately resulted in something very like the complete destruction of the native race. The disarmed convicts, strange to say, returned quietly to their stations, though Jorgenson hints that several promising conspiracies were nipped in the bud, and the Van Diemonians, in a fever of joy, presented a congratulatory address to the Governor. It was reported that the natives had broken the *cordon*, and papers of the day hint that the expedition was a failure. There is no doubt that, when we take into consideration the state of the country, the feeling of the population, and the fact that a large body of the vilest scoundrels were entrusted with arms, which at any moment they might have turned against their leaders, the undertaking was a brilliant success. But the second expedition was even more wonderful than the first, and the story of Mr. Robinson, the "apostle of the blacks," who, unarmed and alone, went into the midst of them, and by dint of argument brought whole tribes into submission, is in itself a romance. Jorgenson wanders from his own history to relate some of the exploits of this extraordinary man, but as the history of the final subjugation of the native race and the labours of their missionary is worthy of a place to itself, I will reserve further account of them. [Since writing the above, a full account of the aborigines and their extermination has been given by Mr. Bonwick in his *Last of the Tasmanians*.]

But Jorgenson's adventures were drawing to a close. One afternoon at Anstey Barton, in turning over the leaves of the *Gazette* just brought by the mail-boy, Jorgenson observed his own name. He had obtained his pardon! One would think that this intelligence would have filled him with joy; but, if we are to believe his own account, he felt rather miserable than otherwise. He had become used to his chain, and freedom was strange to him.

Moreover, he was in a worse plight free than as a bondsman, for he had to keep himself. The roving bands, of which he was leader, were broken up in the spring (1831), and he was left without employment. He received a grant of 100 acres of land, but with a touch of his old extravagance, he "sold it almost immediately," and, in all probability, gambled away the proceeds. There was no occupation for a swash-buckler like himself, and even had there been some exploring expedition to join, or bushranger to capture, his altered condition had brought with it altered feelings. When a convict, Jorgenson was fearless to desperation; as a freeman he could appreciate the value of life:—"Prior to my receiving a pardon I had fearlessly plunged into rapid rivers, up to the armpits, with a knapsack on my back, containing a weight of 60lbs. to 70lbs When in quest of the blacks, I spent one night at Mr. Kemp's farm at the Cross Marsh; the next morning I proceeded to Mr. George Espie's farm, on the Jordan, to cross the river, as the floods were down. Here, across the Jordan, is a post and rail-fence, where persons may cross, although it is not without danger, the fence trembling from the heavy pressure of the current. I went down, and although I had often crossed when the fence was completely under water, and that there was now a clear rail, I would not venture to cross. Mr. Espie expressed some surprise at my backwardness, as he had formerly seen me cross without any apprehension. I replied, 'Yes, Mr. Espie, I was then a prisoner, and life of little matter, but now that I am *free*, I must take more care of myself.'"

The month after he got his pardon he took up his abode in Hobart Town, but "was sadly put to it to make both ends meet." He seems to have got married also, and speaks of his wife, "who volunteered to take charge of a dairy farm," but as Jorgenson knew nothing about farming, and confounded seedtime with harvest, the pair were speedily discharged. In this dilemma, the king, sailor, spy, courtier, gambler, convict, constable, and explorer, bethought himself of a ninth profession—letters. He had lived in London on his writings: he would try to do the same in Hobart Town. No sooner thought than achieved, and by-and-bye our hero calmly publishes "a tolerably large pamphlet on the Funding System," which brought him in more than 100 guineas. This easily-earned money was soon spent, and he was again destitute, when fortune, which had buffeted him long, landed him safely at last. A letter from the Danish envoy in London to Lord Glenelg was enclosed by that nobleman to Colonel Arthur with an intimation that the "mother of J. Jorgenson, a prisoner of the Crown," was dead, and that he had come into a comfortable little fortune. The curtain falls upon him petitioning the Government for a further grant of land, in consideration of his services in 1829-30-31. Here is one of the "testimonials" out of many he gives as having been attached to the document:—

"These are to certify that memorialist has been well known to me during the last nine years. He was some years under my orders when I was Police-Magistrate of the Oatlands district, during which period he acted successively as my Assistant-Clerk, Constable of the Field-Police, leader of several roving bands

in quest of the aborigines, and one of the directors of the Oatland Volunteers, in the *levy en masse* against the aborigines. In all those capacities memorialist discharged honestly and fearlessly the arduous duties which were entrusted to him.

"(Signed) THOS. ANSTEY, M.C.L., J.P.

"Anstey Barton, 10th December, 1836."

Whether he ever got his grant or not I do not know, as his story breaks off abruptly:—"I have," says he, "now come to the conclusion of the second part of my autobiography. It is not for me to speculate upon whether I shall ever be able to write a third portion. This must be left to the will of that Being who rules man's destiny. I have had my full share of days! Little is there in this world to care for. The joys of human life are fleeting and transient; they may be likened to two friends meeting each other on a hasty journey, who ask a few questions, and then part, perhaps for ever, leaving nothing behind but a tender regret. Such is it with the joyous hours of our transitory existence. These pages had probably never appeared, had I merely consulted the state of my own feelings; for I am not, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, fond of thrusting myself on the public with unnecessary confessions,—I have been swayed by motives of a higher character. My youthful readers may derive a lesson from the history of my life. All human wisdom is vanity if not regulated by prudence. One error leads to another, and every deviation from the straight path is sure to entangle the strayed sheep in the mazes of a labyrinth."

Poor strayed sheep! I can fancy worthy Doctor Ross saying, "Jorgenson, you must have had a strange life of it. Can't you jot down some of those yarns you are always spinning for the *Annual?*" and see the wily smile with which the "Captain" replies as he shifts his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other.

Write romances! Why, this poor old convict, who has been resting in his nameless grave these twenty years, has *lived* one beside which the "story of Cambuscan bold," the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, or the doings of that prince of scoundrels, Mr. Barry Lyndon himself, dwindle into insignificance. All the raven-haired, hot-headed, supple-wristed soldiers of fortune that ever diced, drank, duelled, kissed, and escaladed their way through three volumes octavo, never had such an experience. Think over his story, from his birth in Denmark to his death in Van Diemen's Land, and imagine from what he *has* told us, how much more he has been compelled to leave unrelated.

MICHAEL HOWE, THE DEMON BUSHRANGER.

IN the year 1820, a writer in the *Quarterly*, speaking of a book given him to review, says: "It is the greatest literary curiosity that has come before us—the first child of the press of a State only fifteen years old. It would, of course, be reprinted here, but our copy, *pene-nos*, is a genuine Caxton. This little book would assuredly be the *Reynarde Foxe* of Australian bibliomaniacs.

A copy of this wonderful work is now lying before me. It is a ragged and dirty little pamphlet of thirty-six pages. The paper is old and yellow, the letterpress in some places illegible, and several leaves are missing. It is printed in the year 1818, by Mr. Bent, and is called *Michael Howe, the Last and Worst of the Bushrangers.* The popularity of the volume is unquestionable. It is quoted by Mr. West in his *History of Tasmania*, and is extracted bodily into a *History of Van Diemen's Land*, by one Syme, who was a settler there in 1846. Mr. Bonwick, writing in 1856, calls Syme the "historian of Howe;" Syme, however, merely reprinted Bent's pamphlet as an appendix to his own book. The *Sydney Gazettes*, quoted by Wentworth and West, Commissioner Bigge's *Reports*, and a pleasant collection of stories called *The Military Sketch-book*, written by "An Officer of the Line," and published by Colburn in 1827, also contain particulars concerning the bushranger, and have been used by me to supplement the curiosity of the "*Quarterly* Reviewer."

From the year 1813—the year in which Colonel Davey arrived as Lieutenant-Governor—to 1825 the Colony of Van Diemen's Land was overrun with bushrangers. The severe punishment of lash and chain urged the convicts to escape, the paucity of the military force assisted them in their attempts, and the mountainous nature of the country aided to baffle efforts at recapture. In those days the "settler" would till his fields with pistols in his belt, and smoke his evening pipe with rifle placed ready to his hand. Bands of escaped convicts ranged the mountains, descending from their rocky fastnesses to plunder, murder and ravish. They rode about in gangs, they held councils of war, they posted sentries, and took oaths of secrecy. They attacked the gaol, and liberated their companions; they even issued proclamations, and dictated terms to the Governor himself. Indeed the condition of affairs in Hobart Town was not encouraging to the settler. The convict element was uppermost. Felons were to freemen in the proportion of ten to one.

Concubinage with convict women was customary. The very ships that brought a mingled herd of male and female criminals were

the scenes of unbridled license. Each sailor or soldier was permitted to ally himself to a female, and the connection often terminated in a marriage, which manumitted the convict. "The madams on board," says Macarthur, "occupy the few days which elapse before landing in preparing the most dazzling effect in their descent upon the Australian shore. With rich dresses, bonnets *a là mode*, ear pendants, brooches, long gorgeous shawls and splendid veils, silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odours from their profusely perfumed forms, they are assigned as servants. The settler expected a servant, but receives a "princess." The children of these rakings of the London *bagnios* were not unworthy of their race. Their paramours vied with each other in villany and distinction. Blunt Davey himself was not too curious as to the morals of his domestics, and gentlemen in Hobart Town witnessed some curious scenes. "Society as it then existed," says Mr. West, "nourished every species of crime. Tattered promissory notes, of small amount and doubtful parentage, fluttered about the colony. . . Plate, stolen by bushrangers and burglars, was melted down and disposed of. . . They burnt the implements of husbandry for the iron, they robbed the gibbet of the chains, they even wrenched the plate from the coffin of an opulent merchant, and stripped him of his shroud."

In addition to the cheerful condition of affairs at home, armed bandits, mounted on stolen horses, rode abroad, and defied all attempts at capture. Of these gentry, the most noted was Michael Howe.

In the year 1812, the convict ship "Indefatigable," Captain Cross, arrived at Hobart Town; and among the many poor devils whom she carried was one Michael Howe, a native of Pontefract, transported for seven years for robbing a miller on the king's highway. The robber seemed tractable and goodnatured, though cursed with a most pernicious love of liberty. He attempted to escape before the vessel left the docks, jumping overboard, and swimming some distance before he was retaken. On arrival in Van Diemen's Land he was assigned to a Mr. Ingle, a storekeeper, but the life did not appear to suit him. He had been a sailor, had served on board a man-of-war, and owned (according to Mr. West) a small collier. A man of determined character and somewhat romantic notions, he resolved to escape and take to the bush. At that time a scoundrel named Whitehead, with a band of twenty-seven desperadoes, ranged the country; to these worthies Howe made his way, and was received with acclamations by the troop. The first exploit of the gang was to attack New Norfolk—then a small but flourishing township—and to plunder the inhabitants of all their portable property. From New Norfolk they proceeded to Pittwater, and burnt the wheat-stacks, barns, and out-houses of Mr. Humphrey, the Police-Magistrate, affixing to the gate of the ruined barn a paper, on which was drawn—in the same spirit as the coffin and cross-bones of the Irish rent receipts—a gun firing a gigantic bullet at the head of a man.

Mr. Humphrey appears to have taken his loss quietly, but on the ruffians plundering the house of Mr. Carlisle, the settlers thought it time to bestir themselves.

A neighbour of Carlisle's, a Mr. McCarthy, who owned a schooner, the "Geordy," then lying in the river, determined to make a push for a general capture of the gang.

Howe, when a servant at Ingle's, had gained the affections of a native girl, and had induced her to accompany him to the bush. This young woman was only seventeen years of age, and is described as being of some personal attractions. She was accustomed to wait upon her lover, and to assist him in his escapes from justice. On the night when Whitehead fired Mr. Humphrey's house, Black Mary and Howe were encamped with some of the gang on the heights above the plain. According to the girl's statement, the bushranger, in high glee, filled a "goblet" (probably a pannikin), and, as the twilight closed, cried to his comrade Collier, "Collier, we want light! Here's success to the hand that will give it us!" Practical Mary, eager to please her lord, rose to get a firestick from the embers; but Howe laughed loudly, and seizing her by the arm exclaimed, "Sit down, girl! Whitehead's lighting a match for us!" Presently "a tremendous flame arose from two different points below, which threw a glare over all the plain." "There!" cried Howe; "these fires have cost a pretty penny. Here's success to the bushman's tinder-box, and a blazing fire to his enemies!" Mary relates that Howe was kind to her—after the manner of his sex—whenever things went right with him, but if anything "crossed his temper he was like a tiger." He was very jealous of her, she says; and when Edwards, one of his gang, gave her a shawl which he had stolen from Captain Tonnson, Howe pistolled him on the spot.

McCarthy organised a party, consisting of some eleven men, among whom were Carlisle, O'Birne, the master of the schooner, and an old convict of sixty years of age, named Worral. This old man had been one of the mutineers of the "Nore," and though he vows in his narrative (given in the *Military Sketch Book*) that the only part he took in the proceedings was the writing "in a fair hand" several papers for the mutineers, he was transported for life to Van Diemen's Land. This party, armed to the teeth, and guided by a native, set out upon the track of the bushrangers. By-and-by they heard the report of a musket-shot, and creeping stealthily up behind a huge hollowed log, came upon the bandits pleasantly encamped. The scene, as described by Worral, must have been a picturesque one. "Some were cooking pieces of mutton; others lolling on the grass, smoking and drinking; and a pretty, interesting-looking native girl sat playing with the long and bushy black ringlets of a stout, wicked-looking man seated by her. He had pistols in his belt, wore a fustain jacket, a kangaroo-skin cap and waistcoat, with leather gaiters and dirty velveteen breeches." This was Michael Howe. Whitehead, the leader—"a tall ill-looking villain"—was asleep on the grass. McCarthy directed his men to cock their pieces, and called upon the bushrangers to surrender. Instantly the gang were on their feet.

But before a shot was fired, Whitehead called a parley. "We don't want to shed blood," said he; "go home." McCarthy still held firm, and was further expostulating, when Howe roared, "Slap at the beggars!" and a tearing volley from guns and pistols rattled among the branches. Five of the attacking party fell, and, "keeping up a brisk hedge-firing," they were forced to retreat, leaving one of their number—a man named Murphy—dead on the grass. Mr. Carlisle and O'Birne were mortally wounded. Carlisle died on the way home; O'Birne, who was shot through the jaws, lingered for four days in extreme agony.

McCarthy knew that his unsuccessful attempt would bring upon him speedy vengeance, and applied for military protection. A detachment of the 73rd Regiment were sent out to scour the country, and McCarthy's homestead was garrisoned by a party of the 46th. The bushrangers, unwitting of the ambush, attacked the farm, and a sort of siege commenced. The soldiers, however, gained the day, and a shot from Worral mortally wounded Whitehead. The dying man ran back towards his comrades, crying to Howe, "Take my watch—the villains have shot me." The soldiers ran round the house to take their assailants in the rear, and Worral, reloading his piece, observed Howe bend over the corpse of his captain as if to comply with his request. He ran towards him, but when he reached the spot the miscreant had disappeared, and there lay on the ground the mutilated trunk of Whitehead. In pursuance of an agreement made between them, Howe had hacked off his comrade's head with his clasp-knife, to prevent any person claiming the reward that was offered for it. The gang got clear away to the mountains. The body of Whitehead was gibbeted on Hunter's Island, and Howe became the leader of the troop. The atrocity and daring of the scoundrel now almost surpasses belief. His headquarters were about fifteen miles west of Oatlands, in a place yet known as "Michael Howe's Marsh." He instituted there a sort of rude court of justice, and would subject such of his band as displeased him to punishment. Says Mr. West, "The tone assumed by this robber was that of an independent chief, and in the management of his men he attempted the discipline of war. He professed the piety of the quarter-deck, and read to them the Scriptures." His style and title was "Governor of the Ranges," and he addressed the King's representative as "Governor of the Town." He punished his men with blows and hard labour if they disobeyed him; and when one day a man named Bowles fired a blank shot over his head in jest, the chief tied him hand and foot, and blew his brains out. He compelled his adherents to take an oath of fidelity upon a (stolen) Bible, and sent insolent messages to the authorities. In a journal called the *Bengal Hurkaru* occurs the following:—"John Yorke, being duly sworn, states: About five o'clock in the evening of November 27th (1816), I fell in with a party of bushrangers—about fourteen men and two women. Michael Howe and Geary were the only two of the gang I knew personally. I met them on Scantling's Plains. I was on horseback. They desired me to stop, which I accordingly did on the high road; it was

Geary that stopped me; he said he wanted to see every man sworn to abide by the contents of a letter. I observed a thick man writing, as I suppose, to the Lieutenant-Governor. Geary was the man who administered the oath on a prayer-book, calling each man for the purpose regularly. They did not inform me of the contents of the letter. Michael Howe and Geary directed me to state when I came home the whole I had seen; and to inform Mr. Humphrey, the Magistrate, and Mr. Wade, the Chief Constable, to take care of themselves, as they were resolved to have their lives, and to prevent them keeping stock or grain, unless something was done for them; that Mr. Humphrey might rear what grain he liked, but they would thrash more in one night than he could reap in one year. They said they would set the whole country on fire with one stick. I was detained about three-quarters of an hour, during which time they charged me to be strict in making known what they said to me and what I had seen. On my return from Port Dalrymple, I called at a hut occupied by Joseph Wright, Scantling's Plains. Williams and a youth were there, who told me the bushrangers had been there a few days before, and forced them to a place called Murderer's Plains, which the bushrangers called the Tallow-chandler's Shop, where they made them remain three days for the purpose of rendering down a large quantity of beef-fat, which Williams understood was taken from cattle belonging to Stynes and Troy." The poorer settlers were in league with the daring robbers, and were wont to supply them with information. Howe affected to be a sort of Robin Hood—indeed it is probable that the marauder of Sherwood Forest was just such another greasy ruffian. In another hundred years the "light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream"—the consecration of that lecherous butcher, Henry the Eighth—the poet's dream of that beer-swilling termagant, Virgin Elizabeth—the light that gilds the shameless robberies of the glorious Reformation—may shine upon Michael Howe in the character of a romantic outlaw. The people certainly admired him; and though a reward of 100 guineas and a free passage to England was set upon his head, he was accustomed to visit Hobart Town in perfect security. Worral—who had set his heart upon seeing England again, and was always on the watch to capture the bandit—came very near taking him on one occasion. The old sailor was buying some powder and shot in the store of one Stevens, when a man dressed like a gentleman entered. The moment Worral heard him speak he recognised the voice of the fellow "who had cut off the head of Whitehead," and grappled with him. A furious struggle took place, and just as poor Worral thought his 100 guineas and free passage were safe, he received a violent blow on the back of the head, and fell senseless. When he recovered, Stevens, the storekeeper, was holding a pannikin of rum to his lips, and Howe had gone. Stevens swore that "a strange man had rushed into the store and knocked Worral down with a bludgeon." The bethumped old fellow had his suspicions, but like a wise man said nothing, until one day Stevens was detected in "receiving" plunder, and previous to swinging on the Hunter Island gibbet,

confessed that he himself had struck the blow—"I wish I'd killed him," he added. A regular campaign was now commenced against the freebooters, and one day a party of the 46th, among whom, as a volunteer, was the indefatigable Worral, stumbled upon a hut on the banks of the Shannon. The bushrangers had chosen their camping-ground with an eye to the picturesque. "It was a flat piece of green land, covered with wild-flowers, and overlooking the most beautiful country that can be imagined: a precipice in our front, from which we hurled a stone that rolled over half-a-mile of steep hill down to a river, all studded with islands and ornamented by the most delightfully displayed foliage on its banks; plain over plain and wood over wood, was to be seen for twenty miles distance, and the blue mountains far away gave one the idea of an earthly paradise, yet no human being ever claimed it—none ever trod over this fair country but a few lawless brigands." Remaining in ambush for some time at the spot, they at last perceived four men approaching, of whom one was Howe. The native girl before mentioned was with him, clad in a dress of skins, feathers, and white calico. The instinct of the savage detected the trap: she pointed, gesticulated, seized Howe's arm, and ran back. The soldiers dashed out, and allowing the less valuable prey to escape, followed Howe. The bushranger, closely followed by the girl, gained the summit of a hill, turned round and fired, but missed, and ran on. For more than a mile the chase continued, the bushranger gaining on his pursuers at every stride, when the girl's strength began to fail her, and she lagged behind. Howe pressed and urged her to further exertion. The pursuers set up a great shout at this, and redoubled their efforts. The girl fell, and Howe in vain commanded her to rise. The soldiers were within five hundred yards of him, and gnashing his teeth with rage, the monster drew his remaining pistol, and, taking deliberate aim at the exhausted girl, fired. He then turned and plunged into a ravine, "where pursuit was hopeless." Howe doubtless hoped that his bullet had taken fatal effect, and that Mary would be unable to speak concerning him. He was doubly deceived. The girl was but slightly wounded, and justly incensed at the brutality of her lover. She volunteered to aid her rescuers to track him to his hiding-place. After a march of three hours, the party arrived at some huts on the Shannon bank. These were deserted, but on the opposite side of the river stood Geary—the lieutenant of the gang—with levelled musket. He fired, missed, and made off. The girl now led them to another place, and as they "arrived at a high rock which overhung the waters of the creek," a shot was heard; a wild figure burst out of the bush, and darted past them. The cliff was steep, but two soldiers, dropping down its hinder side, ran round and cut off the outlaw's retreat. It was Hillier, the most brutal of the band. He turned and faced them for an instant, and then, seeing their numbers, flung away his empty gun with an oath, and sprang head-first from the rock into the river. The drop was a hundred feet, and all thought him a dead man. He rose to the surface, however, and swam for the opposite

bank. The two soldiers quickly ran to a narrow ravine formed by the overhanging rocks, and, daringly leaping it, met him as he landed. He took to the water again, but on reaching the middle of the creek, and seeing musket muzzles menacing him on all sides, cried out that he would surrender, and, if they would spare his life, turn approver. The sergeant who commanded the party would make no terms, vowing to shoot him unless he surrendered instantly. So he came ashore, and was bound. Now a very horrible discovery was made. Guided by the native girl, they reached the hut, in which lay a body with the head nearly severed from the trunk. "Ay," says Hillier: "that's poor Peter Septon; he often said he'd cut his own throat, and now he's done it completely." "No man ever cut his throat in that manner," cries Worral. "*You* did it, you villain!" Hillier protested innocence, but a few paces further the party came upon another bleeding wretch, with his hand shattered by a bullet, and his throat partially severed. This was Collier, another bandit. "Villain!" cries he to Hillier, "you would have murdered me as you murdered Septon." The black girl at this moment, seeing that the murderer was inevitably doomed, says: "Hillier, you killed my sister, too!" Hillier, finding it useless to dissemble, confessed. The soldiers brought their prisoners to New Norfolk, making Hillier carry Septon's head tied round his neck. The two men who had escaped with Howe were soon afterwards retaken at Kangaroo Point, and the four were gibbeted together on Hunter's Island, beside the whistling bones of Whitehead. Howe was now reduced to despair. The capture of the huts had deprived him of his ammunition and his dogs —the two sources of life in the bush. He resolved to surrender himself, offering, if his life was spared, to assist the Government in capturing the remnant of his own band. Such was the state of the country, and the terror his deeds had inspired, that Governor Sorrell, who had succeeded Davey, accepted the offer made him, and despatched Captain Nairns, of the 46th, as an ambassador to the bushranger. Howe was brought to Hobart Town, and lodged in gaol, from which he was soon rashly released, and permitted to walk about the city attended only by a single constable. In the meantime the robbers received reinforcements of several escaped convicts, for whom large rewards were offered by the Crown; and notwithstanding that Geary was shot in an affray in the Tea-Tree Bush, the plundering and burning continued. Twenty men were thought to be at large. They seized the boat which carried provisions between Georgetown and Launceston, they sent messages of defiance to the Government, and openly offered an asylum to all escaped convicts. Encouraged by these successes, or perhaps weary of civilisation, Howe eluded his guardian constable, and, having received arms and provisions, made for his old haunts. This was too much for human patience. The Governor made a personal appeal to the settlers, and troops of volunteers were despatched in all directions. Convicts and freemen took part in these excursions, and such exertions were made that of the twenty only three remained at large—Howe, Watts, and Browne. For these miscreants the following rewards were offered:—For Howe,

one hundred guineas and a free pardon; for Watts, eighty guineas and a free pardon; for Browne, fifty guineas and a free pardon. Browne surrendered, but Howe was not to be taken. A convict named Drewe, otherwise called Slambow, was shepherding for a Mr. Williams, and determined to make a push for the reward. This Drewe had, it appears, with the majority of the convict storekeepers, often assisted Howe in his escapes from justice. Falling in with Watts, he pointed out the advantages of freedom, and suggested that the two together might easily overcome the brigand. Watts assented, and proposed to Howe that they should send a message to Hobart Town through Slambow. Howe agreed, and the three met at dawn, at a place called Longbottom, on the banks of the Derwent. Howe ordered Watts to shake the priming from his gun, and did the same himself, Drewe had been advised to leave his gun, and was unarmed. The bushranger then lighted a fire, and busied himself in preparing a breakfast for his guest. Watts seized a favourable moment, and, leaping upon him, secured him. Howe witnessed the treacherous scoundrels eat their breakfast in silence, busying himself the while with straining at his bonds. After breakfast the captors started in high glee for Hobart Town, Watts going first with the loaded gun, the bound bushranger in the middle, and Drewe bringing up the rear. They had gone about eight miles, and Drewe, eager for the reward, had refused assistance from his master, when Howe, watching a favourable moment, slipped his hands from the loosened cords, drew a concealed knife, and stabbed Watts in the back. Drewe was clambering up a bank, and saw nothing; but, when he reached the top, Howe coolly presented Watt's gun, and shot him dead. Watts cried, "Have you shot Slambow?" "Yes," says Howe, "and will shoot you as soon as I can load the piece." Upon this, Watts, though bleeding from the wound in his back, made shift to get upon his feet, and ran some two hundred yards. Howe, doubtless fearing an alarm from the shot, did not wait to complete his work, but made off into the bush. Watt's got to a settler's house, and being sent to Sydney, three days after arrival, died of his wounds. Villain as Howe was, one cannot but admit that his cowardly assailants met with their desserts. The double murder, however, caused a proclamation from Government, offering, in addition to the reward and pardon, a free passage to England, for any one who should bring in the dreaded bushranger, dead or alive. Our old friend Worral determined to make a final effort. Alone in the wilderness, Howe seems to have lived for some time the victim of a despairing conscience. His nature was never without a touch of rude romance, and the recollection of his crimes went far to turn his brain. In his solitary wanderings among the mountains he saw visions. Spirits appeared to him, and promised him happiness. The ghosts of his victims arose, and threatened despair. He kept a journal of his dreams—a journal written with blood, on kangaroo-skin. It is possible that, in a land of fruits and game, he might have lived a hermit and died a penitent. But the barren beauty of the bush afforded no sustenance.

He was compelled to descend from his hut—an eyrie built on the brink of a cataract, and surrounded by some of the sublimest scenery of the Tasmanian mountains—to plunder the farms for food and ammunition. Armed bands, incited by the hope of the reward, lay in wait for him at every turn. Mr. Bonwick describes the condition of the man in the following picturesque passage:—"Clad in kangaroo skins, and with a long, shaggy, black beard, he had a very Orson-like aspect. Badgered on all sides, he chose a retreat among the mountain-fastnesses of the Upper Shannon—a dreary solitude of cloudland—the rocky home of hermit eagles. On this elevated *plateau*, contiguous to the almost bottomless lakes from whose crater-formed recesses in ancient days torrents of liquid fire poured forth upon the plains of Tasmania, or rose uplifted basaltic masses, like frowning Wellington, within sight of lofty hills of snow, having the peak of Teneriffe to the south, Frenchman's Cap and Byron to the west, Miller's Bluff to the east, and the serrated crest of the western tier to the north; entrenched in dense woods, with surrounding forests of dead poles, through whose leafless passages the wind harshly whistled in a storm—thus situated amidst some of the sublimest scenes of nature, away from suffering and degraded humanity, the lonely bushranger was confronted with his God and his own conscience." To capture this hunted outlaw was the task and the fortune of Worral. He allied himself with a man named Warburton, a kangaroo-hunter and confidant of Howe's, and one Pugh, a soldier of the 48th. The three proceeded to Warburton's hut, situated in a lonely spot on the Shannon bank; and Worral and Pugh sat down with their guns across their knees, while Warburton went out to seek Howe. At last, the sun striking a tier of the opposite hills showed two figures approaching the hut. An hour passed, and Worral in despair crept cautiously out. The bushranger was standing within a hundred yards of him talking to the traitor. He drew back, and presently Howe slowly entered the hut, with his gun presented and cocked. He saw the trap at once. "Is that your game?" he cried, and fired. Pugh knocked up the gun, and, says Worral with almost poetic imagery, "Howe ran off like a wolf." I give the story of the capture in the sailor's own words: "I fired, but missed; Pugh then halted and took aim at him, but also missed. I immediately flung away the gun, and ran after Howe; Pugh also pursued; Warburton was a considerable distance away. I ran very fast, so did Howe, and if he had not fallen down an unexpected bank I should not have been fleet enough for him. This fall, however, brought me up with him. He was on his legs, and preparing to climb a broken bank, which would have given him a free run into a wood, when I presented my pistol at him, and desired him to stand. He drew forth another, but did not level it at me. We were about fifteen yards from each other, the bank he fell from being between us He stared at me with astonishment, and to tell you the truth I was a little astonished at him, for he was covered with patches of kangaroo skin, and wore a long black beard, a haversack and powder-horn slung across his shoulders. I wore my beard also—as I do now—and a curious pair

we looked like. After a moment's pause, he cried out, 'Blackbeard aginst Greybeard for a million!' and fired. I slapped at him, and I believe hit him, for he staggered, but rallied again, and was clearing the bank between him and me when Pugh ran up, and with the butt end of his firelock knocked him down again, jumped after him, and battered his brains out, just as he was opening a clasp-knife to defend himself."

Such was the end of Michael Howe. His captors cut off his head and brought it to Hobart Town, terrifying poor Dr. Ross, who, proceeding up country a newly-arrived immigrant, met the ghastly procession. The reward was divided amongst them; the settlers subscribed nearly double the amount, and old Worral was sent "home free, with the thanks of the Governor and the public."

THE SEIZURE OF THE "CYPRUS."

ON the 9th of August, 1829, the "Cyprus," a vessel which was employed by the Government of Van Diemen's Land to carry prisoners from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbour, was seized by the convicts and carried into the South Seas.

The story is a romantic one, and if it does not equal in interest the story of the capture of the "Frederick," of which I shall by-and-by have occasion to speak, it is remarkable as showing the condition of convict discipline in the early days of the colony.

Macquarie Harbour—abandoned in 1833—was in those days the Ultima Thule of convict settlement. Established in 1821 by Governor Sorrell as a station for the most irreclaimable of the desperadoes who were sent in shiploads from England until it became a hideous terrorism, which often drove its victims to seek death as a means of escape. The picture of the place as drawn by Mr. Backhouse, the missionary, who visited it in 1832, is most dismal. The scenery is wild and barren, the scrub and undergrowth impenetrable, and from the swampy ground around the settlement arise noisome and death-dealing exhalations. The surf beating with violence on the rocky shore renders approach dangerous, and the westerly winds blowing with fury into the harbour oppose sometimes for days the departure of the convict vessels.

This place was the last home—but one—of the felon. Once sent to "the Hell," as the abode of doom was termed by the prisoners, return was almost hopeless. The ironbound coast, the dismal and impassable swamps, the barren and rugged mountain ranges, combined to render escape impossible. Of the many unfortunates who made the attempt to regain their freedom, all save some eight or nine died or were retaken. The life of a convict at this hideous place of punishment was one continual agony. In those times the notion of reclaiming human creatures by reason and kindness was unknown. Condemned for life to the settlement—often for small offences against discipline—the miserable beings were cut off from the world for ever. The commandant—usually some worthy officer selected from the regiment then in Van Diemen's Land for his severity or strength of will—dealt with the men under his charge as the humour took him. The guard was always under arms, and had orders to fire on any man who attempted to escape. The lash was the punishment most in vogue, but those wretches whose hardened hides the cat had cut into insensibility were marooned on rocks within view of the prison barracks. The work was constant and exhausting. Robbers, murderers, and forgers, told off into gangs,

felled the gigantic trees which grew in the neighbourhood of the harbour. Chained together like beasts, and kept in activity by the rarely-idle lash, they bore the logs to the water-side on their backs. Every now and then some feebler ruffian would fall from exhaustion, and the chain would drag him after the main body until he rose again.

A visitor to the place in 1831 says he saw "something which he took for a gigantic centipede, which moved forward through the bush to the clanking of chains and the cracking of the overseer's whip." This was a log borne by a convict gang. Treated like beasts, the men lived the life of beasts. All the atrocities that men could commit were committed there. Suicide was frequent. Men drowned themselves to be rid of the burden of their existence. Three wretches once drew lots as to who should get a sight of Hobart Town. One was to murder the other, and the third was to volunteer his evidence. The lottery was drawn, the doomed man laughed ere his companion beat out his brains, and the two survivors congratulated each other on their holiday on the scaffold at Hobart Town gaol. To this place Lieutenant Carew, with ten soldiers, set out to convey thirty-one prisoners. As not unfrequently happened, the weather proved unfavourable, and the vessel put into Recherche Bay for shelter. The prisoners were all desperate men. Two of them had been before at "Hell's Gates," and detailed the horrors of the place to their companions. In the semi-darkness of the lower deck, where, chained in gangs of four, the miserable wretches speculated on their doom, it was proposed to seize the ship. A prisoner named Fergusson was the ringleader. "At the worst," said he "it is but death; and which of us wishes to live?" But the others were not so bold. Degraded by the chain and the lash, they yet clung to life as the one thing the law had not yet taken from them. There were wooden bars studded with nails fastened across their prison, and two sentinels with loaded arms kept watch at the hatchway. How could they—unarmed, weak, and chained—hope to succeed? But with Fergusson was a man named Walker, who had been a sailor, and he urged them on. "Once free, he could navigate the ship to China!" Six times did the trembling wretches essay the struggle with the soldiers, and six times did their courage fail them. At last a favourable opportunity presented itself. Lying at anchor in the channel, with the land in sight, life on board the ship became tedious even to the officers. Lieutenant Carew, confident in his soldiers and their muskets, thought he would like a little fishing excursion. His wife was on board, but, for some reason or other, refused to accompany him. The surgeon, however, was eager for some amusement, and taking with them a soldier and convict, the two lowered a boat and went into the bay.

It was the custom to bring the men on deck by sixes and sevens for exercise, and it so happened that on this morning it was the turn of Fergusson and Walker's gang. Fergusson, Walker, Pennell, McKan, Jones, and another came up in their double irons, and clanked up and down under the supervision of the loaded muskets. Fergusson saw his chance—if ever he was to get it—had come now.

"Now is your time, lads," he cried; "the captain's away; there are but the two men on deck." Sulkily eyeing the muskets, Pennell and McKan refused, "You have failed me six times," cried Fergusson, with an oath; "If you don't join me now, I'll inform of your former plots." This threat terrified them into compliance. A rush was made. The two soldiers, idly staring over the bulwarks, were knocked down before they could fire their muskets. The hatchway was secured, and, knocking off their irons, the six were masters of the ship. But the captain and soldiers below did not intend to surrender without a struggle. They fired up the hatchway, but without effect, and the other prisoners burst their nailed bars and joined their companions. A parley now ensued, the convicts promising to spare the lives of the soldiers if they gave up their arms. A volley was the only answer, and then two prisoners, by Fergusson's directions, got buckets of boiling water from the galley, and poured them down the hatchway. Panic-stricken by the knowledge that thirty desperate men were at liberty on the deck, and that the seizure of the vessel was only a matter of time, the scalded soldiers surrendered and passed up their arms. Carew and the surgeon heard the firing, and came back with all speed to the vessel. Standing in the stern-sheets, as the two rowers ran the boat alongside, he commanded the mutineers to return to their prison. A gun presented at his head was not the unnatural reply. Fergusson, however, had ordered the priming of the soldiers' pieces to be wetted before they were handed up, and the gun missed fire. Now began another parley. Carew, anxious, doubtless, for the safety of his wife, promised that if the men would give up the ship he would say nothing of their conduct to the authorities at Hell's Gates; but the easily-won liberty was too sweet to be resigned so easily. Confident in his own power, Fergusson told the mutineers that he could navigate the vessel to some foreign port, where they could defy the wrath of the Governor and the Commandant. The prospect of the sheds and the cat, as contrasted with freedom and China, was not too tempting. As might have been expected, they refused,

A muster was now held upon the deck, and Fergusson formally called upon the convicts to join him. All but thirteen consented, and one of the sailors—possibly an ex-convict himself—threw in his lot with the mutineers. Boats were lowered, and the soldiers and the thirteen were landed by the now armed convicts on the barren coast. With a generosity which to those acquainted with convict customs will seem somewhat strange, Mrs. Carew, with her children, was restored to her husband unharmed. Secure of safety, Fergusson ordered rations to be given to his late masters. "The land party," says Mr. Bonwick, "received 60 lbs. of biscuit, 20 lbs. of flour, 20 lbs. of sugar, 4 lbs. of tea, and 6 gals. of rum." The boats were taken back to the ship and hauled on board, and returning to their vessel the mutineers gave three cheers for their bloodless victory. After a hearty supper and a pannikin of rum apiece, the seventeen set to work to organize their future plans. Some were for China, some for India, and two men proposed to go to one of the islands of the South Seas, sink the ship, and settle among the friendly islanders.

After some talk, however, it was resolved to make for the Friendly Isles, where those who chose could remain.

With provisions for six months for 400 men, arms, ammunition, and a sailor captain, the mutineers felt that fortune had befriended them at last. Amid one knows not what wild thoughts of future liberty, the night passed rapidly away, and at daylight next morning the marooned Carew and his companions saw the "Cyprus" spread her sails and move slowly out of the harbour. Then began the sufferings of the conquered party. They were on a desolate part of the coast; impenetrable scrub and impassable mountain ranges lay, for many a weary mile, between them and Hobart Town. It was impossible to communicate with the settlement at Macquarie Harbour; the country on that side was even more desolate and barren than on the other. Communication between the two places was most rare, and effected by that very ship which was now bearing the escaped party in safety to the South Seas. The only hope was that some passing vessel, either driven by stress of weather or urged by want of water, would put into the channel and take them off. The party in all consisted of more than forty souls, and their slender stock of provisions melted away like snow in the sun. Mr. Carew showed his courage. He apportioned out the victuals in equal shares, keeping the rum as a last resource. The soldiers were divided into watches, and he himself took his turn with the rest. Day after day passed with the same monotony of silence.

The allowance of provisions was decreased, and despair began to sit heavily on their hearts. From east to west, from north to south, their haggard eyes turned in vain.

> "The blaze upon the waters to the east,
> The blaze upon the island overhead,
> The blaze upon the waters to the west,
> Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
> The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
> The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail."

At last hunger broke through discipline. Two men set off overland for Hobart Town, but, frightened at the perils before them, and menaced by hostile natives, returned. Five more attempted to head the Huon, and, after coming near to death, were rescued. The others remained waiting for death. Desperate, and with but two days' provisions left, Popjoy, a convict, determined to try and make a boat. Assisted by a man named Morgan, he framed a sort of coracle of young wattle trees, and covered it with sailcloth. Over this a mixture of soap and resin was poured, to keep out the water. After many failures, the thing floated. It was twelve feet long, and propelled by paddles. During the last two days of its construction the party were without food. In this rude craft Carew embarked the remnant of his party, and, hoping against hope, got out to sea. Luckily, at a distance of twenty miles, they fell in with the "Oxelia," and the poor fellows were brought safely to Hobart Town. Carew was tried by court martial and honourably acquitted. Popjoy, who

had been transported when eleven years old for stealing a hare, received a free pardon, and returned to England.

In the meantime the "Cyprus" was running for the Friendly Islands. The mutineers had chosen officers for themselves. Walker was captain; Fergusson, "dressed up in Carew's best uniform," lieutenant; and Jones, mate. The days passed quickly by, liberty seemed before them, and all were in high spirits. Getting out of their course, however, they came to Japan. Here, in spite of Fergusson's orders, seven deserted, and cast in their lot with the natives of that lovely spot. Fergusson went on, but seems to have begun to lose his prestige among the men. One, Swallow, a seaman and convict, now appears to have assumed the command.

This fellow seems to have been both powerful and intelligent. He was originally transported from England for rioting, but on the way out saved the ship at the hazard of his life. Allowed to roam the deck and assist the sailors, he contrived to enlist their sympathies, and when the transport arrived in Hobart Town they hid him in the lower deck and the vessel sailed away with him. The crew gave him rations. Despite a rigorous search, he was not found until after some weeks. The captain landed him at Rio, and he was soon again in London. There an old companion "peached" upon him, and he was sent back to Van Diemen's Land. Half way to Hell's Gates, the mutiny restored him once more to freedom. To this man was the charge of the vessel entrusted, and he took her to China. On the way a boat with the name of "Edward" on its stern was seized, and Swallow, knowing that he could not account for the "Cyprus," determined to try a new plan. There was a sextant in the cabin which had on it the name "Waldron," and with that and the boat Swallow laid his plot. Abandoning the vessel, he appeared, with three others, as "shipwrecked sailors." Swallow affected to be Captain Waldron, and exhibited his sextant as a proof of his story. The English merchants in Canton got up a subscription for them, and paid their passage Home. Suspicion, however, was excited by the appearance of four more of the party, who did not know the captain's name, but said "Wilson" for "Waldron." Swallow, trapped again, was at his wit's end. Arrived in London, the party were brought before the Thames Police Court, where a few days before a curious incident occurred. Popjoy, having been landed by the mercy of the Crown in London, was cast upon the streets to find his way to gaol or starvation. Imprisoned from eleven years old, and knowing nothing save how to roll logs and cringe to the lash, the returned convict had taken to begging round about the docks. Begging, like stealing, was a crime, and he was brought before the Thames Police Court. There he told the story of the mutiny and the boat-building. Though there was not criminating evidence, the appearance of "Captain Waldron" was somewhat strange, and the story of poor Popjoy—who had been honoured with several paragraphs in the newspaper *Town Talk*—recurred to the mind of the Bench. The suspected men were remanded. This remand cost three of them their lives. Strangely enough a Mr. Capon, who had been gaoler at Hobart Town, was in

London, and, attracted by the report of the case, he strolled down to the Police Court. One glance was enough; Swallow, Watt, and Davis were detected at once, and the whole party committed for trial. Watt and Davis, tried as pirates and escaped felons, were hung in London. Swallow and the rest were sent back to Hobart Town. One was hung at the gaol, and the rest sent back to Hell's Gates for life. Swallow managed to escape the death penalty, and went back to the chain. Twice more he tried to escape, but in vain. At last the weight of his doom broke his spirit, and he submitted to his fate. He worked in his irons for life, and died—still in yellow livery—at Port Arthur, a melancholy instance of a brave man crushed into brutality by a senseless system of punishment.

Five years later Popjoy died also. He made some endeavour to procure a pension from the Government, and only waited the arrival of documents from Hobart Town, formally attesting his services to Lieutenant Carew, to obtain it. In the meantime he obtained a seaman's berth in a merchant vessel, married, and seems to have lived respectably. Coming from Quebec in a timber ship, however, he was wrecked off Boulogne. Taking to the boats, the crew made for the shore, but the sea was running with great violence, and Popjoy, with another, was washed overboard and drowned; and so never got his "pension" after all.

THE LAST OF MACQUARIE HARBOUR.

FIVE years after the seizure of the "Cyprus" it was resolved that Macquarie Harbour should be abandoned.

The difficulty of access and the barren nature of the surrounding country combined to render the spot inadequate to the growing necessities of the colony. Prisoners were arriving in shiploads, and it was necessary to find for them some more convenient place of settlement. Moreover, Governor Arthur seemed to have learnt that his officers were too far from his control. Rumours of gross abuse of power among the resident officers were current in Hobart Town, and public attention was particularly excited by the revelations incident upon the execution of two men for the murder of their companion, "in order to get a holiday." The accounts of the conduct of the establishment were perhaps highly coloured, but sufficiently true in the main to cause Arthur's resolutions to be universally applauded.

I have already given some description of the settlement itself; let me here add an account of the voyage to it. In 1832, James Backhouse, the good Quaker missionary, to whose simply-written narrative I have before referred, visited "Hell's Gates" in the Government brig "Tamar." "There were in the cabin," he says—"John Burn, the captain for the voyage, Henry Herberg, the mate, David Hoy, a ship's carpenter, Jno. A. Manton, George W. Walker, and myself. Ten private soldiers and a sergeant, as guard, occupied a portion of the hold, in which there were also provisions for the Penal Settlement, and a flock of sheep. Two soldiers' wives and five children were in the midships. Twelve seamen, several of whom were convicts, formed the crew; and eighteen prisoners under sentence to the Penal Settlement completed the ship's company. The last occupied a gaol, separated from the hold by wooden bars, filled with nails, and accessible only from the deck by a small hatchway. One of the soldiers on guard stood constantly by this hatchway, which was secured by three bolts across the opening; two walked the deck, the one on one side returning with his face toward the prison at the time the other was going in the opposite direction; and two were in the hold, seated in view of the gaol. The prisoners wore chains, and only two of them were allowed to come on deck at a time for air; these were kept before the windlass, and not allowed to converse with the seamen. This was rigidly observed in consequence of two of these men having, at a former period, been parties in the seizure of a vessel named the "Cypress" (*sic*) making the same voyage, which was carried off to the coast of China or Japan. . . . The gaol occupied by these men was not high enough for them to stand

erect in, but they could stretch themselves on the floor, on which they slept, being each furnished with a blanket."

When the vessel, after a tedious voyage, had reached the entrance to the harbour the main difficulty of the passage really commenced. The Doom-rock lay within the jaws of a sandy, barren bight, and the "league-long rollers" of the Southern Ocean broke unchecked upon the bar. For some time the "Tamar" stood on and off this dangerous channel, unwilling to risk an entrance. "At length," says the missionary—

"When about to run back for shelter to Port Davey we were descried, and a signal to enter was hoisted. We immediately stood in, and in a few minutes the opportunity to return was past. The pilot put off, knowing better than ourselves our danger; his boat could only be seen now and then above the billows; but he was soon alongside, and ordered all the sails to be squared, so that we might go right before the wind. On coming on board, he commanded the women and children below, and then came to me and advised me to go below also. I replied, that if we were lost I should like to see the last of it, for the sight was awfully grand. Laying hold of a rope at the stern, he said, 'Then, put your arm round this rope and don't speak a word.' To my companion he gave similar instructions, placing him at the opposite quarter. A man was sent into the chains on each side with the sounding lead. The pilot went to the bows, and nothing was now to be heard through the roar of the wind and waves, but his voice calling to the helmsman, the helmsman's answer, and the voices of the men in the chains, counting off the fathoms as the water became shallower. The vessel was cast alternately from one side to the other, to prevent her sticking on the sand, in which case the billows would have run over her, and have driven her upon a sandbank a mile from the shore, on which they were breaking with fury. The fathoms decreased, and the men counted off the feet, of which we drew seven and a-half, and there were but seven in the hollow of the sea, until they called out eleven feet. At this moment a huge billow carried us forward on its raging head into deep water. The pilot's countenance relaxed; he looked like a man reprieved from under the gallows, and coming aft, shook hands with each individual, congratulating them on a safe arrrival in Macquarie Harbour."

Such was the place that it was at last decided to abandon, and in 1834 orders came down to break up the settlement.

The Commandant, Major Baylee, 63rd Regiment, embarked the prisoners in a vessel sent specially for them, and accompanied them to Hobart Town, leaving behind him a man named Taw, who was the pilot at the settlement, to complete the work of demolition, and bring away such matters as might have been overlooked in the hurry of the departure of the main body.

Taw was in command of the "Frederick," a brig that had been built at the settlement, and he had as a crew, Mr. Hoy, the shipwright, and a man named Tate, and ten convicts, together with a guard of three soldiers and a corporal. The names of the ten—as given in

their own narrative, written while under sentence of death in Hobart Town—were John Barker, Charles Lyons, James Lesly, James Porter, Benjamin Russen, John Dady, William Cheshire, William Shiers, John Fair, and John Jones. The narrative was printed in William Gore Elliston's *Hobart Town Almanac and Van Diemen's Land Annual* for 1838, and forms the basis of this twice-told tale.

On the 11th of January, 1834, everything of value had been placed on board the brig, and the prisoners received the intelligence that the next day they would weigh anchor, and leave Hell's Gates for ever. One of the prisoners, however, was still "in confinement." His name was Charles Lyons, and he had been imprisoned for insubordination. Two convicts and Taw released him and brought him aboard. That night, in the prisoners' berth, Lyons gave vent to his wrath, and inveighed against the tyranny of Taw. He probably guessed what awaited him in Hobart Town.

The next day was spent in running to the bar and back, the heavy sea outside rendering dangerous any attempt to pass the gates. On the morning of the 12th, at daybreak, Taw ordered out the whale-boat and went "to sound the bar," returning with the news that it was yet dangerous, but that if the tide abated towards evening he would risk it.

Now the evils of forced inaction began to show. The men grumbled. They should have been well on their way to Hobart Town and civilisation. Why keep them still in sight of their dismal prison-house? Doubtless with a view to employing them, Taw gave permission for the men to go ashore and wash their clothes. All went except Hoy's servant, and while on shore a plot was concocted.

At half-past 3 p.m. the men returned, and the corporal, a soldier, and a prisoner took the whaleboat and went fishing, so that besides the nine convicts in the forecastle were only Taw, Hoy, and his servant in the cabin, and Tate and two soldiers on deck. One of the convicts—Porter, the narrator of the story—began to sing, and a soldier came below to listen. While he listened, Lesly, Cheshire, Russen, Fair, and Barker stole up the hatchway.

The mate and soldier were noiselessly seized, and Cheshire going down the aft deck passed up the muskets. The song still continued, and the soldier, with the disaffected Lyons on one side and Dady on the other, listened with increased attention. Suddenly a prisoner came down the hatchway and trod upon the toe of Shiers. This was the signal. Shiers presented his fist in the astonished *dilettante's* face, and Dady and Lyons seized him and "made him fast." Shiers and Lyons then rushed upon deck, leaving the prisoner with Porter and Dady below.

Porter—who by his own account was unwilling to join the mutiny—endeavoured to force up the hatch, but presently it was opened from above, and the other soldier and Tate were sent down bound, and he, Dady, and Jones got upon deck. Fair, who seems to have assumed the command, ordered the hatch to be secured, and

placed Porter over it as a guard, while Lesly and Russen armed with the soldiers' muskets, stationed themselves at the companion.

Though accomplished with as little noise as possible, the mutiny had roused Taw and Hoy, and they endeavoured to force their way on deck. Lesly and Russen, however, beat them back, but did not fire. All was silent for awhile until Cheshire, creeping to the skylight, tore it up, crying—

"Here they are! Surrender! Surrender!"

Fair and Barker snatched up their arms, and four muskets were levelled down the skylight.

Crouched out of reach of the muskets, the captain and Hoy gave no reply, and then some one of the mutineers fired.

Shiers rushed to the skylight.

"Are you going to commit murder?" he cried.

"No, No," replied they, "it can be done without."

Shiers then called upon Taw and Hoy to surrender, promising to spare their lives.

"My life be the forfeit if we injure you," said he, "we only want our liberty."

Then the two came on deck.

Hoy asked who was to command the brig.

"I am," says Barker, and with the crew I navigate her round the world!"

Hoy then, as did Carew before, promised to say nothing of the escapade if they would give up the brig.

Barker laughed.

"That isn't likely," said he. "We got her, and we'll keep her—liberty is what we mean to have."

Shiers and Barker then asked the prisoners if they wanted anything from out their boxes, as they were going to put them ashore, and allowed them to go down into the cabin and take what they thought proper, only refusing Hoy his pocket-pistols. They were then put into the jolly-boat, together with the mate and the two soldiers; a bottle of rum was given to Taw, whose hands were tied, and two bottles of wine and a peajacket to Hoy, "as he had been indisposed." Indeed the mutineers seemed to have behaved with much consideration and even generosity, priding themselves on not abusing their newly-found liberty.

A musket fired over the stern brought the whaleboat alongside, and the soldiers and the prisoner were ordered out of her into the jolly-boat. The soldiers were then ordered to row the party ashore. Seven mutineers—two pulling, one steering, and four armed with muskets as a guard—accompanied them in the whaleboat. Having landed Taw and the others, the jolly-boat was towed back to the ship, and a watch was set all night to prevent surprise, so great was their dread of the resolute Taw.

Next morning a council of war was held as to the disposition of provisions. Shiers—referring to the seizure of the "Cyprus," which would seem to have made a great impression on the minds of convictism—said, "Don't let this affair be like that one. Do not let

us leave them to starve, but share the provisions equally between us all. Then when they reach head-quarters they can't say that we'd used them cruelly."

The notion was deemed a good one, the meat was divided as nearly as possible, also tea, sugar, flour, and biscuit; and Shiers taking with him another pair of shoes and bandages and plaster for Mr. Hoy, who seems to have been a favourite, got out the whaleboat and rowed to the shore.

Hoy and two men received the stores, three of the mutineers standing armed in the stern-sheets to prevent the dreaded Taw from rushing the boat.

Hoy then seems to have thanked them for the provisions, and, while commenting upon the difficulty of the task before them, to have wished them success in their enterprise. This at least is the statement of Porter's narrative, but as that gentleman intersperses his story with frequent addresses to Providence and reflections on the bounty of Heaven unusual to convict minds, we may not unreasonably suppose that his reported conversations are not given *verbatim*, and that a great deal of rude language is omitted. Moreover, the poor devil was lying in Hobart Town gaol under sentence of death, and had a chaplain for his amanuensis. Under such circumstances he was likely to restrain the natural vigour of his descriptive powers.

Having been blessed—if we believe our convict—by the pious Hoy, a touching adieu took place, and the mutineers returned to the brig. They passed the morning in throwing overboard the light cargo which was in the hold, and then ran out a small kedge anchor with about 100 fathoms of line. The tide being slack, they kedged along until they came to the Cap and Bonnet, and there observing an old whaleboat ashore they destroyed it, lest it should offer means of pursuit to the terrible Taw. It being calm they towed the "Frederick" in safety over the dangerous bar, and a light breeze springing up from the south-east, took her gaily out to sea.

John Fair being "an experienced mariner," was made mate; but Barker, in consideration of his superior sagacity and a smattering of navigation, received the rank of captain. He, "with what few instruments he had," made preparation to take his departure from Birches Rock, and stating that the course should be E.S.E., ordered the whaleboat to be stove in and cast adrift, as there was no room on board for her. All sail was then made; Fair and Lyons divided the men in watches, parting the seamen with the landsmen, and "at 8 p.m.," says Porter, "we set our first watch."

At half-past 9 that night came a heavy gale from the S.W., which compelled them to run under close-reefed topsails. Shiers, Cheshire, Russen, and Lesly were sea-sick, as was also John Barker, and the heavy sea requiring two men at the helm, the others had their work cut out for them.

The morning dawned upon a raging sea and a cloudy sky. Lesly sounded the well, and found the hold three parts full of water, and all hands were set to the pumps. The gale lasted for two nights and a day, and then moderated. But the convict-built vessel proved

leaky, "occasioned principally," says Porter, "by carrying such a press of canvas during the gale," and only one pump could be got to work.

On the 16th, Barker, who still suffered from violent sea-sickness, took a meridian, and altered the course of the vessel to E. by S., desiring to "run to the southward of New Zealand, out of the track of shipping." On the 20th a vast quantity of seaweed appeared, and the men grew frightened, thinking they were running on land. Fair begged Barker to come on deck and take an observation, urging the necessity of keeping the crew in good heart. At first the poor fellow refused, vowing—as many sea-sick mariners have done before and since—that the ship might go to the bottom for all he could stir a hand to save her. By dint of persuasion, however, he was got on deck, supported by two men, and assured his followers that all was well, adding, "I can take you safe to South America even though I had no quadrant aboard, by keeping a dead-reckoning. At noon—still supported by his two assistants, like Moses between the two Israelites—he took an observation, and shortly afterwards sent up to inform the men that he would run to the south of New Zealand, and not sight it, as had been his first intention.

So far so good; but by-and-by—the brig running eleven knots an hour under closely reefed topsails, and the pumps hard at work the whole time—murmurs arose, and Barker not appearing on deck for nine days, a deputation was sent to beg him to consider the position of the vessel.

Roused by this the "captain" came up, and, though sick, made shift to attend to his navigation. The weather, however, prevented him from taking an observation until the 30th January, and on that day he altered the course of the vessel to N. by E., being anxious to "make a landfall between Chili and Valdivia."

The crew were now well-nigh exhausted. The old sailors had to do duty for the raw hands, and, to add to their distress, it came on to blow harder than they had yet experienced it. A white squall threw the brig on her beam ends, and carried away the spanker-boom, but notwithstanding the leaky condition of the craft, Fair persisted in carrying on sail. The more chicken-hearted began to despair of reaching land. They now sighted a French whaler, hull down to windward, and desperate Barker gave orders to get out the arms and make ready to defend the brig, in case the stranger should bear down upon them. His precaution, however, was not needed.

After nine days of rough weather the gale abated, and Fair, giving orders to cross the topgallant yards and make sail, on the 25th of February they made the South American coast, about an hour before dark.

Though all hands swore that there was land ahead, the impostor Barker laughed at them, saying that he had kept the reckoning, and they were at least "500 miles off the coast of Chili." Fair, however, put no faith in his assertions, and gave orders to shorten sail. At daylight they found a rocky shore close under their lee, and hauled off. Now Barker condescended to be convinced, and at twelve

o'clock informed the crew that they were between Chili and Valdivia. This was the 26th February, six weeks and a day from the time when the captured "Frederick" left Hell's Gates.

Now arose a discussion as to the best course of action. Some advised landing at once in the launch, others to creep along shore, while the more prudent recommended that the brig should be abandoned, and that they should coast in their boat in search of a landing place. This plan was at last adopted. The launch was a big, seaworthy boat; moreover, she had been raised a plank higher, had been decked after a fashion, and fitted with mast, boom, and a suit of sails, while the bad-weather cloth that Taw had used for the whaleboat would answer the purpose of bulwarks. Putting on board her the scanty remnant of provisions, together with firearms, ammunition, and—notable item—a Government cat that had unconsciously cast in its lot with theirs, four of them got aboard the launch, and the others commenced to batten down the hatches of the brig.

These amateur carpenters had indeed but little time to spare. The pumping being stopped, they found four feet of water in the hold, and hastily flinging over two breakers of water and such provisions as they could scrape together, called the launch alongside and got into her without delay.

It was time, for as the sun went down in a lowering and angry sky, the ill-fated vessel that had brought them to freedom sank to her channel plates, and the exhausted and toil-worn mutineers, hoisting sail in the darkness, turned their backs upon her and speeded towards the wished-for but unknown shore.

The next day the miserable boat's crew, drenched with water and shivering with cold—they had been sitting by turns of four in the stern-sheets all night, with their backs to the sea, to prevent the water from swamping them—reached the coast. At three o'clock in the afternoon they entered a small bay, and at half-past four came to an anchor under the lee of a barren reef. Some went ashore, but met with "no sign of human habitation." They slept there that night, having set a watch of two men in case of attack by wild beasts, and in the morning set to work to gather shell-fish. Having made such a breakfast as this somewhat meagre fare afforded, they again set sail, determining to make for a distant point, in the hope of meeting with human beings. Reaching this point in the afternoon, they found two strange pyramidal-shaped rocks, and running in between them, came upon a stream of fresh water. Near this was a deserted Indian hut, but no "Indian," and so, securing the boat and setting a watch, the castaways passed the second night since the abandonment of the brig.

All the next day they sailed from bay to bay in search of inhabitants, and casting anchor in a little inlet at night, prepared to sup on a seal which they had killed ere they started in the morning, but a heavy swell arising carried their boat violently towards the rocks, and they were compelled to use all exertions to keep her afloat. The next day passed in the same fruitless quest. The wind blew hard, the boat leaked, the coast seemed ironbound, and they held on their

dismal course with despairing hearts. Camping that night in a snug nook, the cat which they had brought from the brig, and which had shared with them their scanty provisions, made off into the woods. The next day was the 3rd March—about eight weeks since they had seized the "Frederick"—and they made sure that human habitations were close at hand. Running down the coast all that day with a fresh breeze they weathered a point which John Barker said was "Tweedle-point," and ran for a bluff far down the shore. Half an hour before dark they weathered the bluff, and made for the beach, but not finding boat anchorage coasted along until the sun went down.

Their hearts began now to fail them. They had accomplished an almost unparalleled escape. They had seized a prison ship under the very noses of the guards, and under all disadvantages had carried her out to sea, sailed her successfully through an unknown ocean, made land just as she could no longer be kept afloat, and were now about to perish when their hopes seemed nearest to their fulfilment. The shore was barren and rocky, night was closing in, they had no food, and they were miles from succour. "Suddenly," says Porter, "we heard the bellowing of a bullock on the shore." Did their ears deceive them? All held their breath to hear the sound again. No, it was no deception, they were saved!

With renewed vigour they tugged at the oars, and rounding a low-lying reef that projected into the black water, came in sight of large fires. Against the glare of these fires—which had the appearance of blazing rubbish heaps—gigantic shadows moved. These shadows were men and women. Out of the darkness the escaped convicts hailed the shore, but received for a reply only a confused murmur, which seemed to denote alarm. The full swell of the ocean rolled in upon the rocky shore, and it was impossible to land. So keeping out to sea, but still within sight of the cheering fires, they let go their anchor in nineteen fathoms of water, and lay outside the reefs waiting for the day.

All that night they kept awake, conversing on the chance of safety. Perhaps the people they had seen were cannibals, perhaps pirates. At any rate, they were human. When morning dawned they made all haste to land, and mooring the boat to some seaweed, called to the Indians. These came instantly, running down to the boat. They seem to have been Spanish Indians, and informed Shiers that Valdivia was but three leagues distant. The mutineers prudently refused to beach the boat, but Shiers and four men, taking with them needles and thread and a loaded pistol, jumped ashore, and followed the natives to their huts. In the meantime, the boat was pushed off four lengths from the shore, to guard against any attempt that might be made to seize her. By-and-by Shiers returned, and then the other five landed. They found the Indians very friendly and partly civilised. The chief wore a ponchô—a square cloth, with hole for the head in the middle—and a pair of blue worsted trousers. The ponchô was embroidered; the fellow carried a large hilted knife (probably a Spanish *machete*), for defensive or offensive purposes. They gave this warrior a hatchet "of which he

well knew the use," and he did the honours of the village to them Porter says that the huts were clean and well built, and the people industrious. He observed a man and boy ploughing with four bullocks yoked by the horns. The ploughshare was of wood hardened in the fire. Both sexes wore their hair long, but the men—having no razors—plucked out their beards by the roots with two shells provided for the purpose. Porter made repeated requests for something to eat, but his conductor either could not or—as he thinks—would not understand him. Having bestowed upon him some buttons, pins, and needles, the rejoicing mutineers set sail for Valdivia. At three o'clock in the afternoon they reached a point of land to which their attention had been drawn, and perceived a flagstaff and 12-gun battery. They had made their port at last.

Valdivia is the chief town of the most southern province of Chili, and is situated nine miles up the river which bears its name. It was founded in 1551, by Pedro de Valdivia—one of the gentlemen adventurers of that stormy time—who gave it his name, and grew rich by working the gold mines in the vicinity. In 1590 it was captured by the natives, but was afterwards rebuilt and strongly fortified by the Spaniards. The harbour—at the mouth of which our convicts were now resting—is one of the most spacious on the coast. Three years after the date of our story—in 1837—it was ruined by an earthquake.

Pulling in under the guns of the battery, Barker harangued his comrades, and enlarged upon his own abilities, which had brought them thus far in safety. It being believed that Spain was hostile to England, they resolved to tell their story, and throw themselves on the mercy of the Governor. Barker then gave each of the men half a sovereign, and divided all the clothing and valuables equally, with the exception of two watches, which he kept for himself. They then pulled for the shore.

The Spaniards received them with humanity, and they stayed that night at the fort. The next day it was agreed that Barker, Shiers, Lesly, Russen, and Cheshire should hire a canoe to go up to the town, and lay their case before the Governor. This was done, and on the next day (March 7th), a party of soldiers came down and took the remaining five up to the city, where they were lodged in prison. Being taken before the judge, they told their story, giving the names they went by in Van Diemen's Land, and he remanded them until the arrival of the Governor.

They remained in prison five days—the mate was allowed a dollar per day, the boatswain half-a-dollar, and the rest a quarter dollar, "and provisions being very cheap," says the narrator, "this was amply sufficient for our support." On the 13th, the Governor arrived, and they were taken before him. He seemed inclined to look favourably upon them, but asked them why they came to that part of the coast. Whereupon Barker, with unblushing effrontery replied—"Because we knew that you were patriots, and had long ago declared your independence, and we throw ourselves under the protection of your flag, relying on your clemency." Upon

this the Governor, saying that he believed they had spared life and had committed no murder, promised to use his influence with the President at San Jago to procure them permission to live in Valdivia, but that they must in the meantime return to the prison, and remain there peaceably.

In the meantime a Captain Lawson, their interpreter, "a gentleman" says Porter, "of great respectability," drew up a petition praying for their release, and got the principal inhabitants of the town to sign it. On the following day they were again brought before the Governor, who said that he would liberate them at once were he not fearful that some of their number would make their escape. Upon this the ever-ready Barker made a melodramatic speech, begging His Excellency to rather shoot them all dead in the palace square than deliver them up to the British Government. The Governor, who seems to have been a good-humoured fellow, and who had doubtless been regaled with a highly-coloured description of the horrors of Hell's Gates—bad enough, in sober truth, Heaven knows—promised to protect them, vowing that out of respect to their heroic journey he would not give them up. "And," said he, "if you will promise not to escape, should a vessel come to-morrow to demand you, you will find me as good as my word." He then advised them to "beware of intemperance," and to pay back to the Government as soon as possible the money expended in their subsistence while in prison. The ten then took lodgings in the town, and next day assisted in launching a vessel of 100 tons burden—a ceremony which was performed with the aid of a band of music and in the presence of the Governor in person. The owner expressed himself much satisfied with the behaviour and talent of the Englishmen, and declaring—so says Porter—"that he would rather have them than thirty of his own countrymen," "engaged them to fit her out" at fifteen dollars a month and provisions.

The adventurous ten now seemed to have fallen on good days. They were well clothed, well fed, and well liked. Macquarie Harbour and its agonies were forgotten. They cast away the recollection of their past dangers and crimes, and appear to have maintained themselves by honest industry. The Governor took great interest in their well-being, and when on the 25th April, the "Blonde" frigate, Commodore Mason, arrived in port, sent for them and told them to be of good cheer, that he would not deliver them up to bondage, that the dispatches from San Jago having arrived, he could officially receive them as Chilian subjects; and that, if they pleased, they might marry.

Spanish America is noted for the beauty of its women—Chilian ladies are even now the belles of the seaboard, and our adventurers jumped at the offer. The attraction of the gossip by the fountains, the chatter of the quaint old market place, the dances by night under the orange-trees, were too strong to be resisted. The fierce black eyes of the *manolas*—for in those days there were yet *manolas* in Spain and *grisettes* in France—the more golden glory of the Malaguena, transplanted from the sultry seaport of Old Spain two

generations back, the sparkling purity of the Andalusian—granddaughter of some brilliant adventurer of Seville—conspired to capture the hearts of the escaped prisoners—all honest English sensualists, I have no doubt. Five of them were immediately married, and at the wedding of that lucky scoundrel, John Barker, the Governor and his lady attended in court costume.

But this felicity was not to last. Nine months after these auspicious events, on the 10th February, 1835, the ten were carried off in the night to the guard-house. In a terrible fright, they speculated on the cause of their arrest, when suddenly the ubiquitous Governor arriving, tells them not to be frightened. "There is an English frigate lying outside the harbour," cries he, "and I was afraid that did you hear the news you would take to the forest, and have been all slain by Indians. Here is a letter that I have just received."

This letter proved to be from Commodore Mason, and stated that its writer, having learned that several Englishmen were in the town, who had come in some "clandestine" manner to the coast, desired them to come on board and give an account of themselves.

The ten upon this fell into great trepidation. "If we go," cried one of them, "we shall never return." "I thought so!" said the Governor (let us remember that this is the statement of a convict under sentence of death). "I will protect you. Should they force their way here, I will send you up the country under escort to an Indian chief of my acquaintance, who will protect you. If the captain of this vessel wishes to speak with you, he shall do so at my palace. You shall *not* go on board."

This worthy man, Don Fernando Martelle, doubtless a Spaniard of mettle, who, having given his word, meant to keep it, proved a true friend; for a cutter from the frigate attempting to pass the battery, the Spaniards fired a 32lb. shot over the heads of the crew, and presently the frigate departed, bearing up in the direction of Valparaiso.

So far, so good, but more evils were in store. On the 2nd May, 1835, the "Achilles," a 21-gun brig of war, arrived with a new Governor. This gentleman was coolly received by the inhabitants, "who," says poor Porter, "had heard but an indifferent account of him," and the refugees began to dread lest a new Pharaoh had arisen who knew not Joseph. The old Governor, however, gave them an excellent character, and Governor Thompson, the *novus homo*, promised to protect them. They soon discovered, however, that his promises were of little value. Don Fernando left on the 20th of May, and as soon as he had gone hostilities were commenced.

The remaining seven (Jones, Fair, and Dady had wisely taken service in a brig, and had got away from the place) were ordered to present themselves at the guard-house every evening, and suffered other small indignities which the narrator does not particularise. It had been previously agreed that no attempt to escape should be made, as the Governor swore that, should any man succeed in getting away from the city, he would hang the others without mercy. This

agreement had been hitherto strictly kept—the departure of the fortunate three was permitted by Don Fernando—but in this last extremity Barker broke it. The boat in which the mutineers had made their adventurous voyage had been long moored at the back of Government House; but the old Governor, tempted by an offer of forty dollars, had at last sold her, "masts, oars, sails, and all," to one of the Spanish merchants. In the month of June, Barker, enlarging upon the excellent qualities of the old boat, offered to build one for the Governor. This proposition met with a ready approval, but when the boat was finished, Barker, pretending that she was too small, offered to build a larger one, if the Governor would permit him to get stores, &c., in his name. This was conceded, and in three weeks Barker, Lesly, and Russen completed a three-oared whaleboat, and fitted her with sails and provisions, on the Governor's credit.

All was now ready, and on Saturday night, the 4th July, Barker, Lesly, Russen, and a man named Roberts, "formerly mate of a brig," crept out under cover of the darkness, and slipping down the river, got out to sea. On Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, their flight was discovered, and the Governor, in a furious rage at being outwitted, dispatched six soldiers and a crew, with orders to "bring back the Englishmen, dead or alive." This was easier said than done, and in a week the soldiers returned, without having seen the fugitives.

It is not improbable that the townspeople, among whom the Englishmen were liked and the Governor cordially detested, began to ridicule his Excellency with the proverbial Spanish freedom of popular speech, for he seems to have determined to revenge himself on the luckless four, Porter, Lyons, Cheshire, and Shiers, who remained. In vain did the poor fellows plead their innocence and good conduct. In vain did their black-eyed wives weep, and their tawny kinsfolk remonstrate with justice. The four were ironed together, and thrown into the prison of Valdivia, and the English Consul at Valparaiso having been communicated with, a schooner was sent which brought them to Callao—a port not altogether unknown to several illustrious Victorians in the present day—and here the dreaded Mason got them at last. The "Blonde" took them to Valparaiso, when they were placed on board the "North Star," 28 guns, and sent to England.

Arrived once more in London, they were placed in the "Leviathan" hulk, and then shipped (with a fresh batch of convicts) on board the "Sarah," and sent back to Van Diemen's Land, there to be tried for their lives. One can fancy the pleasant time these poor devils must have enjoyed, speculating on their fate, and imagination does not refuse to suggest the stories of the horrors of Hell's Gates with which they would beguile the time and attention of the convict "new chums" A "prison-ship" in those days was an excellent preparatory school for the gallows. Arrived in Hobart Town on the 29th March, 1837, they were tried before the Chief Justice, for "piratically seizing the brig 'Frederick,'" and were sentenced to be hanged. Their case, however, excited some interest, and they appealed to the "English Judges." These gentlemen were merciful, and commuted the death-penalty to "hard labour for life."

Their perilous journey, their strange adventures, their three years of freedom in the old Spanish town, resulted only in a change of prisons. Port Arthur was substituted for Macquarie Harbour.

Barker, Lesly, and Russen, were never heard of again. Whether they were wrecked on that stormy coast, killed by Indians, picked up by a stray ship, and returned to civilization, or striking on some savage island colonized another Pitcairn, no one can tell. Despite their treachery, their romantic story makes one hope that they got their longed-for liberty at last.

BUCKLEY, THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

EVERY country can claim for itself a Robinson Crusoe of home manufacture. He of Australia is William Buckley.

The story of this gentleman's Selkirkian experiences is in good truth an old one, for not only is his name familiar enough to all Australians, but he was one of the first settlers in the colony of Victoria. As the majority of reading Australians are aware—Victoria, or, as it was originally called, Port Phillip, was twice colonized—first, by Lieutenant-Governor Collins, and, secondly, by Batman and Fawkner. The first was a forced, the second a voluntary colonisation. Governor Collins came in 1803, with convicts. Batman and Fawkner came in 1835, with free men. Buckley belonged to the first expedition, and, the only white man who remained in the country, he lived long enough to see the second. He was one of the convicts brought out by Governor Collins, and succeeded in escaping to the bush and maintaining himself there for thirty-two years. His "picture in little" has been often painted, but as perhaps few persons are familiar with the details of his life and adventures, this sketch (compiled from an account of his wanderings written by himself) may not prove unacceptable.

William Buckley was born in 1780 at Macclesfield, in Cheshire. His parents were poor folk, who cultivated young William upon a little oatmeal. He had two brothers and a sister, but at sixteen years of age he left them, and never saw them more. Apprenticed to a bricklayer he scorned the hod, and longed, like Norval, to "follow to the field some warlike lord." His father objected, but the Norval parallel still holding good, "Heaven soon granted what his sire denied." A sergeant in the Cheshire militia, assisted by ten guineas bounty, proved too much for parental advice, and William enlisted. He was at that time a prize for any recruiting sergeant. His height was gigantic, his strength excessive, and his brain-power feeble. He made a capital soldier. Getting into the King's Own (4th Foot), he was sent to Holland, and fought there, receiving a wound in the hand. On his return to England he obtained leave of absence, and indulged in "riotous habits." His Dutch experiences did not appear to have been of an improving kind. Possibly the army swore as terribly in Flanders in the days of Buckley as it did in those of Captain Tobias Shandy. However, be that as it may, Buckley would seem to have borne rather a bad character; and being, as he neatly puts it, "implicated in an offence that rendered me liable to punishment"—to wit, receiving stolen property—was tried at Chatham, found guilty, and sentenced to the hulks. After six months' work at the fortifications

of Woolwich, he was ordered on board the "Calcutta," bound for Australia; and from this date his story, as far as we are concerned with it, may be said to commence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, of the Royal Marines (who had previously been Judge-Advocate to the colony of New South Wales at its establishment by Governor Phillip), had been compensated for loss of legitimate promotion by the governorship of the projected colony of Van Diemen's Land. He was placed in command of the ships "Calcutta" and "Ocean," with instructions to form a convict settlement on the south-east coast of New Holland, and on the 27th April, 1803, left England for that purpose. A journal kept by the Rev. R. Knopwood, chaplain on board the "Calcutta," gives us some particulars of the adventure.

After a somewhat stormy voyage, the expedition sighted Port Phillip Heads at 5 a.m. on the 9th October, and moored in the bay. After some prospecting of the adjoining land, it was resolved to go higher up the bay, and eventually near Point Lonsdale a site was fixed on for the new city, and the stores were disembarked. On the 25th October, at 8 a.m. the British flag was hoisted, and it being the King's birthday into the bargain, some waste of powder was occasioned. The convicts were then divided into gangs and put to work; and after a skirmish or two with the blacks, the colonists began to shake themselves down. Our hero Buckley was by this time in a position of some importance, and Mr. Knopwood records that on the 2nd November a complaint was made to him by the future Crusoe that "one Robert Cannady had defrauded Buckley, the 'Governor's servant,' of a waistcoat." Hearing the case in his capacity of magistrate, the worthy chaplain upheld Buckley's cause, and ordered the waistcoat to be given up. Notwithstanding his apparently comfortable condition Buckley was discontented. He complained that the rope's-end was a little too freely administered, and that the work was too hard. A magazine and storehouse were the first public buildings erected, and upon these Buckley—in virtue, I suppose, of his early lessons under the Cheshire bricklayer—was employed. He had been brickmaking or bricklaying for about three months when he resolved to attempt his escape. Such attempts were frequent.

There seems to have been some wild notion abroad that California was situated on the other side of the continent, and that Sydney was within easy walking distance. The prisoners were not very closely watched: some of them were employed at some distance from the barracks, and escape was not difficult; but the character of the surrounding country rendered any projected stroll to China or California a serious matter, and in the majority of cases the poor ignorant fellows returned with gaunt frames and hungry faces, begging to be flogged and fed. The Rev. Knopwood's journal is full of attempted escapes, but he usually records one of two results—a return or a death. The soldiers shot at any escaping convict, and if they missed him, the settlement would content itself with the surety, proved by sad experience, that in a few days he would return to the camp, or his dead body would be brought in by some exploring party.

On the 27th of December, one of these "escapes" took place. At 9 p.m. six convicts endeavoured to make their escape, of whom Buckley was one. They were beset by a look-out party, and one man was shot. His name was Charles Shaw. The next night great fires were seen at a distance, and supposed to be lit by the runaways. On the 6th of January a search was made, the worthy chaplain himself armed and assisting, but without any effect. The colony became alarmed. Six men away in the bush was a bad example. The next day the drums beat to arms, and a select body of marines were sent in pursuit of the fugitives, but though they were tracked for fifty miles, they could not be discovered. Believing that the absconders had died in the bush, the commandant was satisfied, and refrained from further exertions. On the 6th of January, one of the party, named M'Allender, came in and surrendered, giving up a gun which he had stolen. He said that all the others had died or been lost in the bush. This intelligence was for the colonists satisfactory, and in four days the occurrence was almost forgotten. Indeed, the Governor and his officers had something more interesting than convicts' escapades to occupy their minds.

From the very first landing the people had grumbled at the situation and the climate. It was the height of summer. The thermometer averaged 110° in the sun. Fires were frequent; once, indeed, the huts of the officers and marines and the marquees themselves were nearly consumed. The soil was sandy and uninviting, the surrounding country barren and grim. Water was not too abundant, and as yet no river of any importance had been discovered. Collins had not the wit or the luck to penetrate to the Yarra, or to coast to the Barwon, and disgusted with the inhospitable soil, he yielded to the entreaties of his officers, and broke up the settlement. The 24th, 25th, and 26th of January were spent in re-embarking the convicts, stores, and soldiers, and by daylight of the 30th Port Phillip was deserted. It had been colonized for the space of three months, and during that time one child had been born. "On the 5th of November," says the chaplain, "Sergeant Thomas's wife was delivered of a boy, the first child of European parents born at Port Phillip." This boy was named Hobart.

The record of the chaplain's experiences, as far as I have been able to follow it, ends at three o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the desertion. "At 3 p.m.," says he, "I dined with the Governor." Perhaps the conversation at that dinner was not without reference to the fate of Buckley and his companions. I can imagine the good chaplain sighing over his glass, and mentally congratulating the repentant M'Allender upon the good sense which induced him to return to bondage. There could be no hope for the runaways now. Even if, by some wild chance, a hardier absconder succeeded in dragging himself back to camp, eager for the lash and loaf, his tardy penitence must come too late. The hot January sun would glare down now but upon deserted and unfinished buildings, bared spaces of ground, and all the melancholy ruin of abandoned habitations. Convict M'Allender himself, snugly disposed in the lower deck of the

"Ocean," might feel not uninclined to plume his ruffled feathers at the good fortune which had preserved him from the hideous fate of his unhappy companions.

Let us see what that fate was.

On the evening of the 27th of December this occurred. At sunset, the hour of returning to the shed, four men—one of whom had possession of a gun obtained from the Governor's garden—sneaked round the partially finished buildings, and took to the bush. A sentry challenged, and receiving no reply, fired, and shot the last of the party. The others ran for the best part of four hours, and though pursued, were not re-captured. That night they camped on the bank of a creek, and in the morning pushed on again with redoubled vigour. They had some bread and meat, sundry tin pots, the gun before mentioned, and an iron kettle. It was resolved to head for Sydney; and in happy ignorance of the whereabouts of that city, the adventurers set their backs directly against it, and made straight towards the present site of Melbourne.

They crossed the Yarra, and reached the Yawang hills on the third day's journey. Here the last particle of the treasured bread and meat was consumed, Sydney was distant, and starvation imminent. Buckley, who by virtue of his size and courage was elected leader of the party, ordered a retreat to the sea-coast, where mussels and limpets might keep life in them. With some difficulty they made their way to the beach, and wandered along it for three days, subsisting on gum, fish, and limpets. They broiled their poor fare on the embers, having flung away their kettle on the second day's march, as being too heavy to carry. It was found, Buckley says, thirty-two years afterwards by a ploughing settler. By this time they had made the circuit of the bay, and from their lair could see the "Calcutta" lying at anchor below them. Maddened by hunger, and desperate with dread of death, the grim philosophy of the lash and loaf overtook them. They lighted fires by night to attract the attention of the settlement, and hoisted their ragged garments on trees by day. Once a boat—probably the one with our armed chaplain—was seen to approach, and a rescue was hailed with a sort of dismal delight, but she returned without seeing their signals, and hope vanished.

For six days the miserable wretches starved within sight of their prison home, and at last plucked up courage to make a last effort for life. They told Buckley that they had determined to retrace their steps round the bay to the settlement, and urged him to accompany them. The desperate giant refused. He would have liberty at any hazard. Death in the gloomy swamps, the fantastic underwood, or the barren sand-hills, seemed not so terrible as the death-in-life of the convict sheds. They might go if they pleased, he would remain. They did so, and all but one (M'Allender, who carried the now useless gun) met the fate they dreaded.

Buckley, left to himself, turned his face to the wilderness, and doggedly set out in search of Sydney. "How I could have deceived myself into a belief of reaching it," he says, "is astonishing. . . . The whole affair was in fact a species of madness." For

seven days he travelled, swimming rivers, fording creeks, and plunging through scrub. His hope was to follow the coast-line until he reached his destination. He lived on shell-fish, gum, and the tops of young plants. On the sixth day the climate grew warmer. This added to his distress, for it increased his thirst. He began to have difficulty in finding food, and coming to two rocks that stood close together, flung himself down between them in despair. The rising tide drove him out of his miserable refuge, and climbing to the top, he slept, and hoped to die.

The next morning, however, he found something which cheered him. All through the journey the runaways had seen and heard the natives. Buckley had twice swam a creek to escape from them, and at night the forest was glow-wormed with their fires. The dying wretch—he had been without food for three days and was at the last gasp—came upon a smouldering log. The sight gave him new energies. He tore down some berries, roasted and ate them, and searching a little further found a "great supply of shell-fish." At this place he remained for more than a week, and then coming to a big rock, sheltered by an overhanging cliff, from which a plentiful stream of fresh water continually gushed, he made himself a sort of hut. Here he lived in rude contentment, and feeding on shell-fish and a sort of wild berry, began to experience the delights of freedom.

He was soon disturbed. One day three natives appeared and took possession of his home. They did not seem terrified at his appearance, but ate and drank (crayfish and water) with great gusto. They were dressed in opossum skins, and armed with spears. Buckley, weak with illness and unarmed, made no resistance to their will, and they bore him off to their huts. That night they watched him or he would have escaped. In the morning, after a vain attempt to obtain such remnants of his woollen stockings as time and the shingle had left him, they went away, and he, frightened at the chance of their return, took to the bush. For some months he wandered about, living the life of a wild man, and subsisting on roots, berries, and shell-fish. The weather set in gloomy and tempestuous. He was frequently without fire, food, or shelter, and his sleep was broken by terror of the natives. The physical instinct of life-preservation must have been very strong in the man; a less stolid animal would have got rid of his burden long ago. One day, crawling rather than walking through the scrub, he saw a mound of earth with a spear sticking up out of the top of it, and being in want of a walking-stick, he pulled up the weapon. That spear saved his life.

Having lain down that night under a tree, at grips with his last enemy, and not expecting to see the light of another morning, he was perceived by two lubras, who brought their husbands in great amazement to see the white man. The husbands, with that intelligence which is the privilege of the male sex—saw the state of the case at a glance. A great warrior had been buried at the mound. Great warriors, as all the world knows, change into white men after death. Buckley was a white man; and, moreover, he had in his hand the very spear that had been stuck into the tomb. Nothing could be

more satisfactory, and saluting the half-starved convict, by the name of Murrangurk, they bore him off to their huts, with much shouting and demonstrations of joy. Luckily for the restored Murrangurk, this joviality soon took the practical form of gum-water and chrysalids, upon which he dined heartily.

After a terrific corroboree, in which the women beat skin-drums until they fainted, and the men hacked themselves with knives until they bled, Buckley was duly received into the black bosom of the people, and presented with a nephew. This ready-made relative proved attentive, and Buckley accepted his position with grace, reflecting that if his nephew was not very wise, "there was no chance of his uncle having to pay his tailor's or other bills. A consolation," he adds with some humour, "that many uncles would be glad to possess with equal security."

Buckley soon fell in with the customs of his rescuers, and for the next thirty years lived with them as one of themselves, joining in their fights, and taking a prominent part in their councils.

He was married to a charming but faithless woman, who unmindful of the honour done her, eloped with a young warrior of her own race a fortnight after her marriage. Her justly indignant relatives, however, quickly knocked her on the head, and upheld the sanctity of the marriage tie. Despite his ill-success in the matrimonial lottery, Buckley appears to have found considerable favour in the eyes of the lubras. He relates with calm satisfaction many interesting intrigues, and pauses frequently in his narrative to heave a tender sigh at the recollection of the many ladies who were waddied for his sake. He became at last a sort of father of the people, presiding in the council and issuing orders to the senate. The tribe which originally adopted him were almost totally destroyed in battle, and he then found a home among the friends of one of his wives.

His account of his wanderings is not particularly interesting. The Australian black is as far removed from Uncas and Chingachook, as Uncas and Chingachook are from reality. Mr. Buckley's friends had no medicine men, no tents, no Great Spirit, no fawnskin clothes, no mocassins, no calumets, and no buffalo. They were simply a set of repulsive, filthy savages, who daubed themselves with mud, and knew no pleasure save that of gorging. I am afraid that Mr. Buckley's narrative shows the beautiful fallacy of the Native poetic theory. An Australian Romeo would bear his Juliet off with the blow of a club, and Juliet would prepare herself for her bridal by "greasing herself from head to foot with the kidney fat of her lover's rival." Poor Paris!

However, here and there we get amusing hints of primitive innocence. In happy ignorance of cookery, Mr. Buckley's friends eat "all kinds of beasts, fish, fowl, reptile and creeping thing." They have no notion of mechanical appliance, and a rude dam that Buckley made astonished them greatly. Their arms are spears, clubs, and flint-headed tomahawks, and they spear their fish and dig out their wombats. No genius among them had ever invented a net or a snare. They keep count of time by chalk-marks on the arm. They

paint themselves for battle or feast. They bury their dead in mounds, or suspend them in trees. They eat their enemies, having previously grilled them between heated stones. Affectionate wives preserve the knee-joints of their dead husbands as relics, and wear them round their necks, locket fashion. Deformed children are instantly brained, and the population is kept within reasonable bounds by judicious weeding of an extensive family. A child every two years is considered enough for every reasonable mother, and should she indulge in more, the indignant father cracks its skull against the nearest tree. [Nothing is new, you see—not even Social Science.] Cannibalism is a luxury, not an ordinary practice; but Buckley mentions a tribe called the Pallidurgbarrans, who eat human flesh whenever they get a chance, and employ human kidney fat, not as a charmed ungent for the increase of their valour, but as a sort of Dundee marmalade, viz., "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast." These gentlemen are the colour of "light copper, their bodies having tremendously large and protruding bellies." They ate so many natives at last that war was declared, and some inglorious Pellissier drove a few hundred of them into a cave, and setting fire to the surrounding bush, suffocated them with great success.

When a girl is born she is instantly promised in marriage, and from that time neither she herself nor her mother must speak to the intended son-in-law, nor the son-in-law to them. Marriage is quite *à la mode* with these people. The nearest approach, however, that they make to civilization is in popular theology. They believe that the earth is supported on props, which are in charge of an old man who lives at the most remote corner of the earth. Occasionally this old man sends a message to say that unless he gets a supply of tomahawks and rope to cut and tie more props with, the earth will "go by the run, and all hands will be smothered." One of these messages arrived while Buckley was there, and he says that intense excitement prevailed, and tomahawks galore were sent on to the "old man." "Who this knowing old juggling thief is," says Buckley, "I could never make out. However, it is only one of the same sort of robberies which are practised in the other countries of what are called Christendom." Popular theology is accustomed to cry out for "more props."

At last, after thirty-two years of savage life, Buckley met two natives, one of whom carried a flag over his shoulders. He had long given up all hope of meeting with white men; he had forgotten his language and almost his name, but the sight of the flag gave him a strange shock. The natives told him that they had seen a vessel at anchor in Port Phillip Bay, near the Indented Heads, and, all hands having left her on a boat expedition up the river, they had climbed on board and helped themselves. They proposed to Buckley to go back with them and help to decoy the people on shore, when they would kill them and seize the cargo. Now for the first time the hope of escape from the hideous liberty he had sought arose. He pretended to fall in with their views, and going down to the seashore, made every effort to privately attract the attention of the new comers. But he had forgotten the English tongue, and could only make hoarse and

unintelligible noises. Twice a boat approached him, and twice, hearing his frantic gibberish and seeing his savage costume, the sailors laughed and pulled off.

While watching the vessel, the natives told him that some years before another vessel had anchored in the same place, and two white men were brought ashore by four or five others, who tied them to trees and shot them, leaving their bodies bound. There were many such mysteries of the sea in those times.

In a few days more the vessel departed, and poor Buckley going to the spot where he had last seen her crew land, found a white man's grave—grim answer to his hopes and prayers. A few months after this he found a boat stranded on the shore, and learned that two sailors had been saved and well-treated by the natives, who wished to bring them to him, but that the castaways, suspicious and ill at ease, had gone off in the direction of the Yarra. There they were savagely murdered. A vessel would seem to have been wrecked somewhere on the coast, for barrels were found. One of these contained what Buckley, who found it, supposed to be beer or wine, but the flavour appeared "horribly offensive" to him, and he staved the cask.

At last his "good time" arrived. One day two young natives met him, and, waving coloured handkerchiefs, informed him that three white and six black men had been landed from a ship which had gone away again, and that they had erected two tents. The natives suggested murder and robbery, and told Buckley that they were in search of another tribe in order to fall upon the white men more effectually. Alarmed by this intelligence, Buckley started for the white camp, and, reaching it next day, sat down at some little distance and made signs to his countrymen. His strange colour, his wild garb, and his gigantic height appeared to alarm them, but they spoke kindly to him. Buckley could neither understand nor reply. At last one man offered him some bread, "calling it by its name," and as he did so, Buckley says, "a cloud appeared to pass from over my brain, and I repeated that and other English words after him." They took him to their tents and gave him biscuit, tea, and meat. He showed them the initials W. B. on one of his arms, and they regarded him as a shipwrecked seaman. Little by little he recovered the use of his tongue, and could speak with them. They told him that the vessel which had landed them would be back from Launceston in a few days with more people and a fresh supply of tools; and that they were about to settle in the country, and had already bought land of the native chiefs. "This," says Buckley, "I knew could not have been, because, unlike other savage communities or people, they have no chiefs claiming or possessing superior right over the soil, theirs being only as heads of families."

The natives now began to assemble in great numbers, and announced to Buckley their intention of killing the new settlers, desiring him to aid them, and threatening him that they would sacrifice him with the weaker party if he refused. Buckley was a little frightened at this, but succeeded in persuading his old friends

to wait until the return of the ship, when, he said, the amount of plunder would be increased. The ship not returning as soon as was expected, the natives began to grow impatient, and then Buckley, throwing off all disguise, openly sided with the white men, and, arming himself with a gun, vowed he would shoot through the head the first man who flung a spear. This threat, and a promise of unlimited presents, kept them quiet, and at last the vessel arrived. She brought Batman and his party, and having landed the stores, returned next day to Van Diemen's Land. Buckley now told his story, and Mr. Wedge promised to use his interest with Governor Arthur to get him a free pardon. He was installed in the meantime as interpreter and guide to the expedition. When the vessel returned, Batman went on board and fired off his gun as a signal to Buckley that his pardon had arrived. The next day he received that document, dated 25th August, 1835, exactly thirty-two years from the date of his landing from the ship "Calcutta."

By this vessel instructions were brought to the directors of the company to proceed further up the Yarra, and in three days the site of Melbourne was marked out. The next vessel brought Mr. Gellibrand and a number of settlers, to whom Buckley was engaged as interpreter, at a salary of £50 a year and rations. He accompanied them in an exploring expedition, and assisted Mr. Batman to build the "first habitation regularly formed at Port Phillip," a house on Batman's hill.

The tide of immigration now poured into the new settlement, and Melbourne became a township. Captain Lonsdale (of Buckley's old regiment) came over with a detachment of the 4th to assume the command of the colony, and made Buckley his personal attendant. He was now in clover, was well-dressed, well-fed, and a man of no small importance. He quarrelled with a Mr. Fawkner from Launceston, "who had been an old settler, but had no connection with the company." He acted as constable, and hunted down and apprehended a black-fellow for killing a shepherd. Governor Bourke and several officers of the New South Wales Government visiting the place, Buckley received him at the head of 100 natives "ranked in line, and saluting him by putting their hands to their foreheads" as he directed. The Governor was interested in the "wild white man," and asked him many questions about his wild life. Buckley replied with suitable dignity, and ended by accompanying His Excellency into the interior—about as far as Mordialloc—and showing him the lions. On his return he heard of the loss of Mr. Gellibrand and Mr. Hesse, and volunteered to look for them. The loss of these gentlemen threw the settlement into a great state of consternation. They had attempted to ride from Geelong to Melbourne, and had been lost in the bush. It was generally thought that they were murdered by the blacks, and several natives were shot without the slightest reason. All search for the missing men proved unsuccessful, and Buckley returned. An absconder from Van Diemen's Land being apprehended about this time, Buckley was sent in charge of him to Launceston, and returned

in a steam-vessel, having on board Captain Fyans, who had been appointed Resident Magistrate at Geelong.

He now seems to have been discontented with his position, "and finding that some persons were always throwing difficulties in the way of my interests, and not knowing what might be the result, I determined on resigning office, and on leaving a colony where my services were so little known, and so badly appreciated by the principal authorities."

On the 28th December, 1837, Buckley sailed from Melbourne, in the "Yarra Yarra," and landed in Hobart Town on the 10th of January, following. Here he was made much of, public-houses were thrown open to him, and strangers stood treat to him. One gentleman took him to the theatre, and "one of the performers came to ask me if I would like to visit the place again and come upon the stage." Buckley, with that wild desire to go "behind the scenes" which thirty-two years of barbarism had not shaken out of him, said that he would like it much. The next day, however, he discovered the reason of his friend's kindness, he was to be exhibited as the Anglo-Australian giant! "I soon," says he, "gave a denial to any such display, very much to the mortification, as I afterwards understood, of the stage manager, who had publicly notified my appearance." I wonder who was this ingenious dog. He doubtless gauged the public taste accurately—Buckley would have been a "good draw."

Shortly afterwards a Mr. Cutts, one of his old shipmates in the "Calcutta," who had now become a wealthy and respectable settler near Green Ponds, made interest with Sir John Franklin, and Buckley was appointed assistant storekeeper at the Hobart Town Immigrants Home; and when that establishment was broken up, he was transferred to the Female Nursery as gatekeeper.

At the Immigrants Home he "became acquainted with a family consisting of a respectable mechanic, his wife and daughter," and the mechanic being killed by the natives near the Murray River, Buckley proposed for the widow and was accepted. He was married in March, 1840.

Ten years afterwards he was paid off by the Convict Department, with a pension of £12 a year, and on this, and a subscription raised by his friends, he lived until his death, which occurred in February, 1856, when he had attained the age of seventy-six.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN LAND BUBBLE.

AMONG the many bubbles of speculation that, reflecting in their shining sides prismatic worlds of fortune, have been destined to burst in the most commonplace of soapsuds, it would be unfair to class the speculation-born colony of South Australia. But, though neither so magnificently blown as its prototype of the South Seas, nor reflecting such elegant foolishness as that most glorious bladder blown in the Rue Quicamfoix, the South Australian bubble was quite as flimsy and quite as dangerous. Luckily, a fact unsuspected by its blower saved it from bursting—the soapsuds were made with mineral water, the pursuers of the floating globe fell into a quagmire, but found a copper mine.

In the year 1829, Captain Sturt, exploring the Murrumbidgee, came to Lake Alexandrina—a shallow sheet of water, sixty miles long by forty in breadth—and discovered the future province of South Australia. Almost simultaneously with his discovery was published in London a little book entitled, *A Letter from Sydney*, edited by Mr. Robert Gouger, and written by Mr. Gibbon Wakefield.

I have neither the inclination nor the ability to give in this place an exhaustive article upon the immigration question, still less to comment at length upon the system of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, but a slight sketch of the scheme laid down by that ingenious theorist may not be altogether unacceptable.

The *Letter from Sydney* produced, as it deserved to do, a profound sensation upon speculators in England. Its author was a man of ability, and wrote with taste and elegance. Placing the most audacious misstatements side by side with the most brilliant sketches of place and people, he covered the fallacy of his argument by the brilliance of his wit. The catherine-wheels flashed so dazzlingly that one could not see how slender was the stick on which they turned. The *Letter from Sydney* was written with a purpose. It purported to be from the pen of a gentleman of taste and fortune, who, emigrating to Australia under the impression that his easily-purchased land would prove remunerative, found himself poor for want of the means to develop his riches—for want of men to hew down his magnificent forests of timber, tenants to rent his fat and fertile farm land, and miners to bring to the surface his wealth of iron, coal, and copper. Interspersed with exquisite descriptions of scenery and humorous sketches of colonial discomfort, and colonial society, he draws a succession of pictures of the misery which would befall the landowners whenever the cessation of convict-shipping should leave them dependent on free labour.

Having thus prepared the mind of his reader for some sweeping reform, Mr. Wakefield proposes his modest remedy—to raise the price of land. Cheap land makes dear labour; for the working-man who by economy and industry accumulates enough money to purchase a "house and home," will decline to hire himself to reap those fruits which he shall not enjoy. Cheap land makes cheap independence, and cheap independence is fatal to individual wealth. The author of a *Letter from Sydney* pointed out with dismay that in a country where "common" labourers could maintain themselves without seeking hired service, the "gentleman" who desired to sell timber, grain, or coals, must hew, reap, and dig for himself, and such proceedings have been disdained by "gentlemen" in all ages. In this wretched country of Australia Mr. Wakefield found that "intellect and refinement," as he viewed them—that is to say, the reading of purposeless novels and the lettered leisure of the idle wealthy,—were altogether at a discount, and that the "common" folk, such as mechanics, farm labourers, and men who ought to be dying by inches in factories, or starving unmurmuringly in the overpopulated agricultural districts of England, were the only people who could "enjoy" colonial life. Dear labour meant independence to the labourer, cheap labour meant wealth to the capitalist, and the author of *A Letter from Sydney* being a capitalist, desired to increase his capital. He longed for parks and palaces, for gardens, fountains, picture galleries, and preserves—not that the labourers who were to help him to obtain all these fine things might share in the enjoyment of them, but that he himself might become in Australia the monopolist he was too poor to become in England. The method he advised for the accomplishment of the monstrous design was ingenious in its speciousness. Land was to be made so dear that labourers "could not obtain it too soon;" that is to say, a wealthy man could purchase by main force of his wealth, and compel the poor man to hire himself in order to till and reap. A portion of the money thus invested in land by the rich man was to go into a fund for the bringing out of emigrants, who might "further benefit the capitalist," by lowering the price of labour, and who were to consist of healthy young married couples. Thus the rich man would be spared the pain of contributing a moiety of his wealth to support the aged and the sick. A succession of "common" young men and women arriving by a succession of ships would compete with each other for the honour of hewing his trees and drawing his water, and to such young men and women was held out the delightful prospect of earning by an artificially enforced servitude the right to settle on the land which they could obtain now for the mere trouble of tilling it. This system was termed the "sufficient price" system, and as such has been partially adopted in New South Wales and New Zealand.

The book took the public by assault, it was at once so plausible and so pathetic. It touched at once the souls and pockets of men. The rich man saw an easy method of getting richer, the agricultual schemer saw a virgin field for his experiments, the middle-class farmer was enchanted with the notion of rivalling the lord of the manor, and becoming the "squire" of a respectful Australian tenantry,

while the philanthropist admitted that to remove the starving population of St. Giles to a greater Britain situated somewhere in the South Seas, was a suggestion of a most excellent character, and that Mr. Wakefield deserved great credit for it. During the agitation caused by the Reform Bill of 1832, public attention was diverted from Mr. Wakefield, and a company formed under the title of the South Australian Land Company failed to float. In 1833, however, a second company was formed which included Grote the historian and Henry Bulwer, and after some changes of constitution the company, under the title of the South Australian Association, was finally established. By an Act passed in 1834 the tract of country discovered by Sturt was created a province, the minimum price of land fixed at 12s. an acre, and the business of colonization deputed to eight members with Colonel Torrens (proprietor of the *Globe*) as chairman.

Thus established, the most strenuous exertions were made by the Association to ensure the popularity of their enterprise. Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, placed virtually in command, attended the rooms of the Association at the Adelphi, and by sheer force of talk caught bishops, mill-owners, and journalists. The rooms were crowded with members of Parliament, mouth-orators, and pamphleteers, all eager to give to the world the realization of Utopia "at a sufficient price." The post of Governor was offered to Colonel Charles James Napier, but he declined the appointment, and Captain Hindmarsh, R.N., accepted the office. Colonel Light was made Surveyor-General, and Mr. Gouger, Colonial Secretary, while Mr. Fisher (better known to colonists as Sir James Hurtle Fisher) received the post of Resident Commissioner.

Colonel Light was despatched in March, 1836, and Captain Hindmarsh in July; while in November the "Africaine" arrived with Mr. Gouger, a banking association, and the *South Australian Gazette*, a paper first published in London, and taken out wholesale to be "continued" in the new colony. Governor Hindmarsh arriving in December, found fault with the site fixed upon by Colonel Light, as the future capital, "Adelaide," was built upon a creek leading out of St. Vincent's Gulf. The port was a mangrove swamp, seven miles from the city, and the piano of Mrs. Hindmarsh was floated ashore through the surf, to a mud bank covered with the *debris* of immigrants' furniture. Hindmarsh having "read his commission under a gum-tree, in the presence of about 200 immigrants and officials," entered upon his duties by attempting to change the site of the city. As the fortunate first-comers had already purchased "eligible town lots" for a price upon which they had hoped to realize large profits, his efforts received determined opposition, and a quarrel arose between Mr. Fisher and His Excellency which ended in His Excellency's recall. The Association now appointed Colonel Gawler, who united in his own person the offices of Governor and Resident Commissioner, and reconciled conflicting parties.

Immigrants now began to arrive wholesale, and a fierce competition ensued for the "town lots." Now the Commissioners had issued what they termed "preliminary orders" at £72 12s. each, which

enabled the holder to select one acre of capital and 120 acres of country land. The order of this selection was governed by the chances of a lottery, conducted on the principle of those which recently became so notorious in Victoria. The first-comers having made their selections, the remainder of the 12,000 acres of "city" was put to auction and sold to the highest bidder. The majority of these "orders" were in the hands of the South Australian Company. A gigantic "land swindle" was now inaugurated. Instead of South Sea stock, or John Law's paper-money, the speculators trafficked in blocks of country which should be farms, and stretches of turf which would soon be terraces. Mr. Davenport Dunn's scheme was realized, and the "watering-place" was sold before a hut had been built upon it. It will be easily seen that in this lottery the holders of "preliminary orders" had the best of the game. They held virtual pre-emptive rights, and the speculator never knew but that at the last moment his next door neighbour would produce a "preliminary" order and swoop upon the section he had hoped himself to secure. A traffic took place similar to that which had made and marred the adventurous Scotchman, and raised Mr. Secretary Craggs from the footboard to the Council. The "orders" were sold like scrip, and a class of speculators and enthusiasts, of whom Lord Lytton's "Cousin Jack" may be taken as a favourable type, swarmed in the "nine square miles" of the unbuilt city.

Colonel Gawler arrived just precisely when this land-jobbing was at its height, and when the reports of the colony's prosperity had turned the heads of all the "intending immigrants" in England. Nothing was left undone by the Association to secure the success of their infant country. Mr. Gibbon Wakefield was in his glory. He was the apostle of this new gospel of universal happiness at a "sufficient price," and Members of Parliament bitten with the desire to "do something popular" flocked around him eagerly proclaiming the excellence of his teaching and the purity of his motives. Colonel Torrens himself did not disdain to deliver lectures upon the propriety of emigrating at once to Adelaide, and is reported to have monstrously stated that that city held the same position with regard to the valley of the Murray as New Orleans did to the valley of the Mississippi! There was, however, no one to dispute these assertions, and ship-load after ship-load of gentlemen and ladies left England for this Arcadia in the mangrove swamp at St. Vincent's Gulf. To the new-comer the condition of the infant colony was astonishing. The town was formed of iron huts and wooden shanties, in which well-dressed ladies played upon 100-guinea pianos, and gentlemen in the most correct evening costume entertained their friends with champagne and potted meats. Dandies who six months before were strolling up Pall Mall, or lounging in the stalls of the opera-house, waded in patent-leather boots across the sand to leave cards upon newly-arrived families of distinction who—until their parks and palaces became absolute facts—occupied zinc-roofed cabins and weather-board cottages. While labour was in course of becoming cheap, provisions became dear. 8s. and 10s. were

charged for a coarse meal, and "servants" were not to be had at any price. But the lottery supplied money as fast as it was needed, and "young pioneers of civilization" having unpacked their fashionable coats, pieced together their dog-carts, and got their blood horses conveyed ashore at a cost that nearly equalled that of the animals themselves, sold their "preliminary orders," and gave supper parties to each other at the "Southern Cross Hotel" to commemorate the fortunate moment when they first undertook to found an empire. The inexhaustible lottery supplied apparently inexhaustible funds, and as the bank readily discounted the paper of notable purchasers, the sellers found their sections transmuted from barren blocks of unexplored country into cash and credit, both of which seemed illimitable. Into the current madness Governor Gawler seemed to fall. He set up public buildings with ruinous rapidity. He organised a police at a rate of expenditure which seems altogether incommensurate with the then value of such a body. He built roads, wharfs, and hospitals, and erected a Government House at a cost of £20,000. It was so evident that the colony was going to become a second Carthage, that to do less would have seemed mean in the eyes of the colonists. Having done this, he sat down in comfort, guarded by a volunteer corps, and surrounded by a little Court, consisting of the white-handed gentlemen and ladies who were to be the aristocracy of this mighty city of the mangrove swamp.

But this happy state of things was not long to last. Immigration began to check itself, and the price of land to decrease. Wool-growing was found to be more profitable in Port Phillip and New South Wales. The "healthy young married couples," owning to such preposterous things as home affections and family ties, refused to be transplanted to the South Australian Canaan, and such labourers as did come were waiting to be employed by the "gentlemen farmers" who were gambling in Adelaide. Moreover, such plebeian commodities as beef and mutton began to grow scarce, and the Carthaginians felt the pangs of famine. It is probable that the place would have been abandoned altogether but for the "overlanders." "Overlanding" was a profitable and, withal, romantic occupation. Young men of spirit, wearied of the capital, and prompted by love of gain and adventure, purchased cattle and sheep in New South Wales, and drove them "overland" to the "New Orleans" of Colonel Torrens. The journey was not without its perils. Hostile natives attacked these Australian caravans, and the hot winds of the North were no insufficient substitute for the simoom of the Arabian deserts. The scanty streams of the interior were too often dry, and the adventurers, wandering from the track in search of water, were lost in the barren wilderness that bordered this new civilization. Yet "overlanding" had powerful charms. The life was free and vigorous. The trammels of conventionality slipped from off the limbs of these wrestlers with the powers of the desert, and they felt the joy of an almost savage independence. Traversing the great grey forests, or camped by the edge of some friendly

waterhole that, sheltered beneath its solitary clump of trees, at once invited and forbade the journey into the limitless plains ahead of it, the purveying patriarch of this Australian land felt that wonderful and subtle happiness which is born of solitude and silence. Alone, with their flocks and herds in the vast wilderness, they found, for the first time, that individuality which they had lost amid the buzz and roar of the crowded capitals of Europe. There 10,000 items went to swell the sum total of their importance. They were recognised and respected by virtue of a million accidents. Their tailors and bootmakers, married cousins and unmarried uncles, all contributed to make them famous. Even a man who owned the "nattiest groom in London" had a sort of personal reputation, and many a worthy gentleman climbed into notoriety on the shoulders of a cook or a coachman. But in the cattle-yards and the camping-ground such aids to celebrity were unrecognised. Personal prowess and personal intelligence alone availed the ingenuous youth who sought for a place among the "overlanders." Unless he had in him some quality which commanded respect, respect was not accorded to him. But when, after his fatigues, miseries, and regrets, he reined his horse one day on the summit of some mountain-spur, and seeing beneath him the wide waste of the untrodden "bush," awoke suddenly to the consciousness that he was the lord of that wilderness, that in it he could live unmolested and secure, that he could find there a home and a subsistence, with no aid but that of his own hands and his own brains, then for the first time did he discover to what a heritage of power his birthright as a "man" entitled him.

The sleek "Downing Street colonists" of Adelaide were astonished at the arrival of these sons of the wilderness. The "trapper" of the Rocky Mountains found a parallel in the bearded embrowned "overlander," with his keen eye and ragged defiance of formulæ. But with the rags and keenness the parallel stopped. The gentleman stockowner was no more to be compared in social relations to Rube Rawlins than was Rube Rawlins to a gold-stick-in-waiting. Once arrived at Adelaide, the rags and the defiance disappeared, and "new arrivals fortunate enough to be admitted to the evening parties of a lady of 'the highest ton,' were astonished to find, when, to fill up basso in an Italian piece, she called upon a huge man with brown hands, brown face, and a flowing beard, magnificently attired, in whom they recognised the individual they had met the day before in a torn flannel Jersey, with a short black pipe in his mouth." Perhaps the life of an overlander was at that time one of the most agreeable in the colony. The force of endurance and intelligence not only received due acknowledgment in the shape of praise and party-giving, but was substantially recognised in current coin of the realm. Such a combination of circumstances is rare. The banditti-like gentlemen, "who rode blood horses, wore broad-brimmed sombreros trimmed with fur and eagle plumes, scarlet flannel shirts, broad belts filled with pistols, knives, and tomahawks," and who were regarded by the Adelaidians with something of the feeling which greeted "the arrival of a party of successful buccaneers in a quiet seaport with a

cargo to sell, in old Dampier's time," had not only the gratification of being the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, but of making considerable profits on their original outlay. But in the midst of this picturesque extravagance came the final crash. In order to meet the expenses of Utopia—in the way of buildings, roads, and bridges—Colonel Gawler had drawn bills upon the Treasury, and the Commissioners and Association losing credit, a series of drafts to the amount of £69,000 were dishonoured. As soon as this direful intelligence became known, the bubble burst. A rapid exodus took place. The "working men," poor fellows, finding themselves doubly deceived, threw themselves on the Government for support. The population of the city "diminished in twelve months to the extent of 3000 souls." The price of food, rent, and wages fell 50 per cent. Adelaide was almost deserted, and, like the owls and the bats in the Palace of Palmyra, police horses grazed in the gardens of the Governor.

Gawler was dismissed, and Mr. Gibbon Wakefield and his friends endeavoured to put the burden of disgrace upon his shoulders. That they at the time succeeded in doing this there is not a shadow of doubt, and until very lately Colonel Gawler has been held the scapegoat of South Australian colonization. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, knocked the last hole in the bottom of this sinking ship. In 1842, that far-seeing statesman brought in and passed two Acts, one of which fixed the minimum price of land at £1 per acre, while the other handed over the colony to the government of the Colonial Office. The effect of these measures was immediate. As a land-speculating colony South Australia was ruined. It was found, moreover, that agriculture could not be carried on at a profit with hired labour, and the only paying pursuit in the country was wool-growing. The despised "interior" was now let in "runs," and to the colonial Melibœi heaven at last vouchsafed that proverbial wealth which springs from well-pressed woolpacks. Yet even this wealth was long in arriving. The Port of Adelaide was deserted, and the visits of the "overlanders" had ceased. The shipment of wool was attended with difficulty and expense, and it seemed as though the bubble having burst, the soap-suds were more alkaline than is usual.

In this plight, an accident restored the colony to something resembling its pristine glory. "The promoters of the colony," says Mr. Samuel Sidney (to whom, together with Mr. Forster, I am indebted for the materials of this sketch), "had placed coals, marble, slate, and precious stones among their probable exports; but copper and lead had not entered into their calculations." Copper and lead, however, existed, and in 1843, Mr. Dutton and Captain Bagot purchased an eighty-acre section, which contained the "Kapunda mine." South Australia was once more famous. Close upon the "Kapunda" followed the "Burra Burra," and Mr. Kingsley has already told the story of the second speculation-mania.

Application was made to the Governor for a special survey of 20,000 acres, at £1 an acre. The application was granted, and a day and hour fixed for the payment of the £20,000 *in cash*. Now,

cash was scarce, and local interest began to grow despondent. How could famine-stricken Caanan raise £20,000 in cash? To add to the perplexity, arrived from Sydney a party of speculators well supplied with gold, and announced their intentions of buying up the "survey." A flash of the old gambling spirit reanimated Adelaide. Sydney should *not* thus snatch the prize from the grasp of the colonists. On the last day for payment a desperate struggle was made to obtain the needful amount of gold coin. "On that day," says Mr. Sidney, "many secret hoards were dug out; husbands learned that prudent wives had unknown stores, and old women were even tempted to draw their £1 and £2 from the recesses of old stockings. Almost at the last minute the money was collected, counted, and paid, and the richest copper mine in the world rewarded the long-sufferings of the South Australians."

But the whirligig of time brought in its revenges. The "gentlemen" whose interests were so tenderly cared for by Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, were disgusted to think that the "common" labourers should come between this wind of good fortune and their own dilapidated nobility. Was this to be the end of the "sufficient price" system? Forbid it Torrens!

A lottery was proposed, by which either section of the community should win or lose a chance in the unopened mine. The "common" people won, and picked 10,000 acres, which they called "Burra Burra." The "gentlemen" termed the remaining portion the "Princess Royal." In 1850 the £50 scrip of the "gentlemen's" section was not worth £12, while "Burra Burra" was, as Mr. Sidney called it, "the richest copper mine in the world." Despite Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, the "working-man had won the game after all."

Our bubble, cast in copper, may now be likened to one of those contrivances of the domestic cistern which, let the tap turn as it will, always keeps half its bulk above water.

THE FIRST QUEENSLAND EXPLORER.

ON Friday, the 27th of February, 1846, the barque "Peruvian," bound for China with a cargo of hardwood, left Sydney Harbour. The "Peruvian" was commanded by George Pitkethly, and had a full complement of passengers and crew. The captain's brother was first mate, and the captain's wife was also on board. The names of the other passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, child and nurse, and Mr. J. P. Quarry and his little daughter. The breeze was fresh, and all had hopes of a successful passage. On Sunday night, however, the wind increased to a gale, and on Tuesday the "fine weather" sails were blown out of the bolt ropes. On Friday every stitch of canvas was taken off, and the vessel drove under bare poles. On Saturday, however, the weather moderated a little, and that night, during the first watch, the mate made more sail. The captain held consultation with his brother, and calmed the fears of his wife and the lady passengers by telling them the worst of the danger was now over. It seemed, however, that during the gale the ship had been driven out of her course, for Pitkethly said that she was in the neighbourhood of the Horseshoe Reef, and desired the hands to keep a look out for broken water. Thus, having got all things snug, Sunday night passed over. Between three and four o'clock on Monday morning, however, an unexpected calamity happened. A man named James Murrell had been at the helm from twelve to two, and had been relieved by the eldest apprentice. The second mate was officer of the watch, and the brothers Pitkethly were below asleep in their bunks. The night was cloudy, and from out of the dusk ahead of them the second mate saw suddenly rise something that was "either land or a dark cloud." He ran down to the captain and returned as quickly as possible. Just as he reached the deck the vessel struck upon a rock, and a terrific sea sweeping over her stern, carried him overboard, and "he was never seen again." The shock awakened all on board, and the captain and crew ran up in great confusion, many still in their night-dresses. A glance explained the position of the ship. The "Peruvian" was fast on the rock, and the sea running high, nothing could be done but wait for morning. This the shivering wretches, crouched under the lee of the cuddy, resolved to do.

When day broke, the full danger of their position became apparent. No land was in view, but as far as the eye could reach, the points of the rocks pierced the white surf. The "Peruvian" had run upon the very centre of an impassable reef. The captain ordered the boats to be got over the side, and the jolly-boat was hung in the

tackles and lowered. The moment she touched the broken water she went to pieces. The long-boat was old and shaky, but she was their only chance. They launched her over the side, intending to keep her there until they could get the women and provisions into her, but the sea ran so high that she was filled as she hung in the tackle. The situation was now indeed desperate, and when the captain, who seemed beside himself with anxiety, ordered some hands to jump in and bale out the water, they refused. The condition of the old and battered boat was such that none would risk their lives in her, except one man—the captain's brother. The younger Pitkethly commenced to bale, but as he lifted the second bucket to the gunwale, the heaving of the sea jerked the stern-post out of the boat, and the fore-tackle getting adrift, she was carried away from the wreck on the next wave. Lines were thrown to the unfortunate man, but none reached him. He saw that his case was hopeless, and bidding good-bye to his brother and his brother's wife, sat down in the bows beside a live sheep that had been penned there and calmly waited for his death. It was not long. In a few minutes the long-boat sank, and he went down in her without a cry.

Upon this—the last chance being gone—the captain called all hands into the cabin and prayed. This course of conduct was productive of good. The spectacle of women and children who needed their aid, calmed and sobered into self-reliance the excited sailors, and the women and children were encouraged by the sight of so many sturdy brave men ready and willing to help them. Going on deck again, the propriety of making a raft was discussed, and though it was gloomily admitted that the chance of being picked up was an extremely remote one, it was resolved to try this last expedient. They cut away the spars, and bound together first the mizzen, then the mainmast—a difficult task, for, says Murrell, "they came down with the sails all flying." Working in imminent peril of his life from every sea that washed over the wreck, Pitkethly at last gave the last blow to the last nail. The masts and spars lashed together, and graced with a sort of platform in the middle, formed a rude raft, and with infinite toil they got the unwieldly thing afloat by middle-day Sunday. All this time the sea was pouring over the torn and mangled bulwarks, and the ship was literally bursting with the water she had swallowed. Each instant it was thought that she would go to pieces.

Provisions had been previously collected for the boats, but when search was now made for them, it was found that the bread had been spoiled by the salt water, and nearly all the preserved meat washed overboard. All that the poor wretches could muster were nine tins of preserved meat, a small keg of water, and a little brandy. This scanty store being stowed in the safest portion of the raft, with the captain's instruments and charts, blankets were spread for the women and children, and the vessel abandoned. There were then on the raft three women—Mrs. Pitkethly (the captain's wife), Mrs. Wilmot, and the nurse-girl. The rest of the crew were Wilmot and Quarry, the captain, the carpenter, the sailmaker, the cook, four able seamen, four apprentices, and two negroes—stowaways who had been detected

the night after leaving Sydney Heads. It was intended to hold by the ship for a day or so, and if possible build a boat out of the boat-planks aboard, but in the middle of the first night the strength of the current swept the raft from her moorings and carried her out to sea. When morning broke the deadly reef was just visible on their lee, with the wreck sticking on its back like a slug on a black bough.

Left thus face to face with the ocean and their fate, the little company made a compact among themselves. The stores should be divided equally, and there should be no drawing of lots "to take each other's lives." At first matters seemed rather cheerful. The captain directed the course of the raft, and by the aid of their sail they made forty miles a day. They were in high hopes of reaching land. Three tablespoonfuls of preserved meat a day were served out to each person, and the water was measured in the neck of a glass bottle—four such drams—one in the morning, two in the middle of the day, and the other in the evening—being allowed to each. Occasionally a few birds came on board, and the raw flesh and hot blood were looked upon as delicacies. This lasted for twenty-two days.

Then the usual agony began. On the twenty-third day they saw a sail, which kept in sight for four hours, but finally disappeared. "This," says Murrell, "greatly disappointed us." The preserved meat began to run short. The allowance of water was decreased day by day. The poor women, crouched under the lee of the platform, were told, that in a few days there would be no meat, and no water. These days became hours, and then one morning the last morsel was devoured, and still no land appeared.

Mr. Quarry, who had been a long time ailing, told the man next him that he would die now, and did die next morning. His little daughter was yet alive, and cried over the corpse. Fearfully mindful of their "compact," the survivors stripped the body instantly and threw it overboard. The sharks tore it to pieces before their eyes, and the captain who seems to have been a God-fearing man, read the burial service over the great graveyard on which they floated. That evening they caught a rock-cod fish with a line and hook baited with white rag, and cut it into equal parts. Two more days passed, and they caught a fish each day. Then it rained, but the exhausted creatures seem to have neglected to secure as large a supply of water as they might have done. The two children now died. Mrs. Wilmot's baby went first, then little Miss Quarry, and lastly Mrs. Wilmot herself. Her husband "took off what clothing she had on, which was only a nightdress, and threw her into the sea, but he told us if we were men we would not look at her." The body of this poor lady floated near the raft for more than twenty minutes. During the next day two more men died, and "then," says Murrell, "they dropped off one after the other very rapidly, but I was so exhausted myself that I forget the order of their names."

The condition of the survivors was terrible, yet, true to their promise, they abstained from cannibalism. The captain, however, suggested a method of procuring food that seems to well-dined folks

sitting beside cheerful home fires almost as repulsive. The sharks swarmed round the raft; and if they had but a bait they could catch them. There was really bait enough. They cut off the leg of a man who had died and tied it to the end of an oar, while half way up the oar was a running bowline, through which the fish must put his head to take the bait. One man held out this hideous fishing-rod while the other held the bowline. A shark came, and was caught. The carpenter killed him with his axe, and cutting the monster into strips they made a hearty meal of him. This plan was pursued with success for some days. At last they espied shore, and were driven down the coast. Twice they attempted to land, and twice did an adverse breeze drive their unhappy craft out to sea. At last, at midnight, on the forty-second day since they abandoned the wreck of the "Peruvian," they landed on what is now known as the southern point of Cape Cleveland. Of the twenty-two souls who had left the wreck only seven remained—Mr. Wilmot, James Gooley, John Millar (the sailmaker), one of the boys, James Murrell (the narrator), and the captain and Mrs. Pitkethly.

An attempt was made to get water, but it was not successful, and wearied out, the seven lay down on the sand and fell asleep. That astonishing run of good fortune which had followed them during their terrible passage across the sea, and had supplied them with birds and fish, did not yet desert them. It came on to rain in the night, and in the morning, the holes of the rocks were full of fresh water. When the sun got up, the captain took a glass out of a telescope which he had preserved, and lighting by its means a piece of rag, kindled a fire, at which lumps of shark were boiled and greedily devoured. In the course of the day oysters were found by the captain, who appears to have divided them between himself and his wife, for Murrell says, that "the others" were compelled to crawl and get some for themselves. On this desolate rock might was right, and the captain had the axe. In a few days Mr. Wilmot and Gooley gave up the fight. They were too sore and sick to crawl to the oyster bed, "so they lay down by a waterhole and died, nobody being equal to provide for more than themselves."

For five days more this agony continued, and then the captain, "in his rambles," came across a native canoe containing lines and spears. Millar, the sailmaker, determined to go away in this canoe, and try and reach civilisation. In vain did his comrades attempt to dissuade him. He was determined. A quick death in the breakers was preferable to a long torture on the barren reef. He started, and the sea he had defied so long swallowed him up. His body was afterwards found on the shores of the next bay. The little company, now diminished by three, received a still further shock. As Murrell and the captain were crawling over a hill into the adjoining bay, they saw a full-rigged ship running down the inside channel. They had no means of signalising her, and sitting down on the rocks watched her slowly disappear—with what bitterness of spirit one can easily guess. They then came upon the tracks of natives, and followed them as far as they could, but the rain had rendered their footprints illegible

to their inexperienced eyes, and after dragging themselves a little farther they returned wearily to camp.

Two days after this poor Mrs. Pitkethly said that she heard the blacks "whistling and jabbering round about her;" but she was in a very low state of health, and her assertion was treated as the hysterical fancy of a nervous woman. She was right, however. It appears that the natives believe that falling stars indicate the presence of a hostile tribe, and over the place where the poor shipwrecked creatures had been fighting with death many stars had appeared to fall. The natives observing this circumstance—the wandering shepherds of old would have called it a "miracle"—came down to the rocks, and one of the boys, who was lamed with boils on his legs, was seen crawling through the shingle. Mrs. Pitkethly persisted in her statement, and at last went out on the rocks to see for herself. On the cliff above them were a number of natives. "Oh, George," cried the poor soul, "we have come to our last now; here are such a lot of wild blacks."

But the intentions of the natives were friendly. They came down holding out their hands in token of amity, and snuffing curiously round the strangers, felt them all over from head to foot. So affectionate did they become, indeed, that ten old men insisted on sleeping in the cave with them. In the morning a further discussion arose. Murrell and the lad were claimed as "jumped-up whitefellows" belonging to a tribe at Mount Elliot, while poor Pitkethly and his wife were similarly claimed by a tribe living at Cape Cleveland. This dispute seemed likely to end in an awkward quarrel, but was ultimately adjusted by a division of the spoil of the raft. The natives—as usual—dressed themselves in the coats, trousers, and other garments saved from the wreck, and some even tore the leaves out of the few books and fastened them in their hair. Having thus seized upon everything of value, they commenced to strip the prisoners, but the boy begging to be permitted to keep his shirt, and endeavouring to impress them by pointing to the sun, that unless he was so allowed he would infallibly be roasted, they graciously gave him back the garment. The captain was, however, stripped completely naked, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that poor Mrs. Pitkethly was allowed to retain her scanty garments.

Some roots, seemingly of the truffle order, were now brought, and the natives signified their desire for the strangers to join with them in a corrobboree. This was impossible, but Murrell, by way of compromise, as gentlemen at evening parties transmute "the singing of a song" into the "telling a story," sang them a hymn—

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform"—

at which they were much pleased. The sight of the grinning savages surrounding the four poor shipwrecked creatures singing a hymn about the providence of God must have been a strange one.

Received into the camp, they gradually recovered their strength and learned the language. Immense corrobborees were held over

them, and natives crowded from all parts to see them. Murrell expressed a wish to go back to his white friends, and it was agreed that the natives should let him know whenever a ship was seen near the coast. Yet their kindness was rough at times. They seemed to regard their captives as pretty and curious toys to be shown to the best advantage, and the attendance of the "white men" was demanded at every corrobboree. Murrell gives an interesting description of the ceremony of the Boree, or making the lads men, which is too long to quote here. It consists principally in undergoing various torments designed to test courage. Cane rings are put on the arms of the youths, and tightened so as to impede the circulation of the blood. "Their arms swell very much, which puts them in great agony. They are then left in that torture all night. Their cries are terrible to hear. To keep their fingers from contraction and thus deforming them, they sit with their hands and fingers spread out on the ground, with the heels of their feet pressed closely on them. In the morning they are brought out in the presence of their mothers, sisters, and relatives, and just above and below the mark of the cane ring on their arms they make small incisions to let the blood flow"—a curious way of celebrating a coming of age, and, if possible, more unpleasant than the many unpleasant ceremonies practised by all savage tribes. In happy Europe the "heir" only gets drunk.

The Queensland blacks appear to differ but little in their customs from others of like race. They burn their dead and carry the ashes about in a sheet of bark for twelve months, when they throw them into a waterhole. Their religious belief is of the most negative character. They say that their forefathers witnessed a great flood, and all the people in the world were drowned except some half-dozen who went up into a high mountain—Bibbiringda (inland to the north bay of Cape Cleveland). Murrell thinks that this is some dim recollection of the Noachian deluge. It is strange that aboriginals who have no tradition of their many wars, and whose memory is so slight as to tell them nothing about their father's father, should invariably hold the most orthodox recollections of the Noachian deluge. They live on roots, fish, fruits, and birds. The men have several wives, and imitate the example of the sententious Cato in their treatment of them.

For seventen years Murrell lived among these fellows. His companions died. The boy went first and then the Captain. Unhappy Pitkethly could endure his position no longer. He and his wife were there in the midst of savages, almost without clothes, and compelled to conform to the barbarous practices of the country. He seems to have felt more for his unhappy wife than for himself. "Up to this time," says Murrell, speaking of two years from the date of the landing, "she managed, by dint of great difficulty to keep herself partially covered, but he knew it could not last much longer, and the thought of her having to come so low, and her utter helpless condition, was too much for him—he sank under it." Four days afterwards poor Mrs. Pitkethly followed her husband, and both bodies were buried by Murrell's request, in the sand together. Unhappy

creatures! It is difficult to imagine a more dreadful death for a carefully-nurtured woman.

The slow years rolled on with Murrell, until, like Buckley, he had all but forgotten his own language, his own name, all save the memory of his native land. At last ships began to appear. A vessel came to the shore while Murrell was absent, and the sailors gave shirts to the natives. Then another ship was seen, and the natives, remembering their companion's wish, attempted to attract the attention of the crew, but the Englishmen, not understanding their wild shoutings and yellings, fired at them and drove them away.

Not long after this a white man with two horses came upon some natives lamenting the death of an old man, and, raising his gun, shot the old man's son who was lying on his father's body. For this act of treachery he was, not unjustly, massacred by the tribe. Murrell says that this man was a Mr. Humphrey, of Port Denison, who was out looking for a "new track." After this several white men were seen, and also tracks of cattle, and Murrell determined to make an effort for liberty. He told the tribe that his countrymen fired at them because they did not understand their language, but that he would go and explain to them. After some demur they consented, and the man who lived with Murrell sent his gin with him to approach a white man's hut which they had discovered some miles down the coast. Getting clear of the scrub, the exile saw the smoke of the chimney, and the sheep feeding on the grass. The sight of these strange animals so terrified the gin that she ran back alone. Murrell went into a waterhole where he washed himself as white as he could, and then "standing on the fence to keep the dogs from biting him," he hailed the hut. There were three men living there, but one, the shepherd, was looking after the sheep. Another one came out, and one cried, "Bill, here's a yellow man standing on the rails, naked. He's not a black man—bring the gun." Poor Murrell, in terror, cries, "Don't shoot. I am a British object, a shipwrecked sailor. Of course," he adds, "I meant subject, but in the excitement of the moment I did not know what I said." The two men, whose names were Hatch and Wilson, received him kindly, and heard his story. They asked him if he knew what day and date it was? He said he did not. "Sunday, the 25th January, 1863. You have been lost seventeen years." He tried to eat bread, but it choked him, and he had lost relish for tea and sugar. By-and-by the shepherd, Creek, came home, and Murrell unfolded his plans. He would go back to the blacks as a sort of ambassador of peace and goodwill. The three white men accepted this conclusion, adding, as a sort of rider to Murrell's original proposition, that if he did *not* come back in the morning, they would put the black trackers on his trail, and shoot him.

Arrived at the camp Murrell did his best for his countrymen, and, by exaggerating their numbers and strength, induced his protectors to promise an "equitable division" of the country. The natives implored him to remain with them, but he reminded them of the threat of the "trackers," and was firm. The parting, as Murrell describes it, was affecting. "When I was coming away, the man I

was living with burst out crying, so did his "gin," and several of the other "gins" and men. It was a wild, touching scene. The remembrance of their past kindness came full upon me and quite overpowered me. There was a short struggle between the feeling of love I had for my old friends and companions, and the desire once more to live a civilised life which can be better imagined than described." He returned to the hut, was fed and clothed, and returned to his right mind. At the end of a fortnight he was taken into the newly-made town of Bowen, where a subscription was raised for him. Thus snatched from barbarism, he ran the usual little round of tea parties. People were eager to hear this newly-caught lion roar. From Port Denison he was passed to Rockhampton, and from Rockhampton to Brisbane. At Brisbane a pious Baptist got hold of him, and "publicly baptised him on a profession of faith in Christ." He was received as a "lion" at Government House, and eventually accepted an official crumb in the shape of a keepership of bonded stores. Upon the strength of this appointment he married, and lived comfortably, becoming possessed of freehold property. He was a general favourite with the inhabitants, and was popularly known as "Jemmy." In appearance he was short and thick-set, with sunken eyes and a wide mouth. His teeth were worn down to the gums, "for," says his biographer (Mr. Gregory), "they were his only knife for years." His hardships had told upon his health, and he suffered greatly from rheumatism. Nevertheless, he was active and cheerful, and not without a hankering after his old life. He offered his services to the Leichhardt expedition, but they were not accepted—the *Port Denison Times* thinks to the injury of the expedition. He was born at Heybridge, near Maldon, and was bred to the sea, and his first voyage to the colonies was made in the "Ramales" to Hobart Town. He died at Port Denison on the 30th October, 1863, at the age of forty-one, leaving a wife and one child. His death was considered almost a public calamity, and was thus spoken of by the local press :—

"It is our mournful duty," says the *Port Denison Times*, "to record the death of the pioneer white man in the north—James Murrell—which took place on Monday, 30th October. For some time he had been suffering from a wound received in the knee during his sojourn among the aboriginals, which had been attacked with rheumatism, and ultimately brought on inflammation and fever, which resulted in his death. . . . . Jemmy was devotedly attached to his wife and child, and during his late illness, when his mind passed, as in a dream, through the scenes of misery and care of his exile, he always returned to his wife and child, and his only care seemed to be that they should in future be provided for. He was a general favourite throughout the district, and when his death became known in the town on Monday, the whole of the flags at the ships in harbour, and at the various stores throughout the town, were lowered to half-mast. The funeral took place yesterday, and was attended by a large number of mourners, including many of our influential citizens. The men belonging to the Pilot Station had

asked and obtained permission to act as bearers to their old comrade's remains. The police also attended, and moved in the procession next the hearse; then came the mayor and the police-magistrate, followed by a long string of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians."

Such is the strange story of the first Queensland explorer, and it is given—with details necessarily omitted here—in a pamphlet, edited by Mr. Gregory, and published at the *Courier* Office, Brisbane, in 1865.

AN AUSTRALIAN CRUSOE.

ON the 22nd of May, 1796, Henry Goodridge, the landlord of the "Crown and Anchor Commercial Inn," in the town of Paignton, near Torbay, in Devon, took an additional horn of ale because that a son was born to him.

The Goodridges are a well-known and respected family in Paignton. Indeed, that village consists, to speak generally, of but three families—the Goodridges, the Hunts, and the Browses—and the three are so intermingled by marriage that there is not a Hunt or a Browse that is not in some way related to a Goodridge. The birth of young Charles, therefore, was the cause of some festivity, and gossips predicted great things of him. The brat, however, did not appear likely to flourish, being "subject to fits and weakness." He squinted terribly, moreover, and Mr. Thompson, the "surgeon of the village," despaired of him. As he grew he gained strength, and, under the tuition of Mistress Lome, the village "school madam," became an expert in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Paignton, communicating as it does with Brixham and Dartmouth, was frequently visited by sailors "ashore" for the spending of their pay, and the reckless jollity of these fellows begat in Charles Goodridge a desire for a seafaring life. As Mr. Oldmixon descended with his crew of valiant mariners upon the staid seaport of Bideford, and inflamed the minds of the wandering fishers with tales of glory on the Spanish main, so did the tars from the "fleet" heat the imaginations of the honest men of Devon with their yarns, anent thrashing the "Mounseers," and pouching the prize money. Master Goodridge—despite that his father kept an inn on the Western road, and was a warm man, with his stocking comfortably lined—must needs go to sea, and at the age of thirteen hired himself as cabin-boy on board the "Lord Cochrane," a hired armed brig stationed off Torbay to protect the fishing craft against the French cruisers.

The commander, Lieutenant Joseph Tyndal, agreed to take the lad for "three months on trial," and at the end of that time he was bound apprentice to the owners, Mr. Martin Gibbs and Mr. Bulteel. Fairly entered upon the life he had chosen for himself, Goodridge experienced a fair share of the adventures current at that epoch. He fought a Portingallo with knives, and, to the honour of Devon, thrashed him soundly. He came nigh to losing his life in a storm off the coast of Wexford, and took part in an action with a French privateer. In 1813 he shipped on board the "Trial," Captain Woolcott, of Dartmouth, engaged to transport parts of the 20th and 38th regiments of foot to St. Sebastian, then to fight the French in Portugal and

Spain. Having landed the troops, not without some firing from the forts surrounding the harbour, the "Trial," with six other vessels, was despatched to Bilboa to take home French prisoners, and Goodridge hints darkly of the horrors of the passage. The "Trial" then returned to Spain with medicines and stores for the army, but Goodridge did not sail in her. A fortunate circumstance for him, as she was totally wrecked at St. Andero. The next five years were spent in voyaging in any trader that would ship him, and notwithstanding that he was twice shipwrecked, and once nearly captured by pirates, his ardour for the sea was in no way abated. Being at home in April, 1820, his mother vehemently prayed him to remain, but he—headstrong and hot-blooded—vowed that he would ship for a longer voyage than any he had hitherto attempted, and would not return home for seven years. His vow was fulfilled with interest.

Going to London on the 1st of May, 1820, he found a cutter of seventy-five tons, the "Princess of Wales," commanded by Captain William Veale, about to sail on a sealing trip to the South Seas, and instantly, full of hope of adventure, entered on board of her. The date of this turning-point in his fortune was rendered remarkable by the fact that it was the day on which the Cato Street conspirators were executed, and Goodridge going to witness the brutal ceremony, came nigh being pressed to death in the crowd. The "Princess of Wales" had formerly been a Margate hoy, and was bought by Messrs. Barkworth and Brook, of 80 Old Broad Street, London, specially for this expedition. The crew consisted of the commander, the mate (Mathias Mazora, an Italian), ten mariners, and three boys. The "agreement," signed by owners and crew, was to the effect that the vessel "was to proceed to the South Seas after Oil, Fins, Skins, and Ambergris, each mariner to have as his share one out of every ninety Skins procured, the boys proportionately less, the officers proportionately more." So with a fair wind they sail from Limehouse Hole on the 9th of May, and arrived at Torbay on the 16th. Being weatherbound for three days, Goodridge goes to bid farewell to his family at Paignton, and leaves them with a sorrowful heart, his only sister being ill of consumption, and not expected to recover.

On the 3rd of July the "Princess of Wales" arrives at St. Jago, and having watered, crosses the line on the 19th of July, makes for the banks of Brazil, and meeting the westerly gales, steers for Walwich Bay, on the African coast. Here they explore in search of water, and fall in with "500 savages, all naked, but armed with spears." These gentry, however, being informed that the white men had not come to enslave them—their sad experience of white men—grew friendly, and a barter was begun. Says Goodridge: "For small quantities of iron hoop, bread, and tobacco, we obtained bullocks, goats, and ivory. The iron hoop was termed by the natives *cantabar*, the tobacco, *baccassah*."

They round the Cape in boisterous weather, towards the end of September, and, failing to make the islands of Marsaven and Diana, steer for Prince Edward's Islands (lat. 46° 40′ S., long. 38° 3′ E.), which they sight on the 1st of November. Next day they set to

work. The operation of sealing, as pursued by these mariners, is not child's play. There is no harbour for shelter, and it is therefore necessary that one party go ashore provided with provisions, while the remainder of the crew look after the vessel and salt the hides already procured. The wind is violent, and chops perpetually, so that, scarcely having made all snug under the lee of the island, they would be compelled to slip cable and stand out to sea. The land, barren of tree or shrub, affords no shelter for the shore-going party, and their boat, hauled upon shore, serves them for a dwelling-house.* Their provisions are salt pork, bread, coffee, and molasses, and upon this hard fare they are compelled to violent labour in hunting and killing the seals. We can imagine that, cold and wet, cut to the bone by the bleak gales, and soaked by the biting brine, Goodridge and party were not in the most cheerful plight. In addition, moreover, to the physical hardship was the ever-present anxiety that the ship might be driven out to sea by one of the constantly-recurring gales, and that they should see her no more.

The fortune of the party was so dismal that it was resolved to go on to the Crozets, which were made on Christmas Day. The Crozets are about lat. 46° 47′ S., long. 46° 50′ E., and are seldom visited. They are five in number, and form a sort of irregular triangle, the largest being about twenty-five miles in circumference. Barren of herbage, and almost iron-bound, these rocks of mid-ocean serve only as a home for seals, or a roosting-place for wandering sea-birds. The "rookeries" of the King Penguin and the Booby Bird abound, extending sometimes for half a mile along the shore, while the rocks at low-tide are resorted to by large numbers of sea-elephants—a larger kind of seal. In this wild and desolate spot did Captain Veale hope to make the fortune which should rejoice the eyes of his young wife in Devon. The sight of the seal along the shore, the incessant cry of the flocks of gannets and petrels that darkened the air, and the ludicrous aspect of the penguins waddling affrightedly to their nests, inspirited the crew of the cutter, and they landed with high hope.

On the 5th of February, having already collected about 700 skins, it was resolved by Captain Veale that the eight sealers should proceed to the easternmost island, while the remaining six should, under his command, take the vessel to a bay in the island first touched at, where she would, he thought, ride in safety. The division was made as follows :—

The sealing party.—Mathias Mazora, mate, aged 46, in command, Italian ; Dominick Spesinick, aged 50, Italian ; Emanuel Petherbridge, aged 24, Dartmouth ; John Soper, aged 17, Dartmouth ; Richard Millechant, aged 16, Dartmouth ; John Norman, aged 24, London ; John Piller, aged 25, London ; John Walters, aged 46, London. Eight in all. In the vessel.—William

* The method of thus turning a boat into a house is called tussicking. The boat is turned bottom upwards, one gunwale is raised three or four feet, by means of a sort of turf wall, leaving an opening sufficiently large for a man to crawl in or out, as a doorway. A fire of sea-elephant blubber is made at this opening, and each man, on retiring, takes his station between the thwarts of the boat, where he usually rows.

Veale, age 28, in command, Dartmouth; Jarvis Veale, his brother, aged 24, Dartmouth; Henry Parnell, aged 17; William Hooper, aged 28; Benjamin Baker, aged 16, London; John Newbee, aged 24, Hanover; Charles Goodridge, aged 24, Paignton. Seven in all.

It was customary for those on the vessel to visit the sealing party every week with provisions, take on board the skins collected, employing themselves in the meantime in salting those already obtained. The last time such a visit was made was on the 10th of March, in very boisterous weather.

On the 17th, a gale came on from the S.E. Veale thought it advisable to gain an offing, and the "Princess of Wales" slipped her cable accordingly, and stood out to sea. Before she had proceeded any distance it fell a dead and ominous calm, the swell still continuing. It was impossible to launch a boat in that heaving sea, and equally impossible to anchor, for repeated soundings gave no bottom. The island presented to their view a perpendicular cliff, with numerous jagged rocks projecting into the angry sea, and against this cruel wall they were momentarily drifting. It was midnight, and moonless. There was not a breath of air, and the only sound that met their ears was the roar of the surf that was soon to engulf them. Says Goodridge:—

"The suspense was truly awful; indeed the horrors we experienced were far more dreadful than I had ever felt or witnessed, even in the most violent storms; for on such occasions the persevering spirits of Englishmen will struggle with the elements, even to the last blast, or to the last wave that may overwhelm them; but here there was nothing to combat; we were led on by an invisible power. All was calm above us—around us, the surface of the sea, although raised into a mountainous swell, was comparatively smooth; but the distant sound of its continual crash on the breakers, to which we were drawn by an irresistible force, broke on our ears as our death-knell, and every moment brought us nearer to what appeared inevitable destruction."

[Readers fond of coincidences can compare Poe's account of the storm at the end of "Arthur Gordon Pym."]

At length, at a little after twelve, the cutter struck with great violence, and was instantly ashore, exposed to the full fury of the waves. Veale desperately got out the boat, and each one flinging into her something he deemed of value, the seven scrambled out of the sinking vessel. A fine rain was falling, the boat was surrounded by rocks, masses of floating kelp impeded their progress, and the nearest shore was a perpendicular cliff of great height. To add to the terror of their situation, an enormous whale driven in by the storm rose close to them and began beating the water "within a few yards of the stern of the boat!" From this strange giant their good fortune preserved them, and by dint of tugging at the oars they succeeded, after four hours' incessant labour, in effecting a landing on the beach. So great was the violence of the surf, that the boat was swamped and nearly carried out to sea. All clinging to her at imminent risk of their own lives, they got her on shore, and turning her bottom upwards,

crept under her, and thus sought sleep, "being all miserably cold, wet, and hungry."

In the morning they held review of their possessions, and found that in addition to the knives, steels, and fire-bags, which each one carried in his belt, they had but a kettle and a frying-pan. The fire-bag, as it is termed, is a necessary to a sealer. It consists of a tinder-box and cotton, secured from the damp in a tarpaulin case. In this lamentable state of affairs they sallied forth to procure food, and speedily despatched a sea-elephant, with whose blubber they kindled a fire by which to cook the more toothsome portions of his carcase.

Thus warmed and fed, an expedition was made over the rocks to the spot where the cutter had foundered the night before, but it was seen at the first glance that all hopes of saving her must be abandoned. She was lying on the rocks on her beam ends, with a large hole gaping in her lower planks, and the still heavy sea breaking over her rendered it impossible that she should hold together much longer. Their endeavours must now be addressed to saving such fragments of wood, nails, bolts, &c., as might be made serviceable to them.

On the following morning (19th March), the boat was launched, and, despite a rough sea, they succeeded in picking up the captain's chest and the mate's chest. The next day they were rejoiced by some crusts of bread, but, as if to mock them, the bread appeared sodden with sea water, and not eatable. They found also on this day the only shred of paper, or printed matter, saved from the sea.

Captain Cox, the agent of the Merchant Seaman's Bible Society, had visited the "Princess of Wales" at Gravesend, and had presented the captain and crew with one of the Bibles provided by the society for distribution. William Hooper, seeing something floating in the water, recognised the gift of good Captain Cox, and crying out lustily, "Pull up! Pull up! Here's our Bible!" the book was secured. "What made this circumstance the more remarkable," says Goodridge, "was that although we had a variety of other books on board, such as our navigation books, journals, log-books, &c., this was the only article of the kind that we found, nor did we discover the smallest shred of paper of any kind except this Bible; and still equally surprising was it, that after we had carefully dried the leaves, it was so little injured that its binding remained in a very serviceable condition, and continued so as long as I had an opportunity of using it."

The Bible, which was afterwards to afford those pious men of Devon much consolation, was the last thing saved from the wreck. The next day nothing remained of her but the topmast, which was entangled with some weeds.

During the next three weeks the weather continued so wet and boisterous that it was as much as they could do to procure food for themselves, but at the end of that time, collecting the materials they had saved, they set about erecting for themselves a sort of hut.

They sank a foundation and rolled fragments of rock together, piling them one upon the other until a rude wall was obtained. This being thatched with grass—let it be remembered that there was

not a tree or bush on the whole island—made a tolerable housing-place; and to render it the more snug, Veale recommended that the rafters should be covered, where practicable, with the skins of the sea-elephants, which was done.

The hut was divided into bunks with strips of planks, and one long plank nailed at the foot of these bed-places stood them in lieu of chairs. Their table was the ground. Veale erected for himself a separate sleeping-place at the end of the hut towards the sea.

While this rude cabin was in course of construction, they discovered traces of a party of Americans who were known to have visited the islands some sixteen years before, and to have built a hut and other conveniences, but the sea-elephants had trodden everything into the ground. John Soper, however, searching for eggs, found a pick-axe, which he brought home in great glee. With this pick-axe they dug up the earth around the ruined hut, and found some pieces of timber, together with several nails, and—most glorious discovery—a part of a pitch-pot, which would hold about a gallon. By aid of a piece of hoop, this relic was made to do duty as a frying-pan, and upon finding a "broad axe, a sharpening-stone, a piece of shovel, and an auger," the party considered themselves overburdened with ironmongery. The handle of the old frying-pan, which was worn so thin from constant use that it was nearly worn out, was affixed to a handle, and being ground sharp, made a formidable weapon for the killing of seals.

Let us now consider what productions these islands afforded to these Crusoes. The first and great mainstay of their necessities was the sea-elephant. This creature, which appears from Goodridge's account of it to be a sort of walrus, abounded. The largest elephants were about 25ft. long, and 18ft. in circumference. Their blubber was not unfrequently seven inches thick. One of these huge brutes "boiled down" would yield, according to Goodridge's estimation, nearly a ton of oil. The males made their regular appearance about the middle of August, assembling in great numbers along the beach. Fierce combats took place among them, the which were often witnessed by the castaways, who, recognising the various bulls by notable scars won in past fights, "named them according to their prowess, Nelson, Wellington, Blucher, and Bonaparte." The females have their young early in September, and suckle them for about five weeks. The calves when just born are quite black, having beautiful, glossy skins, found to be, says Goodridge, an excellent material for caps. The females return to the sea in October, having finished nursing their unwieldy infants, but the bulls often proceed inland for two or three miles, and, sometimes to the number of more than a hundred, live amicably together until December. By that time—reduced almost to skeletons by reason of their long fast—they return to the sea. In February they come up again in good condition, and lie huddled together like pigs, occasionally indulging in sham fights, regarded by the seamen as preparatory to the real fights in August.

The sea-elephants served Goodridge and his party for meat, washing, lodging, firing, lamp-light, shoe-leather, sewing-thread, grates

washing-tubs, and tobacco-pipes! For food they used the heart tongue, sweet-bread, snotters (the fleshy proboscis which hangs over the nose, and gives the creature its name), and the flippers. The flesh was not unpalatable, and the flippers boiled into a jelly, together with some eggs and a pigeon or two, made a soup that might not be despised by a *gourmêt*. For the "washing tub" they turned the elephant on his back, and having removed the intestines, allowed the blood to flow into the cavity, and washed their linen dipped in the blood, as a washerwoman would in soap suds. After rinsing it two or three times in the running brook close by, the linen was cleansed as well as if they had used the best soap for the purpose. "Grates" were made of the bones placed crosswise, upon which pieces of blubber were laid, and lighted "lamps" were constructed of pieces of rope yarn drawn through lumps of blubber (which could be obtained in masses of a foot square), and it was found that the firm grease melted slowly. "Shoes" were composed of strips of skin cut to the shape of the foot, and drawn round the ankle with thongs, while—great achievement—excellent tobacco pipes were made of the elephants hollowed teeth as bowls, perforated by the wing-bones of the water-fowl as stems. As a substitute for tobacco they smoked dried grass.

Second on their list came seals. These were not plentiful, and their flesh was moreover found to be rank. The dog seals are called Wigs, the female seals Clapmatches, and the young seals Pompeys. Anybody with a taste for research can amuse himself by discovering the origin of these remarkable expressions.

There was no lack of fish or fowl upon the island. Sea-birds frequented the place in vast numbers. Four varieties of penguin are mentioned, to which Goodridge gives the names of King Penguins, Macarooneys, Johnnies, and Rock Hoppers. The last named are described as being somewhat larger than a duck, build their nests among the cliffs and rocks, congregating in numbers of three or four hundred together. The Johnnies and Rock Hoppers suffered themselves to be robbed of their eggs without attempting resistance. The King Penguin, however, is more pugnacious, and uses its winglets as flappers, wherewith to box the ears of the assailant of its nest. Goodridge complains that some of these birds gave him severe blows.

In addition to these were "Nellies"—a sort of goose, albatrosses, petrels, eaglets, divers, teal, and pigeons. The albatrosses build their nests on the plains, and live in clubs of about 200 members. If the ground be at all marshy, they raise their nests about two feet by digging a trench round them and throwing up the earth in the middle. It is to be presumed that none of the castaways had read *Ye Ancient Mariner*, or that if they had they did not share the superstition of that single-speech sailor. "On Sundays," says Goodridge, "our dinner consisted of giblet soup, prepared from the heads, feet, &c., of the albatross, which were first scalded in boiling water, and then cooked in our best style." The pigeons were caught with nooses and baits, as the New Zealanders catch the mallee hen.

The only vegetable on the island was a plant resembling a cabbage in appearance. William Hooper, who had sailed in the South Seas, thought this plant a great prize, having eaten one resembling it when on his whaling trips; but on a first trial of the enticing vegetable it proved bitter and uneatable, and it was not until they boiled it for some hours that they could stomach it.

Fortunately they were able to vary their flesh diet by fish. "Our mode of fishing," says the narrator, "was certainly a novel one. One party used to take long strips of the sea-elephant's blubber, and putting one end close to the water, a fish resembling a gurnet would come and nibble at it, and then by drawing it gently up the sloping rocks, the fish would follow it far enough for another person, watching his opportunity, to strike it a smart blow with a club, and thus knock it sufficiently far up the rock to enable him to secure it. They had, however, in course of time, become so shy, that they were not to be taken in this way, and we were obliged to have recourse to a more scientific method; for this purpose we took out the rings that were attached to our sharpening steels, and having sufficiently heated them in the fire, we bent them into the shape of fishing-hooks, and then gave them good points with the sharpening stone we so fortunately found in digging where the previous visitors to the island had formed their hut. Having now fishing-hooks, our next affair was to manufacture lines, and this we soon managed by untwisting portions of the cordage we had saved from the wreck; and by re-twisting the oakum into small threads, and those again into cord, we were fully equipped to make war on the finny tribe; the blubber also forming a very enticing bait, we had soon a plentiful supply; and fish, flesh, and fowl frequently smoked on our board at one meal. Even an epicure could have found but little fault with a dinner where two of the courses were soup and fish."

Imagining themselves cut off for ever from civilisation, they determined to spend their lives hopefully and with good cheer. Mr. Veale having preserved his watch, they were able to regulate their time with tolerable accuracy, and marked out for themselves a course of life suitable to their condition. They rose at eight in the morning, and breakfasted at nine. After breakfast some of the party went catering for the day's provisions, while others remained "at home" to cook and wash. "We dined at one," says Goodridge, "and took tea about five." "Tea" was simple, consisting of raw eggs beaten up in water. This mess they called "Mocoa." On grand occasions they added to their Mocoa the brain of the sea-elephant, which was very sweet and palatable. A chapter of the Bible having been read by Veale, they retired to rest at ten.

Even in this society of outcasts religious differences found a place. Mathias Mazora, the mate, was a "professed atheist," and set himself to deride and make sport of the religious exercises of his honest comrades. It is gratifying, however, to find that the atheism of Mr. Mazora was promptly snuffed out. The freethinker laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing much English, and therefore, however convincing his arguments may have been, he was unable to

deliver them with the force he could have wished. "Being extremely ignorant," says Goodridge, "not being able to read, at least not the English language, and having no one to second him, his conduct did not disturb the general harmony that reigned among us." Moreover, a "marvellous conversion" is related of this atheistical mariner. It is probable that his brain was never very strong, and that solitude and anxiety did not tend to strengthen it. He is either a great liar, or his "atheism"—which one can presume him to have professed as being a less troublesome creed than any with which he was acquainted—turned to "insanity." Through much listening to Scripture he strove to enact the story of Saul of Tarsus in his own person, and forthwith indulged in a "vision" of a most orthodox and gratifying nature. One evening when alone seeking for birds' nests, darkness overtook him before he could reach the hut. The ground round about was full of huge pits of slime made by the sea-elephants, and Mazora, being afraid of tumbling into one of these, sat down despairingly. In this plight, and considering earnestly his desperate needs, he betook himself vigorously to prayer. In a few moments a bright light appeared about him, and he was enabled to reach the hut in safety. To those familiar with such marvellous narrations it is superfluous to add that from that moment Mathias Mazora became a true believer.

Thus with superstition, or imposture, already engendered among them, the little troop ate their elephants, and lived monotonously on for nine months. A fire, which nearly burned their boat-hut, was their only diversion. On the 13th December, however, they were unexpectedly cheered by meeting with their lost companions.

The sealing party—left, it will be remembered, on the 10th of March—had come to the conclusion that the "Princess of Wales" had been wrecked in the storm. Moving from place to place, as the fortune of food compelled them, they had at last determined on visiting the island where their companions had, all unknown to them, found refuge. The meeting was joyous, and the new-comers having, not silver and gold, but a frying-pan, nails, and hammer, the comfort of the little colony was materially increased.

Before the two parties had met, the terror of death in that solitude had seized the marooned men, and they had solemnly marked out a grave-yard, and fixed each upon his own grave. Now life stirred strong within them.

They resolved to build a ship!

This was an arduous undertaking, for save some gigantic trees (upheaved the simple men thought by an earthquake) they had no timber. Their stock of nails was scanty, and they had but their boat sails as canvas. Loth to destroy their boat, they determined to make use of the logs of wood, and after many long consultations, resolved on their course of action.

The vessel should be 29 feet long, of 12 tons burden, and lugger-rigged. They would build her out of the wood used for the huts and the timber left by the American party. They would make sails for her of sealskin. When she was completed, a solemn casting

of lots should be had with prayer, and the five thus chosen should put to sea in the hope of falling in with some ship and bringing succour to their companions. Accordingly, early in the year 1822, they set to work. They were divided into two parties, one to obtain provisions, while the other worked. The poor fellows presented a strange appearance. Their clothes had worn out, and they had attempted to make themselves garments of sealskin. These were little more than bags buttoned on, in true bush and sailor fashion, by slips of wood in lieu of buttons. The all-purveying sea-elephant supplied these, as well as oakum for the boat and stores of provisions for the voyage. The topmast of the cutter formed the keel of this wonderful vessel, and her sides were patched with heaven knows what artfulness of planking, cut with iron hoops, burnt out with fire of seal-blubber, nailed with wooden rivets, and caulked with fur run together with tallow.

In nine months, that is to say in January, 1823, the "vessel" was in a fit state for launching. "Such as she was," says Goodridge, "one ship-carpenter, working with ordinary tools might build her in two months."

All hands were now summoned to assist in the launch, when an accident occurred which came near to overturning all their plans. The hunting-party, returning to the huts in their boat, met with a storm which beat in the stern of their craft, and cast them ashore. It was necessary that they should waste more precious time in repairing this damage. Without tools they toiled many days to make the boat sufficiently seaworthy to enable them to rejoin their companions. One day Dominick Spesinick, who was an elderly man, left them to stroll along the shore. In a short time he returned gesticulating with vehemence, but speechless. Rough Veale asks, "What the devil is the foolish fellow at?" and at last comprehends that Spesinick, being on a high point of land, has seen a vessel. The party had been so often deceived by the appearance of large birds, which, sitting on the water, had all the form of a distant ship, that they declined to believe the story, and, afraid of the cruel disappointment, refused to follow Spesinick. His impassioned entreaties, however, at last prevailed, and it was decided that John Soper should go with him, carrying a tinder-box in order that he might make a fire if necessary, and attract the notice of the crew.

The pair started. Night fell, and they did not return. It was suggested that they had seen the vessel, and got aboard her. Others, more charitable in their conclusions, affirmed that the vessel was but the phantom of the old man's brain, and that he would return with his wearied comrade before morning broke. The day dawned, however, upon that sleepless night, and yet no sign of the scouts. "It's all a dream of his," said Veale, "we had better go and look for our food, lest our friends fail to launch the newly-built boat, and we perish here alone."

They had already spread themselves along the shore, when Millechant gives utterance to a wild shout, and runs whooping like a

madman along the sand A boat full of men cheering in English is coming straight to them over the sparkling sea. Down go eggs and blubber, and the rescued mariners stumbling forwards caper and weep in extravagance of joy.

Spesinick and Soper had chased the phantom all night. The old man sank at last overpowered with fatigue at the summit of a cliff, from which they could both see a schooner sailing smartly from the island. Soper tries to kindle a fire, but fails; runs down into a valley, and loses sight of the vessel. Finally fires the fern in despair, and sends up a smoke like Ætna. The schooner lays to, and sends a boat; but sees no one. The sailors go ashore to explore, and on returning find a wild figure clad in skins *clinging* to the sides of the boat. It is old Spesinick.

The schooner is an American, the "Philo," Isaac Perceval, master, bound for the South Seas on a whaling and trading voyage. Perceval receives them all aboard, and the next day they quit the Crozets, leaving their ship still on the stocks.

The captain had some disinclination to taking on board all the party, but eventually consented to do so. It was agreed that the rescued men should be landed on the Isle of France, and that in the meantime they should assist the crew of the "Philo" in seal-fishing. This arrangement having been concluded, the "Philo" set sail for St. Paul's Island (about 1,100 miles to the north-east of the Crozets), and arrived there on the 3rd of February.

The venture of the "Philo" was successful. The coast abounded with fish, and seal were plentiful. They continued at their work until the 1st of April.

Towards the end of March the shipwrecked men began to feel the restraints of such rude civilisation as they had imposed upon themselves. Soper and Newbee, indeed, desired to remain on one of the islands, offering to take their chance of a vessel arriving to rescue them. As Amsterdam Island is situated in the direct track of all vessels going to New South Wales, there was not so much madness in the proposition as might at first be apparent. Captain Perceval agreed, making them first sign a document stating that they were so left by their own expressed desire. The two self-reliant mariners having been then left to their own devices, a dispute arose between the refugees and the crew. Mazora, the whilom mate, declared that the captain did not allow him sufficient clothing, and vowed that he would report the negligence to the authorities of the Isle of France. The captain, justly incensed at this ingratitude, took a severe course; he put Master Mazora ashore. The sympathies of the refugees being with their comrade, nine of them came aft in a body, and said that if Mazora was put ashore they would go with him. The captain would not budge from his determination, and all but the brothers Veale and Petheridge left the schooner.

Thus landed for a second time upon a desert island, the plucky fellows did not despair. There was for them a tolerable house, built by former seal-fishers, and the island was not far out of the usual

track of shipping. They hoped to be soon picked up by a passing vessel, and to have in the meantime accumulated as many seal-skins as would pay their passage home. So for two months they lived, eating crayfish, wild hog, and seal. Some former occupant of the place had sown turnips, the tops of which served to flavour their soup.

On the 3rd of June, at daybreak, as seven of them were lying in their hut, John Piller, who lay opposite the door, started up, crying, "A sail! a sail!" They kindled a signal fire, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the vessel approach the land. The weather was boisterous, and it was not until the next day that a boat came ashore. The vessel was the "Success," a sloop of twenty-eight tons burthen, and was tender to the "King George," Captain Bryant, whaler. It had previously been agreed between the masters of the two vessels, that if they lost each other they should steer for St. Paul's or Amsterdam as a rendezvous. The "Success" having missed her mate, was now fulfilling her part of the contract. Mr. Anderson, the master of the sloop, found upon examination of his provisions, that he could feed but three more mouths, and it was agreed that lots should be drawn by the exiles. Three were away fishing, but the remaining seven cut up pieces of paper, and having marked three of the pieces with the letter P, put them into the bag and drew. The three prize-holders were Goodridge, Barker, and Piller. The two latter, however, feared to embark in so small a craft for so long a voyage, and gave up their chance to Hooper and Walters. Walters was eager to go, recognising in the "Success" a craft which he himself had helped to build in South Georgia some years before.

The "Success" brought news of Soper and Newbee. Soper, who had been a wild fellow in his youth, and had run away to sea, took a notion in his head that his grandmother, who lived at Dartmouth, had died and left him money. Being impressed with this idea, his desire to remain on the island vanished, and the "Success" coming in sight, he and his companion nailed together a few boards, and put off to her. Anderson agreed to take him, but Newbee, unwilling to leave his "skins," refused to go, and after some conversation, Soper resolved not to abandon his companion. The two strangely-mated men shook hands with the crew, and stepped again upon their frail raft with intent to reach the island. Those on board the "Success" watched them until near the shore, and saw a monstrous wave suddenly engulph them. The fury of the surf forbade all attempt at rescue, and the adventurous pair perished.

After a stormy passage, during which provision and fuel ran so short that the eleven mouths had but 4lbs. of pork and raw potato apiece daily, the "Success" arrived at Hobart Town. Hooper recognised a shipmate of his named Richard Sands, who had been transported for smuggling, and asked him for assistance. Sands being in the boat's crew of the port officer, Dr. E. F. Bromley, begged that gentleman to aid the shipwrecked mariners. Dr. Bromley —a good Samaritan—fed and clothed them, and by-and-by the sale

of their sealskins placed them in tolerable comfort. Goodridge now began to write a narrative of his adventures, and was in the midst of his work when a curious incident occurred. Mr. Brook, one of the owners of the "Princess of Wales," arrived from England.

Brook was asked to dinner with Dr. Bromley, and happening in the course of conversation to mention that he had lost a vessel in the South Seas, Bromley slapped his fist on the table, and bid a servant call up the men who were below. Goodridge appeared and told his story, "at which," says he, "Mr. Brook was delighted, as it gave him an opportunity to prove the loss of the vessel, and thus recover the insurance."

The captain of the vessel that brought out Brook offered to take the three back to England, but Walters only accepted the offer. Walters had a wife in London, but upon reaching home discovered that she had married again, thinking him dead. The vulgar Enoch Arden did not die. Like a wise man, he returned again to sea, and left the lady in peace with her spouse.

Hooper and Goodridge remained at Dr. Bromley's for two months, when Hooper shipped on a whaling voyage, and Goodridge hired a boat from Mr. Bethune and began trading in firewood. The "Crusoe" had now settled down to earn a civilised livelihood, and his story for seven years is that of an industrious and hard-working man. He entered into the service of Mr. Austin (who kept the "Roseneath Ferry") near New Norfolk, and eventually hired the ferry-boat from him and made money. He became acquainted with Mr. Austin through a man named Davis, who was transported for robbing a dwelling-house at Torbay, and had been employed in Austin's service. Mr. Austin proved a firm friend to Goodridge, who became a sort of retainer of the Austin family, and in the year 1831 went home to England in the same vessel with Mr. Josiah Austin, the nephew of his patron. Goodridge gives some interesting particulars of the kindness and shrewdness of the Austins, and ends by remarking that the nephew of the ferry proprietor had, in 1838, "settled at Port Phillip, New South Wales, where he had flocks of sheep to the amount of 8,000 or 10,000." The gentlemen who talk at public dinners about "pioneers of civilisation" might with propriety study the history of Goodridge's worthy patron.

Little more remains to tell. Arrived in England, Goodridge found his father and mother yet alive, and was received with kindness by them. He married in his native village, but fell into ill-health, and seems to have subsisted by the sale of the book from which I have compiled this paper.

The Veales and Petheridge were landed in the "Isle of France," and finally made their way to England. An account of their shipwreck and adventures is given in the *Morning Herald* of November, 1823. The elder Veale went again to sea. A gentleman whom I met the other day told me that some years ago he saw him in a shipping-office in London—"A regular old sea-dog!" Jarvis Veale went to America, where he married. Petheridge, in 1852, was sailing a small craft in and out of Dartmouth. The others, who had

been left at Paul's Island, met with some further adventures. They collected sufficient skins in twelve months to freight a vessel that happened to call at the island. In her they proceeded to South America, and with the proceeds of the sale formed a settlement on an island near Japan, and cultivated cotton and rice. It is thought that Millechant eventually became owner of the property, and died a rich man.

So much for the fortune that befel the captain and crew of the "Princess of Wales."

THE IRISH PATRIOT-CONVICT'S ESCAPE.

AT two o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th April, 1850, the convict ship "Neptune" cast anchor in the Derwent. The fortunes and freight of the "Neptune" were uncommon. She had come from Bermuda to the Cape with convicts, but the inhabitants of Cape Town refused to allow the prisoners to land, refused even to supply food for them, and the "Neptune," after some red-tapery, was compelled to set sail for Van Diemen's Land. On board her rejoicings prevailed. While yet at anchor in Simon's Bay, despatches from Lord Grey were read, which, "in compensation for the hardships of their long voyage and detention," graciously extended to all the prisoners Her Majesty's conditional pardon, "except to the prisoner Mitchel." So on the 8th the prisoners land in high spirits (after an eleven months and seventeen days' cruise in the "Neptune," land of any sort is pleasant), and twelve of the most powerful ruffians are straightway made constables. The "prisoner Mitchel," however, yet remains on board, ignorant whether he will be returned to that solitary confinement that had held him at Bermuda, or clapped into the cells at Maria Island in company with the other prisoner, "William Smith O'Brien."

The sufferings of the "prisoner Mitchel" up to this point are interesting enough, but this is not the place in which to enlarge upon them. Suffice it to say that he was one of those Irish exiles, those "rash and most unfortunate men" who, agonized at the struggles of their unhappy country choking in the red-tape bonds of English misgovernment, attempted to cut the knot with the sword and failed. The Alexander of Ireland had not yet come.

Yet, looking back for a moment upon that most miserable time, I cannot see what else remained to the Young Ireland party. They had carefully planned a revolution of moral force. Ireland was to be regenerated. Irishmen were to be educated out of their prejudices. Ireland was to recover what she had lost by the Union, and claim for herself the right of legislation. The *Nation* (brilliant meteor, now quenched in the blackest of Irish bogs) was the lever by which the world was to be moved. The *Nation* spoke the voice of the leaders of the people, and, conducted with surprising ability, made itself a power almost before men were aware of its existence. Like the infant Hercules, it began to strangle serpents in its cradle. But this moral force met with an unexpected check. From universal peace Europe flamed suddenly into war. France and Austria almost simultaneously shook with revolution, and in the excitement of the time the prudent leaders of the Irish people lost sight of prudence

and "moral suasion." If ever there was a time to strike for Ireland, it would seem to have come then! If ever the Irish people were to be free, then did Freedom appear to hover nearest them! All was arranged, all planned. France and America both gave hopes of assistance; the people, famished and despairing, called out to be led against their oppressors. The "rising" was fixed for September, and had it occurred then it would have in all probability succeeded. But the Irish camp swarmed with traitors, and the minutest intelligence concerning the projects of the Confederation was borne to the English Cabinet. On all sides the enthusiasts were cheated and betrayed—their most trusted agents were in reality spies, hired with English bank-notes.

Having made itself master of the designs of the "rebels," the English Parliament determined to force the Revolution to a premature birth, and so abort it without further trouble. The instrument used was a Treason and Felony Bill, which, passed through both Houses in one night, was transmitted to Ireland by the next packet. The arrest of the conspirators was resolved upon. The tallest poppies were cropped the first, and the Confederation saw with dismay its best men plucked from its midst and lodged in gaol. A hurried council of war was held in the cell of the Enjolras of this Irish Rue St. Denis, and it was resolved to strike at once. Better to perish with arms in hands than to be silently and ignominiously handcuffed. War was declared, and the "rising" took place. But English policy had been successful. The people were unprepared, foreign assistance was withheld; the stores, dependent on the harvest of September, were not yet arrived; the very leader was a makeshift. Mr. Smith O'Brien, a country gentleman of moderate fortune and high social standing, was forced into the position of general of these ragged forces. He was brave and enthusiastic, but utterly unfitted for the position in which the turn of fortune had placed him. It was necessary, however, to have a *name* at the head of the movement, and "O'Brien" was a watchword as dear to Irish hearts as had been "Stewart" or "Montrose" to the Highlanders of Scotland. Thus the "revolution" began—we know how it ended amid a savage horse-laugh from all in England.

There is to me something most pathetic in this Irish rebellion stifled in its birth. If the patriots—for no man will I trust deny them that title—had been shot down in the heat of battle, or executed on the scaffold, the world would have accorded to them the respect they merited; but to raise an insurrection, which is put down by a corporal's guard, to light the torch of revolution only to see it extinguished by a bucket of water, to be captured in a gooseberry garden and put in a Tasmanian corner like a naughty boy—most miserable! Poor Ireland's poverty has ever made her ridiculous, and to the sensitive, the torture of merited ridicule is of all tortures the greatest. In the day of defeat there was not a writer of any note in England who had the manliness to refrain from a sneer at the defeated. Even Thackeray—whose genius should have restrained him—rhymed in stinging couplets about "Meagher of the swoord,"

and "Shmith O'Brine." Everything connected with the brave and foolish Irishmen which should have been respected was cruelly sneered at, and held up to laughter. Their names, their accent, their patriotism, their ancestors, their affections, and their nationality —all were assailed in turn. The high aspirations, earnest labours, patriotic enthusiasm, and unhappy fate of these men seemed to the English press the best joke in the world. The jokers did not scruple to invent lies even, and to this hour the malignant fiction of poor Smith O'Brien's cabbage-bed is devoutly believed by a variety of respectable Philistines.

But to return. John Mitchel, originally an attorney practising in the north of Ireland, had, by some writings of his, attracted the attention of the editor of the *Nation*, who invited him to Dublin, and placed him on the staff of that journal. The reckless impetuosity of the man—unable to recognise that moderation when used as means to an end is always more damaging to an enemy than ill-judged outbursts of futile anger—could not understand the apparent sloth of the *Nation's* movements. He quarrelled with the editor, and set up for himself an opposition paper, the *United Irishman*, which became the recognised organ of the head-strong, and which, I am afraid, assisted by its senseless kicking against the pricks, to exhaust the strength of the Young Ireland party. When the blow fell, he was among the first of the captured, and was sent to Bermuda, where he was treated with respect and consideration, but put into solitary confinement. A man of ardour, taste, and education, his soul sickened at this horrible seclusion from his kind, and he would have become as insane as one of the hermit-saints. His nature was fiery, impetuous, and kind; his abilities were imitative and acute. His *Prison Journal* (from which this narrative is in part compiled), though drenched with a perverse conceit, is a remarkable production. Though in style slavishly imitative of Carlyle, and overlaid with that tawdry ornamentation, which is at once the blot and the brilliancy of Irish eloquence, the book is marked by passages of extreme beauty of imagination and vigour of thought. The fact that it was evidently written with an eye to publication, and that the writer, in the midst of his most unreasoning outbursts of passion and savagest denunciation of British tyranny, has ever before him his own figure bowing in the character of a martyred man of genius to an admiring reader, tends to raise a doubt as to the trustworthiness of the information conveyed. In this *Journal* the slow torments he suffered at Bermuda are all set down. I take up the thread of the narrative with the landing in Van Diemen's Land.

The "political prisoners," as they were called, were permitted to reside at large in the police-districts, out of communication with each other, on condition of reporting themselves to the police-magistrate once a month. "This condition of existence," says Mitchel, "is, I find, called a ticket-of-leave. I may accept it or not, as I think proper, or having accepted I may resign it, but first of all I must give my promise that so long as I hold the said ticket I shall not escape from the colony." Smith O'Brien refused to give this promise, but

Martin, Meagher, and the rest did so. Mitchel being in ill-health did not think it necessary to emulate the self-denial of Smith O'Brien, and so was sent to Bothwell, a charming village on the Clyde, there to reside on parole. The reason of Mr. O'Brien's apparent quixotism was this. It was decided by the poor fellows that they would treat England as a hostile power, and instead of protesting against the severity of their *sentence*, exclaim with all power of body and breath against what they considered the injustice of their *trial*. "The whole of the proceedings are monstrous," was in effect their plea. "We are not traitors, for Ireland has been usurped. If you imprison us with convicts we will not tacitly acknowledge ourselves criminals by purchasing indulgence at the expense of submission. We regard ourselves illegally in duress, and we will escape when we think proper."

Plots to escape were numerous, and Smith O'Brien was twice nearly torn out of Maria Island. The treachery of those who should have befriended him, however, caused the failure of the best-laid scheme, and he was removed to Port Arthur, where a little hut was set apart for his reception. The story of this attempted escape makes a pendant to that of Mitchel himself. The friends of O'Brien in Hobart Town had bargained with a man named Ellis, the captain of a small schooner, to hover about the island till a fitting opportunity arose for the sending on shore a boat which should pick off the prisoner. O'Brien was at that time permitted to walk over the island attended by an armed constable, and his friends having succeeded in communicating to him their plans, it was decided that when the boat came ashore he should elude his warder and scramble aboard her, when Ellis would make all sail for San Francisco. Ellis, however, had sold the details of this desperate plot to the Government, and the gaolers at Maria Island were in full possession of every particular. Every step of O'Brien's daily walk was watched, and his eager glances towards the seaboard noted with grins and jerkings of elbows. At last the boat appeared, and O'Brien, having, as he thought, seen the warder safely into the bush, ran down to the beach, and, plunging into the water, waded towards his rescuers. The water was shallow, and thick with tangled weeds. He could not climb into the boat without assistance, and while leaning over the gunwale the constable appeared with his musket. "The moment he showed himself," says Mitchel, "the three boatmen cried out together, 'We surrender!' and invited him on board, where he instantly took up a hatchet—no doubt provided by the ship for that purpose—and stove the boat." O'Brien saw that he was betrayed, and on being ordered to move along with the constable and the boatmen towards the station refused to stir, hoping, in fact, by his resistance to provoke the constable to shoot him. However, he was seized, and carried to his cell. Removed to Port Arthur, he afterwards gave the required parole, and was set at liberty. Master Ellis was caught afterwards at San Francisco by some of the O'Brien party, and being brought out of his ship by night, was tried then and there by Lynch law, with a view to instant hanging, but was "acquitted for want of evidence."

John Mitchel having got over the first agonies of separation and contumely, found life in Van Diemen's Land pleasant enough. He had money and friends; liberated on parole, he rode, walked, fished, shot, and hunted. Around him were many of his old friends, Martin, Meagher, and Doherty were living within a journey of his house, and forbidden meetings were frequent. The squatters, and even constables and gaol officials, treated the "political prisoners" with respect. When passing a chain-gang of poor devils who, failing the dignity of revolution, had earned their misery by shooting a hare, or snaring a partridge, the overseers "touched their hats" to the well-mounted, well-dressed, exiles. Yet the fact that they *were* prisoners —that a slight deviation from the rules laid down for them, that a momentary outbreak of passion against a "man in authority," would condemn them to share the fate of the ruffianly hare-shooters and desperate snarers of pheasants, rendered the thinking hours of the Irishmen heavy with angry regrets. They were free and merry, but the fabled sword yet hung suspended, and a caprice might at any time give them over to the coal mines of Port Arthur, or the travelling sheds of the road gangs. That fortune had not cursed them with the companionship of those monsters among whom the poachers and rick-burners learnt to curse God and *live*, was much to be thankful for; but believing in their detention as infamous and unjust, nothing short of absolute freedom would content them. At every hour, in every place, the thought of their captivity embittered their pleasures. Did Mitchel ride afield, or read at home, gallop (in the company of the wife who had joined him) through the summer bush, or float with Meagher and Doherty on the bosom of the crater-lake Sorrell in the fastnesses of the mountains, the same thought was present—he was a prisoner. Every page of his *Journal* breathes the same sentiment.

"The spring day has been most lovely, and the mimosa is just bursting into bloom, loading the warm air with a rich fragrance which a European joyfully recognises at once as a well-remembered perfume. It is precisely the fragrance of the Queen of the Meadows 'spilling her spikenard.' At about ten miles distance we descend into a deep valley, and water our horses in the Jordan. Here, as it is the only practicable pass in this direction between Bothwell and the Oatlands districts, stands a police station. Two constables lounge before the door as we pass, and, as usual, the sight of them makes us feel once more that the whole wide and glorious forest is after all but an umbrageous and highly perfumed dungeon."

Again,—"We approach the brow of a deep glen, where trees of vast height wave their tops far beneath our feet, and the farther side of the glen is formed by a promontory that runs out into the bay, with steep and rocky sides worn into cliffs and caves—caves floored with silvery sand, shell-strewn, such as in European seas would have been consecrate of old to some Undine's love—caves whither Ligeia, if she had known the way, might have come to comb her hair; and over the soft swelling slope of the hill above, embowered so gracefully in trees, what building stands? Is that a temple crowning

the promontory as the pillared portico crowns Sunium, or a villa carrying you back to Baiæ? Damnation! it is a convict barrack."

But help was nigh at hand. On the 3rd January, 1853 (three years out of the fourteen having passed), the following entry appears in the journal:—"A new personage has appeared amongst us, dropped down from the sky, or from New York. When I arrived in Hobart Town two or three days ago, I went first, of course, to St. Mary's Hospital, where I found St. Kevin in his laboratory. He opened his eyes wide when he saw me, drew me into a private room, and bid me guess *who* had come to Van Diemen's Land. Guessing was out of the question, so I waited his revelation.

"'Pat Smyth!'

"'Transported?'

"'No, my boy, commissioned by the Irish Director in New York to procure the escape of one or more of us, O'Brien especially, and with abundant means to secure a ship for San Francisco, and to provide for rescuing us if necessary out of the hands of the police magistrate after withdrawing the parole in due form.'"

Smyth was to meet O'Brien and Kevin at Bridgewater that evening to arrange plans. Thither went John Mitchel; but some mischance delayed the coach, and the hour approaching when O'Brien and Kevin must return to their "registered lodgings," Mitchel was left alone. By-and-by the coach arrived, and amongst others a young man alighted. Mitchel guessed that the stranger must be the Smyth of whom he had heard, so walking round the coach he abruptly accosted him. Smyth at first took him for a spy, but soon was convinced that he was one of the men he had been sent to seek. The next evening, at O'Brien's lodgings at New Norfolk, the plot was unfolded. Smyth was hopeful and acute. He had himself passed through many perils, had agitated in Ireland, escaped in peasant guise to America, fulminated there with newspapers, raised friends and money, and now adventured his head a second time in the noose. He was well provided with letters of introduction, and with current coin. The sudden "gold-fields" excitement had brought to Australia many bold spirits ready to venture a ship in such a cause, and by dint of bribery and stratagem it would be easy to get the exiles aboard her. But Smith O'Brien would hear of but one mode of escape,—to resign the parole, and *then* trust to fortune. Mitchel suggests that the four should place themselves in such a position as to be arrested all together, and then rescue themselves by force of arms, or that the parole should be simultaneously withdrawn at all the police-offices; but this notion is overruled. O'Brien's sentence being for "life," it was pressed upon him to avail himself first of the services of Smyth, but he refused. "I have had my chance," he said, "and it has failed; the expenses incurred have been borne by public money, this is *your* chance. Take it." It was then decided that Smyth, or "Nicaragua," as he was termed among the conspirators, should lend his best aid to rescue Mitchel, on condition that Mitchel gave up his parole, and did not make use of the liberty it afforded him to assist his escape.

All being decided upon, Smyth departed for Melbourne, there to obtain a ship and crew. John Mitchel began also to make his preparations. Mr. Davis, the police-magistrate of the district, owned a white horse, "half Arab, full of game, and of great endurance." Mitchel, hearing that this horse might be bought, purchased him. "I don't know the *precise work you want him to do*," says Davis, "but you may depend upon his courage." Mitchel, with an inward smile, stables his new purchase at Nant, and waits for news. On the 18th of March came a letter from Melbourne, and on the 24th "Nicaragua" himself arrived at Lake Sorell. All was prepared. The brigantine "Waterlily," owned by John Macnamara, of Sydney, was to come to Hobart Town, clear thence for New Zealand, and then coast to Spring Bay (on the east side of the island, about seventy miles from Bothwell), and lie there for two days. Mitchel was to go to the police-office at Bothwell, accompanied by "Nicaragua," and five others, *all armed*, and, having delivered up his parole, gallop on his new horse midway to Spring Bay, where a relay would be provided, and reach the shore by midnight. A boat sent by Macnamara would pick him up, and if the police at the Spring Bay Station attempted a rescue, so much the worse for them.

On Sunday evening, however, a friendly resident at Bothwell informed the six that "all was known." "Nicaragua's" intentions had been known to the Governor for a fortnight, the "Waterlily" was purposely allowed to clear out of Hobart Town, the police force at Spring Bay had been doubled, and two constables were on watch at Mitchel's cottage. In Mitchel's own language, "the plot was blown to the moon!" and the party dispersed with heavy hearts.

On the 12th of April an incident occurred, which, appearing at the time unfortunate, proved ultimately the aid to escape. "Nicaragua" going to Spring Bay to send off the "Waterlily," was arrested as John Mitchel. He was carried to Hobart Town and there lay sick. Mitchel went to see him, and the two determined to seize upon the first opportunity to escape together. It was not, however, until the 6th of June that such opportunity offered itself. Then Smyth found a ship about to sail for Sydney, the captain of which would receive his friend on board. A week after this Mitchel and Smyth started from Nant Cottage to make their desperate venture. "Nicaragua" rode "Donald the Arab," and Mitchel, a half-bred mare named "Fleur-de-lis."

A quarter of a mile from the house Mitchel's boy coming at full gallop from Bothwell met them. He bore a note from the shipping agent. The ship had gone—it was impossible to keep her longer without exciting suspicion. Nevertheless, it was resolved to give up the parole as agreed, and to hide in the mountains until a means of escape presented itself. With this last hope, then, the two galloped to Bothwell. They overtook a Mr. Denniston, who chatted agreeably about agricultural matters, and asked Mitchel if he meant to put any of his land in crop for the ensuing season. Mitchel answered truly enough that he "did not know." At Bothwell their companion left them, and the pair rode leisurely down the main street. At the police

barracks on the hill were eight or nine constables armed, "undergoing a sort of drill," while at the door was as usual a constable on guard. A Mr. Barr, "a worthy Scotch gentleman and magistrate of the district," was standing close to the gate. The two boys had by this time reached the township, and flinging the reins to them as agreed upon, Mitchel and Smyth walked into the police-office. Mr. Davis, the magistrate, was sitting at a table in the court-room. His clerk was with him, and a constable was in the police-office itself.

"Mr. Davis," says Mitchel, "here is a copy of a note which I have sent to the Governor."

Davis cast his eye over the note and looked up at Mitchel. "Nicaragua" planted himself at his friend's side with a menacing gesture, one hand thrust into his breast feeling the butt of his revolver. Mitchel held in his hand a heavy riding-whip, and had two pistols in his breast-pocket.

The note ran as follows :—

"Bothwell, 8th June, 1853.

"To the Lieut.-Gov., &c.

"SIR,—I hereby resign the ticket-of-leave and withdraw my parole. I shall forthwith present myself before the police-magistrate of Bothwell, at his office, show him a copy of this note, and offer myself to be taken into custody.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN MITCHEL."

Mr. Davis, feeling doubtless pretty certain that if he accepted Mr. Mitchel's offer he would be shot dead upon the spot, stared speechless.

"You see," says Mitchel, "my parole is at an end. I offer myself to be taken into custody."

Still the magistrate and clerk gaped.

"Good morning!" says Mitchel, putting on his hat and moving to the door.

The movement, which probably brought the *hands out of those dangerous breast-pockets*, broke the spell.

"No, no, stop!" cried Davis, "stay here! Rainsford! Constables!"

But it was too late. The constables had heard nothing, and knew nothing, saw only the "ticket-of-leave prisoner, Mitchel," accompanied by his friend, walk out into the Court, and—any suspicions they may have had silenced by Smyth's "judicious bribery,"—only ran against each other in confusion. The pair leaped into their saddles, and nodding to a few "grinning residents of Bothwell," who "knew the meaning of the performance in a moment," dashed down the street at full gallop. A mile deep in the forest the fugitives changed horses. Smyth riding due north to Nant Cottage on "Fleur-de-lis," intending to make for Oatlands, and thence by coach to Launceston. Mitchel, a mile further, met a friend, T.— H.—, who undertook to guide him to Lake Sorrell through the mountains. All night they rode, only to lose their way in the thick darkness, and camp on the edge of a precipice in the wildest part of the ranges. In the morning they reach the hut of "old Job Sims," the friendly shepherd of Mr. Russell (he had assisted already at the escape of Meagher), and there Mitchel wrote to his wife telling her of his

fortune. The next day he fell in with friends, and received the hospitality of a gentleman who had a "large and handsome house at the base of the Western Tier." Mitchel calls him "Wood," and says in a foot-note that "Wood is a fictitious name." At the farmhouse of a Mr. Burke, six miles from "Wood's," he lay concealed, waiting for news of "Nicaragua" and a chance of escape.

In the meantime "Nicaragua" had done well. Galloping furiously to Oatlands, he inquired eagerly for "horses to Spring Bay," slipped out of the hotel, climbed the wall, got round to the road, met the coach, and went to it by Launceston, lying hid there duly shaved and disguised. Seven mounted police dispatched by Davis to "scour the country," find Mitchel's "Fleur-de-lis" reeking with sweat in the stable at Oatlands, and hearing that a gentleman had been asking for horses to Spring Bay, make desperately in that direction. The Westbury police are patrolling day and night, though bets are freely made in Hobart Town that Mitchel has left the island; Davis is laughed at a good deal; Sir William Denison repudiates all notion of the prisoner's letter; the constable who was on duty at Davis's door is dismissed for having been "bribed," and getting amazingly drunk that evening, and loudly expressing his hope that Mitchel is safely out of the island. In the meantime a strict watch is kept upon all "suspected persons."

So matters shape themselves until the 20th, when a friend, riding to Burke's farmhouse by night, brings a letter from "Nicaragua." That indefatigable conspirator is at Hobart Town, openly walking about unarrested, and is negotiating with Macnamara, of the "Don Juan" brigantine. Two days after this another message arrives. The "Don Juan" is secured, and will call at Emu Bay on the 27th. Mitchel must by hook or by crook be there to meet her. The floods are up, and to cross to Emu Bay by land is impossible. All the river mouths, moreover, are watched by police-constables, furnished with written descriptions of the prisoner Mitchel. In this dilemma a new arrangement is effected. A trusty messenger hurries to Launceston, there to tell the captain of the "Don Juan" to lie off a "solitary beach" to the west of the mouth of the Tamar, somewhere between West Head and Badger Head. To this place Mitchel can get without crossing any river but the Meander.

On the night of the 24th a start was made. The weather was gloomy and foreboding, the flooded meres and marshes now sheets of thin ice. Mitchel having despatched two letters—one to his wife, one to his mother in New York—gives himself into the hands of his guides and body-guard. This last is of considerable number, consisting of the two Burkes, Mr. "Wood" and his brother O'K——, O'Mara, Burke's brother-in-law, and Foley, a gigantic "Tipperary boy." All day long prudent Mrs. Burke occupies herself with preparations for the journey, and "amongst other things, the good creature gets some lead, and judiciously casts bullets."

After two days and nights of the flooded bush, scrambling up mountain-sides, fording swollen creeks, and shivering benighted among winter woods, the party reached Badger Head, only to find the brigantine departed. Wearily waiting, at length another brigantine

appeared, but, despite all signal fire and smoke, held on her course. Something was wrong, and Mitchel's escort determined to place him for safety in the hands of a Mr. Miller, who owned a station on the shores of Port Sorrell. Miller—a hater of Sir William Denison—promised to do his best for the fugitive, and with him Mitchel stopped four days, waiting for the "Don Juan." Sick to death of this hand-to-mouth liberty, he urges upon Miller a variety of desperate schemes, and at last hits upon one that seems to have in it some gleam of sense. Four miles down the river lies the "Wave," about to sail for Melbourne with a cargo of sawn timber, and Mitchel shall sail in her as Miller's brother. All is arranged, the Chief Constable who "clears" the vessel unsuspicious, when a message arrives that changes all their plans. Mr. Dease, a merchant of Launceston, has secured for Father Macnamara a passage in the steamer to Melbourne. So Father Macnamara, in the person of Mitchel, bids farewell to the Millers, and in the dress of a Catholic priest gets to Launceston through pouring rain. Mr. Miller's brother will not sail this trip.

But the haven is far from won. Rumours of the fugitive's midnight rides are afloat, and the Captain of the steamer says that the rigor of searching has been so much increased of late that he durst not take the holy father aboard. Macnamara must risk his cloth and life in an open boat to the mouth of the Tamar, there to lie until the steamer, in passing, can fling him some unseen rope. The night sets in wet and stormy, and drenched, weary, and despairing, Macnamara arrived, just before dawn, at a point of the river seventeen miles from George Town. There a man named Barrett was to take him aboard another boat, and get him to the steamer. Lying hid on the banks of the Tamar, the false priest saw the steamer pass, pause, then make direct for the Heads, and then pause again. Barrett had gone across to George Town to make some excuse for bringing out his boat, and did not return for an hour. The steamer could not wait, and, after fifteen minutes, got up steam again. Father Macnamara, sitting in the stern of Barrett's returned boat, and pulled by four strong men desperately down the bay, saw her suddenly sweep round the lighthouse and disappear. There was nothing for it but to get back to Launceston with all speed.

Lying hid in the well-bushed banks again until night, the hunted wretch made the passage up the river. The night was as black as pitch, the rain poured in torrents, the woods groaned and shrieked; nothing was visible but the glimmer of the white foam on the water. Four times was the boat driven ashore, and the fourth time, when sixteen miles from Launceston, the boatmen refused to proceed further, and, exhausted and disheartened, flung themselves on the wet banks, and slept under the pouring rain. Desperate, Mitchel now resolved to trust to his disguise, and go to Hobart Town by the public coach, so, getting into Launceston by midday, he walked coolly down the street to the house of a friend, and having eaten, took passage as Father Blake by the night coach. He accomplished his

journey safely, notwithstanding that he had a fellow-passenger, the Hon. T. McDowell, then Attorney-General, who tried to get him into conversation about his "bishop." At Green Ponds, where every creature knew him by sight, he had a narrow escape. The chief-constable, on "special business," looked in upon him; but Father Blake, with one hand on the farthest door-handle, and the other grasping the butt of a pistol hidden beneath his cassock, met the inquiring gaze unflinchingly. At Bridgewater Father Blake alighted, feeling that to brave the "door of the 'Ship Inn' in Hobart Town, crowded with detectives" would be madness. He spent the day walking by the river bank, and took passage by the night coach to Hobart Town. In the centre of the town he made the coachman pull up, and walked to Conellan's house in Collins street. The door was opened by "Nicaragua" himself, the first time they had met since they changed horses on the banks of the Clyde five weeks before. Father Blake was among friends at last.

Half an hour sufficed to arrange their plans. Conellan's house was watched, and was unsafe, so Mitchel, as "Mr. Wright" was to lie for a week at the house of Mr. Manning (Macnamara's agent), and then take passage in the passenger brig "Emma" for Sydney; "Nicaragua" to start for Bothwell in the morning, and bring down Mrs. Mitchel and the children, who would go on board the "Emma" openly, "Mr. Wright" being picked up in the evening by a special boat.

On the 19th of July the "Emma" cleared out of Hobart Town, and the next day a Mr. Wright, who has appeared on board, makes casual acquaintance with "Nicaragua" and some of the other passengers, and sits down to smoke and chat. Mrs. Mitchel with her children—the object of compassion to many worthy souls aboard—watches Mr. Wright eagerly, but does not speak to him. On the 23rd of July Mr. Wright, under the name of "Warren," is domiciled at the house of James Macnamara, in Sydney, waiting for a vessel, and in the mean-time lionises Sydney, "a seaport town of 80,000 inhabitants," says he, "and there's an end."

At length a cabin passage is secured for Mr. Warren in the "Orkney Lass," bound for Honolulu, and on the 2nd of August that good ship was cleared at Sydney Heads, and John Mitchel, at five o'clock in the evening, saw the "coast of New South Wales a hazy line upon the purple sea, fading into a dream."

Of his further adventures, until he landed on the 29th of November, 1853, in Brooklyn, it is not my province here to relate. His family followed him, and in America his faculties found scope for expansion. Among the Confederates his name is almost famous.

A word, however, about the manner of escape. It is hard to say that Mitchel *broke* his parole, but I am afraid that at best his escape was due to a melodramatic quibble. He certainly gave up his "ticket-of-leave" before he attempted escape, but he made all the *arrangements* for escape by virtue of the liberty which that ticket-of-leave afforded him. His parole obtained him interviews with Smyth, freedom to plot, money, horses, and arms. To march like a stage

hero into a police-office, and with hand on pistol (purchased by virtue of the parole) disdainfully ask an unarmed police-magistrate to take him into custody, was not an honest withdrawal of his plighted word. To fulfil the terms of his contract with the Government, he should have placed himself in the hands of the constable in the condition he had been in when the parole was granted him—namely, unarmed, a prisoner, with bars and stone walls around him, and no fleet horse waiting at the door to carry him to safety, or bold companion at his side ready to withstand attempt at capture. Poor Smith O'Brien, eating his heart in his cell at Maria Island, better understood the nature of the promise of a gentleman. I am willing to believe, however, that Mitchel,—perpetually *posing* as a hero—was blinded by the melodramatic heroics of the proceeding to a true comprehension of its merits.

THE "NELSON" GOLD ROBBERY.

ON the evening of Friday, 2nd April, 1852, the barque "Nelson," Captain Wright, bound from Geelong to London, with 8183 ounces of gold aboard, was lying off the Williamstown Light-house. All was quiet; the captain had gone ashore, and with a carelessness that has never been satisfactorily accounted for, only seven men were left on the vessel. These seven men were Draper, the chief officer; Carr Dudley, the second officer; Davis, the second mate of the "Royal George," who was spending the evening; and the ship's carpenter; with two men and a boy in the forecastle. No watch was set, and at about eleven o'clock everybody went to their bunks, Davis sleeping in the cuddy. Between 1 and 2 in the morning two boats, containing twenty masked men, pulled with muffled oars alongside the gold-ship. Some half-dozen got into the forecastle without alarming the sleepers, and in a few minutes the gold-ship was their own. Dudley, the second mate, was the first man disturbed, and he was confronted by a loaded pistol. "Go down and send the chief officers here," said the voice which belonged to the pistol hand. Dudley obeyed, and roused Draper, saying, "Come on deck, there are robbers on the ship." Draper went on to the quarter-deck, and was there met by seven men, variously dressed, but all having handkerchiefs over the lower part of their faces. "We've come for the——gold," said one of these men, "and the——gold we'll have." Draper, somewhat staggered at the number of the robbers, asked to be allowed to go and put his trousers on. This was permitted, a masked man standing over him with a loaded pistol, levelled at his head while he dressed. "We've not come here to be played with," said this gentleman; "so make haste!" In the meantime, the men in the forecastle were brought down into the cuddy, and Davis, roused from his slumbers, asked "What the row was about?" "Only a lark," said a man in a cabbage-tree hat; presently adding, "You'll find this no lark—lie down!" and the argument being enforced by the production of a revolver, the unfortunate guest yielded. Draper was then brought out and backed against the capstan, "Show us the lazaret," said his captor, "or I'll blow a hole through you!" Draper pointed it out, and the hatches were taken off. "Come down and point out the gold," was the next order. Draper refused, but one of the men pricked him with a cutlass, and threatened to run him through the body. Thus persuaded he went down, but—according to his own account—positively refused to take part in handing up the boxes. The men in the cabin were then bound with strips of the tablecloth, and the twenty-three boxes

containing the bullion were handed up, passed over the side, and so lowered into the boats. During this proceeding the robbers appeared to forget their caution. The leader repeatedly allowed the handkerchief to fall from his face, and the light of the candle was allowed to shine on the features of all below. Nor were the party in the cuddy less free. The boy, a half-witted lad, named Jasman, began to cry, and the men roughly jested with him. As the last box was going up, the leader said to Draper, "You'd better have some, nobody will be the wiser." "No," said Draper, "I have lived honestly until now." "Well, if you won't, we will," said the robber; and the box was handed up with the rest. The arm chest was opened, and the ship's muskets handed out, and the successful pirates prepared for departure. Draper looked over the side as the men were going down, but was ordered back, and one of the party turning, shot him in the thigh. The shot was almost instantly apologized for, and the shooter rebuked, but by orders of the chief, the prisoners were securely tied up and stowed in the cuddy. The sailor, however (I do not know his name), had hidden himself, and as soon as he dared, came out of his retreat and released his mates. The robbers had foolishly yielded to Draper's entreaties, and left the quarter.boat. This was lowered, and the water-police at Williamstown informed of the occurrence. Pursuit was at once begun, and when morning dawned the pursuers found two boats, one on the beach at Williamstown, and one, bottom upwards, at St. Kilda, near the track of dray wheels, which speedily lost themselves in the thick scrub which at that time covered the site of the now pretty and populous suburb.

Let us pause here and take a brief glance at the condition of social life in Australia at this period of its history. I think that the following advertisement, published in the same newspaper which contained the first news of the robbery, will save some description of the state of Melbourne:—

"NOTICE.—The person who accidentally found a pocket-book in a gentleman's pocket this evening at Noble's Circus is requested to send the same to the *Argus* Office. The papers are valuable to the owner only. Such trifles as the £1-note and the four or five small nuggets of gold are of course not worth mentioning. Melbourne, March 31st, 1852."

For the rest, two columns of advertisements from gold-buyers and seven columns of the same from the owners of stolen horses, show that the amenities of civilization had already ameliorated the roughness of the bush. It is remarkable to find the *Argus* newspaper, even at that early period of its life, engaged in the congenial occupation of Governor-hunting. It speaks of the Queen's representative, Mr. La Trobe, as having "reduced Royalty to its lowest denomination," and ridicules the notion of the citizens going to a *levée* to "bow to a hat and feathers." Its proclivities, however, are more congenially shown by a vigorous article on the benefits of Free Trade, as enunciated by a gentleman bearing the somewhat suggestive name of "Walker!" Nor had the *Sydney Morning Herald* occasion to chronicle items of very much more importance. The then vexed question of the cessation of transportation is dealt with in a "leader"

concerning Mr. King's mission to Earl Grey. Governor Fitzroy prorogues the Legislative Council. A parochial meeting is held at St. Mark's, Alexandria, and in the parish school-room at Ryde, concerning circulars affecting Church government, submitted by the Bishop. Mr. Mort advertises the sale by auction of a station on the Barney Downs, New England, and also a "block of land" on the west side of George Street, adjoining the "Currency Lass" and "Eagle" public-houses. The Victoria Theatre and Malcolm's Royal Australian Circus both offer inducements to the playgoer. At the former Mr. Rogers plays "Dominie Sampson" in *Guy Mannering*, Mr. Howson playing "Bertram," Mrs. Guerin, "Lucy," Sara Flower, "Julia," and Madame Carandini, "Flora." At the circus the principal attraction seems to be Miss Howard's "daring equestrian act," followed by "the Pearl of Andalusia on the Rotatory Cask."

The first discovery made in connection with the daring act at Williamstown, was made by a compositor in the *Argus* office, Mr. Masters, who, taking a walk at St. Kilda on Sunday morning, the 4th April, stumbled over a broken gold-box. More of these boxes were found in the scrub, also the stock of a gun, a pipe, and a blue shirt. Some gold-dust and a few small nuggets were scattered on the sand. Masters gave information to the police, and the articles were removed to the Melbourne watch-house, where someone had already brought a bag of gold-dust, found in Latrobe Street.

On that same Sunday night suspicion was excited in Geelong by the conduct of five well dressed men, who, having with them a chaise-cart and two or three saddle horses, seemed unable, or unwilling, to explain their business. On Monday two "suspicious-looking characters" demanded drafts on Sydney from the Geelong branch of the Union Bank in exchange for gold and notes. These two were arrested summarily by the police. They gave the names of Barnes and Ball. Barnes had on him a draft on Sydney for £500, £64 7s. 6d. in money, a nugget, two watches, and a pocket-pistol loaded to the muzzle. Ball had a draft for £500, £21 15s. 3d. in money, a nugget of gold, a gold watch, and a loaded pistol. The prisoners stated that their five friends were to call for the chaise-cart and horse, and that the rendezvous was at the "Ocean Child," a public-house at Cowie's Creek, about three miles from the city. Chief-constable Carmen and Sergeant Grant started for Cowie's Creek, and succeeded in arresting four men, whom they brought in a cart to Geelong. When they arrived they found a seventh man in custody. This man when taken had £10 10s. in money, and was riding a grey mare, with a new saddle and bridle. The four men taken at the "Ocean Child," gave their names as Hutchinson, Grimes, Morgan, and Duncan. On Hutchinson was found a draft on Sydney for £500, £330 3s. 6d. in money, a watch, a nugget, and a loaded pistol. Grimes had only £20 13s. 4d. in cash; and Morgan only £32 6s. 4d.; but Duncan had two drafts, one for £415, and another for £585, £58 in money, and a loaded pistol. Another arrest was made at Williamstown on Tuesday, the 6th. The water-police took out of the "Thomas and Henry," bound for Sydney, a

man who was possessed of twenty sovereigns and a carpet-bag containing a suit of black clothes. He gave his name as John James, but was recognised as having been in the police at Hobart Town under the name of William Johnson. They dressed him in the black clothes found in his bag, and Davis swore to his identity. Both Draper and Davis recognised Duncan and Morgan as being on board on the night of the piracy, and they were committed for trial. After some delay, Barnes, Ball, Jones, Hutchinson, and Grimes were also committed. But the prisoners were not without friends. James retained Mr. Pearson Thompson, and the others—apparently at the suggestion of Duncan—employed Mr. Wrixon, afterwards County Court Judge. It was soon resolved to abandon the charge against all but Duncan, Morgan, and James. They should have been tried on the 19th of April, but Mr. Wrixon applied for a writ of habeas to bring up Barnes, Hutchinson, and Ball, still detained in Geelong gaol, as witnesses in favour of Duncan and Morgan. The Attorney-General, who prosecuted, opposed the application as being "tantamount to a postponement of trial." Judge Barry, reviewing the argument of the counsel in an eloquent and weighty speech, concluded by granting the writs, and postponed the trial until the 21st of May.

In the meantime the detectives arrested another man, John Roberts. He was brought before Dr. Greaves, at the District Court, on the 10th of May, and the boy Jasman swore that he was one of the men who threatened him in the cabin. He, too, was sent for trial, and on the 21st of May made his appearance in the dock with the three others.

Anything more contemptibly feeble than the conduct of the prosecution at this juncture can scarcely be conceived. The four prisoners were charged with feloniously assaulting the person of Henry Draper, on the 2nd of April, on board the ship "Nelson," then lying in Hobson's Bay, and stealing from the said ship 8,000 ounces of gold, value £24,000; twenty-four boxes, value £6; three muskets, value £9; and nine cutlasses, value £9. A second count termed the gold the property of Walter Wright. To support this charge, the Crown had secured Draper, Davis, and the boy Jasman. None of the sailors or passengers of the vessel (for there were passengers, as we shall see by-and-by) had been detained, and Captain Wright, who so curiously had left his ship, without watch, to make a night of it in town, had been suffered to take himself off, "Nelson" and all, without being even required to make an affidavit or sign a statement of any kind! The evidence against James, Duncan, and Morgan, was the simple oath of Davis and Draper. "Those are the men!" they said. "We had opportunity to see their faces, and we swear to them." Against Roberts was only the word of the lad Jasman, a half-witted Belgian, who, when asked the nature of an oath, said, "I know what will become of me if I tell a lie, but I can't say it in English." This boy admitted that he was so terrified that he thought more of his own safety than of remembering faces. Carman, the constable, said that Duncan and Morgan told him, when they were arrested, that "they should get a heavy

sentence, but they would have a thousand apiece for it," but nothing was alleged against James except that Davis had recognised his voice at the theatre. The defence was that so loved by Mr. Weller—an *alibi*. "There is no evidence," said, in effect, the learned counsel, "that Morgan and James were on board the ship, except the belief of two men, one of whom declines to swear to the accuracy of his eyesight, while I have evidence to prove that Duncan and Roberts were miles away on the night of the crime." The first witness called was Dr. Ford, who said that he had been for some time attending a man named Ashton in Little Bourke Street, who, though living in a poor house, appeared to have plenty of money. This man died some days before the robbery, and Duncan, who was his brother-in-law, produced a large bundle of notes to pay the fees. Mary Ashton, the widow, deposed that her late husband had given Duncan all his money, and that he had paid the funeral expenses and other matters. She, and the servant Mary Doolan, swore that on the night of the robbery, Duncan was in the house, drunk, and locked into a room, and that he did not stir until morning, when the chimney was discovered to be on fire, and he was roused to extinguish it. Andrews, a publican living opposite to Ashton's house, asserted that he saw Duncan the following morning on the roof of the house with a bag, trying to smother the flames. On behalf of Roberts appeared quite a cloud of witnesses. Constable Everton, of the City police, swore that he saw Roberts at Kyneton on the 1st of April, and at Fryer's Creek on the 2nd (the day of the robbery). John Hennessy, a digger, saw him at "Starkie's Tent" on the 2nd, at four in the afternoon. John Smith, a butcher working for Hoffman, of Elizabeth Street, said that he went with Roberts to Fryer's Creek, and was with him there on the night of the 2nd; and Sanders, a shoemaker in Lonsdale Street, saw the pair start on the 29th of March. All this would not do. The Chief Justice evidently did not believe the witnesses, who were openly accused of conspiracy to commit perjury, and charged dead against the prisoners. The jury, after a retirement of ten minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty on the first count, and the Court adjourned, sentence being deferred. On the 28th of May the sentence was passed. It was fifteen years on the roads, three years in irons, and, I suppose, was perforce undergone.

So far the story of the robbery as given in the official records. But there are circumstances connected with business, which, though well-known to Melbourne residents at the time, and remembered by many folks who are now residing there, were never published in Court. For instance, there were two female passengers in the "Nelson" at the time of her seizure. These ladies were named Kidd———, one is the sister of———, the editor of a leading medical journal in London, and the other, married to Mr. Robert Evans, the brother of the City Inspector in Melbourne. When the robbers broke open the cabin doors, a masked man, "who had the air of a gentleman," begged the ladies not to be afraid, and handed them politely into the cuddy where champagne was waiting! After the transhipment of the gold was made everybody had a glass of

champagne, even the bound men, to whose lips the courteous robber held the glass. A curious story concerning the enrichment of numerous influential citizens was mooted at the time, but for obvious reasons it is unwise to repeat it here. The remarks of Duncan and Morgan that they would "get a thousand a piece for the job" was held to confirm the opinion that they were but the agents of scoundrels less daring in action, but more ingenious in contrivance. The "gentleman" who conducted the proceedings of the robbers was said to be identical with a well-known and respected colonist. It was whispered that more than one financial concern profited by the £20,000 which remained to the "firm" which paid £5000 to its agents for the forced loan. So many years have passed that it is now unlikely that the true story of the "Nelson" gold robbery will ever be told. That which I know I am constrained to conceal. Readers can but weigh and surmise.

Let me close this by briefly recording the fate of the vessel. She never reached London. Leaky and unsound she put into Rio for repairs, and her passengers were transhipped from that port. Curious Mystery of the Sea, if ever there was one!

PORT ARTHUR VISITED, 1870.

"YOU will find it difficult to get down to Port Arthur unless you've friends there!" said the genial but imperative land lady of the "Ark Hotel." "Of course, I mean friends in the *Government*," she added, seeing that I looked askance.

We had friends in the Government, for Hacker, my companion, was a man of mark at the office of the *Peacock*, and had hinted vaguely of columns of leaded minion to be supplied by my eminent hand, while I had artfully expressed profound interest in the admirable structure of Castray's Parade. "If you'll be at the wharf at six in the morning," said the Comptroller-General; "you can go down in the schooner, and I'll send word to the Commandant to be ready to receive you. There's a young fellow from the barracks who wants to go; so you can make a little party." Arrived at the schooner in the misty dawn, we saw the "young fellow from the barracks." He was a slightly made, gentlemanly young fellow, who wore an eye-glass. "How do you do?" said he. "Fellow-travellers? My name's Cool. Have a touch of this rum!" He produced from under his pea-jacket a black bottle containing some "regulation," and affably handed it round. "Dear me, it's very strong, sir!" coughed the skipper, who had taken a pull of some vigour. "Remarkably strong!" spluttered I, accustomed to thinner potations. "Decidedly strong, but d——d *good*!" said Hacker of the *Peacock*. So we were all on a friendly footing without further ceremony.

I have often wished that my squeamish stomach had suffered me to take more extended notes of our short voyage. There were some four women—warder's wives, I think—and three ironed convicts aboard. These latter poor devils roosted to leeward, like captive canaries, and sometimes gave a haul on a rope and a melancholy Yo-ho. I had a sort of indistinct hope that they might do something romantic in the way of seizing the schooner, and carrying Hacker and myself off to bondage, or putting Cool, minus his rum bottle, ashore upon a desolate rock. But they did nothing of the sort, being apparently but too glad to be allowed to take dog-sleep in the little forecastle. The passage which we were now making must in former days have been fraught with terror to many a poor soul. The same cliffs, the same green slopes, the same dull and dirty waves upon which I, the holiday maker, was gazing, had met the glances of many despairing wretches, had been yearned over or blasphemed at by men who bore with them I knew not what weight of sad and evil experience. The very bluff and jovial captain, who, swathed in multiplicity of coats, pointed out to us the beauties of the harbour, had a store of strange

learning, and talked as familiarly of murderers transported for life as "maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs." The little craft seemed to bear about with her an atmosphere of villainy, to be saturated with convictism, and though I knew full well that the only occupant of the cabin was a warder's wife, with a sick baby at her breast, I glanced towards the hatchway almost expecting to see emerge from it the savage visage of Captain Swallow, the heads of the mutineers of the "Cyprus," or to be thrilled by the appearance in the flesh of one of those miscreants whose fictional history I was then engaged in writing.

The approach to Port Arthur has been often described, and always with rapturous enthusiasm. Doubtless upon a sunny morning, when the leaping waves flash into showers of glittering spray, or during some peaceful summer evening, when the sinking sun floods all the tender heavens with crimsoned gold, the rugged wilderness of the rocky settlement may be called beautiful. To me, brooding over stories of misery and crime, sitting beside the ironed convicts, and shivering at the chill breeze which whitened the angry waters of the bay, there was no beauty in those desolate cliffs, no cheering picturesqueness in that frowning shore. I saw Port Arthur for the first time beneath a leaden and sullen sky; and as we sailed inwards past the ruins of Point Puer, and beheld barring our passage to the prison the low grey hummocks of the Island of the Dead, I felt that there was a grim propriety in the melancholy of nature.

The jetty at the settlement is a fine structure, built with that surprising excellence which distinguishes the public works of Tasmania. It would be hard indeed if the roads, bridges, and breakwaters of the lovely island were not of admirable workmanship, considering how many able-bodied men have given their best blood and sweat to the building of them. The long white line of the pier was spotted with groups of prisoners. Some wore grey—these were good-conduct men. Some wore a parti-colour costume of yellow and black; these were prisoners for life. Some were dressed all in yellow, these were the irreclaimables. We walked up the pier amid respectful salutes and a sort of stolid curiosity. A gentleman named Dale (I hope that there is no one at P.A. of that name) met us. He was affable and easy. "The Commandant sent his compliments, and regretted that a fit of the gout prevented him from attending personally to our comforts. Government Cottage, however, was at our disposal, and he (Mr. Dale) had instructions to show us over the settlement." We bowed and followed our guide to Government Cottage, a charming little wooden, wide-verandahed building, overlooking the bay. Some half-dozen superannuated convicts were making a pretence of gardening, and took advantage of our arrival to suspend work altogether. These old fellows were the jetsam of the great transportation wave. Transported years ago, they had run the dismal round of prison discipline—had been insubordinate and been flogged, had lost their "tickets," and been exiled to Norfolk Island, had perhaps joined with Jacky-Jacky in the mutiny of the copper kettles, or endured the ingenious punishments of the bridle and the stone, which were found

so efficacious by that noted disciplinarian Captain John Price. "They don't seem to do much work," said Hacker, nodding at an old fellow who was sitting on a fountain-basin, and rubbing it tenderly with his hand. "No," returned Mr. Dale, "they do not do much work, for they are all cripples, don't you see; but they've no home but this, and the Commandant makes them do *something*." In the helpless old age of these crippled criminals, the prison which had made such excellent use of them, gave them generous shelter!

The housekeeper of Government Cottage was profuse in her apologies for lack of accommodation. "If she had only known! His Excellency had been there last week! Only to think of three gentlemen! And the Commandant ill, too!" Lieutenant Cool, who had been painfully uneasy, as with a sense of duty unfulfilled, since we landed, having made a hurried toilet, produced the familiar bottle, and said, screwing in his eyeglass with a fashionable air, "Mr. Dale, have a touch at this rum, and then, if you please, we'll call on the Commandant." We had a touch of rum, and we called on the Commandant. The Commandant received us with courtesy, apologized for his gout, informed us that he had ordered boats'-crews innumerable to take us round the settlement, and that if to-day we would visit the workshops and the barracks, we could start to-morrow overland for Eaglehawk Neck, cross the bay in a whaleboat, and so to Kangaroo Point and Hobart Town. He showed us his curiosities, explained a map of the settlement made by a prisoner, and permitted us to examine the canoes of attempted absconders. "I am afraid that you will find but little to interest you," he said mournfully. "The place is not like it used to be." This regretful allusion to past glories is common to Tasmanian settlers; and naturally so. But then they all pretend that they are so delighted to have ruined themselves by the abolition of transportation!

The Commandant's house is a most picturesque and comfortable residence, overlooking the town. The approach to it is contrived not without an eye to the resistance of assault, and beyond the entering arch, upon a terrace, paces (more as a sign of authority than a threat) a sentry with loaded musket. On the brow of the hill stands the convict barracks, like a factory, and above all shoots into the air the gigantic semaphore. Voluble Mr. Dale took us into the signal-house, and we looked through the glasses, despatched and received useless messages, and generally conducted ourselves after the intrusive and objectless manner of men out upon a holiday. The signalman was a fine handsome fellow—a sailor of course—and, upon the conclusion of our vagaries, Cool produced his pocket flask, and blandly suggested a touch of the inevitable rum. The swallowing of ardent spirits was against convict regulations, but Mr. Dale suggested that the Commandant did not object to a small present of tobacco. So we all tobaccoed our friend, and departed into the township. "We will first visit the workshops, gentlemen," said Mr. Dale, "and then the gaol; then we will see the church, and the quarters of the stipendiaries." "Of the which?" asked Hacker. "The stipendiaries, sir," said Mr. Harris; "I am a stipendiary." He

said this with an air of such dignity that a stipendiary might have been an archbishop.

I am afraid that my memory will not serve me sufficiently to enable me to accurately detail all the arrangements of the prison. I know that the saws in the workshops made a great noise, and that the tan-pits had a very strong odour about them—an odour, by the way, which Mr. Dale (who incontinently fell into one during some enthusiastic explanation of the doings of the Commandant), persisted in carrying about with us, despite all hints. I know that the prisoners seemed all alike in feature, and that I could no more distinguish them the one from the other than I could swear to a Chinaman or a two-toothed wether. I know that a general scowl of depression seemed to be on the fellow's faces, and that the noise of the irons made my unaccustomed ears tingle. I know that I thought to myself that I should go mad were I condemned to such a life, and that I caught one of the men looking at me with a broad grin as I thought it. I know that there seemed to me to hang over the whole place a sort of horrible gloom, as though the sunlight had been withdrawn from it, and that I should have been ashamed to have suddenly met some high-minded friend, inasmuch as it seemed that in coming down to stare at these chained and degraded beings, we had all been guilty of an act of unmanly curiosity. Then turning from the almost empty workshops to the huge barracks, and hearing the stipendiary's glib stories of escapes, and murders and suicides to avoid the agony of living, I pictured the many windows of that hideously square and practical structure crowded with heads; saw the open ground before us once more dotted over with chain-gangs, heard the cat hiss and swing, and caught the echoes of the awful mirth with which the doomed wretches cheered their lingering hours. How many sighs had gone up to Heaven from among those trim trees, how many tears had moistened those neatly chiselled flagstones? The scene upon which we gazed had been the loathed life-long prospect of many a poor scoundrel, who perhaps was not so much worse than I. I do not think that I have any maudlin sympathy for convicts, but as I looked round upon the seamed and sullen faces, I thought of the saying of the enthusiast, "There, but for the grace of God goes John Newton!" and seemed for the first time to realise how thin is the planking of "favourable circumstances" which is between the best of us and such a fate.

We made progress through the gaol. We saw the kitchens, and tasted the "skilly," and replied to the enquiry, "is not that remarkably good, sir? Many an honest poor man would be glad to get that, eh?" by a proper "yes, indeed," as is the etiquette to do on such occasions. The mess-room was admirably ordered. At one given signal, somebody says an orthodox grace, at another the 150 men who comprise the available force of able-bodied criminals sit down and eat, at another they rise up and return thanks for their daily bread, at a third they clank away to their dormitories. The dormitory was like nothing so much as the 'tween decks of some huge ship. The bunks were railed off, and the convicts lay with their heads to the ship's side. Lamps were kept burning all night and a watchman patrolled the

space between the berths. We viewed the baths where each day each man has five minutes' washing, and looked into the "old prison," where are the cells for the refractory. This old prison is a frightfully gloomy spot. The walls are like those of a bastille, the air is damp and heavy, and the one unlucky man who was undergoing confinement crouched in a sort of yellow darkness, and came to his barred window to stare at us, like a wild beast in a cage. We saw the "punishment yard," where men had in old times received their 200 lashes, and regarded it with the same curious awe with which we peeped into the torture chamber at the Tower on some school holiday, or watched the genial beefeater imprison in the "gaoler's daughter" the dainty wrist of our pretty cousin from the country. Grass grew now in the interstices of the stones, and the turnkey shut the door with an air of relief—as though he was shutting up a haunted room. "We will now see the 'solitary' prison," said Mr. Dale, and so we perforce visited that ingenious contrivance for making madmen. The prison is like others of its kind. A central hall has radiating corridors, on each side of these corridors are cells. The prisoner sentenced to "solitary confinement" is placed in one of these chambers, and from the moment the door closes upon him until his term of sentence expires is left alone with whitewash. His exercise is taken in a little yard into which his cell opens. The consolations of religion are administered to him in a box which is so constructed as to shut out from his view all other "miserable sinners" (save the officiating clergyman). His head is muffled in a helmet of cloth pierced with eye-holes, so that he is irrecognisable, and, his mind thus distracted from earthly things, his intellect is fed with tracts, for the most part expressions of sectarian opinion upon theological dogmas, or cheering promises of an eternity of future torment. An absolute silence reigns in this monument of official stupidity. The warders wear list slippers, and from time to time the convict, meditating on the "worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched," sees the peep-hole of his door slide noiselessly back, and meets the cold gaze of his gaoler's eye. "We find that a man who does more than twelve months' solitary," said Mr. Dale, in a whisper, "becomes weak in his mind."

When at Hobart Town I had asked an official of position to allow me to see the records, and—in consideration of the *Peacock*—he was obliging enough to do so. There I found set down, in various handwritings, the history of some strange lives—"John Doe, Marpelia, poaching, ten years, York Assizes, 1832; assigned, 1833, to Richard Roe, Esq., of Green Ponds; May 4, 1833, insubordination, fifty lashes; August 18, 1833, refusing to work, fifty lashes; September 7, 1833, absconding from his hired service, ten years' penal servitude; June 12, 1835, attempt at murder," &c.—and glancing down the list, spotted with red ink for floggings, like a well-printed prayer-book, had asked, "Who is the worst man you have alive now?" The obliging official considered. "I think that Mooney is the worst. Let me see. *M.*, *Mac*, *Mic*, *Moo*. Here we are. Transported at thirteen years of age for poaching, flogged—but

there, you can read it yourself. He was in the Jacky-Jacky business at Norfolk Island. He has drawn lots with another man for murder; he has been a bushranger—oh, a terrible fellow!" "And where is he now?" I asked. "Oh," said the genial official, with a calm self-satisfaction (so it seemed to me) at the excellence of the system which he administered, "He's all right now; we've got him all right *now!* He's a lunatic at Port Arthur *now!*"

I requested to be shown this fortunate example of convict discipline, and Mr. Dale obligingly directed his steps towards the asylum.

The asylum was chiefly remarkable for the number of old men which it contained. Port Arthur, in the year in which we visited it, was a hospital for cripples, and decrepid, blear-eyed convicts basked in the sunshine of the yard, or warmed their maimed limbs at the fire in the keeping-room, with a senile complacency that was almost as affecting as is the helplessness of an infant.

Having passed Smith O'Brien's cottage—pointed out to us with a reverence which spoke much for the gentle breeding of that rash but patriotic Irishman—we were conducted into the asylum. Visitors to Bedlam will remember Cibber's statues, "Melancholy and Madness." The living statues whom we saw were mere reproductions of the hideous stone. Some leant listlessly against the walls, some raved locked in cells. In ordinary lunatic asylums one sees in one's melancholy progress a variety of character—the mad folks sing, laugh, relate anecdotes, imagine themselves to be endowed with good fortune, or to possess claims to reverence. Here were no such pleasurable emotions. The criminal lunatics were of but two dispositions—they cowered and crawled like whipped fox-hounds to the feet of their keepers, or they raged, howling blasphemous and hideous imprecations upon their gaolers. I was eager to see my poacher of thirteen years. The warder drew aside a peep-hole in the barred door, and I saw a grizzled, gaunt, and half-naked old man coiled in a corner. The peculiar wild-beast smell which belongs to some forms of furious madness exhaled from the cell. The gibbering animal within turned, and his malignant eyes met mine. "Take care," said the gaoler; "he has a habit of sticking his finger through the peep-hole to try and poke someone's eye out!" I drew back, and a nail-bitten, hairy finger, like the toe of an ape, was thrust with rapid and simian neatness through the aperture. "That is how he amuses himself," said the good warder, forcing-to the iron slote; "he'd best be dead, I'm thinking."

From the asylum we visited the quarters of the stipendiaries, saw the neat theatre erected for the edification of those gentlemen, and examined the books in the library. "I will take you round by the church and the chaplain's house," said Mr. Dale, "and it will be then time for you to return to Government Cottage." We saw the church, a handsome building, built in 1836, and heard the legend of the stolen money which was supposed to have been built into the wall of it. "A curious place!" cried Cool, when we reached our cottage. "Very curious. ("Have a touch of this rum, Mr. Dale.")

Pray how many prisoners have you here now?" "Mrs. Glamorgan," says Dale, "oblige me with a pen. By-the-way, there are goats in the garden, Mrs. Glamorgan; you know the Commandant's objection to goats. Here is the list, sir, as forwarded to Hobart Town by the schooner. Gentlemen, my compliments." And with a bow (and a touch of rum) he departed. The list was as follows:—

Convicts	301	
Do., invalids	13	
Do., insane	8	
	—	322
Paupers not under sentence	166	
Lunatics do.	86	
	—	252
		574

26th Jan., 1870.

How shorn of its glories was Babylon! How ill had the world wagged with it since the days of the settlement of Port Phillip in 1835, when the prison owned 911 men and 270 boys, their labour for the year being valued at £16,000! As we slept beneath the hospitable roof of Government Cottage, we, travellers from despised Port Phillip, were cognisant that over the doorway of our shelter was even then written the melancholy "Ichabod. Thy glory hath departed."

Next morning came the whale-boat to take us to Dead Man's Island, and we embarked under the noses of a guard. Cockney travellers, anxious to find foreign similes for their local conveniences, have long persisted in calling gondolas the hackney-cabs of Venice. Following the same humour, I may say that the whale-boats are the omnibuses of Port Arthur. Six convicts of good character represent the horses, while a free coxswain, having loaded revolver in his belt and carbine ready to his hand, sits in the stern-sheets and represents the mild cad who is so careful of his sixpences from the Marble Arch to Bayswater.

Dead Man's Isle, or *L'Isle des Morts*, as the maps term it, is a foolish little sand island hummocked with graves. There many scoundrels mingle their dust with that of more fortunate men. May (the murderer of the Italian image-boy) is rotting there; so also is Robert Young, 51st Regiment, accidentally drowned; so also are three seamen of the schooner "Echo," together with many of the 21st, 51st, and 63rd Regiments. I trampled over the graves in full humour to be orthodox, and to look with abhorrence upon the clay that suffered in life beneath a yellow jacket, but decided upon the exercise of Christian charity when I found myself gazing with virtuous indignation at the headstone of one, the wife of Private Gibbons, 21st Regiment, and who (poor woman) died virtuously in childbed.

From the Island of the Dead our whaleboat took us to Long Bay, and landed us there at the wooden pier. In the "good times" before mentioned, the isthmus between Long Bay and Norfolk Bay was bridged by the railroad of clever Captain Booth, and travellers like ourselves were dragged in waggons by harnessed murderers or

burglars. In the decadence of convict discipline, however, this gratification was denied us, and we walked over sandy soil and through prickly scrub, while a taciturn convict of unprepossessing appearance drove a cart containing our baggage. In this happy manner we reached the corresponding pier at Norfolk Bay, where, tossing in the chill waves, lay another whaleboat with another convict crew and another armed coxswain. So embarking—not without a touch of the inevitable rum—we passed Woody Island, and made for the famed Eaglehawk Neck.

Eaglehawk Neck is a strip of sand some 500 yards across. On the western side of this isthmus lies Eaglehawk Bay, opening out into Port Bunche, and guarded by the signal station of Woody Island and the peninsula of One-tree Point; on the eastern side the Southern Ocean breaks unchecked upon the rocky point of Cape Surville, rages in white wrath upon the long length of Descent Beach, or burrows in treacherous silence beneath the honeycomb rocks that guard the southern horn of Pirate's Bay. Across the isthmus is built a plank-road, in the midst of which is a guard-house. Sentinels patrol night and day, while the eye of the new-comer is startled by the sight of dogs set out upon stages extending far into the shallows on either side. To reach the further shore the escaping convict must—like the adventurous Cash and his companions—dare the sharks and swim the rapids of Pirate's Bay, but to land upon the barren sand of Forrestier's Peninsula, blocked by another isthmus, which leads to civilisation and recapture.

Our boat, beached upon the further shore, was met by the sergeant in charge, who received us with military honours, turned out the guard in respect to Cool's forage cap, and conducted us to his house. In old days a commissioned officer, with a subaltern's guard (and a rationed shark, as legends go), looked after this important spot, and the line of neat white huts upon the sand testified to the presence of troops. At the time of our visit, Hezekias Macklewain was judged sufficient protection. To describe Sergeant Macklewain is not my intention. Suffice it to say that he was an "old soldier," and that he fulfilled the promise of hospitality, artfulness, and discipline, which those two words imply. It is my fortune to have many friends who hold the Queen's commission, and Macklewain seemed to have relatives in every regiment in the service. "The Fighting Onety-oneth? Me cousin Tim was colour-sergeant at Badajos!" "Did ye say the Princess's Plungers? Me brother was bâtman to the ould divil of a colonel, and me wife's father knew your uncle well. Och—"

"Have a touch of rum," says Cool. "What's the motto of the Tearing Tenty-tenth—*Risky, frisky, whiskey*, eh?"

"By the wooden man, sir, but Sally's great uncle, Corney O'Keefe, was——"

"Oh, have a touch of rum," cries Hacker.

"And so you're a grandson of General Barry, are ye? Roaring Harry Barry, of Barry Oge—him they called Barry Lyndon. Och—"

"Have another touch of rum," said Cool.

I trust that I shall not be misunderstood when I say that we spent a merry night—within the limits of becoming mirth, of course. We related anecdotes of moving accident, we told camp-stories—of a Shandean order, not unfrequently; we sang military songs, and that jolly sergeant and his wife danced a reel, or I am much mistaken, to the music of Cool's melodious whistle. Then, having been all bedded down, in the sergeant's best bedroom you may be sure, with all the good-wife's blankets heaped above us, we slept the sleep of the just, lulled by the music of the murmuring waves, as they ran in upon the ocean beach.

At daylight the sergeant roused us. "To the Blow-hole!" The Blow-hole is a curious freak of nature. At the southern horn of Pirate's Bay the sea has bored an enormous cavern, and having—in remote ages—forced its way upwards through the roof of this tunnel, there now remains an arch of rock, called by the first discoverers of it "Tasman's Arch." To this spot, by a rough track, did our jovial sergeant lead us. We advanced through the scrub, and saw suddenly open at our feet an immense chasm, at the bottom of which the sea was lazily lapping. Beyond this chasm the scrub continued apparently unbroken, but upon skirting the enormous hole we felt the salt breeze lick our faces, and a few steps further placed us at the brink of the cliff. The morning was an exquisitely calm and bright one, and the tide was low. We looked down through a funnel nearly 200ft. deep, and saw at the bottom but wet and weed-girt rocks. Our sergeant informed us that in times of violent storm the water, driven in with the full violence of the wave which breaks upon the cliff, is spouted up through the funnel into air! I was long inclined to doubt this statement, until I found it confirmed by Dr. Ross, who records that, visiting the place on a comparatively calm day, he saw, "between me and the light, little sparkles of spray rising up several feet into the air;" and, after stating that the impression of terror produced upon his mind by the "awful depths of the 'boilers of Buchan'" was many degrees inferior to that induced by the Blow-hole, he says that "the spectator could observe, at a depth of 150ft. or 200ft., the waters rolling in by a subterraneous channel, and *dashing the spray in his face.*" The aspect of this spot during a gale must be as marvellous as that of the Douvres. The Blow-hole, in fact, repeats at the antipodes the marvels of the Channel Islands, for, descending by a narrow pathway to the foot of the precipice, we found ourselves on a ledge of rock which at high-water is covered by furious surf, and the huge cavern, intersected and bored into by several smaller ones, bore an aspect sufficiently romantic to have warranted its selection as the scene of a drama of the sea scarcely less wonderful than that one played at the order of Victor Hugo by Gilliatt and the *pieuvre* on the Man-rock of Guernsey.

Cool and I bathed in a pool of water some ten feet wide, and heaven knows how deep, left by the retired sea at the base of the cliff. The sides of this natural bath were covered with sea-weeds,

and its depths were inhabited by a variety of oceanic life, which the clearness of the water allowed to be distinctly seen. It was as though we had plunged into an aquarium. Refreshed by our bath, and a walk over the beach to the guard-house, we breakfasted heartily, and took leave of our hospitable entertainers to embark in the ready whaleboat which was to convey us back to civilisation. The boat voyage was not remarkable for aught save weariness. The wind had freshened, and for some hours we laboured against the tide, beguiling the time with anecdote and story. The coxswain related to us the history of Cash and Cavanagh, told of the exploits of the "Jaguar," the acuteness of Mr. John Evenden, chief constable, and the unfortunate death of one "Hangman Thompson," who, being recognised at the diggings by some of his old prison mates, was dragged to pieces with bullocks. At these tales we laughed and shuddered by turns, but no expression of merriment or of disgust moved our stolid crew. They did not seem to listen, or, listening, did not appear to heed. We free men talked in the presence of these prisoners as if they had been dogs. "You bathe in sight of your slaves," said someone to the Empress Theodora. "Well, they are but slaves," was the reply. When we landed at Ralph's Bay, waiting for our cart to jog towards Kangaroo Point, I said to Cool, busy in distributing tobacco to the boat's crew, "What do you think of it?" Cool looked at the prisoners, at the sea, at the sky, and at Hacker. "I respect the power of the press," said he; "have a touch of rum." "See," said I, reversing the flask, "it is empty!" "Ay, only the smell of it left, your honour!" said a prisoner, breaking silence for the first time.

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This exclamation of our prisoner's—rude, but true—is, in fact, an admirable summing up of the convict system. When, safely seated after supper in the comfortable coffee-room of the "Ark," we began to compare ideas and impressions of our recent experiences, the remark of the convict oarsman recurred to me again and again. The frightful blunder had become a thing of the past—the victims of it were dead or insane. Everybody admitted that "mistakes had been made in the old times," and begged that the loathly corpse of this dead wickedness, called "Transportation," might be comfortably buried away and ignored of men and journalists. But "the smell of it" remained—remains. Cripples, self-maimed, lest worse might have befallen them, walk the streets of Hobart Town. In out-of-the-way corners, in shepherds' huts or roadside taverns, one meets "old hands" who relate terrible and true histories. In the folio reports of the House of Commons can be read statements which make one turn sick with disgust, and flush hot with indignation. Officialdom, with its crew of parasites and lickspittles, may try to palliate the enormities committed in the years gone by; may revile, with such powers of abuse as are given to it, the writers who record the facts which it blushes for. But the sad, grim truth remains. For half a century the law allowed the vagabonds

and criminals of England to be subjected to a lingering torment, to a hideous debasement, to a monstrous system of punishment, futile for good and horribly powerful for evil; and it is with feelings of the most profound delight that we view the probable abolition of the last memorial of an error fraught with so much misery.

PART II.

AUSTRALIAN TALES AND SKETCHES.

AUSTRALIAN TALES AND SKETCHES.

AUSTRALIAN SCENERY.

WHAT is the dominant note of Australian Scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry—Weird Melancholy. A poem like "L'Allegro" could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great gray kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. The natives aver that when night comes, from out the bottomless depths of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and in form like a monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire, dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of the mountains. Hopeless explorers have named them out of their sufferings—Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair. As when among sylvan scenes in places

> "Made green with the running of rivers,
> And gracious with temperate air,"

the soul is soothed and satisfied, so, placed before the frightful grandeur of these barren hills, it drinks in their sentiment of defiant ferocity, and is steeped in bitterness.

Australia has rightly been named the Land of the Dawning. Wrapped in the midst of early morning her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman, riding between the moonlight and the day, sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forests, where flourishes a vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian civilisation which bred him shrinks into

insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race.

There is a poem in every form of tree or flower, but the poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia, differs from those of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollections of her past magnificence, as the Suttee sinks jewel-burdened upon the corpse of dread grandeur, destructive even in its death. America swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable even as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa, and the creeper-tangled groves of the Islands of the South, arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand flowers, heavy and intoxicating odours—the Upas-poison, which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the Grotesque, the Weird, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphs of haggard gum-trees, blown into odd shapes distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the Poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand, better than all the bountiful richness of Egypt.

LEARNING "COLONIAL EXPERIENCE."

THERE were three of us, Dougald M'Alister, Jack Thwaites, and myself. The place was called in the grandiloquent language of the bush, "The Dinkledoodledum Station" (I like these old native names), because it was situated in the Dinkledoodledum Creek. Dinkledoodledum—as any philologist can guess by the sound of it—means the Valley of the Rippling Streamlets; but alas! never a rippling streamlet did our eyes behold during our stay in the inhospitable valley.

The station had just been purchased by Thwaites' brothers—is not his name now synonymous with gold, from the Great Glimmera to the Adelaide Desert?—and had been overstocked by its former proprietor. Along the Glimmera banks, where jovial but family-burdened Boschman kept his boundary-riding habitation, the ground was as bare as a billiard-table, and the travelling sheep that called the Great Glimmera their "feeding track," were only too glad to escape beyond the Dinkledoodledum boundary into the pleasant paths of Whistlebinkie. Let it not, however, be imagined that our station was always in this condition. On the contrary, it had been renowned as a place flowing with milk and honey. It was reported that Clibborn had made his fortune out of it; that Wallum had retired to independence and hot grog after twelve months of it; and that Thwaites was in a fair way to do exceedingly well if he could but "hold on" to it.

Unluckily, what with the former proprietor's mania for feeding two sheep to every three acres (one sheep to every five acres was about the Dinkledoodledum standard) and a succession of bad seasons, the "holding on" was hard work. Economy was absolutely needful, and M'Alister, Jack and I practised it healthily. Mutton and damper all the week, and damper and mutton on Sundays, was the order of the day, and we carried it out to the letter. No epicurean feasts of beef or of pork disgraced the frugality of our board. Never to our table came the feeble fowl or the enervating kitchen-garden vegetable. We had no milk, for our dairy cattle were starving; no eggs, for our poultry refused to lay; no pumpkin pie, for our soil was too poor to grow even that harmless esculent. Yet on Spartan fare we led Spartan lives, and were happy.

Oh, that bark hut! Never shall I forget the first day when I, a slim and somewhat effeminate youth, with London smoke not yet cleared from my throat, beheld its dilapidated walls. "You will sleep here," said Jack, pointing to a skillion which seemed to have been used as a sheep-pen, so marked was the "spoor" of those beasts. "With all my heart," said I, as that organ sank within me—down,

down, down, until I could feel it palpitating in the very tips of my riding-boots. But I did not regret my acquiescence. How many nights in that humble shelter have I listened to the skirr of the wild cats, and watched the one bright star that pertinaciously peeped through the chinks of the bark sheets. How many nights have I lighted my lonely pipe, and wrestled alone with my own particular angel, even as Jacob wrestled at Pennel. Happy Jacob! would I owned thy cunning of wrist and elbow. How many nights have I trimmed the reed in the pannikin of tallow, and read the half-dozen books I possessed until I could read no more. How many nights have I slept the unutterably sweet slumber of virtuous weariness, until my Jack, bursting in with clanking spurs, would rouse me with his "All aboard!" Aye, old skillion, I have had some happy hours in thee; so peace to thy ashes, for, sooth to say, thou art now but fit for burning.

It is proper to boast of the Australian summer. Those who have lived in tents, camped by rocky water-holes, kept dew-sprinkled watch beneath the yellow moon, and ridden through fiery noons hard upon the tails of the head-long herd, can with justice boast of the wild intoxication of that burning ether. I have known it, I! Not the draught which the great spirit gave to eager Faust maddens so gloriously. Australian summer, dost thou say? I am with thee. With open shirt ballooned behind thee, with streaming hair and bloody spurs, urge, urge the straining steed across the level plain! No tree mars the prospect of immensity. In front, the flying emu, and behind—naught but the whistling air! The grey grass spins, the grey plain reels, the cloudless sky glows molten brass above. It comes—the hot wind of the desert! Bitter-fierce from the sand-hills of the scorching north, it sweeps upon thee! Ride! Ride! There are fifty miles of grass before thee, and the blood of an Emperor's battle steed beats beneath thy saddle-flaps. What are fears, griefs, loves? Throned upon the rocking saddles of our stretching barbs, we laugh at fate. Stand in thy stirrups now, and shout! Ha! ha! Tell me what draught of love or wine compares with *this*—the champagne nectar of a hot-wind gallop!

But the time to enjoy our hut was in the winter—the wild, wet winter that lashed the groaning gums, and scourged to white rage the risen river. All the hot summer wooed us to the air. Through parching noons and dewy nights we rode and revelled. Then camped the cattle by the shrinking swamp, and the wild horses came down to drink at the famished springs. Then we went expeditions in the balmy moonlight, and roused the drowsy township with the clattering echoes of our hurrying hoofs. Then came Harry of the Gap, Tom of the Scano, and Dare-devil Dick, of Mostyn's Folly, to "foregather" with us. Then were Homeric days, musical with chanted melody, and fierce with the recklessness of horse-taming youth. Then were our hearts great within us, and in that glowing atmosphere, beneath that burning sun, our bright blood bounded, and we lived!

But in gray, chill winter the bark hut, so long deserted, repaid our ingratitude by generous kindness. Creeping, all wet, and weary

with travel, splashed with mire, and torn by prickly scrub, to its friendly shelter, it glowed warm welcome, its rough but honest sides laughing in the beams of the roaring logs till they were nigh to crack again. How cheery were those evenings. How we ate the ewe mutton, and laughed at the mishaps of the day; how we smoked, and toasted our toes and "yarned;" three sworn comrades, singing the songs of our native Britain to the accompaniment of the whistling Austral wind.

The hut was not commodious. When duly camped within it, indeed, we had but scant room. When M'Alister had flung his lazy length upon the lounging chair (a wool bale stretched upon the rack-toothed iron skeleton of some long-forgotten patent) and I had usurped the cane-bottomed American importation, there was but one place for Thwaites, and that the table top. Thwaites would roost there, like some intelligent bird, and chant the lays of his native country. We called him the "Little Warbler." Thwaites was a young man of military tendencies. He had belonged in the old country to the Diggleshire Yeomanry Cavalry (who received the thanks of their Lord-Lieutenant and county, you may remember, for their conduct in the great insurrection of the cider-sellers against the patent bottling process), and in our excursions into the bush he was perpetually waving a brass-headed whip which he affected, and with wild cries of "St. George and Diggleshire!" charging the brush fences. Paddy, his big-boned horse, put him down badly one afternoon, and he gave up this method of exhilaration. M'Alister, who owned that sense of dry humour which is a fungoid growth peculiar to Scotland, would artfully excite Thwaites to wrath by the assumption of anti-Hanoverian tendencies, and induce in him a violent outburst of loyalty, and frequent reference to a lady of whom he habitually spoke as "My gracious sovereign, whom God preserve." McAlister himself was not without his prejudices, for on one occasion I distinctly remember that we removed the table, and fought over the merits of poor Mary Queen of Scots. I had ventured to hint that her conduct in the matter of Bothwell was not quite incapable of impeachment, and M'Alister challenged me to trial by battle. In justice to the soundness of a reasoning which has sent so many honest men to Hades, I will presume that my cause was a bad one, for I received a very sound and complete drubbing.

One of poor Thwaites's duties was to "keep the books," and once a week he would labour painfully but religiously at his task. The "books" could not have been very difficult to "keep," I think, but somehow or other we never could keep them. I am now inclined to think that our system was too comprehensive, for, as we put everything down in a volume called a day-book, (*lucus a non lucendo*, I suppose, for we never wrote anything in it until night), and transferred it bodily to a ledger, our accounts were pretty mixed. After I had been there a month, Thwaites mounted his horse solemnly and mysteriously one morning, and rode off one hundred and twenty miles to his brother. Two days afterwards he returned, dusty, but calm, and big with intelligence of importance. After supper, he

said to me gravely, "you have been in a bank, haven't you?" I replied that I had for a month or so, until my ravages among the well kept books were presumed to have permanently affected the brain of Napoleon Smith, the manager. "Then," said Jack, "since you've been used to banking, my boy, my brother thinks that *you* can keep the books." I was ready for any hazardous experiment in those days, and I consented. I think on the whole I did pretty well, though three rams (half-bred Leicesters, and as strong as bullocks), got into Derwent Joe's account, and could not be got out again by any financial operation I could devise, while I was always dropping boots and things in "carrying over." Jack would endeavour sometimes to see how I was getting on, but he told me one day that he couldn't understand why I should keep four plugs of Barrett's twist in the Long Swamp Paddock, and put our married couple's wages to the debit of Weathers and Weaners. I really don't think he understood much about it.

In the Long Swamp Paddock, by the way, lived one Long Tom, who was an oddity. He was nearly seven feet high and thin as a harpoon. He had been a sailor, digger, explorer, stockman, everything but a quiet stop-at-home. For the last ten years, however, he had rested in the hut by the Long Swamp, and the place was known as Long Tom's Waterhole; indeed, Long Tom and his dog were better known at the stations round about, than the name of the Chief Secretary of the Colony. His dog was one of the biggest impostors—for a dog—that I have ever met. He was called Old Moke, and was supposed to be of marvellous sagacity; he was a stumpy-tailed, long-bodied, shambling beast, who worked just when he chose, and as he chose. Long Tom, when riding to muster, would remark that if we didn't get the sheep soon, he would have to put "Old Moke on 'em," as though the act was equivalent to working a miracle, or dissolving Parliament. By-and-by Old Moke was "put on." "Moke!" Tom would remark in tones of conscious superiority, "get away forward!" We would hear a howl, and see a streak of white lightning slip out from under the belly of Tom's horse. Moke had obeyed the summons. By-and-by, in the depths of the forest, faint barks would be heard, and Tom would grow uneasy. He would whistle. Still the barking would continue, and presently, with a rushing sound, a flock of ewes would fly past us bewilderedly. Tom would shift in his saddle, and we would grin.

Presently M'Alister gallops up, raging. "Call off your cursed dog, Tom!" he shouts. "Hi, Moke!" roars Tom. "Moke! Moke! Sink, and burn, and—and—and———the dog. Moke! Hi! Moke!" Then would Long Tom, vomiting fury, gallop madly into the bush, some agonised howls would be heard, and old Moke would be seen no more until supper, when he would meet us at the hut wagging his delusive stump defiantly. Yet everybody around believed in the beast. Old Moke was a sort of religion at the Dinkledoodledum, and to express doubt of his immense value would be heresy of the deepest dye. One would meet stockmen going home with puppies squeaking at their heels. "Any good?" one

would ask, nodding at the black and white mass. "Good! I believe you. That's one of old Moke's," would be the proud reply. Alas! old Moke—honest impostor, thou and thy crack-brained master are both gone! Gone, let us hope, old dog, to a place where the faults of both of ye will be as lightly dealt with as in the pleasant days of old.

When Thwaites had gone to bed in the corner—he was a most determined sleeper—M'Alister and I would pitch another log on the fire and prepare for enjoyment. Carefully filling our pipes, we placed the grease-pannikin on a mark made exactly in the centre of the table, and "yarned." By "yarning," dear reader, I don't mean mere trivial conversation, but hard, solid talk. M'Alister was a man of more than ordinary natural talents, and had he been placed in other circumstances, would have cut a figure. It was not easy to argue with him, and some of our discussions lasted until cock-crow. The arguments not unfrequently merged into story-telling, and in that department my memory served me in good stead. I had been a sickly brat in my infancy, and having unfettered access to the library of a man who owned few prejudices for moral fig-leaves, had, with the avidity for recondite knowledge which sickly brats always evince, read many strange books. I boiled down my recollections for M'Alister, and constituted myself a sort of Scherezade for his peculiar benefit. He would smoke, and I would fix my eyes on a long strip of bark which hung serpentwise from the ridge pole, and relate. I think if that strip of bark had been removed, my power of narration would have been removed with it. In this fashion we got through a good deal of Brantome, several of the plays—or rather plots of the plays—of Wycherley, Massinger, and Farquahar, and most of Byron. We rambled over the Continent with Gil Blas, discussed the Alchemists, strolled up and down Rome with Horace, and investigated the miracles of the early Saxon churchmen in company of a lot of queer fellows who lived somewhere about the time of the Venerable Bede. We talked *Candide* and Dr. Lardner's *Encyclopædia;* we saw Hogarth with Ireland's descriptions; we quarrelled bitterly over Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, and made friends again over the pathetic adventures of one Moll Flanders, a friend of Daniel Defoe.

Oh, cheery bark hut, despite all miseries of rough ways and rougher weather, despite all hideousness of lamb-cutting and sheep-slaughtering, despite the figs of tobacco that *would* get mixed up with my record of maiden-ewes and two-toothed wethers, despite rain, storm, and tough mutton, I recall thy memory with unfeigned regret. Thither "never came the trader, never waved a European flag;" no smiling bill-discounters ever invaded thy sacred precincts; no severe duns, rightly claiming that which is, alas! their own, and that which I am unable to pay them, ever darkened thy hospitable doorway; no folio documents, demanding instant official attention, were ever brought by the merry black-boy to thy rude letter-box; no monstrous civilisation with its luxurious necessities overshadowed, Upas-like, thy imperfect roof. A glorious barbarism was thine, a jovial freedom from the cares of the morrow was the charter of thy liberties. I

disliked thee once, and grumblingly did abuse thy hospitable shelter; but I have since found other roofs less pleasant than thine, have since—pent within stucco and inurned in marble mockery of grandeur—yearned for the careless fortune of thy uncultured surroundings, cried often in vain amid the uncomfortable comfort of the city.

"Give me again my hollow tree,
My crust of bread and liberty."

PRETTY DICK.

A HOT day. A very hot day on the plains. A very hot day up in the ranges, too. The Australian sun had got up suddenly with a savage swoop, as though he was angry at the still coolness of early morning, and was determined to drive the cattle, who were munching complacently in the long rich grass of the swamp, back up under the hill among the thick she-oaks. It seemed to be a settled thing on the part of the sun to get up hotter and hotter every morning. He even went down at night with a red face, as much as to say, "Take care, I shall be hotter than ever to-morrow!"

The men on the station did not get into smoking humour until he had been gone down at least an hour, and as they sat on a bench and a barrel or two, outside the "men's hut" on the hill, they looked away across the swamp to that jagged gap in the ranges where he had sunk, and seeing the red flush in the sky, nodded at one another, and said, "We shall have a hot day to-morrow." And they were right. For, when they had forgotten the mosquitoes and the heat, and the many pleasant things that live in the crevices between the slabs of the hut, and gone to sleep, up he came again, hotter than ever, without the least warning, and sent them away to work again.

On this particular morning he was very hot. Even King Peter, who was slowly driving up the working bullocks from the swamp, felt his old enemy so fierce on his back, that he got up in his stirrups and cracked his whip, until the hills rang again, and Strawberry, and Punch, and Doughboy, and Damper, and all (except that cynical, wicked Spot, who hated the world, and always lived away by himself in a private clump of she-oak) straightened their tails and shook their heads, and galloped away up to the stockyard in mortal terror. The horses felt the heat, and King Peter's brother, who was looking for them on the side of the Stony Mount, had a long ride up and down all sorts of gullies before he found them out, and then they were unusually difficult to get together. The cockatoos knew it was hot, and screamed themselves away into the bush. The kangaroos, who had come down like gigantic shadows out of the still night, had all hopped away back into the scrub under the mountains, while the mist yet hung about the trees around the creek-bed. The parrots were uneasy, and the very station dogs got under the shadow-lee of the huts, in case of a hot wind coming up. As for the sheep—when Pretty Dick's father let them out in the dawn, he said to his dog, "We shan't have much to do to-day, old woman, shall we?" At which Lassie wagged her tail and grinned, as intelligent dogs do.

But who was Pretty Dick?

Pretty Dick was the seven-years-old son of Richard Fielding, the shepherd. Pretty Dick was a slender little man, with eyes like pools of still water when the sky is violet at sunset, and a skin as white as milk—that is, under his little blue and white shirt, for where the sun had touched it, it was a golden brown, and his hands were the colour of the ripe chestnuts his father used to gather in England years ago. Pretty Dick had hair like a patch of sunlight, and a laugh like rippling water. He was the merriest little fellow possible, and manly, too! He understood all about milking, did Pretty Dick; and could drive up a refractory cow with anybody. He could chop wood, too—that is, a little, you know, because he was not very strong, and the axe was heavy. He could ride, not a buck-jumper—that was his ambition—but he would take Molly (the wall-eyed mare) into the home station for his father's rations, and come out again quite safely.

He liked going into the station, because he saw Ah Yung, the Chinaman cook, who was kind to him, and gave him sugar. He had all the news to hear too. How another mob of travelling sheep were coming through the run; how the grey mare had slipped her foal; how the bay filly had bucked off Black Harry and hurt his wrist; how Old Tom had "got the sack" for being impudent to the overseer, and had vowed to fire the run. Besides, there was the paper to borrow for his father, Mr. Trelawney's horses to look at, the chat with the carpenter, and perhaps a peep at the new buggy with its silver-mounted harness (worth, "oh, thousands of pounds!" Pretty Dick thought;) perhaps, too, he might go down to the house, with its garden and cool verandah, and bunches of grapes; might get a little cake from Mary, the cook; or even might be smiled upon by Mrs. Trelawney, the owner's young wife, who seemed to Dick to be something more a lady—to be a sweet voice that spoke kindly to him, and made him feel as he would feel sometimes when his mother would get the Big Bible, that came all the way from England, and tell him the story about the Good Man who so loved little children.

He liked to go into the station, because everyone was so kind to him. Everyone loved Pretty Dick; even old Tom, who had been a "lag," and was a very wicked man, hushed the foul jest and savage oath when the curly head of Pretty Dick came within hearing; and the men always felt as if they had their Sunday clothes on in his presence. But he was not to go into the station to-day. It was not ration-day; so he sat on the step of his father's hut door, looking out through a break in the timber-belt at the white dots on the plain, that he knew to be his father's sheep.

Pretty Dick's father lived in the Log Hut, on the edge of the plains, and had five thousand sheep to look after. He was away all day. Sometimes, when the sheep would camp near home, Pretty Dick would go down with some fresh tea in a "billy" for his father, and would have a very merry afternoon watching his father cut curious notches on his stick, and would play with Lassie, and look about for 'possums in the trees, or, with craning neck, cautiously inspect an ant-hill. And then when evening came, and Lassie had got the sheep together—quietly, without any barking, you know—when father and son jogged

homewards through the warm, still air, and the trampling hoofs of the sheep sent up a fragrance from the crushed herbage round the folding ground, Pretty Dick would repeat long stories that his mother had told him, about "Valentine and Orsen," and "Beauty and the Beast," and "Jack the Giant Killer;" for Pretty Dick's mother had been maid in the rector's family in the Kentish village at home, and was a little above Pretty Dick's father, who was only a better sort of farm-labourer. But they were all three very happy now in their adopted country. They were all alone there, these three—Pretty Dick, and mother and father—and no other children came to divide the love that both father and mother had for Pretty Dick. So that when Pretty Dick knelt down by his little bed at night, and put his little brown hands together, and said, "God bless my dear father and mother, and God bless me and make me a good boy," he prayed for the whole family, you see. So they all three loved each other very much—though they were poor people—and Pretty Dick's mother often said that she would not have any harm happen to Pretty Dick for Queen Victoria's golden crown. They had called him Pretty Dick when he was yet a baby on board the "Star of Peace" emigrant ship, and the name had remained with him ever since. His father called him Pretty Dick, and his mother called him Pretty Dick, and the people at the home station called him Pretty Dick; and even the cockatoo who lived on the perch over Lassie's bark-kennel, would call out "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!" over and over again.

Now, on this particular morning, Pretty Dick sat gazing between the trunks of the gum-trees into the blue distance. It was very hot. The blue sky was cloudless, and the sun seemed to be everywhere at once. There was a little shade, to be sure, among the gum-tree trunks, but that would soon pass, and there would be no shade anywhere. The little fenced-in waterhole in the front of the hut glittered in the sunlight like a piece of burnished metal, and the tin milk-pail that was turned topsy-turvy on the pole-paling, was quite dazzling to look at. Daisy, the cow, stood stupidly under the shade of a round, punchy little she-oak close by, and seemed too lazy even to lie down, it was so hot. Of course the blow-flies had begun, and their ceaseless buzz resounded above and around, making it seem hotter than ever, Pretty Dick thought.

How hot father must be! Pretty Dick knew those terrible plains well. He had been across them two or three times. Once in the early spring, when it was pleasant enough with a cool breeze blowing, and white clouds resting on the tops of the distant mountains, and the broad rolling levels of short, crisp, grass-land sweeping up from their feet to the horizon unceasingly. But he had been across there once in the summer, when the ground was dry and cracked, when the mountains seemed so close that he almost thought that he could touch them with his hand, when the heavens were like burning brass, and the air (crepitant with the ceaseless chirping of the grasshopper) like the flame of a heated furnace. Pretty Dick felt quite a fresh accession of heat as he thought of it, and turned his face

away to the right to cool himself by thinking of the ranges. They were deep in the bush, past the creek that ran away the other side of the Sandy Rises; deep in the bush on the right hand, and many a weary stretch of sandy slope, and rough-grassed swamp, and solemn wood, and dismal, deserted scrub, was between him and them. He could see the lofty purple peak of Mount Clear, the highest in the range, grandly rising above the dense level tops of the gum-tree forests, and he thought how cool it must be in its mighty shadow. He had never been under the mountain. That there were some strange reaches of scrub, and sand, and dense thickets, and tumbled creeper-entwined rock in that swamp-guarded land, that lay all unseen under the shadow of the hills, he knew, for he had heard the men say so. Had he not heard how men had been lost in that awesome scrub, silent and impenetrable, which swallowed up its victims noiselessly? Had he not heard how shepherds had strayed or slept, and how, at night, the sheep had returned alone, and that search had been in vain, until perhaps some wandering horseman, all by chance, had lighted upon a rusty rag or two, a white skull, and perhaps a tin pannikin, with hopeless scratchings of name and date? Had he not been told fearful things about those ranges? How the bushrangers had made their lair in the Gap, and how the cave was yet visible where their leader had been shot dead by the troopers; how large sums of stolen money were buried there, hidden away behind slags and slabs of rock, flung into fathomless gullies, or crammed into fissures in the mountain side, hidden so well that all the searching hands and prying eyes of the district had not yet discovered them? Did not Wallaby Dick tell him one night about the Murder that had been done down in the flat under the large Australian moon—when the two swagmen, after eating and drinking, had got up in the bright, still night, and beaten out the brains of the travelling hawker, who gave them hospitality, and how, the old man being found beside his rifled cart, with his gray hairs matted with blood, search was made for the murderers, and they were taken in a tap-room in distant Hamilton, bargaining with the landlord for the purchase of their plunder?

What stories had he not heard of wild cattle, of savage bulls, red-eyed, pawing, and unapproachable? What hideous tales of snakes, black, cold, and deadly, had not been associated in his mind with that Mountain Land? What a strange, dangerous, fascinating, horrible, wonderful place that Mountain Land must be, and how much he would like to explore it! But he had been forbidden to go, and he dismissed, with a childish sigh, all idea of going.

He looked up at his clock—the sun. He was just over the top of the big gum-tree—that meant ten o'clock. How late! The morning was slipping away. He heard his mother inside singing. She was making the bread. It would be very hot in the hut when the loaf was put in the camp-oven to bake. He had nothing to do either. He would go down to the creek; it was cool there. So he went into the hut and got a big piece of sweet cake, and put it in the pocket of his little jumper.

"Mother," said Pretty Dick, "I am going down to the creek."

"Take care you don't get lost!" said she, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Lost! No fear!" said Pretty Dick.

—And when he went out, his mother began to sing again.

It was beautifully cool down by the creek. Pretty Dick knew that it would be. The creek had come a long way, and was tired, and ran very slowly between its deep banks, luscious with foliage, and rich with grass. It had a long way to go, too, Pretty Dick knew where it went. It ran right away down to the river. It ran on into the open, desolate, barren piece of ground where the road to the station crossed it, and where its bright waters were all red and discoloured with the trampling of horses and cattle. It ran by the old stockyard, and then turned away with a sudden jerk, and lost itself in the Five Mile Swamp, from whence it re-appeared again, broader and bigger, and wound along until it met the river.

But it did not run beyond the swamp now, Dick knew, because the weather had been so hot, and the creeks were all dried up for miles around—his father said—all but this one. It took its rise in the mountains, and when the rainfall was less than usual, grew thinner and thinner, until it became, what it was now, a slender stream of water, trickling heavily between high banks—quite unlike the dashing, brawling, black, bubbling torrent that had rushed down the gully in flood-time.

Pretty Dick took off his little boots, and paddled about in the water, and found out all kinds of curious, gnarled roots of old trees, and funny holes under the banks. It was so cool and delicious under the stems and thick leaves of the water frondage that Pretty Dick felt quite restored again, and sang remembered scraps of his mother's songs, as he dodged round intervening trees, and slipped merrily between friendly trunks and branches. At last he came out into the open. Here his friend, the creek, divided itself into all sorts of queer shapes, and ran here, and doubled back again there, and twisted and tortured itself in an extraordinary manner, just out of pure fun and frolic.

There was a herd of cattle camped at this place, for the trees were tall, and big, and spreading. The cattle did not mind Pretty Dick at all, strange to say. Perhaps that was because he was on foot. If he had been on horseback now, you would have seen how they would have stared and wheeled about, and splashed off into the scrub. But when Pretty Dick, swinging a stick that he had cut, and singing one of his mother's songs, came by, they merely moved a little farther away, and looked at his little figure with long, sleepy eyes, slowly grinding their teeth from side to side the while. Now the way began to go up-hill, and there were big dead trees to get over, and fallen spreading branches to go round; for the men had been felling timber here, and the wasted wood lay thick upon the ground. At last Pretty Dick came to the Crossing Place. The Crossing Place was by the edge of the big swamp, and was a notable

place for miles round. There was no need for a crossing place now though, for the limpid water was not a foot deep.

Pretty Dick had come out just on the top of a little sandy rise, and he saw the big swamp right before him, speckled with feeding cattle, whose backs were just level with the tall rushes. And beyond the big swamp the ranges rose up, with the sunlight gleaming here and there upon jutting crags of granite, and with deep cool shadows in other places, where the noble waving line of hills sank in, and made dark recesses full of shade and coolness. The sky was bluer than ever, and the air was heavy with heat; and Pretty Dick wondered how the eagle-hawk that was poised—a floating speck above the mountain top—could bear to swoop and swing all day long in that fierce glare.

He turned down again, and crossing the creek, plunged into the bush. There was a subtle perfume about him now; not a sweet, rich perfume like the flowers in the home station garden, but a strange intoxicating smell, evolved from the heat and the water, and the many coloured heath blossoms. The way was more difficult now, and Pretty Dick left the bank of the creek, and made for the open space—sandy, and bunched with coarse clumps of grass. He went on for a long time, still upwards, and at last his little feet began to tire; and, after chasing a dragon-fly or two, and running a long way after a kangaroo rat, that started out from a patch of broom and ran in sharp diagonal lines away to hide itself in among the roots of a she-oak, he began to think of the piece of sweet cake in his pocket. So when, after some little time, emerging from out a dense mass of scrub, that scratched and tore at him as though it would hold him back, he found himself far up the hills, with a great gully between him and the towering ranges, he sat down and came to the conclusion that he was hungry. But when he had eaten his sweet cake, he found that he was thirsty too, and that there was no water near him. But Pretty Dick knew that there was water in the ranges; so he got up again, a little wearily, and went down the gully to look for it. But it was not so easy to find, and he wandered about for a long time, among big granite boulders, and all kinds of blind creeks, choked up with thick grass and creeping plants, and began to feel very tired indeed, and a little inclined to wish that he had not left the water-course so early. But he found it at last—a little pool, half concealed by stiff, spiky, rush grass, and lay down, and drank eagerly. How nice the first draught was! But at the second, the water felt warm, and at the third, tasted quite thick and slimy. There had been some ducks paddling about when he came up, and they flew away with a great quacking and splashing, that almost startled him. As soon as they had disappeared though, the place was quite still again, and the air grew heavier than ever. He felt quite drowsy and tired, and laid himself down on a soft patch of mossy grass, under a tree; and so, after listening a little while to the humming of the insects, and the distant crackling of mysterious branches in the forest, he put his little head on his little arm, and went fast to sleep.

How long he slept Pretty Dick did not know, but he woke up suddenly with a start, and a dim consciousness that the sun had shifted, and had been pouring its heat upon him for some time. The moment he woke he heard a great crashing and plunging, and started up just in time to see a herd of wild cattle scouring off down the side of the range. They had come up to drink while he was asleep, and his sudden waking had frightened them. How late it must be! The place seemed quite changed. There was sunlight where no sunlight had been before, and shadow where had been sunlight. Pretty Dick was quite startled at finding how late it was. He must go home, or mother would be frightened. So he began to go back again. He knew his way quite well. No fear of his losing himself. He felt a little tired though, but that would soon wear off. So he left the little pool and turned homewards. He got back again into the gully, and clambered up to the top, and went on sturdily. But the trees did not seem familiar to him, and the succession of dips in the hills seemed interminable. He would soon reach the Big Swamp again, and then he could follow up the creek. But he could not find the Swamp. He toiled along very slowly now, and at last found the open plot of ground where he had stopped in the morning. But when he looked at it a little, it was not the same plot at all, but another something like it, and the grim ranges, heavy with shadow, rose all around him.

A terrible fear came into poor little Pretty Dick's heart, and he seemed to hear his mother say, quite plainly, "Take care you don't get lost, Pretty Dick!" Lost! But he put the feeling away bravely, and swallowed down a lump in his throat, and went on again. The cattle-track widened out, and in a little while he found himself upon a jutting peak, with the whole panorama of the Bush at his feet. A grand sight! On the right hand towered the Ranges, their roots sunk deep in scrub and dense morass, and their heads lifted into the sky, that was beginning to be streaked with purple flushes now. On the left, the bush rolled away beneath him—one level mass of tree-tops, broken here and there by an open space of yellow swamp, or a thin line of darker foliage, that marked the meanderings of some dried-up creek. The sun was nearly level with his face, and cast a long shadow behind him. Pretty Dick felt his heart give a great jump, and then go on beating quicker and quicker. But he would not give in. Lost!—Oh no, he should soon be home, and telling his mother all the wonders of the walk. But it *was* too late! He must make haste. What was that!—somebody on horseback. Pretty Dick shaded his eyes with his little hand, and peered down into the valley. A man with a white puggarree on his hat, was moving along a sort of cattle-track. Joy!—It was Mr. Gaunt, the overseer. Pretty Dick cooeed. No answer. He cooeed again,—and again, but still the figure went on. Presently it emerged from the scrub, and the poor little fellow could see the rays of the setting sun gleam redly for an instant on a bright spur, like a dying spark. He gave a despairing shout. The horseman stopped, looked about him, and

then glancing up at the fast clouding heavens, shook his horse's bridle, and rode off in a hand-gallop.

Poor Pretty Dick! He knew that his cry had been unheard—mistaken, perhaps, for the scream of a parrot, the cry of some native bear, or strange bird, but in his present strait, the departure of the presence of something human, felt like a desertion. He fairly gave way, and sat down and cried. By-and-by he got up again, with quite a strange feeling of horror, and terror, and despair; he ran down the steep side of the range in the direction in which Mr. Gaunt had gone, and followed his fast fading figure, calling and crying with choked voice. Presently he lost him altogether, and then he felt his courage utterly fail. He had no idea of where he was. He had lost all power of thought and reason, and was possessed but by one overpowering terror, and a consciousness that whatever he did, he must keep on running, and not stop a moment. But he soon could run no longer. He could only stagger along from tree to tree in the gloomy woods, and cry, "Mother! Mother!" But there was no mother to help him. There was no human being near him, no sound but the hideous croaking of the frogs in the marshes, and the crackling of the branches under his footsteps. The sun went down suddenly behind the hills, and the air grew cool at once. Pretty Dick felt as if he had lost a friend, and his tears burst forth afresh. Utterly tired and worn out, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and sobbed with sheer fatigue. Then he got up and ran round and round, like some hunted animal, calling, "Mother! Mother!"

But there was no reply. Nothing living was near him, save a hideous black crow who perched himself upon the branch of a withered tree, and mocked him, seeming to the poor boy's distorted fancy to say, "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

In a burst of passionate, childish despair, he flung a piece of stick at the bird, but his strength failed him, and the missile fell short. This fresh failure made him cry again, and then he got up and ran—stumbling, and falling, and crying—away from the loathsome thing. But it followed him, flapping heavily from tree to tree, and perched quite close to him at last, croaking like an evil presence—"Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

The sweet night fell, and the stars looked down into the gullies and ravines, where poor Pretty Dick, all bruised, bleeding, and despairing, was staggering, from rock to rock, sick at heart, drenched with dew, hatless, shoeless, tear-stained, crying, "Mother! mother! I am lost! Oh, mother! mother!"

The calm, pitiless stars looked down upon him, and the broad sky spread coldly over him, and the birds flew away terrified at him; and the deadly chill of loneliness fell upon him, and the cold, cruel, silent night seemed to swallow him up, and hide him from human sympathy.

Poor Pretty Dick! No more mother's kisses, no more father's caresses, no more songs, no more pleasures, no more flowers, no more sunshine, no more love—nothing but grim Death, waiting remorselessly in the iron solitude of the hills; in the sad-eyed presence of the

speechless stars. There, among the awful mystery and majesty of nature, alone, a terrified little human soul, with the eternal grandeur of the forests, the mountains, and the myriad voices of the night, Pretty Dick knelt trembling down, and, lifting his little, tear-stained face to the great, grave, impassable sky—sobbed.

"Oh! take me home! Take me home! Oh! please, God, take me home!"

The night wore on—with strange sounds far away in the cruel bush, with screamings of strange birds, with gloomy noises, as of the tramplings of many cattle, with movements of leaves and snapping of branches, with unknown whirrings as of wings, with ripplings and patterings as of waterfalls, with a strange heavy pulsation in the air, as though the multitudinous life of the forest was breathing around him. He was dimly conscious that any moment some strange beast —some impossible monster, enormous and irresistible, might rise up out of the gloom of the gullies and fall upon him;—that the whole horror of the bush was about to take some tangible shape and appear silently from behind the awful rocks which shut out all safety and succour. His little soul was weighed down by the nameless terror of a solitude which was no solitude,—but a silence teeming with monsters. He pictured the shapeless Bunyip lifting its shining sides heavily from the bottomless blackness of some lagoon in the shadow of the hills, and dragging all its loathsome length to where he lay. He felt suffocated; the silence that held all these indistinct noises in its bosom, muffled him about like a murderous cloak; the palpable shadow of the immeasurable mountains fell upon him like a grave-stone, and the gorge where he lay was like the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He screamed to break the silence, and the scream rang around him in the woods, and up above him in the mountain clefts, and beneath him in the mute mystery of the glens and swamps,—his cry seemed to be re-echoed again and again by strange voices never heard before, and repeated with indistinct mutterings and moanings in the caverns of the ranges. He dared not scream a second time lest he should wake some awful sound whose thunder should deafen him.

All this time he was staggering on,—not daring to look to right or left, or anywhere but straight on—straight on always. He fell, and tore his hands, and bruised his limbs, but the bruises did not hurt him. His little forehead was cut by a sharp stone, and his bright hair was all dusty and matted with blood. His knees shook and trembled, and his tongue clove to his mouth. He fell at every yard, and his heart seemed to beat so loud, that the sound filled the air around him.

His strength was leaving him; he tottered from weakness; and, at last, emerging upon a little open platform of rock, white under the moon, he felt his head swim, and the black trunks, and the masses of fern-tree leaves, and the open ground, and the silent expanse of bush below him, all turned round in one crimson flash; and then the crimson grew purple-streaked, and spotted with sparks, and radiations, and bursting globes of light and colour, and then the ranges closed in

and fell upon him, and he was at once in his little bed at home—oh, so-fast-asleep!

But he woke at last, very cold and numbed, and with some feeling that he was not himself, but that he had been dreaming of a happy boy named Pretty Dick, who went away for a walk one afternoon many years ago. And then he felt for the blankets to pull them up about his shoulders, and his little fingers grasped a prickly handful of heather, and he woke with a terrible start.

Moonlight still, but a peaceful, solemn, sinking moon. She was low down in the sky, hanging like a great yellow globe over the swamp that rose from far beneath him, straight up, it seemed to a level with his face. Her clear cut rim rested on the edge of the morass now. He could almost touch her, she looked so close to him; but he could not lift his little arm so high, and besides, he had turned everything upside down before he went to sleep, and the moon was down below him and the earth up above him! To be sure! and then he shut his eyes and went to sleep again.

By-and-by it dawned. The birds twittered, and the dew sparkled, and the mists came up and wreathed themselves all about the trees, and Pretty Dick was up in the pure cool sky, looking down upon a little figure that lay on an open space among the heather. Presently, slowly at first, and then more quickly, he found out that this little figure was himself, and that he was in pain, and then it all came back with one terrible shock, and he was Lost again.

He could bear to think of it now, though. His terror, born of darkness, had fled with the uprising of the glorious golden sun. There was, after all, no reason to be afraid. Boys had been lost before, and found again. His father would have missed him last night, and the station would be speedily roused. Oh, he would soon be found! He got up very painfully and stiffly, and went to look for water. No difficulty in that; and when he had drunken, and washed his face and hands, he felt much better. Then he began to get hungry, and to comfort himself with the thought that he would soon be found. He could almost hear the joyful shout, and the welcome, and the questioning. How slowly the time went on! He tried to keep still in one place, for he knew now that his terror-driven feet had brought him to this pass, and that he should have kept still in the place where he saw Mr. Gaunt the night before.

At the recollection of that bitter disappointment, and the thought of how near he had been to succour, his tears began afresh. He tried hard to keep his terrors back—poor little fellow,—and thought of all kinds of things—of the stories his mother told him—of the calf-pen that father was putting up. And then he would think of the men at the station, and the remembrance of their faces cheered him; and he thought of Mrs. Trewlawney, and his mother. O—suppose he should never see his mother again! And then he cried, and slept, and woke, and forgot his fears for awhile, and would listen intently for a sound, and spring up and answer a fancied shout, and then lie in a dull, stupid despair, with burning eyes, and aching head, and a gnawing pain that he knew was

Hunger. So the hot day wore out. The same heat as yesterday, the same day as yesterday, the same sights and sounds as yesterday—but oh! how different was yesterday to to-day,—and how far off yesterday seemed. No one came. The shadows shifted, and the heat burnt him up, and the shade fell on him, and the sun sank again, and the stars began to shine,—and no one came near Pretty Dick. He had almost forgotten, indeed, that there was such a boy as Pretty Dick. He seemed to have lived years in the bush alone. He did not know where he was, or who he was. It seemed quite natural to him that he should be there alone, and he had no wish to get away. He had lost all his terror of the Night. He scarcely knew it was night, and after sitting on the grass a little longer, smiling at the fantastic shadows that the moonlight threw upon the ground, he discovered that he was hungry, and must go into the hut for supper. The hut was down in the gully yonder; he could hear his mother singing;—so Pretty Dick got up, and crooning a little song, went down into the Shadow.

* * * * *

They looked for him for five days. On the sixth, his father and another came upon something, lying, half-hidden, in the long grass at the bottom of a gully in the ranges. A little army of crows flew heavily away. The father sprang to earth with a white face. Pretty Dick was lying on his face, with his head on his arm.

God had taken him home.

POOR JOE.

HE was the ostler at Coppinger's, and they called him Poor Joe. Nobody knew whence he came ; nobody knew what misery of early mutilation had been his. He had appeared one evening, a wandering swagman, unable to speak, and so explain his journey's aim or end—able only to mutter and gesticulate, making signs that he was cold and hungry, and needed fire and food. The rough crowd in Coppinger's bar looked on him kindly, having for him that sympathy which marked physical affliction commands in the rudest natures. Poor Joe needed all their sympathies : he was a dwarf, and dumb.

Coppinger — bluff, blasphemous, and good-hearted soul — dispatched him, with many oaths, to the kitchen, and when the next morning the deformed creature volunteered in his strange sign-speech to do some work that might "pay for his lodging," sent him to help the ostler that ministered to King Cobb's coach-horses. The ostler, for lack of a better name, perhaps, called him "Joe," and Coppinger, finding that the limping mute, though he could speak no word of human language, yet had a marvellous power of communication with horseflesh, installed him as under-ostler and stable-helper, with a seat at the social board, and a wisp of clean straw in King Cobb's stable.

"I have taken him on," said Coppinger, when the township cronies met the next night in the bar.

"Who," asked the croniest, bibulously disregarding grammar.

"Poor Joe," said Coppinger.

The sympathetic world of Bullocktown approved the epithet, and the deformed vagabond, thus baptized, was known as Poor Joe ever after.

He was a quiet fellow enough. His utmost wrath never sufficed to ruffle a hair on the sleek backs of King Cobb's horses. His utmost mirth never went beyond an ape-like chuckle, that irradiated his pain-stricken face, as a stray gleam of sunshine lights up the hideousness of the gargoyle on some old cathedral tower.

It was only when "in drink" that Poor Joe became a spectacle for strangers to wonder at. Brandy maddened him, and when thus excited his misshapen soul would peep out of his sunken fiery eyes, force his grotesque legs to dance unseemly sarabands, and compel his pigeon-breast to give forth monstrous and ghastly utterances, that might have been laughs, were they not so much like groans of a brutish despair that had in it a strange chord of human suffering. Coppinger was angry when the poor dwarf was thus tortured for the sport of the

whisky-drinkers, and once threw Frolicksome Fitz into the muck-midden for inciting the cripple to sputter forth his grotesque croonings and snatches of gruesome merriment. "He won't be fit for nothin' to-morrer," was the excuse Coppinger made for his display of feeling. Indeed, on the days that followed these debauches, Poor Joe was sadly downcast. Even his beloved horses failed to cheer him, and he would sit, red-eyed and woe-begone, on the post-and-rail-fence, like some dissipated bird of evil omen.

The only thing he seemed to love, save his horses, was Coppinger, and Coppinger was proud of this simple affection. So proud was he, that when he discovered that whenever Miss Jane, the sister of Young Bartram, from Seven Creeks, put her pony into the stable, the said pony was fondled and slobbered over and caressed by Poor Joe, he felt something like a pang of jealousy.

Miss Jane was a fair maiden, with pale gold hair, and lips like the two streaks of crimson in the leaf of the white poppy. Young Bartram, owner of Seven Creeks Station—you could see the lights in the house windows from Coppinger's—had brought her from town to "keep house for him," and she was the beauty of the country side. Frolicksome Fitz, the pound-keeper, was at first inclined to toast an opposition belle (Miss Kate Ryder, of Ryder's Mount), but when returning home one evening by the New Dam, he saw Miss Jane jump Black Jack over the post-and-wire into the home station paddock, he forswore his allegiance.

"She rides like an angel," said pious Fitz, and the next time he met her he told her so.

Now this young maiden, so fair, so daring, and so silent, came upon the Bullocktown folk like a new revelation. The old Frenchman at the Melon Patch vowed tearfully that she had talked French to him like one of his countrywomen, and the schoolmaster—Mr. Frank Smith—duly certificated under the Board of Education—reported that she played the piano divinely, singing like a seraph the while. As nobody played (except at euchre) in Bullocktown, this judgment was undisputed. Coppinger swore, slapping with emphasis his mighty thigh, that Miss Jane was a lady, and when he said that he said everything. So, whenever Miss Jane visited the township, she was received with admiration. Coppinger took off his hat to her, Mr. Frank Smith walked to the station every Sunday afternoon to see her, and Poor Joe stood afar off and worshipped her, happy if she bestowed a smile upon him once out of every five times that he held her tiny stirrups.

This taming of Poor Joe was not unnoticed by the whisky-drinkers, and they came in the course of a month or so to regard the cripple as part of the property of Miss Jane—as they regarded her dog, for instance. The schoolmaster, moreover, did not escape tap-room comment. He was frequently at Seven Creeks. He brought flowers from the garden there. He sent for some new clothes from Melbourne. He even borrowed Coppinger's bay mare "Flirt," to ride over to the Sheep-wash, and Dick the mail-boy, who knew that Coppinger's mare was pigeon-toed, vowed that he

had seen another horse's tracks besides her's in the sand of the Rose Gap Road.

"You're a deep 'un, Mr. Smith," said Coppinger. "I found yer out sparking Miss Jane along the Mountain Track. Deny it if yer can?"

But Frank Smith's pale cheek only flushed, and he turned off the question with a laugh. It was Poor Joe's eyes that snapped fire in the corner.

So matters held themselves until the winter, when the unusually wet season forbade riding parties of pleasure. It rained savagely that year, as we all remember, and Bullocktown in rainy weather is not a cheerful place. Miss Jane kept at home, and Poor Joe's little eyes, wistfully turned to the Station on the hill, saw never her black pony cantering round the corner of Archie Cameron's hayrick.

A deeper melancholy seemed to fall on the always melancholy township. Coppinger's cronies took their "tots" in silence, steaming the while, and Coppinger himself would come gloomily to the door, speculating upon evil unless the leaden curtain lifted.

But it did not lift, and rumour of evil came. Up the country, by Parsham and Merrydale, and Black Adder's Gully, there were whole tracts of grass-land under water. The neighbouring station of Hall's, in the mountains, was a swamp. The roads were bogged for miles. Tim Doolan was compelled to leave his dray and bullocks at Tom and Jerry's, and ride for his life before the advancing waters. The dams were brimming at Quartzborough, St. Rey reservoir was running over. It was reported by little M'Cleod, the sheep-dealer, that the old bridge at the Little Glimmera had been carried away. It was reported that Old Man Horn, whose residence overlooked the river, had fastened a bigger hook to a larger pole (there was a legend to the effect that Old Man Horn had once hooked a body from the greedy river, and after emptying its pockets, had softly started it down stream again), and was waiting behind his rickety door, rubbing his withered hands gleefully. Young Bartram rode over to Quartzborough to get M'Compass, the shire engineer, too look at his new dam. Then the coach stopped running, and then Flash Harry, galloping through the township at night, like the ghost-rider in Bürger's ghastly ballad, brought the terrible news:—THE FLOODS WERE UP, AND THE GLIMMERA BANK AND BANK AT THE OLD CROSSING-PLACE.

"It will be here in less than an hour," he shouted, under Coppinger's red lamps; "make for the high ground if you love your lives;" and so wet, wild-eyed, and white, splashed off into the darkness, if haply he might warn the poor folk down the river of the rushing death that was coming upon them.

Those who were there have told of the horrors of that night. How the muddy street, scarce reclaimed from the river-bed, was suddenly full of startled half-dressed folk. How Coppinger's was crowded to the garret. How the schoolmaster dashed off, stumbling through the rain, to warn them at Seven Creeks. How bullies grew pale with fear, and men hitherto mild of speech and modest of mien, waxed

fiery-hot with wrath at incapacity, and fiercely self-assertive in relegating fools to their place in the bewildered social economy of that general overturn. How the roaring flood came down, bearing huge trees, fragments of houses, grotesquely terrible waifs and strays of household furniture upon its yellow and turbid bosom, timid women grew brave, and brave men hid their faces for a while. How Old Man Horn saved two lives that night. How Widow Rae's cottage, with her light still burning in the windowsill, was swept off, and carried miles down stream. How Archy Cameron's hayrick stranded in the middle of the township. How forty drowned sheep were floated into the upper windows of the "Royal Mail." How Patey Barnes's cradle, with its new-born occupant sucking an unconscious thumb, was found jammed in the bight of the windlass in Magby's killing-yard. How all this took place has been told, I say, by those who were present, and needs no repeating. But one thing which took place shall be chronicled here. When the terror and confusion were somewhat stilled, and Coppinger, by dint of brandy and blankets, had got some strength and courage into the half-naked, shivering creatures clustered in his ark, a sudden terrible tremor went through the crowd, like an electric current. In some mysterious way, no one knew how originating, or by what fed and fostered, men came to hear that Bartram's dam was breaking. That is to say, that in ten minutes or less, all the land that lay between Coppinger's and the river, would be a roaring waste of water—that in less than ten minutes the Seven Creeks Station, with all its inmates, would be swept off the face of the earth, and that if Coppinger's escaped, it would be a thing to thank God for.

After the first sharp agony of self-apprehension, one thought came to each—Miss Jane.

"Good God," cries Coppinger, "can nobody go to her?"

Ten men volunteered to go.

"It's no good," said faint-hearted Riley, the bully of the bar.

"The dam 'll burst twice over 'fore you can reach the Station."

It was likely.

"I'll go myself," cries brave old Coppinger; but his wife clung to his arm, and held him back with all the weight of her maternity.

"I have it," says Coppinger; "Poor Joe 'll go. Where is he?"

No one had seen him. Coppinger dashed down the stairs, splashed through the yard into the stable. The door was open, and Blackboy, the strongest of King Cobb's horses, was missing. Coppinger flashed round the lantern he held. The mail-boy's saddle had disappeared, and faintly mingling with the raging wind and roaring water, died the rapid strokes of a horse pat.

Poor Joe had gone.

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The house was already flooded out, and they were sitting (so I was told) with their arms round each other, not far from where poor Bartram's body was found, when the strange misshapen figure,

bestriding the huge horse, splashed desperately through the water, that was once the garden.

"Rescue," cried Frank, but she only clung to him the closer.

Poor Joe bit his lips at the sight of the pair, and then, so Frank Smith averred, flung him one bitter glance of agony, and dropping his deformed body from the back of the reeking horse, held out the bridle with a groan.

In moments of supreme danger one divines quickly. Frank placed his betrothed upon the saddle, and sprang up behind her. If ever Blackboy was to prove his metal, he must prove it then, for already the lightning revealed a thin stream of water trickling over the surface of the dam.

"But what is to become of *you*?" cried Miss Jane.

Poor Joe, rejecting Frank's offered hand, took that of Miss Jane, patted it softly, and let it fall. He pointed to Coppinger's red light, and then to the black wall of the dam. No man could mistake the meaning of that trembling finger, and those widely-opened eyes. They said "Ride for your lives! ride!" plainer than the most eloquent tongue owned by schoolmaster could speak.

It was no time for sentiment, and for the schoolmaster there was but one life to be saved or lost that night. He drove his heels into the good horse's sides, and galloped down the hill. "God bless you Joe!" cried Miss Jane. Poor Joe smiled, and then, falling down on his knees, waited, straining his ears to listen. It was not ten minutes, but it seemed ten hours, when, through the roar, he heard a distant shout go up. They were saved. Thank God! And then the dam burst with a roar like thunder, and he was whirled away amid a chaos of tree trunks.

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They found his little weak body four days afterwards, battered and bruised almost out of recognition; but his great brave soul had gone on to judgment.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE'S BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"WHEN it was known at Bullocktown that old Keturah Gow was going to be married to Gentleman George, there was some laughter and much shaking of heads.

"Keturah was a woman of hard middle age. Scotch by birth, and Presbyterian by religion, she had come to Australia as the nurse of Flora M'Leod, now Mrs. Marrable, of Seven Creeks, and had lived twenty years in the bush. The man whom she was about to marry was named George Harris. No one knew whence he came, or how long he had lived in the colonies. He had no religion worth mentioning, and no accomplishment save that of horsemanship. His age was three-and-twenty, or thereabouts, and being impatient of temper, handy with his fists, prodigal of his money, and possessed of a certain gipsy beauty of face and figure, the intelligent stockmen called him 'Gentleman George.'

"In vain did the gossips of Bullocktown animadvert upon the match. In vain did Longbow borrow Mumford's spring-cart and Coppinger's grey mare for the express purpose of making a pilgrimage to the Gap, and warning Neil Gow, the shepherd, of the misery which awaited his sister. 'She must just gang her ain gate,' said crippled Neil, wagging the stump of his arm in a feeble circle as though he would fain have waved the hand that was wanting. 'I've said a' I can, I'll say nae mair.' 'Shall *I* speak to her?' asked Longbow. 'As ye please,' quoth Neil; 'but Kitty's the deevil's temper, and maybe she'll claw oot ye're e'en, man!' So Longbow sighed and shot ducks. In vain did Mrs. Marrable implore the headstrong old woman to reconsider her determination. 'The fellow's a ne'er-do-well, Keturah—John says he is: he only wants your money (for Keturah had saved some £200 during her servitude). He's a bad man.' Keturah only sighed and vowed that all the world was prejudiced against puir Geordie. In vain did John Marrable—not without a hearty English curse or two—command Gentleman George not to make a fool of himself and to let the old woman alone. 'If she's minded to marry me,' said the young man, with a droop of his thickly-lashed lids, 'it isn't for you to interfere, sir—excuse *me*. I suppose a man can marry anyone he likes.' 'I suppose he can, confound him,' replied honest John Marrable. In vain did Coppinger, the publican, suggest—over a nobbler of P.B.—that George was throwing himself away. 'You'll have the whole township laughing at you, George.' 'Shall I?'

returns George, fiercely, and catching Alick, the blacksmith, in the very dead waste and middle of a grin, forthwith pitched him into the sandy street. 'Folks won't laugh at me *twice*, I'll pound it,' said he, and Alick—his mouth full of sand—re-echoed the sentiment with spluttering humility. So the pair were married in due form, and the wedding feast was held at the 'Saw-pits.'

"The 'Saw-pits' was a public-house situated half-way between the Gap (where, under the shadow of the hills, nestled Neil Gow's hut), and the distant Glimmera, on whose farther bank smoked the chimneys of Coppinger's and drowsed the world of Bullocktown. The High Road was wont to run through Bullocktown and bend abruptly westward to avoid crossing the chain of water-holes called the Great Glimmera River; but three floods and a new Postmaster-General, with a turn for economy, had altered all that. The mail-carrying coaches had been directed to take the shortest cut, and a bridge had been built, in order that they might do so with convenience. The building of this bridge had established a colony of sawyers, and the bridge completed, the mill was converted into a tavern. Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. Where is liquor, there flock the bushmen. It is thus that townships are formed.

"The keeper of the 'Saw-pits' was one Trowbridge, who with his two daughters had migrated from Bullocktown. Neil Gow was a great crony of his, and despite the orders of Marrable (who, when a public-house was established on his run, thought the end of the world was come) frequently rode the bob-tailed pony through the sweet summer night, and 'hung him up' to Trowbridge's verandah-post. Trowbridge and the one-armed boundary rider had often seriously conversed on the subject of Keturah's approaching marriage, and it had been agreed that the wedding feast should be held at the 'Saw-pits.'

"'She may do what she likes, lad,' said Trowbridge; 'and if the match turns out ill, neither thou nor I will be to blame. But if we don't make every mother's son of 'em as drunk as a fiddler's bitch, my name ain't Tom Trowbridge!'

"The laudible purpose of the publican seemed likely to be fulfilled. Before the wedding party arrived, the 'Saw-pits Hotel' was crowded. Trowbridge's Sunday shirt had come to torment him before the time, and Alick anticipated the daily period of his intoxication by full three hours. In the hollows round about the creek were camped tilt-waggons galore, and in the half-acre of mud that did duty for the stable-yard of the 'Saw-pits,' the brand new buggy of Jim Porter, the lucky reefer, lay stranded like a skeleton-wreck upon a bleak, inhospitable shore. Festoons of such wild-flowers as were procurable, decorated the front of the hostelry, and wreathed themselves lovingly about the transparent beauties of Hennessy and Otard, while in the long room, where dancing was to be undergone, the air was pungent with the exhilarating odour of smashed gum-leaves. To these preparations arrived presently, in a cloud of dust, the bridal party.

"Let the classical reader recall the triumphs of old Rome, the glittering spears, the hollow-clanging shield, the sound of the trumpets, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. First, galloping furiously, a crowd of horsemen, bearded and long-haired, cracking their whips like pistol-shots, and filling the air with Homeric laughter. Then a mass of vehicles, bumping, jolting, leaping, filled with men in white shirts, and women with yellow shawls. Then were stockriders, some with led horses, in order that the swift pace of the morning might be preserved on the homeward journey. Now behind, now before, in the midst of this fury and clamour, borne along and overwhelmed by dust and friendship, clattered the triumphal car—a hooded buggy lent by Coppinger, to which were attached four grass-fed nags, postillioned by the two sons of Archy Fletcher, youths to whom, in the matter of rapidity of locomotion, Jehu, the son of Nimshi, would have appeared but as a farmer's wife, jogging with egg-laden panniers to market. From the buggy—jerked to a swaying standstill in the most approved bush method when the fore legs of the leaders threatened the skillion window of the inn—descended, to shouts that rent the hot heaven, the happy pair.

"Gentleman George was dressed in the height of bush fashion. A cabbage-tree hat, so browned and battered that it boasted the colour of a well-smoked meerschaum, adorned his handsome bullet-head. A short linen coat served but to enhance the purity of a white shirt, from the falling collar of which fluttered the ends of one of those gaily-coloured kerchiefs known to London costermongers as 'Kingsmen.' Round his supple waist was girded a red silk sash, and tightly-fitted breeches of creamy whiteness met, and defied boots, so marvellously black, so astonishingly wrinkled, that Mr. Rapersole, bootmaker and parish clerk, had forgotten an Amen in gazing at them. As this hero walked, the rowels of huge German-silver spurs, loosely fastened by one broad semicircular strap, click-clacked upon the boards in the musical manner so dear to the stockman's soul. Keturah, now Mrs. Harris, was none the less imposing in her attire. She wore a purple shot-silk dress, on the shifting surface of which played rays of crimson and gold, as shoot the colours of the prism across a mass of molten metal. From beneath this marvel two white boots played in and out—not so much like Sir John Suckling's mice as like plump mill-rats newly escaped from a flour-bag. Keturah wore a red velvet bonnet adorned with blue and white flowers; her shawl, fastened by a plaid brooch, was a glowing yellow with a green border, and her hands swelled in all the magnificent mockery of mauve kid gloves. Yet, with all this, her honest brown face shone with an honesty of purpose and a hopefulness of future happiness that rendered it almost beautiful.

"She hung lovingly on her husband's arm, smiling up at him, nor removing her eyes from his face but to gaze proudly at the cheering crowd. *He* walked rather quickly, and his lips tightly compressed, and his black eyes set forward steadily, seemingly wrought up to endure the scene, but anxious to be quit of it. *She*

seemed to say, 'See what a noble husband I have won!' He seemed to say, 'I guess your thoughts, but my marriage is none of your business.'

"'He's a temper, Jenny,' said Susie Barnes.

"'My word!' assented Jenny.

"'She ain't such a bad-looking bit of stuff after all,' said Jim Porter. 'I'd rather marry *her* than break my leg, blowed if I wouldn't.'

"So the wedding feast began.

"It is not for my feeble pen to detail the glories of that day. The little township—buried as it was beneath the shadow of the purple hills, and yet preserving in itself all the petty malice, the local jealousy, the blatant conceit of larger towns—gave loose on this one occasion to the wildest merriment. Local feuds were forgotten, personal hatreds forgiven or suspended. Even Mr. M'Taggart, a rabid Orangeman from Derry, forbore to attack Mr. Michael Murphy, a rabid Ribbandman from Clare, and going out into the solitude of the bridge, drank in silence his favourite toast of 'Here's the Pope in the devil's belly, and Martin Luther pitching red hot priests at him!' a toast which was wont to cause Mr. Murphy's 'bhlood to bhoil, bhoys,' and to bring about wrathful combats. Fighting Fitz, the poundkeeper, who was at daggers drawn with Dick Mossop, Scabby Barton's overseer, on account of a brindled poley bullock branded P.W. over T.S. on the off rump, with a notch in both ears, and a star on the forehead, consented to be friends again, and even offered to sell Dick a certain bay mare in defiance of the Impounding Act. Rapersole, of course, could not be kept from politics, and insisted on putting what he was pleased to call 'supposititious' cases in such numbers that Neil Gow, vowing him a bletherin' bumbee's byke, took him by the collar, and flourishing the stump of his arm menacingly, deposited him in an empty buggy. The breakfast was an immense success. Tom Trowbridge presided, having formally asked permission to lay aside his unaccustomed coat, and carved a noble round of beef with the air of a gold stick in waiting. But a round of beef was not the only viand. There was mutton broth and cow-heel, and an ox's head decorated with flowers, and rump steaks, and sweetbreads, and a haggis, and lamb's head, and sheep's trotters, and cold saddle of mutton, and preserved peaches, and tins of jam, and sago pudding, and plum duff, and bottled ale, and tea, and sweet cake, and brandy, and rum, and one bottle of champagne for the ladies.

"'My eyes that's a merry tightener!' said Chirrup, the mail-boy. 'Could *you* eat any more, Archy?' 'No fear!' said Archy, ruefully, 'them blessed puff-tillooners did my business.' After the breakfast and the speeches—you should have heard Rapersole's!—and the digestive smoke, drinking and dancing commenced, Trowbridge doing his best to carry out his promise to Neil Gow and vindicate his self-impugned title to his name. Some notion of the result may be gleaned from a glance at his bill, duly paid by Mrs. Keturah Harris two days afterwards.

"To Mr. George Harris' weding brakefast :—

	Pounds	shilg.	d.
The brakefast	10	0	0
Noblers	0	2	0
8 spiders	0	8	0
Dit o	0	8	0
Refreshments for lades	2	0	0
Peppermint drops	0	1	0
ginger Bear and bitters	0	0	6
Drinks, phromiskus	1	10	0
Squar gin for six	0	3	6
Kake speshul	1	10	0
Shout round	5	0	0
Dit o	5	0	0
Music	2	0	0
Drinks for same	0	10	0
Rossin	0	2	6
10 noblers	0	5	0
24 spiders	1	4	0
Tobaco	0	2	0
24 noblers	1	4	0
2 broken chares	1	0	0
1 winder	2	10	0
Hoarse feed	9	0	0
Shout all round	5	10	0
Dit o parting	5	10	0
Beds for 12	2	0	0
Shampane for lades	1	0	0
Tottal	58	0	6
Recieved by cash	58	0	6

T. TROWBRIDGE.

"In the consumption of such items as those mentioned above did the day wear out; and Trowbridge nobly fulfilled his promise. Of the sixty or seventy persons present, but a very insignificant number went home sober. Indeed, had it not been for the coquetry of Jenny Joyce, who, riding her father's bay horse, Walkover, dared any of the young men to give her five minutes' start and catch her before she reached the Bluff, there is no saying what might have happened. Eight or nine of the best-mounted followed laughing Jenny, but no one got within arm's length of her supple waist save Harry Scallan, and they *do* say that she checked her nag to let him snatch the kiss he had begged for in vain. However, Harry never confessed the fact; but as Dick Mossop, his rival, broke his horse's knees at Mount Hopeless, but half-way to the Bluff, and Jenny became Mrs. Scallan a month afterwards, Harry could afford to be generous. Two or three horse-accidents happened that day. Jim Porter saddled his new buggy-horse, and attempting to ride him, despite the advice of Gentleman George himself, was bucked ignominiously, and his collar-bone ingloriously fractured. Lucy Sperrin's grey pony kicked Chirrup in the stomach and hurt him badly. 'Serves him right for fossicking round me,' Miss Lucy had said. 'I told him the mare was handy with her heels.' Poor Cooke —Mad Cooke, who wore a silver plate on his head, to the wonder of Bullocktown—must needs bring out his old stock-horse and witch

the world with noble horsemanship. 'Heigh, boys! Heigh, boys!' he would cry while at full gallop. 'There's none of ye can go up the hills like Ballie!' And indeed no one attempted to do so, all standing aghast at the feats Ballie performed upon the side of the steep hill that shadowed the inn, until poor Ballie put his foot into a hole, or slipped on a rolling stone, and his master came to earth with a fresh brain concussion—the third in his short mad life-time.

"Amid such sports the hot, sweet day wore out to cool evening. The pure perfume of grass and earth scented the air. The red sun sunk in glory behind the ragged shoulder of the Bluff. A purple mist slowly enveloped the hills; the laughing jackasses, merry fellows, set up a tremendous chattering; the frogs began to babble in the marshes, the sheep to move off their camps, the cattle to make for water. The wedding-day was over, and as, amidst a hurricane of cheers, Gentleman George handed his wife to the spring-cart that was to bear them to their home in the Swamp Hut, the great stars came slowly out and looked with tender eyes upon this hopeful, ill-dressed bride.

"A week afterwards frolicsome Fitz, wandering in search of prey wherewith to feed his ravenous Pound, met jolly Polwheal, the butcher, coming from the Swamp Hut.

"'Have you seen the bride?' asked Fitz.

"'Ay, and a comely wench she's grown. She looks a young 'oman, Fitz.'

"'Does she?' says Fitz. 'That's rum, too.'

"Polwheal laughed. 'You're not a felosopher, Fitz! Don't you know,' he added, borrowing a metaphor from his own profession, 'that a working bullock, if you get him fat after a spell, makes the best beef.'

"In regard to the appearance of Keturah Harris, Mr. Polwheal was right. She had become a very comely woman. The lines in her face had faded, her spare figure had rounded, her withered arms had fattened, her grey eyes had a youthful sparkle, and her step a youthful lightness; she seemed a younger woman by twenty years. If you passed by the Swamp Hut, at any hour of the day, you could hear her singing, and the good-tempered woman who brought you out a pannikin of tea, or asked you to have a slice of sweet cake, was a very different being from 'old Ketty,' of the home station, the shrewish-tongued and withered maiden who was the terror of wandering swagmen. Bullocktown wondered at the change, and were not disinclined to roughly jest upon the subject with Gentleman George. That worthy, however, went about his business of stock-riding in silence, and seemed determined by honest attention to his business to merit the kindness shown him by Mrs. Marrable, and deserve the 'married couple' billet which John Marrable had bestowed upon him.

"The astute reader will no doubt have come to the conclusion that this conduct of Gentleman George was but assumed for his own ends; and the astute reader will be right. Gentleman George had

not the least intention of passing his life as a stockrider to Mr. Marrable and as the young husband of an old woman. He had married Keturah for her money, and intended, as soon as he could obtain that money, to take himself off. Until he was in a position to do this securely, it was his interest to be kind and gentle, and the scoundrel was kind and gentle accordingly. I trust, however, that the astute reader who has discovered this will not consider Mr. Harris a very great villain. For a young man to marry an old woman for her money is not such a very rare thing, nor have there been wanting cases in the best society where the lady has been deserted afterwards. I admit, however, that to perpetrate such an offence for two hundred pounds does show a coarseness of intellect. If Keturah had been possessed of two hundred thousand pounds now, the case would have been different, and good society might have admitted Mr. Harris to its bosom without a pang. Yet men can but act according to their opportunity, and I am sure that had Gentleman George seen his way to marry a lady with two hundred thousand, or even one hundred thousand pounds, he would have left poor Keturah alone.

"There is no necessity to protract the story at this period. In six months George had got possession of the endorsed deposit receipt of the Bank of Australia, Quartzborough, for £201 8s. 6d., had kissed his wife, told her he was going to look after the mare and foal last seen in Ponsonby's paddock. Once clear of the hut he saddled his own nag Peppercorn, secured his swag already 'planted' on the river bank, set out a smart canter for Quartzborough; drew the money, and slept that night at Hamilton, doing ninety-five miles in eleven and-a-half hours.

"Poor Keturah was like a mad woman. At first she thought that some accident had befallen him, then that he was detained at a neighbouring station. She would fain have roused all the station to look for him. She ran to her mistress raging, and upbraided her for not suffering the dam to be dragged. Then she began to suspect, then to weep, then to vow revenge. 'He's left ye missis,' said the wife of the other boundary-rider. 'He's a bad lot. Ye'd better forget him.'

"'I'll no forget him, the black villain,' said the deserted woman. 'I'll pray to God on my bended knees that I may meet him, and if he's a heart o' flesh I'll wring it.'

"'Come, Ketty,' said her mistress, some days after, 'It's no use greeting, woman. The fellow's gone.'

"'Let him go,' said Ketty. 'I'll find him oot. Ef he's on his dying bed, I'll find him oot, and dinna let him ask me to raise a finger to save him.'

"'I must take her away,' said Mrs. Marrable to her husband. 'She can't bear the sneers and looks of the folk about.'

"'All right; take her with you to town when you go,' said John Marrable.

"Thus it came to pass that having been twenty years in the bush, Keturah Harris became upper nurse in the family of Mr. Thomas Marrable, of the firm of Marrable and Davis, softgoods-men."

CHAPTER II.

"THE soft-goods firm of Marrable and Davis was a wealthy one. The Marrable interest consisted of Thomas Marrable (the brother of the station-owner) with his son Harry, and Mr. Israel Davis, once chief clerk, now partner. The office was in Flinders Lane—a big stuccoed building of four storeys, having swing-doors embellished with double plates of brass. Mr. Marrable was a politician and an importer. His son dressed in the latest London fashions, played loo and billiards equally badly, and cherished a secret ambition to belong to the Melbourne Club. He was a thin young man, with a blotched face; rode fairly to hounds, had large private expenses of a disreputable sort, and avowed a profound contempt for cads—which was unselfish. Mrs. Thomas was the daughter of a buttonmaker of Birmingham; she brought 'money' into the business, painted her face daily, had four unhealthy children, and compelled Marrable to reside at Toorak, in case she should ever 'go into society.'

"Mr. Davis lived in a cottage at St. Kilda, and was remarkable for his bachelor parties. He was a tall, slim man of irreproachable manners, and the slightest suspicion of an accent. He drank the best wine procurable, smoked the best cigars, was a patron (and a judicious one) of the fine-arts, owned a cultivated musical taste, and flattered himself that he was utterly without principle. 'My dear fellows,' he would say to the guests (gentlemen who ate his admirable dinner and d———d him going home 'for an infernal Jew, sir'), 'I have no principle, and no religion. My father was a slopseller in Monmouth Street. What's that to me? I am myself—with a good dinner, and a good digestion. You call yourself Christians—bah—you're asses. Every man his own creed, that's my motto. I am Israel Davis—that's my religion. Harry, here, who has been drinking too much claret, thinks himself superior to me. Let him—that's *his* religion, and quite sufficient for him.'

"Flinders Street respected Mr. Davis. 'He's a crafty beast, that beast Davis,' said Mr. Podosokus, the bill-broker. 'He did me out of £50 as easy as kiss my hand. Dam him. I like that fellow. He's such a beast.'

"'A thorough business man,' said Cammolard, of the Border Bank. A hard head. A hard heart. A *thorough* business man.'

"'I don't like that Mr. Davis,' said Milly Smith, who met him at the Marrables' once. 'He's so polite.'

"'What do you mean, dear?' asked Mrs. Smith, but Milly couldn't explain.'

"'I wonder if he has as large an interest in the firm as young Mr. Marrable,' said the mother.

"'I don't like young Mr. Marrable, either,' said poor Milly. '*He's* so rude.'

"'That wasn't what I asked you, Miss,' said the old lady sharply, and fell into a financial reverie.

"Now, despite his hard-headed and hard-heartedness, Mr Davis had done one kind thing. He had 'taken up' a bill signed 'Marrable and Davis,' which was written by Mr. Harry. This bill was for £250, and had been discounted by Mr. Davis's unacknowledged brother, Zebulon Davis, the proprietor of the Victorian Loan and Discount Company, capital £300,000,000, offices 29 Elizabeth Street East. Mr. Zebulon Davis was the 'Company,' and the capital was supplied by Mr. Israel. When some poor devil of a borrower took his miserable acceptance to the offices at 29 Elizabeth Street, he would be received by Zebulon, who would scan the oblong slip doubtfully, saying, 'It ish an unushual transhaction, Mr. Blank, but I'll lay it before the Board,' and so send a messenger round to Israel, with particulars. If Israel said 'Yes,' the cash, less 90 per cent., was handed to applicant. If Israel said 'No,' Zebulon would put off the transaction for a day or two, on pretence of making inquiries, and then suggest that, perhaps, 'with another namesh'—&c.

"When a bill for £120, with the signature of the firm, was presented to Israel, he saw the state of the case at once, and being a business man he directed it to be discounted on easy terms. 'It is a forgery,' said he to his brother when they met that evening. 'It is sure to be taken up. Sure enough it was taken up by Mr. Harry in person, who had borrowed £120 from Davis 'just for twenty-four hours.' The next day Harry brought the company another bill for £250—'I don't like to put it through the bank,' he said, 'but it's all right.' By his brother's directions, the 'Company' cashed this second forgery, and on the day it fell due, Mr. Davis called Harry into his private room and showed him the document.

"'Do you see this?'

"Harry turned very pale.

"'The money-lender to whom you took it had his suspicions, and brought it here. Fortunately *I* saw him, and not your father. I have paid it.'

"Harry, stammering thanks and excuses, stretched out his hand for the document, but Mr. Davis twitched it away.

"'Oh, no,' he said. 'Excuse me, dear boy, I shall keep this until you repay me the £250.'

"It was after this transaction that Harry Marrable's face became blotchy, and that he had that awkward fit. Dr. Dignato knew it was brandy, so he said it was blood, and ordered the boy to go into the country. Thomas Marrable sent him to his brother's station.

"At last Harry Marrable saw a way of paying his debt to the hated Davis—the very way by which he had incurred it. Honest Jack Griswold's 'Trumpeter' was certain to win the steeplechase, and as the 'talent' didn't think so, Harry could get 20 to 1 about him. A simple outlay of £12 10s. would free him from Mr. Israel Davis at once and for ever. Honest Jack Griswold was a man of honour (so the sporting world thought), and his horses ran straight, which

was more than did those of some other men. The 'talent,' —consisting of Mr. Blackadder, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. Barnabas, Mr. Mephisto, and little Tobyman—had been assured that the horse for 'this event' was 'Bandoline' (by 'Cosmetic,' out of that famous mare 'Bearsgrease'), and laid their 20 to 1 accordingly. Harry got on his money, and being informed by some broken-down hanger-on of the 'Ring,' that 'Trumpeter' was 'meant,' felt happy. Mr. Israel Davis (who betted a little also) had invested against Honest John Griswold's stable, simply because he believed that a man who was called Honest must necessarily be a rogue.

Such were the conflicting interests that revolved round the house at Toorak in which old Keturah was upper nurse.

"Now there is—or was—a place called the Casino de Carambole. It stands midway in the street of Bourke, and is frequented by wicked people. Its pillars are mock-malachite, its glass is mock-crystal, is gooseberry-juice is mock-champagne, and its love-making is mock-turtle. The ostensible landlord of this saloon was one Oily O'Connor, a fighting man; the real owner was Zebulon Davis, and behind him was the gentlemanly partner of Marrable and Co. Not that Israel ever went there. Not he. His taste was too refined for such vulgar debaucheries, he simply drew a share of the profits. The sort of people who went were overseers of stations, juvenile owners of the same, young men of fashion (Heaven help them!) who came out from England superfluously oxygenated, betting-men, card-sharpers, day-waiters at hotels, and now and then some stray newspaper-man, or officer of the Frolicking Five Thousandth.

"'It isn't that I am a moral man,' said Davis, when urged to visit this scene of revelry, 'but the place is so deuced unwholesome.' He was right, it was very unwholesome. Perhaps one of the most unwholesome elements in it was the perpetual presence of the 'Talent.' Mr. Blackadder, shiny of eye, and flat of head; Mr. Samuelson, small of stature, and red crimpy of hair, freckled and moist of countenance; Mr. Barnabas, cold and reserved; Mr. Mephisto, perpetually grinning at the world through the horse-collar of his own whiskers; and little Tobyman, that loathsome pretender to childish gaiety and innocence. These worthies would knot in corners like vipers, would lean over bars until the crowns of their bran-new hats were the only objects visible to the spectator, would hoarsely 'shout' champagne, or dance on the waxed floor with exuberance of gesture. A variety of dimly-lighted bar-rooms surrounded this delightful spot, and to these such pigeons as Harry Marrable were admitted—as into traps. The 'talent'—presumedly under the influence of gooseberry-juice—were wont to drop awful hints of 'stable secrets,' upon the knowledge of which 'pots' of money could be put with absolute safety. When Mr. Davis spoke of the Casino to his brother, he always wiped his hands with his handkerchief.

"'I wish that confounded den of yours was burnt down,' he said one day. 'It is positively a disgrace to the city.'

"'Oh, no, yer don't, Israel,' said Zebulon, grinning with all his yellow fangs (the teeth of this honest fellow were ringed near the gums, as though they were posts stuck into a spongy soil, which had sunk since their first embedding). 'Oh, no, yer don't. It's worth five thousand pounds any day.'

"'I do with all my heart,' repeated Israel, earnestly. 'It's a disreputable hole, that's what it is, and—and I've just insured it for ten.'

"'I can't understand how that ruffian O'Connor keeps that sink of iniquity going,' remarked Tom Provis the same evening at the dinner-table of Mr. Davis, 'I suppose the Jews—' and then he felt his host's keen eye upon him, and paused.

"'Go on, dear sir,' said Davis; 'you would say the Jews help him. So they do. O'Connor isn't his name. His name is Levison. I am connected with his family. We are all connected; we all help each other. Do you ever see a Jew dig, or beg, or do menial service? Did you ever have a Jew servant? Did you ever know a Jew, however poor, who hadn't a sovereign to lend at interest? My dear sir, we Jews rule the world. Freemasonry—stuff! Priestcraft—bosh! When we were turned out of that ill-built and inconvenient town, Jerusalem, we made a vow to take possession of the Universe—and we've done it, too.'

"'But how?' asked Provis, 'how?'

"'By sticking together,' said Mr. Davis. 'All Jewry, my dear Provis, is one great firm—a huge bank which keeps the table against all Christendom. By the way, talking of banks, shall we cut the light pack or call the rattling main?'

"'All right,' said Provis, and presently proved his birthright as a Christian by losing £50.

"Now into this Casino there strolled one evening Mr. Finch, the gentleman who was to ride 'Bandoline.'

"'Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Blackadder,' said he; 'I want to see him immediately.'

"Harry Marrable, who, in company with a cigar and a friend (of equally bad odour in different ways), was gleaning 'information,' heard the question, saw that the long coat and neat boots belonged to a horsey-man, and guessed that something was wrong with Mr. Blackadder's property.

'Blackadder came out of an adjoining pigeon-hole, and bent to hear the news. 'I'll be out in the morning, Finch,' he said, and as Finch turned to go, Harry jumped up with an exclamation of surprise.

"'George Harris, by Jove!' said he, and clapped him on the back.

"Gentleman George turned very red and then very pale when he saw who it was—the pair had often ridden together at Seven Creeks—and made as though he would fain get away. Harry held him fast, 'Look here, George,' he said, 'your old woman's living nurse at my mother's, do you know that?'

"'Don't say you saw me,' said the other. 'Well,' returned Harry, 'I don't see why I shouldn't. Come in here, and let us have a talk.'

"*Here* was the Yorick's Head, a theatrical tavern kept by one Porboy, and a place not likely to be visited by members of the Ring.

"'Sit down and have a drink,' said the young man, pointing to a chair situated beneath a portrait of G. V. Brooke. 'So you are going to ride 'Bandoline.' Two whiskies, Mrs. Porboy, please. Hot? No; cold. Cold, my girl. Now, George, look here. Where have you been hiding? There's been a jolly row over this bolting.'

"'I don't see what business that is of *yours*, Mr. Harry,' said the stockman, his false eyes drooping. 'It won't do *you* any good to set my wife on to me.'

"'Well, no; it wouldn't do *me* any good,' returned the boy, sipping the whisky: 'but it ain't right, you know, George. 'Pon my soul it ain't. The old soul's awfully cut up about it.'

"'What does she say?' asked Gentleman George, looking very hard at James Anderson as 'Ingomar.'

"'She don't say much,' replied the other, 'but she thinks a lot. She'll make *it* hot for you when she meets you, you be bound. It'll put you on the roads, my boy, or something like it,' he added with a shiver.

"Gentleman George seemed to read all the petty soul of the wretched young profligate in the evil glance he cast at him.

"'Would you like to make some money, Mr. Harry?' he asked.

"'Should I? By Jove, I should!' said Harry, thinking of the accursed bill, and the thrice-accursed Davis. 'Do you know a way?'

"'I ride "Bandoline" next week. Lay against him.'

"'I have.'

"Then you'll lose.'

"'Well, you're a queer fellow. If I shall lose, why tell me to risk my money?'

"'If you won't say anything about me to the old woman, you *shan't* lose your money, for "Bandoline" shan't win!'

"'You are a pretty scoundrel!' said the young forger, feeling quite indignant at the mention of a sin to which he was unaccustomed.

"'Think of the money you can make,' said Gentleman George. 'If I pull "Bandoline," you can put the pot on "Trumpeter," and make money both ways. It's only holding your tongue for a week after all.'

"Harry Marrable took a turn up and down the room.

"'I won't tell your wife until after the race, at all events,' he said; 'and if "Bandoline" wins——'

"'He won't win, Mr. Harry,' returned the man. 'I've no wish to meet that old skeleton any more, I can tell you.'

"With this tacit agreement, they then parted."

CHAPTER III.

"THE appearance of a racecourse is much the same all the world over, and the Melbourne Racecourse differs only from that of Epsom in the regard of an octave. The melody of the turf is

set a little lower to suit the less refined ears of our musicians. The grand opera of a steeplechase varies only in the class of singers; our tenor is not so good as he of London, our prima donna would not be thought much of at Liverpool, and our *corps de ballet* is neither so well dressed nor so well drilled as that which dances on the springy sward of the Downs, or joins in the tremendous chorus which salutes the winner of the Grand National. But we do our best to put the production of Signor Sathanas on the stage, and our libretto is translated into Australian by the best man we can discover. Our resources may be insufficient, but no one can doubt our willingness to please. The *dramatis personæ*—jockeys, fine ladies, *lorettes*, Jews, three-card-men, loafers, swindlers, gamblers, pickpockets, and police—are represented to the best of our ability, and if we do not raise the curtain upon so splendid an array of beauty and fashion as that which yearly beams from the dress-circle of the Epsom Grand Stand, we have at least equalled the legitimate theatre in our transpontine luxury of villains. The 'Ring' is overpoweringly admirable. No racecourse in the world can boast greasier, flashier, hoarser-voiced, or dirtier-handed bookmakers than Mephisto, Blackadder, Samuelson, Barnabas & Co.

"Young Harry Marrable, walking up and down the lawn—elbowed by bawling bookmakers shouting the odds beneath the charming noses of the soft-goods aristocracy—was ill at ease. He had not seen Gentleman George, otherwise Mr. Finch, since the evening he had met him so opportunely at the 'Casino,' and though he had followed the advice given him in the matter of backing 'Trumpeter,' he was by no means certain that the ingenious husband of poor Keturah would perform his promise. Mr. Davis—who, resplendent in white coat and lavender gloves, smoked a priceless cigar on the cynical retirement of a camp-stool—had taken occasion a few minutes before to remind him that he 'wanted that £250 to-morrow, dear boy.' The course buzzed with the name of 'Bandoline,' upon the result of whose performance the greatly little Tobyman was understood to have risked £2,000. In addition to these anxieties was the awkward feeling that he had no business there at all, for his father, Thomas Marrable, had been taken seriously ill two days before, and was even then in a 'critical' condition. So, with fevered hands, dry lips, and an unpleasant feeling as of mental indigestion, Harry watched the preparations for the event of the day.

"'—refused the jump,' and amid a furious medley of cheers, groans, and yells, 'Trumpeter' and 'Bandoline,' alone in the race, had but one fence between them and victory. 'Bandoline' led by half a length, Gentleman George sitting well back, composed, and easy.

"'That fellow can ride,' said Horsefall. 'Who is he?'

"'A man called Finch, a horse-breaker, I think,' returned Captain Pips. 'I don't know anything—ah! My God, he's killed.'

"It was 'Trumpeter's' race, for 'Bandoline,' swerving at the final fence, breasted it, toppled, and fell, crushing his rider beneath him.

"Harry turned sick. Was this an accident, or had the daring scoundrel, recklessly faithful to Luck and his promise, 'pulled' the

beast as he had agreed, and so brought about this catastrophe? Blackadder, muttering oaths, shouldered his way through the crowd.

"'He has broken his neck,' said he to Tobyman.

"'Has he?' said Tobyman, ruefully adjusting the hat upon which he had jumped three minutes before. 'I knowd he was ridin' too 'ard at it.'

"'He be damned,' says Blackadder, roughly contemptuous, 'I mean the *horse*.'

"Harry felt a hand on his shoulder. It was that of Mr. Israel Davis, and its touch was not quite so firm as usual.

"'How did you come off?' he asked.

"'I've won,' said Harry. 'I can pay you that money the day after to-morrow.'

"'I'm glad of that,' said Davis. 'I shall want all the money I can get. I have lost a small fortune—for me. Curse the brute!'

"'I don't think it—it was the horse's fault,' said Harry. 'It—it seemed—'

"'Of course it wasn't the horse's fault,' snapped Davis, no longer a Russian but a Tartar; 'I meant the *man*.'

"While they were cheering Trumpeter and Griswold, somebody brought a hurdle, upon which the unhappy rider of the dead horse was lifted and borne off the course. When Harry, trembling to know the worst, reached the spot, he saw only turf, trampled with boot-heels, and ploughed with an insignificant furrow at the place where ill-fated 'Bandoline' had literally bitten the dust. He made for the gates and home.

"His father was no better, and Mrs. Harris, who had been invested with the responsibility of nursing the invalid, shook her head when questioned. By-and-by Dr. Dignato came, in a carriage accompanied by a kennel of dogs, and remarked that 'our patient must have quiet—perfect quiet. So I heard they killed a man to-day.' Mrs. Marrable had retired to her own room, and sent down her 'maid' every hour to 'make inquiries.' The children had been ordered to refrain from noise, and were 'playing at visiting.' Miss Mabel was the lady of the house, and said, 'How do you *do?*' to Miss Fanny. 'Did you go to the concert? How are the *dear* children?' After this they had a 'dinner party' at which little Toodles and Master Alfred personated the two 'poor relations,' and were instructed by Miss Mabel (a clever girl for her age) to refuse a second helping of pudding, while Fanny (as footman) took care to only give them '*once* champagne.' Harry went into the garden and smoked bitterly.

"He had won his money, and released himself from Davis. So help him Heaven, he would never run risks of this nature again. He hoped that George hadn't done that purposely. It didn't look as if he had, although it was rumoured that people near the chair had *seen* him pull the horse off the jump. He hoped he wasn't dead. Should he tell old Keturah? What would be the use? He would 'sound' her, and see in what mood she would be likely to take the news that her husband had been found.

"He went to town next day as usual, and 'stuck to business.'

"On the evening he said to Keturah, 'Have you ever heard of your husband, Mrs. Harris?'

"'No sir,' said she, with a blush and a frown, 'and dinna want to.'

"'Ah! Somebody told me that they had seen him at—at Ballarat.'

"'It's like enough.' But, if you please, Mr. Harry, say nae mair; he's dead to me, let him be where he may, the black villain.'

"'But, Ketty, suppose now that you heard he were ill, would you go to him?'

"'No.'

"'—If you heard he was dead.'

"She turned pale 'What do you mean, sir—it's ill jesting wi' me. I tell ye, I'd not go if he were dying in yon room, unless he sent for me; and then I'd tell the villain what I thought o' him,' and leaving her questioner with an iron face, she went straight to her own room and inconsequentially wept.

"The next day Mr. Marrable felt better.

"'Bring Davis home with you to-night, Harry,' he said 'I want to talk to him.'

"Mr. Davis started when Harry gave him the message, and asked if Mr. Marrable had quite recovered. 'No, but he's much better, thank God,' said Harry. 'I say Davis, I'll get that money for you this afternoon.' 'All right,' said Davis, frowning. 'I am glad to hear it.' But when Harry Marrable had shut the door of Mr. Israel Davis's room, that gentleman took the trouble to lock it after him, and then sat down to ruminate on his own position.

"The fact was—Mr. Israel confessed it to himself with many self-reproaches—that his vaunted sagacity had been at fault of late. His dubious speculations in 'bills' had not turned out so well as he thought he had a right to expect. Much 'paper,' of a kind which the 'Company' had imagined to be of the 'safest,' had been returned upon him. Some obnoxious journalist, in want of a 'subject,' had chosen to attack the Casino de Carambole, and a series of 'leaders' upon that institution—'leaders' which bristled with moral sentiments and blazed with Latin quotations, more or less incorrectly printed—had appeared in the daily press. The unlucky accident to 'Bandoline' had placed Mr. Davis in sore straights for money, and he confessed dismally that the £250 which that accident would enable young Marrable to pay him would be but a small instalment of the sum the bookmakers would demand that evening. He had counted upon this 'bill' being a tower of financial strength to him in days to come. When Mr. Harry Marrable was admitted to a larger participation in the profits of the firm, the astute Davis had promised himself that he would not part with the forgery for less than three times the amount which he had paid for it. Mr. Marrable was ill. It was possible that he might die. It was probable that he would take a less active part in business, and that the time for the 'sweating' of the foolish Harry was nigh at hand. It was provoking that by a turn of fortune Mr. Israel was to be a loser in a double sense. He went to the safe and took out the

bill. There it lay—worth £1,000, at least, if he could only keep it a few months longer. The signature was well forged. The words 'Marrable and Davis' were capitally imitated; Mr. Israel smiled as he recognised the final flourish of his own 's.' How provoking to be compelled to give up so splendid a prize! He began to wonder at the mood in which Master Harry must have found himself when he began forgery as a profession. He could imagine Harry Marrable—with the door locked, as it was locked now—playing with a pen, as he himself now played—scribbling the signature of the firm, as he himself now—! A bright notion occurred to Mr. Davis. He thought he saw a way to receive the £250, and keep the bill into the bargain. He would try.

"He was engaged in 'trying' for some time, and having at last succeeded to his satisfaction, he put on his hat and went out. 'If Mr. Henry should ask for me,' said he to the chief clerk, 'be good enough to tell him that I have gone home, and that I will see him at his father's this evening.' The clerk delivered the message, and Harry felt a little alarmed. Surely Davis did not intend to reveal the ugly secret! No, he could not imagine that.

"He sat with the sick man, on thorns, until the grinding of Mr. Davis's cab-wheels upon the gravel proclaimed his fate at hand.

"'Here he is,' he cried. 'I'll fetch him up,' and meeting Israel on the stairs, he dragged him from the stairs into the dressing-room adjoining the bed-chamber.

"'Where's the bill?'

"Mr. Israel was very calm.

"'I am sorry I was obliged to leave, Harry. How is your father?'

"'Better,' said Harry. Have you got it with you?'

"'I have,' said Mr. Davis, producing the bill from his pocket, and waving it gently in the air.

"'Then here's the money,' cried the poor boy, 'see, twelve £20 notes and a £10; count them.'

"'I do not know, sir,' returned Mr. Davis, 'if I am altogether justified in giving up this document. I really think, dear boy, that your father ought to be informed of the business.'

"'Oh, for God's sake!' cried Harry in great alarm.

"'I am sorry, dear boy, but really——'

"'Is that *you*, Davis?' said the voice of the sick man querulously; 'why don't you come in?'

"'Oh Davis! give it to me!' urged Harry, with dry lips. 'Here take the money. I'll give you £50 more, I will, upon my honour—Davis, I say.'

"Mr. Israel Davis seemed to relent. He set his back against the dressing-room door, and extending one hand for the money, held out the bill with the other.

"'Here then,' he said, nodding at the lowered gas-lamp, 'take it, and let me see it burned before I leave the room.'

"Harry clutched the bill, and had already held it towards the flame, when the dressing-room door was flung open with that violence

which is natural in a person who wishes to hastily enter a room, and who is ignorant that any impediment is likely to prevent him so doing with ease. The effect of this accident was to propel the elegant Israel forcibly forward.

"'I beg your pardon,' cried Keturah, the intruder, aghast, but, the master's calling for ye.'

"Mr. Davis muttered something inelegantly like an oath, and Harry, seeing through the open door his father's face, was seized with a sudden impulse.

"He ran into the room, flung himself by the bedside, and holding out the forged acceptance, sobbed out his story in a few hurried words.

"'I was in debt, father. They pressed me. I did this. Mr. Davis had it. I have paid him. See, here it is. Forgive me!'

"Mr. Israel Davis stood astounded. Of all things in heaven and earth, he had not calculated upon *this!*

"Thomas Marrable raised himself in his bed and called his partner.

"'What is this, Mr. Davis? My boy forged upon the firm—you should have told me. I would have paid it sooner than that this should happen.'

"'I thought, sir,' returned Mr. Davis, whose agitation had subsided into a wolfish calmness, 'that you would be glad to be spared the pang of knowing such an—an indiscretion. The note was presented to *me,* and *I* paid it. Do you blame me?'

"'No, no,' said poor Thomas Marrable. 'You did it for the best, I have no doubt; yet——'

"'Say no more, dear sir,' said Mr. Israel. 'Your son, I am sure, is truly penitent. Let us burn the bill, and forget that——'

"'Why!—Why!—Why, you infernal scoundrel!' burst out young Mr. Harry, who had been staring at the fatal paper. 'This—*this is not the bill I gave you?*'

"'Nonsense!' said Mr. Davis, showing his teeth in a vicious grin. 'What else should it be, give it to me, and let me burn it.'

"In his haste he made as though he would absolutely tear it out of the young man's hands, but Harry held it fast.

"'See, father, This is *not* the bill. I am sure it is not. That is *not* my signature.'

"'Mr. Davis,' says Thomas Marrable, 'what the devil is the meaning of this? Where is the bill that you say my son has forged?'

"'You have it in your hand, sir.'

"The old man looked from one to the other in bewilderment. He was an honest tradesman, and he did not comprehend such complications of finance. Harry—who was in advance of his father in knowledge of roguery, by virtue of the very forgery he had committed—came to the right conclusion.

"'I see what it is, father,' he said, 'he has forged this, so that I might burn it. He has got the original bill himself.'

"Mr. Israel Davis was no common rogue, and he saw that there was but one way to redeem his blunder.

"'My dear Mr. Marrable, your son is right. How much will you give me to return you the bill, and retire from the firm.'

"'I'll—I'll send you to gaol!' cries Marrable.

"'—And have the transaction explained in court? No, that would be a blunder worse than mine. Give me £500 and we will exchange documents.'

"'I'll see you —— first,' says Thomas Marrable.

"'Not first, dear sir, not first, returned Israel Davis, regaining all his composure. '*Afterwards* you may have that pleasure. Come, £500. I will forego 20 per cent. on my share in the business and leave on the day your cheque for the balance is honoured.'

"'I will see my solicitors,' groaned Thomas Marrable.

"'*I* will see them if you like, dear sir; I can explain matters more fully.'

"Thomas Marrable stared.

"'Are you not ashamed to talk like this,' he said at last.

"'Ashamed! why should I be ashamed?' said Davis, with coolness. 'I was ashamed when you found me out—ashamed that I had allowed so trivial an accident as the sudden opening of a door to disarrange my plans. But that is all, dear sir. You are a Christian, so is your dear boy there. *You* would be ashamed, perhaps. You have a "moral sense," a "society," a "parson." Bah. I am Israel Davis.'

"'You are a monstrous scoundrel! Go. I will write to my solicitors.'

"'Good evening, my dear sir,' said Mr. Israel Davis.

"They heard his cab-wheels scrunch the gravel, and then old Marrable looked at his son.

"'It was my fault, Harry. I should never have allowed you to come in contact with that scoundrel. He is enough to corrupt any one.'

"Harry Marrable suffered the excuse to be made, and left the sick-room with stern promise of repentance and amendment. On his way he met Keturah, cloaked and hooded.

"'Oh, Mr. Harry, tell me,' cried she, 'did you know anything?'

"'What do you mean?'

"'When you spoke to me last night about my husband. He's sent for me.'

"'The deuce he has!'

"'A cab's come to fetch me. I have seen the mistress. I am going at once. Tell me, Mr. Harry, is he sick or well?'

"'How should I know, Ketty,' said the young man, fearful of betraying himself. 'He can't be ill if he has sent for you. Go and make it up with him.'

"'No, I'll never do that,' said Keturah, her anger rising. 'I'll see him, and tell him my opinion o' him, as I vowed I would do.'

"The cab which had been sent for Mrs. Harris was not a handsome vehicle. The wheels were disagreeably loose, the iron step was bent and twisted, the cushions were mouldy, the tarpaulin-hood ragged and insufficient. The conduct of the driver, moreover,

was not calculated to inspire confidence. He was a large, loose man, with a white nose and a mottled face. His enemies said that he drank so much brandy that his nose had passed through the red stage and achieved a white heat. He wore a flapping Yankee hat, and drove at a great pace, shouting.

"So rapid was the manner in which the ricketty vehicle was whirled through space, that it was not until the panting horse dropped into a grateful walk at Prince's Bridge that the poor old woman felt herself enabled to ask questions.

"'Who sent ye? and how far's Flemington?'

"'Barney Welsher sent me,' returned white-nose, 'and it's about two mile.'

"'Who's Barney Welsher?' asks Keturah alarmed.

"'He keeps the "Horse and Jockey" on the Flemington course there. I'm a Flemington car, I am. I driven Joe Blueitt and another bloke, ye see, over there, ye see, when—cck!—out comes Barney, and ses "Go to Toorak and find Mr. Marrable's 'ouse, ask for a Mrs. Harris, and tell 'er 'er 'usban' wants 'er. Bring 'er out 'ere," he says, "and drive like 'ell" he ses. Ha'ay! Gu-u-u-ur!'

"—And the banging and slamming of the jolting car rendered further explanation impossible.

"Keturah was considerably relieved when the man, who had never ceased to howl at his horse, or to thwack him violently with a lashless whip, pulled up in safety beneath the solitary lamp of a lonely public-house, and sat gloomily waiting for Mr. Welsher to emerge. At sight of this worthy hirer of cabs poor Keturah felt a strange terror seize her. Mr. Welsher was in his shirt-sleeves, a pipe decorated his mouth, and in his left paw he held a very greasy 'hand' of cards. Nevertheless, when he espied the old woman, he handed her out with a solemnity that—contrasted with his appearance and evident pursuit—had something bodeful in it.

"'I heard that—that my husband was here,' said Keturah.

"'So he is, marm,' replied Mr. Welsher, scanning her curiously. 'Walk in. There's some coves in the parlour, but don't mind them. 'Ave a drop o' gin after your drive? No; well, then, this way.'

"The 'coves in the parlour' were not prepossessing. They were the sort of 'coves' engendered in the foul air of a stable; the sort of 'coves' to whom the inside of a prison would not be unfamiliar, it might be wagered. In the 'parlour' was that atmosphere of oaths and brandy, onions, cheese, and humanity, which may be found in apartments where seven foul-fed, foul-clothed, foul-mouthed ruffians have been playing 'euchre' for nine consecutive hours. The cleanly Scotchwoman drew her honest petticoats about her and walked daintily. This was a strange place to where she had been brought, yet she felt that no harm was meant. Mr. Welsher politely aided her entrance, by saying, 'Now, then, make room there. Blarst yer, make room.' The terms in which the request was couched were not elegant, but they were intelligible, and Keturah felt that the sentence was dictated by a spirit of the truest politeness.

"She passed through the unsavoury crowd and entered a room beyond the adjoining passage. Something was lying on a bed there. Something bound up. Something which had candles burning at its bedside, and a cup of water within reach of the hand it could not move. Something which Keturah Harris would have taken for a corpse, but for the great black eloquent eyes of it, which gazed at her with all the dumb agony of a dying dog.

"Revenge melted into air.

"'Geordie! my bairn! Geordie, my jo!'

"Mr. Welsher reverently damned his soul, and shut the door, for the old faithful wife was on her knees at her husband's bedside.

* * * * * *

"But what became of Israel Davis?"

"Who knows. He made good terms with the Marrables and left the colony—it is rumoured for America. But a man of his ability could get on anywhere."

"And now tell us the end of Mrs. Harris."

"I can only tell you this, that her story is true from beginning to end. Mrs. Harris is a 'charwoman.' She comes and washes stairs and so on at my house. When she gets her miserable wage, she goes home—to a wretched little house in a poor Melbourne suburb. In that house, there is a paralyzed and helpless man who has not yet reached middle-age. He is her husband. She expends her earnings in buying him nourishing food, and paying a child to 'mind him' when she is away. *She* lives on scraps and pieces, and broken victual. *He* has brandy and tobacco. Aye, I've seen the woman *hold the pipe* to the speechless lips of the poor blackguard while he pulled at it!"

"Ah! there is a great deal of poetry in the lives of some very unpoetical-looking people, isn't there?"

BULLOCKTOWN.

(GLENORCHY.)

BULLOCKTOWN is situated, like all up-country townships, on the banks of something that is a flood in winter and a mud-hole in summer. For general purposes the inhabitants of the city called the something a river, and those intelligent land surveyors that mark "agricultural areas" on the tops of lofty mountains, had given the river a very grand name indeed.

The Pollywog Creek, or as it was marked on the maps, the Great Glimmera, took its rise somewhere about Bowlby's Gap, and after constructing a natural sheepwash for Bowlby, terminated in a swamp, which was courteously termed Lake Landowne. No man had ever seen Lake Landowne but once, and that was during a flood, but Lake Landowne the place was called, and Lake Landowne it remained; reeds, tussocks, and brindled bullocks' backs to the contrary notwithstanding. There was a legend afloat in Bullocktown, that an unhappy new-comer from Little Britain had once purchased Lake Landowne from the Government, with the intention of building a summer residence on its banks, and becoming a landed proprietor. The first view of his estate, however, as seen from the hood of a partially submerged buggy, diverted his ambition to brandy and water, and having drunk hard for a week at the "Three Posts," he returned into his original obscurity by the first Cobb's coach driver that could be prevailed upon to receive him.

I do not vouch for the truth of the story, I only know that a peculiarly soapy part on the edge of the "lake" was known as "Smuggins' Hole," by reason of Smuggins, the landed proprietor, having been fished therefrom at an early period of his aforesaid landed proprietorship.

However, any impartial observer in the summer months could see Spot and Toby and Punch, and the rest of the station bullocks, feeding hard in the middle of the lake, and if, after that, he chose to make observations, nobody minded him. Mr. Rapersole, the bootmaker, and correspondent of the *Quartzborough Chronicle*, had a map in his back parlour, with Lake Landowne in the biggest of possible print on it, and that was quite enough for Bullocktown. Impertinent strangers are—locally speaking—the ruin of a township.

There was a church in Bullocktown, and there were also three public-houses. It is not for me to make unpleasant comments, but I know for a fact that the minister vowed that the place wasn't worth buggy-hire, and that the publicans were making fortunes. Perhaps

this was owing to the unsettled state of the district—in up-country townships most evils (including floods) are said to arise from this cause—and could in time have been remedied. I am afraid that religion, as an art, was not cultivated much in Bullocktown. The seed sown there was a little mixed in character. One week you had a Primitive Methodist, and the next a Hardshell Baptist, and the next an Irvingite or a Southcottian. To do the inhabitants justice, they endeavoured very hard to learn the ins and outs of the business, but I do not believe that they ever succeeded. As Wallaby Dick observed one day, "When you run a lot of paddocked sheep into a race, what's the good o' sticking half-a-dozen fellers at the gate? The poor beggars don't know which way to run!" The township being on a main road, and not owning a resident parson, all sorts of strange preachers set up their tents there. It was considered a point of honour for all travelling clergymen ("bush parsons," the Bullocktownians called them) to give an evening at the "brick edifice." Indeed, Tom Trowbridge, the publican (who owned the land on which the "edifice" was built), said that it was "only fair to take turn about, one down t'other come on, a clear stage and no favour," but, then, Tom was a heathen, and had been a prize-fighter. I think that of all the many "preachments" the inhabitants suffered, the teetotal abstinence was received with the greatest favour. The "edifice" was crowded, and Trowbridge, vowing that the teetotaler was a trump, and had during the two hours he had been in his house drunk gingerbeer enough to burst a gasometer, occupied the front pew in all the heroic agony of a clean shirt and collar. The lecture was most impressive. Tom wept with mingled remorse and whisky, and they say that the carouse which took place in his back-bar after the pledge was signed was the biggest that had been known in Bullocktown since the diggings. The lecturer invited everybody to sign, and I believe that everybody did. "Roll up, you poor lost lambs," he cried, "and seal your blessed souls to abstinence!" He did not explain what "abstinence" meant, and I have reason to believe that the majority of his hearers thought it a peculiar sort of peppermint-bitters, invigorating and stimulating beyond the average of such concoctions.

The effect, however, was immense. The lambs signed to a wether, and where they could not sign, made their marks. The display of ignorance of the miserable art of writing nearly rivalled that shown at a general election. As the lecturer said afterwards, over a pint of warm orange-water in the bar-parlour, "It was a blessed time," and Mrs. Mumford, of the Pound, volunteered to take her "dying oath" (whatever that might be) that Jerry had never been so "loving drunk" in all his life before. Billy, the blackfellow, came up to the homestead two days afterwards, gaping like a black earthquake, and informed us that he had taken "big fellow pledge, big one square-bottle that feller," and felt "berry bad." M'Killop, the overseer, gave him three packets of Epsom salts, and sent him down to the creek with a pannikin. Strange to say, he recovered.

It was not often that we had amusement of this sort in Bullocktown. Except at shearing time, when the "hands" knocked down their cheques (and never picked them up again), gaiety was scarce. Steady drinking at the "Royal Cobb," and a dance at "Trowbridge's" were the two excitements. The latter soon palled upon the palate, for, at the time of which I write, there were but five women in the township, three of whom were aged, or as Wallaby said, "broken-mouthed crawlers, not worth the trouble of culling" The other two were daughters of old Trowbridge, and could cut out a refractory bullock with the best stockman on the plains. But what were two among so many? I have seen fifteen couples stand up in "Trowbridge's" to the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and dance a mild polka, gyrating round each other like intelligent weathercocks.

The stationary dance of the bush-hand is a fearful and wonderful thing. Two sheepish, grinning, blushing stockmen grip each other's elbows, and solemnly twirl to the music of their loose spurs. They don't "dance," they simply twirl, with a rocking motion like that of an intoxicated teetotum, and occasionally shout to relieve their feelings. If the "Cruiskeen Lawn" had been the "Old Hundredth," they could not have looked more melancholy. Moreover, I think that to treat a hornpipe as a religious ceremony is a mistake. The entertainment was varied with a free fight for the hands of the Misses Trowbridge. One of these liberal measures was passed every ten minutes or so, Trowbridge standing in the background, waiting to pick up the man with the most money. As a study of human nature the scene was interesting, as a provocative to reckless hilarity it was not eminently successful.

The other public-houses were much of the same stamp. The township was a sort of rule of three sum in alcohol. As the "Royal Cobb" was to "Trowbridge's," so was "Trowbridge's" to the "Three Posts," or you might work it the other way. As the "Three Posts" was to "Trowbridge's," so was "Trowbridge's" to the "Royal Cobb." The result was always the same—a shilling a nobbler. True, that "Trowbridge's" did not "lamb down" so well as the "Three Posts," but then the "Three Posts" put fig tobacco in its brandy casks, and "Trowbridge's" did not do that. True, that the coach stopped at the "Royal Cobb," but then the "Royal Cobb" had no daughters, and some passengers preferred to take their cut off the joint at "Trowbridge's." Providence—mindful of Mr. Emerson's doctrine of compensation—equalised conditions even in Bullocktown.

The "Royal Cobb" was perhaps the best house. Before Coppinger bought the place, it was kept by Mr. Longbow, a tall, thin, one-eyed, and eminently genteel man, who was always smoking. He was a capital host, a shrewd man of the world, and a handy shot with a duck gun. No one knew what he had been, and no one could with any certainty predict what he might be. He shot birds, stuffed beasts, discovered mines, set legs, played the violin, and was "up" in the Land Act. He was a universal genius, in fact, and had but one fault. His veracity was too small for his imagination.

It was useless to argue with Longbow. *He* was "all there," no matter where you might be, The Derby! He had lost fifty thou. in Musjid's year. The interior of Africa! He had lived there for months, and spoke gorillese like a native. Dr. Livingstone! They had slept all night with but an ant-hill between them. The Duke of Wellington! He had been his most intimate friend, and called him "Arthur" for years. I shall never forget one pathetic evening, when, after much unlimited loo, and some considerably hot whisky, Longbow told me of his troubles. "Beastly colony!" he said, "beastly! Why my dear boy, when I was leaving;—but there, never mind, Buckingham and Chandos was right. Never mind what they may say, Sir, Buckingham and Chandos was right as the mail." I replied that from the reports I had read of Buckingham and Chandos, I had no doubt whatever that he was all that could be desired by the most fastidious. Upon which Longbow favoured me with a history of B. and C. lending him £20,000 on his note of hand, and borrowing his dress waistcoat to dance at Rosherville Gardens. Before I left he volunteered to produce—some day when I wasn't busy—the Duke of Wellington's autograph letter, containing the celebrated recipe for devilled mushrooms, with a plan of the lines of Torres Vedras drawn on the back of it, and he would not allow me to leave him until he told me how Her Majesty had said, "Longbow, old man, sorry to lose you, but Australia's a fine place. Go in and win, my boy, and chance the ducks!" This last story was quite impressive, more especially as Longbow acted the scene between himself and Her Majesty, and—making the whisky-bottle take the place of the Duchess of Sutherland—alternated parts with himself as poor Jack Longbow, and himself as the first lord-in-waiting, crying, "Damme, Jack, come out o' that; she's going to cry, you villain!" I listened with approving patience, and never smiled until the very end of the story, where Longbow rushed frantically from the Presence, and knocked A. Saxe Gotha head over heels into the brand new coal-scuttle on the landing! "Oh! those were the days! D——— the colony, and pass the whisky!"

Opposite the "Royal Cobb" was the schoolhouse. It had four scholars, and the master was paid by results. He used to drink a large quantity of rum (to settle any symptoms of indigestion, arising from his plethora of funds, I suppose), and was always appealed to on matters of quotation. He was a very old man with a very red nose, and "had been a gentleman." There was never an up-country township yet that had not some such melancholy waif and stray in it.

When the schoolmaster got very drunk indeed, he would quote Aristophanes, and on one memorable occasion put Flash Harry's song—

> "Oh Sally, she went up the stairs, and I went up to find her;
> And as she stooped to buckle her shoe, I tumbled down behind her."

into Horatian alcaics. He quarrelled with the Visiting Inspector because he (the V. I.) said that wigs were not worn by the ancients, and our broken down gentleman put him into his purgation with

the case of Astyages as given by Xenophon. He confessed afterwards that setting your superiors right on matters of quotation is not politic, and that he wished he had let it alone. He was from Dublin University. How is it that the wittiest talkers, the most brilliant classics, and the most irreclaimable drunkards, all used to come from Dublin University?

There was a Post-office in Bullocktown, kept, if a post-office can be kept, by Mr. Rapersole aforesaid, who was regarded as quite a literary genius by the bullock-drivers. Mr. R. "corresponded for the paper"—*the* paper—and would loftily crush anybody who gave him cause of offence. If Rapersole lost a chicken or missed a pig, the world was sure to hear of it in the Paper. Rapersole, however, did not affect writing so much as speaking. "The platform for me!" he would say, as though the platform were a sort of untamed fiery steed, and he a rough-rider. However, nobody came forward with the article, and he did not "show." It was generally believed in Bullocktown, however, that if Rapersole once got his platform, the universe might consider itself reformed without further trouble.

GRUMBLER'S GULLY.

THE mining township of Grumbler's Gully is situated about twelve miles from Bullocktown.

There are various ways of approaching Grumbler's Gully. If you happen to be a commercial traveller, for instance, in the employment of Messrs. Gin and Bitters, and temporary owner of a glittering buggy and trotting mare, you would most likely take a tour by way of Killarney, Jerusalem, Kenilworth, Blair Athole, St. Petersburg, Maimaitoora, Lucky Woman's, and Rowdy Flat, thus swooping upon Grumbler's Gully by way of Breakyleg, Spicersville, Bangatoora, and Bullocktown. If you were a squatter residing at Glengelder, The Rocks, or Vancluse, you would ride across the Lonely Plains, down by Melancholy Swamp and Murderer's Flat, until you reach Jack-a-dandy, where, as everyone knows, the track forks to Milford Haven and St. Omeo.

If you were a Ballarat sharebroker, and wanted to have a look at the reefs on the road, you would turn off at Hell's Hole, and making for Old Moke's, borrow a horse, and ride on to the Hanging Rock, midway between Kororoot and Jefferson's Lead, this course taking you into the heart of the reefing country. You could jog easily from Salted Claim to Ballyrafferty, Dufferstown, and Moonlight Reefs, calling at the Great Eastern, and entering Grumbler's Gully from the north by way of the Good-morning-Bob Ranges and Schnilflehaustein.

The first impression of Grumbler's Gully is, I confess, not a cheering one. I think it was Mr. Caxton who replied when asked what he thought of his new-born infant, "It is very red, ma'am." The same remark would apply to Grumbler's Gully. It is very red. Long before you get to it you are covered with dust that looks and feels like finely-powdered bricks. The haggard gum-trees by the roadside—if you can call it rightly a roadside—are covered with this red powder. The white near leader seems stained with bloody sweat, and the slices of bark that, as you approach the town, fringe the track, look as though they were lumps of red putty, drying and crumbling in the sun. On turning the corner, Grumbler's Gully is below as a long, straggling street, under a red hill that overlooks a red expanse of mud flecked with pools of red water, and bristling with mounds, shaft-sheds, and wooden engine-houses. The sun is sinking behind yonder mighty range, under whose brow stretches that belt of scrub, and marsh, and crag that meets the mallee wilderness, and minor mountains rise up all around us. Grumbler's Gully is shaped like a shoe with a lump in the middle of it, or rather, perhaps, like

one of those cock-boats that children make with folded paper. It is a ridge of quartz rising in the midst of a long valley surrounded by mountains.

The place is underlined with "sinkings," and the inhabitants burrow like moles beneath the surface of the earth. It is no disgrace —quite the reverse—in Grumbler's Gully to wear moleskin trousers stained with the everlasting red clay. There is, indeed, a story afloat there to the effect that a leading townsman presided at a public dinner in those garments, and was not a whit less respectable than usual. In getting into the bar of the "Golden Tribute Hotel," you become conscious that the well-dressed and intelligent gentleman, who, in the whitest of shirt sleeves, handed you "Otard" (the brand then in fashion in the Gully), and bid you help yourself, was a shareholder in a rich claim, and could, topically speaking, buy and sell you over again if he liked without inconvenience. In drinking the said "Otard" you become conscious of a thumping vibration going on somewhere, as if a giant with accelerated action of the heart was imprisoned under the flooring; and getting out into the back yard, where Mr. Merryjingle's pair horse and buggy is waiting for Mr. Merryjingle to finish his twentieth last glass, you see a big red mound surmounting the stable, and know that the engine is pumping night and day in the Golden Tribute Reef.

But all the hotel-keepers of Grumbler's Gully are not as elegant as Mr. Bilberry. There is Polwheal, for example, the gigantic Cornishman, who lives in the big red building opposite the Court-house. Polwheal considers his hotel a better one than the "Golden Tribute," and swears largely when visitors of note stop at Bilberry's.

For Polwheal's hotel is of brick, and being built in the "good old times" cost something like a shilling a brick to erect, whereas Bilberry's is but a wooden structure, and not very substantial at that. The inmate of Bilberry's can hear his right-hand neighbour clean his teeth, and can trace the various stages of his left-hand neighbour going to bed—commencing with the scratching of a safety match, and ending with the clatter of hastily deposited boots. When the County Court sits at Grumbler's Gully, and the Judge, Crown Prosecutor, and others put up there, it is notorious that Bilberry is driven politely frantic by his efforts to put Mr. Mountain, who snores like the action of a circular saw, in some room where his slumber will not be the cause of wakefulness in others. It is even reported that a distinguished barrister, after plugging his ears in vain, was compelled one sultry night to take his blankets and "coil" on the wood heap in order to escape from the roaring of Mr. Mountain's fitful diapason. I, myself, tossing in agony three rooms off, have been enabled to accurately follow the breathing of that worthy man, and to trace how the grunt swells into a rumble, the rumble reaches a harsh, grating sound, which broadens into the circular saw movement, until glasses ring, roofs shake, and the terrified listener, convinced that in another instant Mountain must either suffocate or burst, hears with relief the terrific blast softened to a strangled whistle,

and finally die away in a soothing murmur, full of deceitful promises of silence.

Now at Polwheal's you have none of this annoyance, but then Polwheal's liquor is not so good, and his table is not so well kept. Now, often with the thermometer at 100, have I shuddered at a smoking red lump of boiled beef, with Polwheal in a violent perspiration looming above in a cloud of greasy steam! But Polwheal has his patrons, and many a jorum of whisky hot has been consumed in that big parlour, where the *Quartzborough Chronicle* of the week before last lies perpetually on the table. Then there is "Bosk-eyed Harry's," where the "boys" dance, and where a young lady, known to fame as the "Chestnut Filly," was wont to dispense the wine cup. Also Mr. Corkison's, called "Boss" Corkison, who dressed elaborately in what he imagined to be the height of Melbourne fashion, owned half the Antelope Reef, and couldn't write his own name. "Boss" was an ingenious fellow, however, and wishing to draw a cheque would say to any respectable stranger, "Morning, sir! A warm day! Have a drink, sir! Me name's Corkison! Phillip, a little hard stuff! Me hand shakes, sir! Up last night with a few roaring dogs drinking hot whisky. Hot whisky is the devil, sir." Upon the stranger drinking, and strangers were not often backward in accepting hospitality, "Boss" would pull from his fashionable pocket-book a fat cheque-book, and would insinuatingly say, "Sir, shall be obliged if you will draw a chick, for me (he always spoke of chicks) for £10, sir. Jeremiah Corkison. I will touch the pen. Sir, I am obliged to you." If the stranger was deceived by this subterfuge, "Boss" would waylay him for days, with the "chicks" getting bigger and bigger, and his hand getting shakier and more shaky. I may mention Tom Puffs' store, where one drank Hennessy in tin tots, and played loo in the back parlour; and the great Irish house, where you got nothing but Irish whisky and patriotism. I have no time to do more than allude to the "Morning Star," the "Reefer's Joy," the "Rough and Ready," or the twenty other places of resort.

Leaving hotels for awhile, let us walk down Main Street. Society in Grumbler's Gully is very mixed. I suppose that the rich squatters who live round about consider themselves at the top of the tree, while the resident police-magistrate, the resident barrister, the Church of England clergyman, and the Roman Catholic priest, and the managers of the banks sit on the big limbs—leaving the solicitors, rich storekeepers, and owners of claims to roost on the lower branches, and the working miners, &c., to creep into the holes in the bare ground. Of course the place is eaten up with scandal, and saturated with petty jealousy. The Church of England clergyman will not speak to the Presbyterian minister, and both have sworn eternal enmity to the Roman Catholic priest. The wife of the resident magistrate, and the wives of the bank managers, don't recognise the wives of the solicitors. If you call on Mrs. M'Kirkincroft she will tell you—after you have heard how difficult it is to get servants, and that there had been no water in the tank for two

days—that shocking story, though, remember, only a rumour, of Mrs. Partridge and Mr. Quail from Melbourne, and how Mrs. Partridge threw a glass of brandy-and-water over Mr. Quail, and how Mr. Quail went into Mr. Pounce's office and cried like a child, with his head on a bundle of mining leases.

If you call on Mrs. Pontifex, she will inform you—after you have heard that there has been no water in the tank for two days, and how difficult it is to get servants—that Mrs. M'Kirkincroft's papa was a butcher at Rowdy Flat, and that M'Kirkincroft himself made his money by keeping a public-house on the road to Bendigo. Mrs. Partridge has a very pretty history of Mrs. Pontifex's aunt, who came out in the same ship with Mr. Partridge's cousin, who was quite notorious for her flirtations during the voyage; and Mrs. Partridge, who is a vicious, thin-lipped, little dark woman, pronounces the word "flirtation" as if it included the breaking of the seventh commandment seventy times over. You hear how Tom Twotooth ran away with Bessie Brokenmouth, and how old Brokenmouth took his entire horse, Alexander the Great, out of the stable in the middle of the night and galloped to the "Great Eastern," only to find the floods down below Proud's ferry, and the roads impassable. You hear how Jack Bragford lost over £600 to Dr. Splint, and how Jack drew a bill which was duly dishonoured, thereby compelling poor Sugman Sotomayordesoto, the wine and spirit merchant (who is as generous as becomes a man in whose veins runs the blood of old Castile), to impoverish himself in order to pay the money. There are current in Grumbler's Gully marvellous scandals respecting the parson, the priest, and the police-magistrate—scandals which, though they are visible lies, are nevertheless eagerly credited by dwellers round about. There are strong-flavoured stories—old jokes such as our grandfathers chuckled at—told concerning the publicans, the miners, and the borough councillors; and a resident of Grumbler's Gully would be quite indignant if you hinted to him that you had "heard that story before."

But come back to Main Street. The architecture is decidedly irregular. A bank shoulders a public-house, a wooden shanty nestles under the lee of a brick and iron store. Everything is desperately new. The bricks even look but a few days baked, and the iron roof of the Grumbler's Gully Emporium and Quartzborough *Magazin des Modes* has not as yet lost its virgin whiteness. The red dust is everywhere flying in blinding clouds. The white silk coat of "Boss" Corkison looking for the stranger is powdered with it; and the black hat, vest, trousers and boots of Jabez Hick—Jabez P. Hick he insists on signing himself—are marked with red smudges.

Mr. Hick is a very smart Yankee (there are one or two in Grumbler's Gully), and is the proprietor of the Emporium. He has also a share in the General Washington United, and has been down to the dam this afternoon to look at the small amount of water which yet remains there. The dust lies thickly on the hood of Mr. Salthide's buggy, standing at the door of Copperas, the ironmonger, and ruins the latest Melbourne toilets of Mrs. Partridge and Mrs. Pontifex, who

continue to think Main Street Collins Street, and make believe to shop there daily from three to five. The peculiarity of Main Street is its incongruous newness. Around are solemn, purple hills, with their hidden mysteries of swamp and wilderness; and here, on the backbone of this quartz ridge, in the midst of a dirty, dusty, unsightly mud-patch, punched with holes, and disfigured with staring, yellow mounds, are fifty or sixty straggling wooden, iron and brick buildings, in which live people of all ranks of society, of all nations, of all opinions, but every one surrounded with his or her particular aureole of civilisation, and playing the latest music, drinking the most fashionable brand of brandy, reading the latest novels, and taking the most lively interest in the election for president, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Spanish question, the Prussian war, and the appalling fact that oysters in London are positively three shillings a dozen! A coach thundering and rattling at the heels of four smoking horses drops upon them twice a day out of the bush, and the coachman delivers his mails, skims a local paper, has a liquor, retails the latest joke (made in Melbourne, perhaps, twenty-four hours before), and then thunders and rattles away again through the lonely gum-tree forest, until he drops upon just such another place, with just such another population, at the next quartz out-cropping fifty miles away. Amidst all this there is no nationality. The Frenchman, German, and Englishman all talk confidently about "going home," and if by any chance some old man with married daughters thinks he will die in the colony, he never by any chance expresses a wish to leave his bones in the horribly utilitarian cemetery at Grumbler's Gully.

A word about this Grumbler's Gully Cemetery. It is close to the hospital, a fine building containing fifty beds, and supported by voluntary contributions; and the patients can see the grave of the man who died yesterday quite readily. Grumbler's Gully can see no reason why they should not see it. Sick people must die sometimes, of course. In the same spirit has the cemetery been built. It is a square patch of ground surrounded by a neat iron railing. Everything spick and span new, the railing not even rusted, the sordid red mounds not even overgrown with grass. No tenderness, no beauty, no association, no admirable place to hold the loathly corpses that were once human beings; a most useful graveyard and nothing more. Nothing more: save that near these ugly red mounds, unpolitical, untaught, ill-dressed men and women will sometimes linger, sparing an hour from the commonplace toil of the practical place to foolishly weep, thinking on the friends that are gone. The hideously excellent cemetery of Grumbler's Gully always seemed to me to realise the life of the colony —the stern, practical, laborious, unleisured life of a young country, a life in which one has no time to think of others until they have left us and gone Home.

Close beside the hospital is the church, and over against the church the chapel, and glaring viciously at both of them in an underbred way is the meeting-house. Religion, or rather difference of religion, is a noted feature in Grumbler's Gully. Formerly the inhabitants might have been divided into two classes, teetotalers and

whisky-hot men. There was a club called the "Whisky Hot Club" at Polwheal's, each member of which was pledged to drink ten whiskys hot "*per noctem*," the qualification for membership being three fits of "*delirium tremens*"—but of late these broad distinctions have been broken down, and the town now boasts five sects, each of which devoutly believes in the ultimate condemnation of the other four. There is a Band of Hope at Grumbler's Gully, likewise a Tent of Rechab. The last has fallen into some disrepute since it was discovered by a wandering analytical chemist that Binks Brothers, who were affiliated Jonadabers in the third degree, and who supplied the camp with teetootal liquids, habitually put forty per cent. of proof spirit into the Hallelujah Cordial. There was quite a run upon Hallelujah Cordial for a few days after this discovery. The moving religious element, however, in Grumbler's Gully is a Mr. Jack. Jack was a cabinet-maker when yet in darkness, and did not get "called" until he had been twice insolvent. He was so near fraudulency the second time that it is supposed that his imminent danger converted him. Jack is a short, squat, yellow-faced, black-toothed, greasy-fingered fellow, with a tremendous power of adjective. When he prays he turns up his eyes until nothing but a thin rim of white is visible, over which the eyelids quiver with agonizing fervour. When he prays he is very abusive to his fellow-creatures, and seems to find intense consolation in thinking everybody around him deceitful, wicked, and hard-hearted. To hear him denounce this miserable world, you would think that, did he suddenly discover that some people were very hopeful and happy in it, he would suffer intense pain. He travels about the country "preaching the Word," which means, I'm afraid, sponging on the squatter, and has written a diary, "*Jack's Diary*, published by subscription," which sets forth his wanderings and adventures. Passages like this occur in that Christian work :—

"Nov. 28th.—My horse fell with me at Roaring Megs *(a claim to be understood, not a lady)*, and I could not get him to rise. After poking him with sharp sticks for some time in vain, I bethought me of lighting a fire beneath the beast ; this roused him, and I lifted up my heart in prayer.—Isaiah xix. 22."

"Nov. 29th.—Came to Bachelor Plains, and put up at the home station. The overseer, an intelligent young man, put my horse into the stable and gave him some oats, the which he had not tasted for many months. In the evening, after an excellent repast, I ventured to commune in prayer, but the overseer pulled out a pipe, and began to play euker with a friend. I felt it my duty to tell them of the awful position in which they stood, and upon their still continuing to gamble, to curse them both solemnly in the name of the Lord."

It will be seen by this that Jack is not averse to a little blasphemy. He is a self-seeking, cunning dog, who is fit for nothing but the vocation he follows, viz. :—that of "entering widows' houses, and for a pittance making long prayers." Yet he has a large following, and crowds the chapel when he preaches. The result is that all the rationalistic-going men in the township, and there are some half-a-dozen, disgusted with the hypocrisy and vulgarity of this

untaught preacher, have come to consider all clergymen knaves or fools, and to despise all religion.

These enlightened persons hold meetings at the "Morning Star Hotel," and settle the universe quite comfortably. They are especially great at such trifling subjects as "The Cause of Poverty," "Our Social Relations," "The Origin of Species," "Is Polygamy or Polyandry best calculated to insure the Happiness of the Human Race," "Whence do we come," "Whither do we go," and so on. Indeed, Grumbler's Gully was at one time denounced by the opposition (Baker's Flat) journal as having dangerous tendencies to pure Buddhism. The local paper, however, retorted with some ingenuity, that the Baker's Flats were already far gone in the pernicious doctrines of Fo, and that it was well known that Hang Fat, the Chinese interpreter, held nightly "*séances*" in order to expound the teaching of Confucius.

A word about the local literature. The *Quartzborough Chronicle and Grumbler's Gully Gazette* is like all other country newspapers—whatever its editor chooses to make it. Local news is scare. Arrival of telegrams, a borough council riot, or two police-court cases, will not make a paper, and the leading article on alluvial diggings, Mr. Pagrag's speech on the Budget, Mr. Bobtail's proposition for levelling the Gippsland Ranges to fill up the Sandridge lagoon, or what not, or a written "cuttings" become things of necessity, and Daw, the editor, "cuts" remarkably well.

Daw is a capital amateur actor, and a smart journalist. His leaders can be good if he likes to put his heart into his work, and every now and then a quaint original sketch or pathetic story gives Grumbler's Gully a fill-up. Daw writes about four columns a day, and is paid £250 a year. His friends say he ought to be in Melbourne, but he is afraid to give up a certainty, so he stays, editing his paper and narrowing his mind, yearning for some intellectual intercourse with his fellow-creatures. To those who have not lived in a mining township the utter dullness of Daw's life is incomprehensible. There is a complete lack of anything like cultivated mental companionship, and the three or four intellects who are above the dead level do their best to reduce their exuberant acuteness by excess of whisky-and-water. The club, the reading-room, the parliament, the audience that testifies approval and appreciation are all found in one place—the public-house bar. To obtain a criticism or a suggestion one is compelled to drink a nobbler of brandy. The life of an up-country editor is the life of Sisyphus—the higher up the hill he rolls his stone, with more violence does it tumble back upon him. "You want an editor?" said a hopeful new-chum to the lucky job printer who owned the *Blanket Flat Mercury*. "I have the best testimonials, and have written largely to the English Press." The man of advertisements scanned the proffered paper. "Clever! sober! industrious! My good sir, you won't do for *me*. I want a man as is blazing drunk half his time, and who can just knock off a smart thing when I tell him." "But who edits the paper?" then said the applicant. "Who?" returned the proprietor, flourishing his

scissors over his head in indignant astonishment, "Why, *I* do! All you have to do is to correct the spellin', and put in the personalities!" It is remarkable that in this free colony, where everybody is so tremendously equal, the tyranny of cash is carried to a greater extent than in any other country on the face of the earth. Men come to Australia to get rich, and if they don't get rich they go to the wall. In Melbourne one can in a measure escape the offensive patronage of the uneducated wealthy, but in a mining township, where life is nothing but a daring speculation, the brutal force of money is triumphant.

But it is time to "have a drink"—the chief amusement of the place. If we cannot imitate these jolly dogs of reef-owners, who start from Polwheal's at 10 a.m., and drink their way to Bilberry's by 2 p.m., working back again to unlimited loo and whisky-hot by sundown, it is perhaps better for us, but we must at all events conform to the manners and customs.

To sum up the jollity of Grumbler's Gully in two words—"What's yours?"

ROMANCE OF BULLOCKTOWN.

MR. JOHN HARDY, the schoolmaster, was regarded with some degree of awe by the Bullocktown folks. As a general rule, Bullocktown stood in awe of nothing under or over heaven, believing utterly in the eternal fitness of things, and the propriety of its own existence. But Mr. John Hardy was a human being of a type so unfamiliar to Bullocktown, that for once in its life the township unwillingly did reverence.

The new schoolmaster was a tall, gaunt, angular man, with a mop of black hair, large bony hands, and black melancholy eyes. He arrived by the night coach with no more property than a small bag sufficed to carry, and asked Flash Harry if the schoolmaster's house was anywhere near. Harry pointed with his whip to the little hut which, embowered in creepers, stood on the hill, and the new comer at once tramped away to it, ignoring with provoking complacency the great business of "liquoring up" which was the commercial pursuit of Bullocktown.

Nor was he more sociable next day. Maggie Burns, who was "keeping" the schoolhouse, deposed that Mr. Hardy had asked her for a light, opened his bag, produced a small book, and read till daylight. At daylight he had gone for a walk, and returned laden with plants and ferns, just in time to open school. School being over, he went for another walk, and did not come back till 10 o'clock. This process of self-abstraction from the joys of Bullocktown was at first resented. It was the custom that every stranger should be made free of the place—receive the liberty of the city, so to speak—by at least one glorious bout of brandy. Intoxication in Bullocktown had become elevated into an art, and, as with other delights of a sensual character, *connoisseurs* studied to protract its enjoyment as long as possible. Rumours were afloat that Mr. Hardy was a scholar of eminence, a man of much erudition, whom "circumstances" had compelled to accept the appointment of a common schoolmaster. A report filtered through the common layers of society, as such reports mysteriously do filter, that Mr. Hardy had been a man well known in Melbourne, and that his name was not really Hardy, but something else. Now, Bullocktown, the best-hearted place in the universe, was ready to receive this unfortunate victim of unknown circumstances with open arms—was ready to clasp him to its manly bosom, and to initiate him into all the art and mystery of its profession of drinking. For the proper reception of such a stranger, Bullocktown was prepared to risk a present of insensibility and a future of trembling delirium. Had it been possible to set the kennels running with red

wine, and have the fountain in the square spouting particular sherries, Bullocktown would have done it; but it was quite impossible for there were no kennels, no fountain, no square, and no red wine or sherries (worth mentioning), in Bullocktown. There was no lack of brandy, however: Henessy, Otard, and "Three Star" were all at command, and brandy would have flowed like water had the stranger wished it. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when Mr. Hardy declared that "he did not drink," Bullocktown considered itself slighted.

A sort of consultation was held at Coppinger's as to the course to be pursued with this extremely unsociable schoolmaster. Fighting Fitz said that not only had Mr. Hardy refused to drink with him, but that he had mildly but decidedly withdrawn from his company. Archy Cameron said that if he got "Good day," it was as much as he did get; for all that his three children were regular attendants at the schoolhouse; and Coppinger topped the chorus of complaints by relating that Mr. Hardy had not only declined to partake of the gentle stimulant afforded by brandy and bitters at 9 a.m., but that he had expressed himself astonished at the inordinate consumption of grog by the men, women, and children of the district.

"He flew into a tearing rage," said Coppinger, "and declared that drink was the curse of the country. I don't say that it isn't, boys, but I'm d———d if I'll allow any man to say so in my bar!"

So it was agreed that Mr. Hardy should be sent to Coventry. Strange to say, he did not seem to mind this decision in the least; in fact, his punishment seemed rather to amuse him.

One creature in the township, however, did not partake of the general feeling. Rose Melliship, the daughter of old Melliship, of the Sawpits, openly said that the conduct of Bullocktown was "mean and ridiculous." Now, had anyone but Rose said this, Bullocktown, with its Widow Grip at the head of it, would have arisen like one woman, and torn her to pieces; but Rose was privileged. It was known in Bullocktown that old Melliship had "married a lady," and this fact constituted the pale, quiet girl the constitutional sovereign of the little State. Nothing that Rose Melliship did could be anything but right; anything she said was received with the respect due to a Queen's speech ere yet Prime Ministers had acquired the art of writing. Rose Melliship herself did not disdain this humble homage. Whatever her parentage may have been, it was certain she owned a large share of that grace and intelligence which are presumed to belong entirely to the aristocracy. Rose Melliship, taught at a common school, with a few books, with no companions of similar tastes to her own, grown to womanhood among vulgar sights and sounds, was—well, let me put it plainly at once—the one woman for whom John Hardy felt he had all his life been seeking.

I do not know how their courtship began;—I fancy at some accidental meeting, at which a word or two on either side gave token to each of sympathy with the other; but no one ever knew. They

met, talked, and parted. Rose, with feminine instinct of such things, knew the middle-aged man loved her, though he had never expressed to her his love as lovers in books were wont to express it. He was often absent-minded, always sad, sometimes impatient.

"You have some great trouble," said Rose once to him. "Tell it to me; I will try and comfort you."

But he angrily put by the question, and she said no more.

There was not much love-making at these interviews. It was enough for her to listen, to know that her thoughts were understood, that those speculations which she had imagined tremblingly were hers only, were common to many; that there was by her side a strong soul upon which she could lean and rest.

It seemed enough for him to have near him a tender-eyed woman, with soft voice, and bright perceptions, who comprehended without explanation, and read his griefs before he could utter them. It was to both of them, as though their souls, long divided, had mysteriously met. There was harmony between them.

Yet they had been many months acquainted before John Hardy spoke of marriage.

Old Melliship had a shrewd notion of the progress of affairs, and desired, in his worldly wisdom—which is, we know, so much superior to anything else in this world—to bring the schoolmaster to book. He told Rose he was going to send her to Melbourne on a visit to her uncle, the cooper. Rose told this to Hardy, and Hardy called on Melliship next day to try and dissuade him.

"You had better leave your daughter here, Mr. Melliship. She is just at an age when she should remain at home; and——we are reading French together."

"Look ye here, Mr. Hardy," returned old Melliship, "I think you read French a deal too much together, that's a fact."

"Sir," stammered Hardy.

"Oh, I don't think you mean no harm. You are a gentleman, I believe, and I can trust my girl anywhere; but——she'd better go to town a bit."

John Hardy slept less than ever that night, if Mrs. Burns is to be believed. According to her account, he walked up and down his schoolroom, as one in violent agitation, for some hours, and then dashed out of the house, hatless, into the bush. When the school opened, however, he was at his place, as quiet, though perhaps paler than usual, and after school he walked straight to the Sawpits.

"I have come to ask you to marry me, Rose."

She blushed a little—a very little—and looked away across the hills without answering.

"Do you love me enough to do so?" he asked, after a pause.

"I was thinking," said she, frankly, turning her head; and then—giving him both her hands—"Yes, I do. I will marry you."

It was his turn to look away and to keep silence. By-and-by he spoke in a laboriously controlled voice. "I have no fortune to offer you, no hopes of future grandeur to hold out to you. If we

marry we must live here, or in some place like this, poor and obscure, until we die. Are you content?"

"Yes, dear, I am content."

He turned—suddenly and passionately—catching her in his arms, and devouring her face with his great eyes.

"Rose, do you love me enough, knowing me only as you do, to keep faith for me, to think always well of me, to remember that whatever happens—whatever has happened—I loved you, and will love you always?"

For reply, she gently unwound his arms, and took his hot hands in her cool ones.

"There is some mystery in your life. If you choose to tell it to me, tell it. But I do not seek to know, saving that I may comfort you. It is idle to promise that we will *always* love. How can we tell? I love you now, and you only, dear, of all men on earth. What does it matter to me what you have done, or may do?"

There was no passion in the tones, though, perhaps a taste of high-flown sentiment might not have seemed misplaced in a reply to such a wild appeal as his; but the simple truthfulness of the grave, sweet voice soothed and convinced the questioner.

"You are a woman who would meet death for one you loved, my Rose!"

"Death is the least of human ills," said Rose, smiling at him, "if your philosophy is to be believed. Ah, my love, my love, you need not doubt me."

* * * * * *

The township was more indignant than ever when it heard that "that d——d Hardy" was going to marry their pride and darling. Not only did the township receive a blow in the tenderest portion of its corporeal anatomy by old Melliship daring to give away his daughter at all, but it was highly offended by the fact that old Melliship had done this deed *propriâ motu*, and without duly lubricating that machine he called his mind, with brandy. The affair would appear to have been decided without even a "nobbler." In a township where the advent of a calf was the subject of alcoholic rejoicing, such a proceeding was simply monstrous. Moreover, by thus artfully placing himself under the protection of the township's pet, "that d——d Hardy" had escaped the usual penalty decreed by the jovial fellows at Coppinger's for bridegrooms. Had the schoolmaster married anyone else, the whole battery of Bullocktown wit and humour would have been turned against him. In accordance with the time-honoured practice, his door would have been nailed up, his chimney choked, his water-tank filled with the bodies of defunct township cats, and his wood-heap carted into the bush. A band of merry boys would have exploded in his back yard, and have banged kerosene tins beneath his wedding window. The jovial dogs might even have gone so far as to burn him in effigy—as they did Boss Corkison, of Quartzborough, at the back of the Church. But it was impossible that these jests should be indulged

in when Rose Melliship, "whose mother was a lady," was to be the subject of them. So, with a sigh, Bullocktown saw the wedding morning of the schoolmaster arrive, and gave up all projects of midnight merriment

The little Church by the river bank was crowded, and when Rose came out with her husband the cheers deafened her. Tears stood in her eyes. "How ungenerous she had been to despise these people. They had good hearts and loved her."

As the thought crossed her mind she looked up to John Hardy to compare him proudly with the others, and was astonished at his paleness. His mouth was firmly shut, but the lips quivered, and from time to time the muscles of the face relaxed as though weary with the strain put upon them. It was evident that the schoolmaster suffered strong emotion.

The Quartzborough and Seven Creeks coach, which passed through Bullocktown at noonday, made its appearance in a cloud of red dust from over the hill and swung heavily towards the Church. Flash Harry seeing the locked mass of buggies, carts, and horsemen which hung upon the tail of the bridal party, checked his unicorn team, and waved a hasty order to clear the way.

Fighting Fitz, spurring his buck-jumping ginger-coloured nag beside the wheel, urged a parley.

"Curse ye man," cried Harry, savagely, "let me pass. Are they married?"

"Yes," says Fitz, "as fast as old Spottleboy can do it."

"God help him then! I'll break every bone in his body."

"Whose?"

"His!" returned Flash Harry, pointing to the bridegroom. "Let me pass I tell ye, man; we don't want a scene here."

But it was too late. The scene was over. There was no box-passenger on the coach that day, but it seemed that the bulging leathern curtains concealed somebody. They were parted with a wrench, and from them tumbled something that looked like a bundle of parti-coloured clothes, surmounted by a horse's tail. This object lying, groaning feeble oaths, at the very feet of the advancing pair, Coppinger caught hold of it, and dragging it upwards, discovered a being with tangled hair and dirty hands, and bloated lips murmuring blasphemy—a being that was obscene, drunk, and a woman.

The party paused, disgusted at this hideous intrusion into their midst, and Flash Harry felt constrained to say, "Come, get in again, mum, get in; I knew that last nobbler at the Cross Reefs would set yer off. Get in."

But the bemuzzled poor wretch, striking some frowsy hair out of her eyes, made reply by suddenly plunging at the bridegroom.

"Wha's all this, John?" said she, supported by Coppinger. "Don' ye know me?"

The face and attitude of the miserable schoolmaster answered more decidedly than words.

He had loosed hold of the bride's arm, and stood apart, haggard, wild, despairing. Presently he raised his head, and taking

a step forward, indicated with a gesture, the drunken woman, and said, with a deliberate, level accent of disgust and despair on each syllable—"This is my wife."

Old Melliship clenched his fist, and stepped out to fell the man to the earth, but his daughter laid her light touch upon his arm and, restraining him by that single gesture, stood motionless, tearless, speechless,—looking at the hideous thing which had come to blight her life. The drunken woman, her intellects roused by the dramatic force of the scene, suddenly seemed to comprehend her husband's offence, and, breaking from Coppinger, rushed forward to pour forth a torrent of blasphemous reproach, until exhausted with her own violence, she fell prone before them all upon the Church steps, a spectacle to shudder at and to pity. Her husband raised her from the ground and placed her inside the porch. Then, averting his face, he seemed to wait until he should be left alone with her, and so standing, became conscious of a hand on his whose electric touch thrilled him. It was Rose. "How you must have suffered," she said, and kissed the hand she held.

There is much delicacy in the minds of the poor, and those who are forced to live face to face with nature. The rovers of the bush and the sea are seldom vulgar, for in the forests and on the ocean, are no meannesses, no vulgarities. Bullocktown felt that at a moment like this it was an intruder. Flash Harry flogged his horses, Fitz struck spurs to his pony, Coppinger made for his buggy, and in a few seconds the space in front of the Church was empty.

* * * * * *

"You are a d———d villain," said old Melliship. "What could make you come into a quiet place like this to break my lass's heart?"

"I intended no wrong, sir; believe me. She will understand me, if you do not. But I was weak. You do not know, perhaps, what it is to have a drunken wife. Pray God you never may. Pray God you may never know what it is to come home, and find the mother of your children—oh, my God!—how can I picture what I have suffered! Night after night, sir,—for my business took me out,—have I found her there,"—(pointing with both hands to the floor)—"drunk, drunk, drunk! I have been rich; she has made me poor. I have had a good name; she dragged it through the dirt. I have had children; she let them die. I have been much to blame—of course, where is there a case of wrong in which one only is blameworthy? But I am passionate; have tastes incompatible with dirt and shame; am cursed with too keen a memory, too feeble hope. I despaired."

The girl had drawn closer to him, and was now almost on his heart. Yet her father did not chide her. In the frightful incongruity of all things around them, it seemed natural only that she should be there.

"At last I left her. I had money, which I assigned for her. I thought I would seek peace in some harmless way of life, in some quiet place like this. I came here, and—and, for the first time met

a woman whom I could love. Do not frown, sir. I do not think you understand your daughter nor me! That I have done wrong, I admit. I was weak, weary, suffering, alone; and love is very sweet to those who can taste it first in middle age. I thought myself so far removed from chance of discovery that no shame could come to your daughter by my act; and my way of thought led me to see for her no sin where there was no shame. Enough—I have been punished. Good-bye my Rose; this is the calamity I feared."

The old man made in silence for the door. Turning then for his daughter, he saw her clinging to John Hardy's breast, and heard her last farewell to him. "Good-bye, my love, my love! When first I knew you, I used to think it no desert in me to love a man so worthy, and have wished, in foolish dreaming, you might do some terrible act for which all the world would spurn you, and so make my love of value. Good-bye, my——. You must go back—you *must!* Good-bye. Nay, I have nothing to forgive, nor you to regret. Time may cripple us with sorrow, or with suffering, but it cannot change our loves—cannot, at least, destroy the memory, that we have known each other. Good-bye!"

So she left him, and his last look of her showed him a sweet face, smiling sad hope, and streaming with silent tears.

The next morning he returned to Melbourne and fate, with his unhappy wife.

* * * * * *

"But did they meet again, and does she love him still?" Ah, these are the questions always asked.

HOW THE CIRCUS CAME TO BULLOCKTOWN.

WHEN it became known that the Circus was coming to Bullocktown there was much excitement. Anything in the shape of amusement was so eagerly seized upon—even a pound sale was considered a joyous occasion—that the news of a circus within cooey, as one might say, almost took away the breath of the inhabitants.

The intelligence was brought by 'Arry the mail boy, who, riding at Grogmore and Brandyvale twice a-week, had on his last journey fallen in with the Circus, camped (quite condescendingly) by the Muddy Waterholes. 'Arry's description of the regal magnificence of the proud proprietors of this travelling raree show fired all the youth of the township, and juvenile Bullocktown burned for the arena. As has been hinted at, juvenile Bullocktown did not often get a chance to do anything but burn. Bullocktown did not offer any vast attractions to the itinerant showman, and even the Wizard Oil Man, daring beyond his compeers in exploring of "untrodden ways," drew the line at Quartzborough, and turned off to Grogmore by the way of St. Omer and Whisky Flat. Two "performances" had indeed been given in the biggest parlour of the "Royal Cobb," but they were not eminently successful. One of these was a "lecture," and the other an "entertainment." I witnessed both, and until I saw the entertainment, would have ventured to wager large sums that nothing in the way of amusement could be more dreary than the lecture.

The "Siege of Sebastopol," with illustrations, is, one would think, a subject which could be rendered interesting, if not instructive, but it wasn't. In the first place, the illustrations were not all they might have been. A comic set of magic lantern slides representing Chinamen seized by sailors, rats entering the practicable mouths of sleeping miners, and marvellous men in red garments chasing anatomically alarming youths in blue, does not give one a very accurate idea of the Russian Campaign. Moreover, the lecturer was afflicted with what he was pleased to term "whisky in the hair," and was uncertain in his movements. Bullocktown grew bewildered when informed that, "'ere they saw the 'Eurilas' twenty-eight guns as hengagin' the Rooshan frigate 'Chokemoff,' 181 guns (to the left Hadmiral Sir C. Napier standing on the foretops'le sheet-blocks)," and were presented with a portrait of the Vale of Pempes, by moonlight, instead. Jack Harris, the son of the butcher, asked the lecturer in an unsophisticated way to "bung out his blank Sebastypool and get on," and when the lecturer wobbled in his speech, and hiccoughed solemnly during the Bombardment of Cronstadt, told

him that "he'd never buy the child a new frock," and advised him to "knock off and have a smoke." Eventually the lecturer appealed to Longbow, who made a little speech, in which he stated that if his respected friend, Miss Burdett-Coutts, could by any possibility have heard the ungentlemanly observations of Mr. Harris she would "never get over it," as though *it* was a five-barred gate to be taken at a fly with a bad take off and an uncertain landing. Mr. Patrick Rafferty (senior-Constable Rafferty the *Quartzborough Chronicle* called him) cut the gordian knot by locking Jack Harris in the stable until the "lecture" was concluded.

The "entertainment" was given by Mr. and Mrs. Montacute, late of the Theatre Royal and Haymarket, Melbourne. The biggest table in the "Royal Cobb" was the stage, and Mrs. Montacute ran laughingly up a pair of steps on the left hand to meet Mr. Montacute, who bounded gracefully from the vantage ground of an inverted bucket on the right. The curtain was a horse-cloth, and the orchestra a piano, played by Tom Patterson, the overseer at Mount Melancholy, who had an ear for music, and who, being in the township on a matter of post-and-rail fencing, most generously volunteered his services. I am afraid that the artistic position which poor Mr. and Mrs. Montacute occupied at the Theatre Royal and Haymarket had not been the most exalted one, but they did their best, and were received with rapturous applause. Indeed, when Mr. Montacute, clad severely in a dressing-gown of Longbow's (given him, of course, by his "intimate friend, the Marquis of Doon"), rolled his eyes, and asked in a terrible voice, "Who has been opening oysters with my razor?" the peals of laughter were deafening. This was the more complimentary to the comic powers of Mr. Montacute, for none of the "born inhabitants" of Bullocktown had ever seen an oyster in all their lives.

But to resume. Riding along the bush road to Grogmore the day after the deliverance of 'Arry's budget, the traveller of the guide-books would have observed that the gum-trees were here and there "blazed" with posters—"Buncombe's Imperial Yanko-American Circus!" "The most complete Stud in the Australias!" "The Boneless Brothers of the Blazing Beet!" "Mademoiselle Zepherina, the Fairy Equestrienne!" "Feats in the Haute Ecole!" "Mr. Stanislaus Buncombe, the Machiavelian Clown!" and so on; while the pictures of the Brothers distorting their boneless limbs, the Machiavelian Clown roaring with laughter at his own jests, and Mademoiselle Zepherina performing her feats in the Haute Ecole, were calculated to appal the stoutest beholder. By mid-day Bullocktown shook to its foundations—the Circus had arrived.

Most of us have seen that inexpressibly melancholy spectacle—a "Triumphal Entry by Circus Riders." We know the paint and powder, and long hair, and fillets, and piebald ponies, and big drums. We are familiar with the lovely damsels who are not lovely, and the spirited steeds that are not spirited, and the golden car that is not golden, and the sham and pretension of the whole business. We know how cold and wretched the Bounding Bucks look in their silk tights at mid-day, and how singularly bony are the Boneless Brothers.

We sympathise with the dusty team of sixteen creams that comport themselves with such preposterous affectation of suddenly making for their native postures, and dragging at their fiery heels the fragments of the Triumphal Car. We observe even the bulged and blackened stocking-knee of the Famed Equestrienne, and bethink us how many times it has knelt in vain to the murderous marauder, who, bestriding three steeds at once, would fain bear off the pearl of the Haute Ecole across his triple saddle bow. All this we have seen, and have commented on in our various methods: some parsonically, with hints of burnings in store for the abandoned folk: some cynically, as betokening a condition of sham and humbug typical of much in humanity: some kindly and cheerily, with knowledge of good fellowship and friendship displayed among these hard-working holiday-makers that might put better dressed and more respectable people to shame. But I doubt if it has fallen to the lot of many of us to see the strange sight which this eighth wonder of Bullocktown presented when contrasted with its surroundings. The sordid little wooden stores, the grey, grim gum-trees, the staring public-house, the unmetalled roads, the dispiriting "newness" of the whole place, and in the midst of this position of unreal heroes, mock marauders, motley clowns, and pasteboard knights-in-armour.

Three times did the Circus encircle the township, and then it coiled itself gradually into the back yard of the "Royal Cobb," to be seen of men no more until night. By-and-by certain cadaverous, greasy-haired people came into Longbow's bar, and condescendingly drank with the inhabitants. In the bar congregated at once the rank and fashion of the township.

Mr. Bluffem was there; also Mrs. Bluffem, called by her affectionate husband "Ize Betsy," and popularly known as "Bluffem's Pet." Flash Harry, the coachdriver, was there, in breeches of appalling tightness and loose spurs that jingled highwayman-like as he walked. There was also little Potkins, the owner of the adjoining run of marsh mallows; and numerous horses—"mokes" as their owners termed them—were hanging at various degrees of neck extension to the rings on the "Royal Cobb" verandah-post. By-and-by the Boneless Brothers, attended by an admiring crowd of township children, marked out a sort of free selection on a piece of waste ground, between McTaggart the blacksmith's and the schoolhouse, and in the course of an hour or so a wondrous erection of poles and canvas, to which the tent of the Fairy Peri Barron (so celebrated in Eastern story) was but a shanty in comparison, rose into being. On the top of this canvas mushroom flew in the hot wind an enormous flag. The "Circus" had become a fact.

During the afternoon the world and his wife trooped into Bullocktown. Stockmen were abundant, and riding their own horses for the day, behaved with that reckless disregard of life and limb which characterises stockmen on such occasions.

The yard of the "Three Posts" presented a curious appearance. Hans Kolsen, the "cranky shepherd," was expatiating on the mystery of the mallee to a crowd of bearded fellows, who alternately ridiculed

and "shouted" for him. Sandy McDonald fought a pitched battle with Andy O'Brien; and that one-armed hero, old Niel Gow, the boundary rider ("shepherd ranger" he loved to term himself) bent pewter pots and held up strong men in his teeth, and achieved other feats for which he had become celebrated throughout the district. The fiddles struck up fast and furious in the "long room," the tobaccoed brandy circulated freely, and before sundown, had the traveller before-mentioned paused for an instant at the bridge, he could not have failed to have come to the conclusion that Bullocktown was in the primary stage of intoxication.

The Circus was to open at half-past seven o'clock, and shortly before that hour the crowd around the "Royal Cobb" increased in density. Mr. Patrick Rafferty—his whiskers blazing with a sense of duty—exerted himself to the utmost to preserve order, and with patriotic disregard of expense, dressed himself defiantly in full uniform. The avenues and passages of the "Royal Cobb"—not too many nor too wide—were choked with enthralled inhabitants. The Equestrienne was eating in an adjoining apartment. Rumour, with its thousand tongues, even hinted that Stanislaus Buncombe himself had, with Machiavelian Clownishness, ordered steak and onions. Great thought! The dish rose in the estimation of Bullocktown from that hour.

The violet darkness of a moonless summer night had fallen on the tent when the canvas flap was lifted to admit the multitude. Prices did not rule high—one shilling to the pit, one shilling and sixpence to the boxes, and sixpence to all other parts of the house, were the advertised charges; and Bullocktown, on pleasure bent, thronged to the pit. It was rumoured that three shillings had been charged in Quartzborough for a seat in that locality, and that so high were the notions of the Circus proprietors that but for the necessity of "spelling" their horses they would not have performed in Bullocktown at all, but gone straight to Grogmore. It was pleasant to see how Bullocktown appreciated the honour done it, and lavished its shillings on pit seats.

The aristocrats—that is to say, Little Potkins, Tom Patterson, Dick Stevens of the Gash, and other wealthy squatters, occupied the boxes, and tapped their boots with the thong-ends of their Sunday riding whips with much dignity. Meerschaum pipes obtained about this part of the house, and young Sholtz (learning colonial experience), who was generally supposed to devote his existence to the colouring of these articles, had mounted the most gigantic specimen in his collection in pure honour of the occasion. Tom Patterson, the rogue, ogled the two township belles, and even dared to cast the eye of flirtation on pretty Mrs. Ballantine, the poundkeeper's lately achieved bride. Potkins sucked the German-silver head of his whip, and looked knowing, while Stevens, who was in "society" when in town, leant against the post and assumed a "*blasé*" air.

A moment of anxious expectation, and the Machiavelian One himself leapt into the ring.

I believe that the Machiavelian One was a good clown. I have seen his memoirs, penned by my versatile "*hic-et-ubique*" friend, Bob

Jingle, bound in green covers, with a pensive portrait of the humourist himself on the back of it, and been alarmed at his violent predilection for jesting. I am willing, even now, to believe that the M.O. has turned fifteen double somersaults in succession, peeling and eating an orange during the process, and that as a "jumpist," so to speak, he is without a rival. But candour compels me to admit, on this occasion, he was not sparkling. I have heard funnier jests than those that fell from his Machiavelian lips, and have witnessed acrobatic feats quite as dangerous as those which horrified the Bullocktown public on this particular evening. But perhaps the day's journey had fatigued him, or perhaps—and this supposition is not an improbable one—he did not care about wasting his best jokes upon a Bullocktown audience.

It was well that he did not, for from the instant he entered a storm of noises shook the canvas. All the powers of bullock-driving "*badinage*"—seldom elegant—were put in force to drive him from the ring. The good folks thought he *was* the fool he feigned to be, and laughed at him, not with him! When the ring-master, chosen, I imagine, for that exalted office on account of the peculiar breadth and beauty of his whiskers, lashed the clown, the audience solemnly applauded him; and when poor Stanislaus, in ecstasies of melancholy laughter, upset and trampled upon the ringmaster, the audience cried "shame" at the unmanly action. It was evident that they regarded the jester as the one serious blot upon the amusement of the evening!

This being the unexpected conclusion, haste was made to bring in the Equestrienne, who was graciously received. Mademoiselle Zepherina sat gracefully on the tail end of her fiery charger—a Roman-nosed animal of sedate and wise appearance who seemed to be rather ashamed of his capers and caparisons—stood upon one leg, smiled beamingly, and leapt through hoops and bounded over silk scarfs (falling upon her knees with tremendous accuracy) until Bullocktown would have died for her fair sake to a man. Three times was she compelled to re-enter and kiss her fingers in acknowledgment of the homage of her subjects; and in the last grand act, where her sailor-lover (having torn off his trousers and flung them to the wind) stripped off so many costumes during his rapid flight that blushing matrons, unused to daring acts of equitation, wondered alarmedly how deep he meant to go, the applause was deafening. The lover peeled to the last tight, waved his breathless thanks, and sank exhausted on the pad of his foaming piebald. As the flap closed on the pair the tumult was a hurricane, tempered by hiccups.

At this entrancing instant a pattering sound was heard. One of those violent sudden showers which sometimes burst upon up-country townships was about to descend on the tent. The ring-master paused in the midst of a whip-crack, and the Machiavelian jester had need of all his diplomacy to assume a jocular appearance. All faces turned simultaneously to the roof, and some half dozen men were observed to rush past the ticket-taker and vanish into the now cloudy night. The entrance of the Boneless Brothers recalled us to revelry. No event of less importance could have availed to do so.

The boneless pair were certainly very startling. The way in which they defied the anatomists, by putting their heads where their feet ought to be, and tying themselves into knots of the most gristly description, was perfectly perplexing. Longbow, who, amongst other professions, owned that of a surgeon, said that the cartilaginous formation was extraordinary; only equalled, indeed, by that of his poor dear friend, Lord Herbert of Cherberry, who *had* (upon Longbow's soul) the most remarkable development of muscle ever vouchsafed to man. But when the B.B. bent themselves into a triumphal arch, of which their heads were the keystone, and walked upon their hands twice round the arena, even Longbow felt compelled conscientiously to admit that Lord Herbert of Cherberry was, in comparison, cartilaginously nowhere.

As the brothers rose, empurpled from this feat, a hideous yell resounded, and the canvas, after swaying ominously, bulged into the centre.

The tin-hoop chandelier, with its wreath of flaming tallow-dips, dropped rattling into the "boxes," and amid a wild shriek of dismay the whole fabric collapsed upon us. Those merry fellows outside had cut the ropes!

The cries of women pierced the canvas, and a running accompaniment of strong language testified that male Bullocktown was not at ease.

It is not a good thing to be suddenly swamped into a sea of dirty canvas, and for a few moments suffocation seemed imminent. Longbow, however, who was next to me, suggested a remedy.

"I've got a knife in my trousers pocket," said he, in semi-stifled tones, "and if you can get it out we'll cut the canvas. *My* arms are immovable."

Painfully conscious of the immediate and oppressive presence of "Ize Betsy," I made shift to grasp the desired weapon, and plunged it into the blinding mass above me. With a sound like that emitted by a tearing sheet the tent split in sunder, and we wriggled out. The momentary glimpse we got of the chaos out of which we had escaped was not calculated to reassure us. The centre tent-pole alone remained. Grimly upright, it protruded from a heaving desert of dirty white canvas, upon which the gathering rain fell patteringly. This canvas was here and there bulged with heads and pinnacled with feet.

Indistinct growlings and groanings escaped from it, and at the slit from which we had emerged peered one forlorn face.

It was that of Stanislaus Buncombe himself.

Longbow extended his hands which had been pressed so many times in friendship by F.M. the Duke of Wellington, and dragged the Machiavelian one gasping in the air.

"Oh my!" said he, "here's an almighty slide."

He spoke truly. It *was* an almighty slide, and looked like nothing so much as a dirty avalanche that had lost its way in a London fog, except perhaps a monster bundle of clothes split on their course to a Titanic wash.

The clown surveyed the scene with emotion, but at last the driving rain, filling his clownish pockets with water, compelled him to cease meditation. Around us, on the edge of this overturned Circus riding, were several figures who appeared from their gestures to be on the point of expiring in convulsions of laughter. These were the merry dogs who had perpetrated this exquisite jest. Stanislaus seized upon two of these as volunteers, and borrowing the knife that had done such good service, he rapidly cut the cords that bound the canvas to the tent-pegs.

For an instant it appeared as though the vast sheet would be twisted into a ball by the struggles of the creatures beneath, but Buncombe catching one end of it, and Neil Gow the other, they "skinned" it from the corporate body beneath. Rending as it ran, into its various sections, the emblazoned tent was pulled from the *élite* of Bullocktown. Squirming, struggling, gasping, fighting, there lay the best blood of the township, the human bottles that held what Daw, the editor of the *Quartzborough Gazette*, so euphoniously termed the "vital fluid of the colonies."

Despite all one's knowledge of their misery and discomfort, one could not forbear a laugh at the appearance of the "audience." It was as though we had overturned a huge stone that covered a snug family of earth worms. Though not a head was visible, I never fully realized the truth of the saying "that man is but a forked radish with head fantastically carved" until then. Stanislaus was a modest man, and he turned away his face with a gasp of dismay.

In a few minutes, however, all were upright, and then was confusion worse confounded than before. Several friendly fights, begun under the obscurity of the canvas, were concluded above ground; women wept over crushed bonnets and torn dresses. "Ize Betsy" urged her lord to execute instant vengeance upon the whole troupe of circus-riders, and catching sight of poor Stanislaus, made at him like a lioness. Not all the diplomacy of Machiavel was equal to the occasion, and feebly uttering "My good woman!" the proprietor of the Yanko-American Circus turned and fled. "I'll good woman you," screamed Mrs. Bluffem. "Wait a minute, you dog! wait a minute."

But Stanislaus had no such intention. Bounding over the fallen patriarchs of the village, he ran like a deer for the "Royal Cobb," and reaching his bedroom a hand's breadth in advance of "Ize Betsy," locked the door, and vanished from view. Mrs. Bluffem, foiled in her vengeance, and wet to the skin, screamed "Fire!" at the top of her voice, and, falling into strong convulsions, was only to be got round by still stronger brandy and water, administered scalding hot in the biggest tumbler the house afforded.

By-and-by, however, the first flavour of alarm having gone off, it was found that after all the affair was a most excellent jest, and merited drinks all round. So more dark brandy was consumed, and Bullocktown agreed in the parlour, passage, and what not of the "Royal Cobb" that it had not enjoyed itself so much for years, and

that the true way to see a circus performance was to cut the ropes at the earliest opportunity.

This conclusion having been amicably arrived at, and the Yanko-Americans pledged bottle deep in liquor—which they drank suddenly and silently, as though they were not quite satisfied at the hilarity of their hosts—it was discovered that there was yet more excitement. A Mysterious Beast and a Knife-Swallowing Boy were exhibiting in a small booth which had escaped the general overthrow, and sixpence was the price of admission.

The Mysterious Beast was certainly very mysterious. He was a clean-shaved, melancholy animal, with a collar of gray fur round his neck, and a chain round his body. He sat on his hind legs in a corner, and moaned plaintively, shaking his miserable head from side to side as though he would exclaim against the wickedness of the world and the intolerable vanity of circus-riders. The only creature I had ever seen that resembled him in the slightest degree was a worthy pastor at Aberdeen that preached there to me on the Sabbath upon "Balwin' oop the trumpet i' the fool moon," and did so with just such a woebegone expression. It was evident that the Mysterious Beast was weighed down by the consciousness of his mystery. He felt the loneliness of genius.

The Knife-Swallowing Boy was, however, of a most cheerful character. He was stupendously fat. (I am indeed of opinion that he was in training for greatness in that profession, and burned to eclipse Lambert). His eyes were of pale blue, and his cheeks a sodden white. His tights were stretched to their utmost, and rolls of adipose tissue hung down over his spangled boots. If he swallowed nothing but knives, cutlery must have agreed with him wonderfully.

He commenced operations by a snack of pebbles. Handing round some good sized pieces of quartz upon a plate, he informed us that he was in the habit of consuming these delicacies in prodigal profusion, and that he found they were eminently satisfying and agreeable. Having said this he swallowed—or seemed to swallow—five or six in rapid succession, and made a low bow. The audience thrilled with delight, and one gentleman, in an ecstasy of admiration, swore with surprising energy for several minutes.

The boy, however, took this compliment as his evident due, and disdainfully spat into his hand. A lean man in the corner, who acted as showman to this exhibition, said as solemnly as though he really believed it, "He eats ten o' them every morning afore breakfast. It is supposed by physicians that the flints striking fire with the steel, enables him to better digest this remarkable repast." The boy sniffed contemptuously at this, and pretended not to know that everybody was looking at him.

"He will now swallow a sword," said the lean man. "'And it round Master Merryweather! 'and it round!" So the sword was 'anded round, and everybody felt it and weighed it, looked knowingly over it, and tried if it would go into the handle, and if it was real steel, and winked their eyes mysteriously, or affected to pass it by with

a placid smile, as though they had seen it habitually from boyhood, and knew the man who made it.

During this process I got a little closer to the boy, and observed that he was standing on a platform, around the bottom of which was a legend to this effect :—

"JOHN LAMBTON MERRYWEATHER,

"Age fourteen and a-half years, born in the County of Grant. He swallows knives, swords, and all sorts of old iron. He eats pebbles, and is passionately fond of chalk.

"AUSTRALIANS !

"PATRONISE NATIVE TALENT !

"PRICE 6d."

By the time I had read it over, the sword had been returned, and the swallow was about to commence. Stretching his legs very wide apart, the boy flung back his head until the Adam's-apple in his throat protruded in a dangerous manner, and then holding the sword very straight in the air, he allowed it to slide into his gullet. To the horror of all of us, the hilt rested upon his teeth, and the blade consequently fifteen inches deep into his stomach. After remaining in this position for an instant, the boy rapidly stretched out his arms, and the lean man, mounting on a chair, dexterously drew the weapon from its human sheath, and handed round the reeking blade to be admired.

During the awe-stricken silence which followed upon this feat a wild shriek was heard. It proceeded from little Potkins, who, tormenting the Mysterious Beast, had been bitten severely for his pains.

"Go it !" says the lean man. "Wot der want to hirritate him for?"

"I wasn't irritating," says Potkins.

"Yes yer were, I sor yer," says the boy. "You was a rokin' of him."

"Yer carn't expect beasts to be quiet when folks rokes 'em."

Flash Harry scented a riot.

"Shut up, you young quartz-crusher," said he. "Who asked for your opinion."

The boy solemnly advanced.

"Hold on my pipkin," he said. "Wait till I get up with yer, and we'll see whose quartz 'll get crushed."

"Come on young stoneworks," says Harry. "Roll up here and show yer muscle."

The crowd parted like water, and in another minute Harry and the boy were at it hammer and tongs. I'll do Harry the justice to say that he fought well, but he was nowhere against the boy. That corpulent infant had been apparently bred to the science of self-defence, and the precision with which he planted his fatal left upon

the nose of the horsebreaker was, as Longbow declared, beautiful to see. After the third blow of this sort, which induced Harry's nose to spurt burstingly beneath the fat fist, as though it had been a suddenly-quashed gooseberry, the fight was virtually over, and the boy withdrew. Harry was removed by Potkins, and harmony seemed again restored, when a terrible accident was found to have taken place—the Mysterious Beast had vanished. Taking advantage of the confusion, the captive had escaped. It would be "roked" no more.

The lean man was violently wroth at this, and preposterously accusing Neil Gow of having concealed the marvellous animal about his person, was promptly knocked head over heels by that gigantic worthy.

The boy came to the rescue, and the row, for it deserves no better name, became fiercely general. The booth was uprooted, and the knife-swallower ran some danger of annihilation. But help was nigh. The Circus-riders came down upon us in a compact mass, and cut into us like a wedge. Hemmed in and separated from our companions, Longbow and I surrendered at our discretion, but the others, madly drunk, fought until they could fight no longer. The place where the Circus had been was the arena of one of the freest fights I remember. The Circus men were terribly sober, and in most unpleasant "condition." They had evidently made up their minds to avenge the destruction of their tent, and they did so most completely. I did not see much of the combat, but in about half-an-hour the Yanko-Americans returned, and ordered whiskies hot. Their coats were torn, and their faces badly cut, but not a Bullocktown man showed in their wake.

One of the Bounding Brothers was kind enough to ask me for a light, and I took the opportunity of enquiring what had become of my companions.

"Guess we kinder squelched 'em," said he. And I guess they kinder had, for not another resident showed his nose that evening.

Having thus celebrated their victory, the Yanko-Americans began to look about them for amusement, and strange to say they found it ready at their hand.

Curiously enough that very evening had arrived at the "Royal Cobb" that teetotal lecturer whose eloquence had formerly moved Bullocktown to repentance and sodawater. The name of this distinguished man was Barclay, and he had with him a teetotal friend, who, by one of those laughable coincidences which so often occur in life, was named Perkins. These two were sworn friends, and hunted in couples. The low-backed shandy-dan—half buggy, half go-cart—in which they rode was well-known in the district, and with its full freight of lecturers and lecturers' wives, had been dubbed "Barclay and Perkins Entire." This shandy-dan was now resting in Longbow's back-yard, and the four eschewers of the evil of strong drink seated in Longbow's best parlour.

Mrs. Barclay was a tall, thin, and aristocratic lady; Mrs. Perkins was podgy, short, and plebeian. Mrs. Barclay was severe in demeanour; Mrs. Perkins was merry with all. Mrs. Barclay read serious books;

Mrs. Perkins affected novels of the Percy B. St. John type. They both, however, agreed on the subject of alcholic liquors; for the matter of that they might have been twinned in teetotalism. It was rumoured that Mrs. Perkins had been heard to express more than friendly admiration for Mr. Barclay, and that Mrs. Barclay had owned to a tender respect for the noble character of Mr. Perkins. As for Barclay and Perkins, they were both like brothers. To see them you would think Cato and Hortensius were not more unselfishly affectionate.

Plump upon this happy quartette did Stanislaus Buncombe, creeping down the passage in mortal terror of "Ize Betzy," fall.

"A thousand pardons."

"Pray! come in," said Mr. Perkins, with a sigh. "It may chance that we win another soul to grace."

This blessed utterance was heard by the troupe, and expecting fun, they blocked the doorway.

"Come in, me Keristian friends," says Barclay, with a sigh that seemed to rend his vitals. "Oh! come in!"

Mr. Perkins in the meanwhile addressed himself to Stanislaus with a smile. "Do you drink, sir?"

"Thank you," says the bewildered Machiavel, expectant of liquor. "I do." "I thought so," returned Mr. Perkins, throwing himself back in his chair. "Dorothy! my dear, just look at this unhappy man!"

Mrs. Perkins tittered (in a pious way) and looked. "Is he not a miserable spectacle," asked Perkins, with deep sorrow in his tones. "Oh why do the heathen thus furiously rage together,"

Stanislaus began to see how the land lay, and with Machiavelian sharpness, winked at his joyous band. "Ize Betsy" had departed, and he felt himself a man again. "My dear sir," he said, "do you know that your teetotal cordials are more pernicious than any quantity of ardent spirits."

Barclay waved his hand to Perkins, as who should say, "here is another benighted heathen. Hark at him!"

"I was not aware of it," says Perkins, "I have heard the argument many times before. It is a favourite one with the children of Beeelial."

"It's a tact," says Stanislaus. "Mr. Longbow, bring me some stomach bitters."

Longbow brought them.

"Drink this," said he, "and tell me your candid opinion."

Perkins drank and handed the bottle to Barclay. The bitters were good, for the holy men smiled a pleasant smile.

"It is comforting," said Barclay.

Stanislaus pretended to be astonished, and drank himself. "Upon my word," he cried, "it *is* not bad. I half begin to believe your doctrines. "Sit down, my friend," cried Barclay, "and I shall expound them yet further into thee."

"The ladies," says Stanislaus, "if they will forgive a poor player, but discussion is weary, and—may I suggest lemonade"

Mrs. Barclay iced herself at once, but Mrs. Perkins bowed a gracious assent, and the lemonade was brought.

I have not now space to give the sermon that was preached by the pair, but it was a good one, and one of these days I may repeat it. Suffice it here to say that we all sat down and listened, and that the two holy men applied themselves to the stomach bitters between whiles. Speaking was dry work. The evening waned, and Stanislaus gallantly ordered more lemonade. We drank a good deal of lemonade, and then the ladies retired to a sort of cock-loft bed-chamber suite of their rooms that were built upon the upper storey.

"The bitters are empty," said Stanislaus. Another bottle. Your discourse has impressed me."

Some more bitters were brought, and more lemonade, and presently I began to feel unaccountably drowsy.

A glance through the open door explained the mystery. Longbow, doubtless by that villain Stanislaus' directions, had been putting gin into the lemonade, and brandy into the cordial.

What need for further explanation. Perkins began to wander in his speech, and Barclay to get unsteady on his legs. Babbling peacefully of teetotalism, they were soon as happily drunk as the most confirmed toper of us all. Stanislaus, triumphant, called for a "health," and filling up a cordial glass to the brim with brandy, he handed it to Perkins.

"Water for ever," cried he.

"Wah! wah! water for—egh," says Perkins, draining the brandy, with a dreadful splutter, and suddenly awakening to the consciousness of the trick that had been played upon him. "Why you oul, oul villain, I'm t-t-t-tight!" Here his speech failed him, and he fell exhausted on the carpet.

Then came our task to convey him to bed. With wondrous exercise of mechanical ingenuity, we bore him up stairs, and opening the doors of their rooms, bundled him in and retreated. But when half way up the stairs a wild cry arose, and two white figures rushed at each other on the landing.

"Jeerusalem!" says the leader of the Yanko-Americans, "but we've put 'em into wrong rooms."

It was even so. Mr. Barclay had enraded the chamber of Mrs. Perkins, and Mr. Perkins that of Mrs. Barclay. 'Twas like a scene from Smollett. The two ladies, each thinking that she had discovered her husband's infidelity, flew at each other with deadly fury. Barclay, holding on by the bannister, denounced them both, but Perkins, too drunk to stand, clapped his hands feebly, and said with the last flicker of expiring sense, "Gug-go it Kak! Kak-Karoline!"

* * * * *

Who is it says that nothing is more gratifying to the gods than the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity!

But I am not a god, so let me draw the veil.

THE ROMANCE OF LIVELY CREEK.

CHAPTER I.

"GREEN BUSHES."

THE township of Lively Creek is not the sort of place in which one would expect a romance to happen; and yet, in the year 18—, when I accepted the secretaryship to the Mechanics' Institute, occurred a series of circumstances which had in them all the elements of the wildest French fiction.

The unwonted impetus given to social relations, which was affected by the "opening up" of the Great Daylight Reef, brought together those incongruous particles of adventurous humanity which are to be found floating about the gold-mining centres of Australian population, and in six months the quiet village—up to that time notorious for its extreme simplicity—had become a long street, surrounded by mounds, shafts, and engine-houses, and boasting a Court House, a Mechanics' Institute, half a dozen places of (variously conducted) religious worship, and some twenty public-houses.

The thirst for knowledge which attends upon worldly success soon made my office a laborious one, for, in addition to my duties as Librarian, I was expected to act as Master of the Ceremonies, Conductor of *Conversaziones*, Curator of a Museum of Curiosities, and Theatrical Manager. The Committee of Management were desirous that no attraction which might increase the funds of the institution should be passed over, and when Mademoiselle Pauline Christoval (of the Theatres Royal, Honolulu, Manilla, Singapore, and Popocatapetl) offered a handsome rent to be permitted to play for six nights in the great hall, I was instructed to afford every facility to that distinguished actress.

Mademoiselle Pauline was a woman of an uncertain age—that is to say, she might have been two-and-twenty and was not improbably three-and thirty. Tall, elegant, self-possessed and intelligent, she made her business arrangements with considerable acuteness, and, having duly checked all items of "gas" and "etceteras," announced that she would play the *Green Bushes*, as an initiatory performance. "I always act as my own agent," said she, "and my Company is entirely under my own direction."

Upon inquiry at the Three Star Brand—where the Company were lodged—I found this statement to be thoroughly correct. Miss Fortescue (the wife of Mr. Effingham Bellingham, the "leading man") had already confided to Mrs. Butt, the landlady, several items

of intelligence concerning the tyranny exercised by the lady manager. Mr. Capricorn, the "juvenile man" (husband of Miss Sally Lunn, the charming *danseuse*), had hinted vaguely, with much uplifting of his juvenile brows, that Mademoiselle was not to be trifled with, while I found that old Joe Banks, the low comedian (the original "Stunning Joseph" in the popular farce of *My Wife's Aunt*), had shaken his venerable head many times in humorous denunciation of "the artfulness of Christoval."

There was much excitement in the bar-parlour of the "Main Reef Hotel" at the dinner hour. So many reefers took me mysteriously behind the door, and begged me to bring them casually behind the scenes during the performance, that it was evident that, for the first night of the six, at all events, the improvised theatre would be crowded. The only man who manifested no interest was Sporboy—Sporboy, the newly-arrived; Sporboy, the adventurer; Sporboy, the oracle of tap-rooms; Sporboy, the donor of curiosities to our Museum; Sporboy, the shareholder in the Great Daylight; Sporboy, the traveller, the narrator, the hot whisky swiller:—Honest Jack Sporboy, the richest man, the hugest drunkard, and the biggest liar in all Lively Creek.

"I've seen enough of them sort o' gals," said he. "I'm getting old. My hair's grey. Pauline Christoval, of the Theatres Royal, Manilla, and Popocatapetl, eh? Bosh! Hot whisky."

"But, Captain Sporboy, your influence——"

"Oh, yes! All right. I've been in Manilla. I've eaten brain soup and *basi* in Hocos, my boy. *Human* brains. Devilish good, too. Ha, ha! Another lump of sugar."

"Human brains, you old cannibal!" cried Jack Barnstaple. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, dear boy," returned the old reprobate, wagging his Silenus head. "When I was in Pampalo we made a trip to Pangasinan, and assisted at a native feast. The Palanese had just achieved a victory over the Quinanès, and seventy-five heads were served up in my honour. Gad, gentlemen, the fellows cracked 'em like cocoa-nuts, and whipped out the brains in less time than you would take to disembowel a crayfish!"

"But a theatrical entertainment, my dear Captain Sporboy, merits your patronage."

"Seen 'em all, sir. Tired of 'em. N'York, Par's, London. No! Jack Sporboy, sir, is tired of the vanities of life, and prefers the noble simplicity of hot whisky. I had the Theatre on Popocatapetl myself once, and lost 4,000 dol. by a *mêtis* that I hired to dance the tight-rope. Fine woman, but immoral, gentlemen. She ran away with my big-drum-and-cymbals, and left me to support her helpless husband. Never trust a half-caste; they are all treacherous."

So we left the virtuous old gentleman to the enjoyment of his memories, and went to the hall. My anticipations were realized. The *Green Bushes* was a distinct success. Joe Banks, as "Jack Gong," was voted magnificent, and for the "Miami" the audience could not find words enough in which to express their admiration.

Mademoiselle added to the attractions of her flashing black eyes, streaming black hair, supple figure, and delicate brown hands, a decided capacity for the realization of barbaric passion, and her performance was remarkably good. The *Lively Creek Gazette*, indeed, expressed itself, on the following morning, in these admirable terms :—"Mademoiselle Christoval's 'Miami' was simply magnificent, and displayed a considerable amount of dramatic power. She looked the Indian to the life, and her intense reproduction of the jealous wife rose almost to mediocrity in the third act. Indeed, in the delineation of the fiercer emotions, Mademoiselle Christoval has no equal on the Colonial stage, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing her a very nice actress." After the drama was over, I took advantage of my position to go "behind the scenes," and, while Joe Banks was delighting the public with the "roaring farce" of *Turn Him Out*, to compliment the lady upon her triumph. I found the door of the improvised dressing-room beseiged by the male fashion of the township, who (having made Lame Dick, my janitor, drunk) had obtained introductions to the eminent *tragedienne*. Foremost amongst these was Harry Beaufort, the son of Beaufort, of Beaufort's Mount.

"Ah," said I, "are you here?"

"Yes," said he, blushing, "I rode over to-day from Long Gully."

"Mr. Beaufort and I are old acquaintances," said the soft tones of the lady, as emerging, cloaked and bonneted, from the rough planking, she melted the crowd with a smile, and turned towards me, "Will you join us at supper?"

I looked at Harry and saw him blush again. It struck me that he was only two-and-twenty; that his father was worth half-a-million of sheep, and that Mademoiselle Christoval was not a woman to marry for love.

"Thank you," said I. "I will."

We had a very pleasant supper, for though I was evidently a skeleton at the banquet, the actress was far too clever a one to let me see her uneasiness. Harry sulked, after the manner of his stupid sex, but the lady talked with a vivacity which made ample amends for his silence. She was a very agreeable woman. Born—so she told me—in the Phillipines, she had travelled through South America and the States, had visited California, and was now "doing Australia," on her way to Europe. "I want to see Life," she said, with extraordinary vigour of enjoyment in her black eyes, "and I must travel."

"Why don't you take an engagement in Melbourne?" I asked.

"Can't get one to suit me. I don't care about sharing after everything a night but the gas. Besides, I only want to pay my way and travel. I should have to stop too long in one place if I took a Melbourne engagement."

"And don't you like to stop in one place?" asked Beaufort.

"No," said she, decidedly. "I am an actress, and actresses, like fine views, grow stale if you see them every day."

"But did you never think of leaving the stage?" asked the young man.

"Never. I was born in a theatre. My mother was a ballet dancer. My father was an actor. My grandfather was clown in a circus. I have played every part in the English language that could be played by a woman. I could play "Hamlet" to-morrow night if the people would come and see me. Why should I leave the stage?"

"True," said I, "but you may marry."

Oh! the vicious look she gave me!—a dagger sheathed in a smile.

"I never intend to marry. It is growing late. I am an actress—the people will talk. Good-night."

We parted with mutual esteem; and, as she shook hands with us, I saw, lurching up the passage, the whisky-filled form of the Great Sporboy. His eyes, attracted by the light from the room, fell upon us, and—surprised, doubtless, at the brilliant appearance of Mademoiselle Pauline—he started.

Mademoiselle Pauline grew pale—alarmed, perhaps, at the manner of the intoxicated old reprobate—and hastily drew back into her chamber.

"Go away. You're drunk!" said Harry, in a fierce whisper.

"Of course I am," said Sporboy, advancing diagonally, "but that's my business. Who's that?"

"That is Mademoiselle Pauline," said I.

"Ho!" cries Sporboy, his red face lighting up as if suddenly illumined by some inward glow. "Ho! Ho! That's she, is it. He, he! A fine woman. A fair woman. A sweet woman." It was a peculiarity of this uneducated monster to display a strange faculty for mutilated quotation.

"Ho, ho! I wish ye joy o' the worm. So a kind good-night to all."

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY.

Busy all next day, I found in the evening that the *tragedienne* had been indisposed, and had kept her room. Harry Beaufort, who informed me, said that she had intended to throw up the engagement, and quit the town, but that he had persuaded her to remain. "I do not want her to do anything that may appear strange," he said. Then, sitting in the little room off the bar, underneath the picture of the Brighton Mail, he told me the truth. He intended to marry Mademoiselle Pauline. "But," said I, "do you know anything about her? I will tell you frankly that I don't like her. She is a mystery. Why should she travel about alone in this way? Do you know anything of her past life?"

"No."

"So much the worse. One can always obtain the fullest account of an actress's life, because she is a notable person, and the public takes an interest in the minutest particulars concerning notable people. If, as she says, she is the daughter of an actor, fifty people of the stage can tell you all about her family. Have you made enquiries?"

"She came from California," said he. "How should they know her? Come, let us go into the theatre."

I went in, and saw, to my astonishment, the cynical Sporboy seated in the front row, applauding vehemently, and sliming "Miami" with his eye as a boar slimes a rabbit it intends to devour.

"Capital!" he was exclaiming, "Capital! What a waist! What an ankle! What a charming devikin it is! Black blood there, boys! Supple as an eel. Ho, ho! Good! Our Pauline shall receive the homage of her Sporboy in the splendid neatness of a whisky hot!"

The stage, being of necessity but three feet from the front seats, these exclamations were distinctly heard by the actress, who seemed to shiver at them, as a high-bred horse shivers at the sight of some horrible animal. But she never turned her flashing black eyes to where the empurpled vagabond wheezed and gloated. She seemed, I thought, rather to avoid that fishy eye, and to feel relieved when Sporboy went out for that "splendid neatness," and did not return. I complimented her—in my official capacity—upon the success of her performance, but she seemed tired and anxious to get to the hotel. I offered to escort her, and when on the steps was met by Sporboy.

He lifted his hat with a flourish which made the rings on his fat hands flash in the gaslight. "Introduce me!—Nay—then, I will introduce myself. John Sporboy, madam, late of Manilla, 'Frisco, Popocatapetl, and Ranker's Gully. John Sporboy, who has himself fretted his little hour upon the stage, and has owned no less than ten theatres in various parts of the civilized world. John Sporboy craves an introduction to Mademoiselle Pauline Christoval."

She paused a moment, and then—probably seeing that opposition might expose her to insult—said to me: "Pray introduce your friend, if he is so desirous."

"Spoken like a Plantagenet," cried Sporboy. "Mademoiselle, I kiss your hands. If you will permit me, I'll sing the songs of other years, of joyful bliss or war, and if my songs should make you weep, I'll touch the gay guitar!"

"Pray come upstairs," said she, coldly; "all the people are staring at us."

The Great Sporboy was never greater than on that well-remembered evening. He talked incessantly, and when he was not devoting himself to the "elegant simplicity of whisky hot," he was singing Canadian boat songs to his own piano accompaniment, or relating anecdotes of his triumphs in Wall Street, his adventures on the Pacific Slope, or his lucky hits in every kind of speculation.

"I have been through fire and water. I know most things. I have been up some very tall trees in my time, and looked around upon some very queer prospects. You can't deceive me, and my advice is, don't try, for, if you do, I'm bound to look ugly; and when I knock a man down, ma'am, it takes four more to carry him away, and then there's five gone! Tra-la-la! Pu-r-r-r!" And he ran up and down the keys with his fat fingers.

"I think Mademoiselle Pauline looks tired," said I.

"Oh, no," she returned, uneasily. "Not at all. Captain Sporboy is so amusing, so vivacious—so young, may I say?"

"You may, Mademoiselle," said Sporboy, "say what you like."

To lovely women, Sporboy was ever as gentle as the gazelle.

"Pray"—suddenly wheeling round upon the music-stool and, liquorishly, facing her—"have you heard lately from your sainted MOTHER, ma'am?"

They say that a creature shot through the heart often leaps into the air before it falls dead. Mademoiselle Pauline must have received at that instant some such fatal wound, for she leapt to her feet, standing for an instant gazing wildly at us, and then sank back into her seat, speechless and pale.

"What do you mean? I do not understand you," she gasped out at length; and then, as though her quick intellect had assured her that deceit was useless—"I have not seen my mother since she left me, seven years ago, at St. Louis."

"As she left *me* once before!" said Sporboy, with savage triumph in his bloodshot eyes. "I thought I knew you, Miss Mannelita. 'Should old acquaintance be forgot?' eh? I hope not."

I rose to go, faltering some lame excuse, but Sporboy stopped me. "Nay, my young and juvenile friend (as I used to say in Chadband), be not hasty. This lady and I are old friends. 'We met, 'twas in a crowd;' and I thought she would shun me. Ho, ho! Let us drink to this merry meeting! For 'when may we three meet again?' I will order Moet and Chandon."

"I think, Sporboy, that you have drunk enough." (She was sitting motionless, waiting, as it seemed, for the issue of events.) "Let us go home."

"Home. It's home I fain would be—home, home, home, in my ain countree! Eh! Miss Pauline, 'I'd be a butterfly born in a bower.' EH?"

"If you have anything to say to me, sir," (the dusky pale of her cheeks illuminated by two spots of crimson) "you had better say it."

"I, my enslaver? No, not I, not I, not I! Was it Vestris used to sing?" (humming it) "'I'll be no submissive, wi-fe, no, not I, no, not I!' Would you like to be a submissive wife, ma'am? God help the man who gets you! Adieu, adieu! 'Hamlet, r-r-remember me!'"

"Good heavens, Sporboy," said I, when I got him outside, "what on earth did you go on in that way for? What do you know of her?"

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Sporboy, with thickening utterance. What do I know of her? Tra-la-la! Tilly-valley! No good, you may depend."

"Tell me what you do know then. Young Beaufort wishes to marry her."

"I know," said Sporboy, with another chuckle; "he told me. He's gone to Melbourne by the night coach to make arrangements."

"When will he be back?"

"The day after to-morrow. Tra-la-la! Oh haste to the wedding, and let us be gay, for young Pauline is dressed in her bridal array. She's wooed and she's won, by a Beaufort's proud son, and Pauline, Pauline, Pauline's a lady."

"But, Sporboy, if you know anything absolutely discreditable about her, you ought to tell me."

"Not to-night, dear boy. To-morrow! 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps on this pretty pace from day to day, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools away to dusky death.' Where's the brief candle? So to bed, to bed!"

All night I tossed uneasily. The strange mystery of this handsome and defiant woman affected me. Who, and what was she? What did the profligate old adventurer know of her? Was she innocent and maligned, or a guilty creature to be unmasked and abandoned to her own fortune? The hot morning steamed into my window, and woke me from some strange dream, in which such conjectures as these had taken visible shape to torment me. I sprang up and opened the window. Presently I heard voices approach the lattice-work, and distinguished the tones of Sporboy and Mademoiselle Pauline.

"Why do you wish to persecute me?" said she. "I am not interfering with *your* schemes. This boy is not a friend of *yours*. I have not seen you for years."

"No, my charming child, you have not. You thought me dead, eh?"

"I had *hoped* so often," said she, slowly.

"But we don't die young in our family, my dear," he laughed. "'We live and love together through many a changing year'—ay, and *hate* together! Ho, ho!"

"What do you want to do then?"

"To make you suffer for your mother—for your infernal wretch of a half-bred, Spanish-blooded, treacherous devil of a mother—my young lamb."

"How?"

"By waiting until your lover comes back with his licence in his pocket, and then telling him as much of your history as I know, and as much more as I can invent."

She fell upon her knees.

"O, no, no! You will not do this. I will go away to-night, to-day, this hour. I never injured *you*. If you knew the life I have led. I am weary, weary. This boy loves me. He is honest, and, and——"

"And *rich*, my Manuelita?"

"I cannot marry a poor man. You should know that I have suffered poverty too long."

"But have you not your Profession? Are you not an eminent *tragedienne?* Do not the diggers throw you nuggets? I am ashamed of you, my Manuelita," and he began to whistle as though intensely amused.

She rose to her feet. "My profession! I hate it! hate it! hate it! I never wished to belong to it. I was forced into it. Forced by my mother, and by you——"

"And by others, my pigeon!"

"When I was thirteen you sold me. When I was fifteen I was a woman. I am thirty now, and do you think that fifteen years of sordid cares and desperate strifes have led me to love my art—as you call it? An art! It *is* an art. But you, and men like you, have made a trade of it—a trade in which bare bosoms and blonde hair fetch the highest prices."

"Gently, sweet Manuelita! Tra-la-la-la! Tum-tum! Tra-la-la-la!" And he stopped his whistle to hum, beating time with his hand on the verandah-rail.

"All my life I have been told to get money — money — money — money. Good looks are worth — money. Health is worth—money. I am taught to sing, to play, to dance, to talk, that I may bring— money. Well, you have had your profit out of me. Now, I am going to sell myself for my own benefit!"

He stopped whistling and caught her by the wrist.

"I tell you what you are going to do. You are going to do just as I tell you, until this time to-morrow morning. You are going to stop acting, for I won't let you out of my sight. (Don't start; I will pay the salaries of your people.) You are going to remain with me all day. We will visit the claims, the shops, the museum, the places of interest, and this time to-morrow your lover will arrive, and I shall have the honour of relating to him the particulars of your lively career in the United States, Mexico, California, and the Great Pacific Slope."

"I will not obey you. Let me go."

"Does my Manuelita wish that I relate her history to the world, then? That I print it in the local paper; that I tell my friend Craven, the police-magistrate and warden that———" and he approached and whispered something in her ear which I could not catch.

There was silence for a moment, and then the sound of suppressed sobs. Sporboy had conquered, for he walked away humming, and in a few minutes I saw him pass out of the door below me, and—with no trace of the debauch of last night upon him—call out to the waiter, "Mademoiselle has asked me to breakfast, Chips. When the heart of a man is oppressed with cares, the mists are dispelled when a woman appears! Rum and milk, Chips."

CHAPTER III.

THE SUMPITAN.

I WENT about my business that morning rather more satisfied than I had been. It was evident that, however infamous, from a moral point of view, might be the behaviour of Sporboy, the woman was an adventuress who merited exposure, and that the action proposed would liberate my foolish friend. I resolved to wait events.

The first event was the arrival of Sporboy to pay me for the Hall. "Our charming friend—I knew her poor dear mother in 'Frisco—is unwell and cannot play. Genius, dear boy, is often a trying burden. I have taken upon myself to show her about the township, to take her for a drive to the dam—to amuse her mind in fact. Is that whisky in that bottle? No? Ink! Ah, I will not trouble you. Till we meet, dear boy! Ho, 'let me like a soldier fall.' Tum, tum! Te, tum! Tum, tum!"

The second was the report started at the "Main Reef Hotel," that Sporboy was going to marry Mademoiselle Pauline, and that he was taking her down his claims to show her his wealth.

The third was the appearance of the pair themselves in Merryjingle's new buggy, to "look at the Museum." "We have done the dam, seen the claims, been down shafts, and exhausted nature generally," said Sporboy. "Ma'amselle is almost expiring."

In truth she looked so. She was very white and nervous, and glanced about her with the stare of a hunted animal. Knowing that which I did know, I thought that Sporboy might esteem himself fortunate in not having been precipitated down a shaft by the little hand which so nervously twitched at the magnificent shawl of Angora goat's hair, which had been the envy of Main Street for the last three days. I almost pitied the poor creature.

"Show us the wonders of the Museum," cried the vivacious Sporboy (smelling strongly of the elegant simplicity of hot whisky). Let us see your fossils, your emu eggs, your Indian shields, and your savage weapons of war! Ho, ho! Here is a canoe, Ma'amselle. How would you like to be floating in it away back to your native land? Here we have a model of the Great Lively Creek Nugget. How would you like to have that now, and live in luxury all your days?"

If this was the method of torment he had put in practice since morning, she must have had more than human patience to endure it in silence.

"Here we have a club from New Caledonia, How nice to cleave the skull of your enemies! Our charming friend, Pauline, if she *has* enemies, might long to be able to use so effective a weapon! Or this spear! Adapted even to a woman's hand! Ho, ho! Miami, would you like to draw this little bow, and spit your foe with this arrow? By the way, how goes the time?"

It was two o'clock, and I told him so.

"The coach for Melbourne passes at three; would you like to go by it?" he asked her. "But no, I would not recommend it. And yet the company is paid a week in advance. They would not stop you. Shall we make a trip?"

She turned to him half hopefully, as though deceived by his tones, but catching the malignant glance of his eye flushed and turned away.

Skipping from case to case like an overgrown bee, he paused at last.

"Ho, ho! What have we here! Oh! *my* gift. *The Sumpitan, or blow-pipe, the weapon of the natives of Central America, presented together with a case of poisoned arrows, by John Sporboy.* Tra-la-la! Observe this:—The fellow takes one of these little wooden needles stuck into a pith ball, puts it into the pipe, blows, and puff!—down falls his dinner!"

He commenced capering about with the long reed to his lips, swelling out his cheeks as in the act of blowing, and looking—with his big belly and tightly buttoned coat—like a dissipated bullfrog.

Mademoiselle seemed roused to some little interest by this novel instrument.

"But how can they eat poisoned meat?" asked she.

"The poison does not injure the meat," I replied, with the gravity proper to a Secretary. "It is the celebrated Wourali poison, and effects no organic change in the body of the animal killed by it. You fire at him; he feels the prick of the needle, and, as Captain Sporboy says—puff—he falls dead in a few minutes!"

"Ho, ho!" cries the exhilarated Sporboy from the other end of the room. "See me slay the Secretary with his own weapons," and wheeling about, he blew at me a pellet of paper, propelled with such force that, narrowly missing my face, it struck and knocked to the ground a little Indian figure, which shivered into fifty pieces.

The gross old villain was somewhat sobered by this incident, and taking the quiver from the hands of Mademoiselle, replaced it, together with the reed in its accustomed rack.

"I am an ass," he said. "Let us return to the hotel and see the coach come in. We may have news of absent friends, who knows? My Pauline, thy Sporboy awaits thee!"

Paler and colder than ever, she allowed him to lead her away, and they departed. The manner in which Sporboy treated the wretched woman whom he had vowed to unmask disgusted me. It was unmanly, cruel. That she should be prevented from ruining a young and wealthy fool was right and necessary, but there was no need to torment her, to play with her as the cat plays with the mouse. Surely the best thing to do with her would be to let her go her own ways back into the great world out of which she had come. I determined to see Sporboy, inform him of that which I had overheard, and beg his mercy.

At four o'clock, the hour for closing the Museum, I went down to the hotel. At the door I saw Stunning Joe Banks.

"I was coming to see you," he said; "I want to take the Hall."

"Oh certainly, but I must see Mademoiselle Christoval first."

"She's gone!"

"*What?*"

"Gone to Melbourne."

"When?"

"By the three o'clock coach. It's all right. *We*'re all square."

"But," said I bewildered, "what about Sporboy?"

"Which?" asked Joseph, with one of those fine touches of humour for which he was so distinguished. "What?"

"Excuse me a few minutes," I said. "There is something strange here," and I hastened down Main Street. "Captain Sporboy in?" I asked Chips.

"He was here this afternoon, sir."

"When did Mademoiselle Christoval leave?"

"She came down with the Captain in his buggy, and went upstairs with him. Presently she rang the bell and told me to take her passage by the coach. She paid her bill, sent down her boxes, and was O.P.H., sir."

"And was not Captain Sporboy with her?"

"No. sir. Didn't see him after he went upstairs with her. P'raps he's in his room."

I went upstairs and knocked at the Great Man's door. No answer. I opened the door, and nearly fell over Sporboy's body. He was lying on the floor, just inside his room—DEAD!

"My hurried summons filled the room with people in a few seconds. We lifted the corpse from the ground. There was on it no mark of violence, save that in falling the dying man had struck his nose against the floor, and the blood had slightly spotted his shirt front, and that his right hand doubled under him was bruised and discoloured.

"I wonder," said the Coroner, taking his "Three Star" afterwards in the bar, "that a man of his habits was so apparently healthy. He drank whisky enough to have killed a regiment of dragoons. Those sort of subjects almost always die suddenly."

Suddenly, indeed, when he was last seen by Mr. Butt, in perfect health, shaking hands with Mademoiselle Christoval at the threshold of the room that was his death-chamber.

The romance of Lively Creek was over, buried in the grave of the friendless adventurer. No one ever knew the nature of the secret which bound the Great Sporboy to the travelling actress, for when Harry Beaufort returned by the morning coach, he found a letter awaiting him, containing three lines of farewell from the unworthy woman he had hoped to marry, and who disappeared into the unholy mystery out of which she had emerged.

* * * * * * *

Was it accident or murder which removed the profligate prosecutor of Pauline or Manuelita so opportunely and so suddenly from her path? In common with the rest of the world I believed the former—until yesterday.

Despite the strong motive for the crime, the absolute absence of all testimony, medical or circumstantial, against her had compelled me to adjudge her innocent of the deed. I thought so then—I hope so now—but the reason I have recalled upon paper the details of this unfinished history is, that upon taking down yesterday, for some official purpose, the Sumpitan quiver, which had hung upon its accustomed nail for the last ten years under the noses of all the world, I found that the tiny, poisoned, thorn-point of one of the wooden needles had been broken off, and caught by a splinter in the little cane ring which sustained the mutilated shaft was a fine white thread—the hair of the Angora goat.

KING BILLY'S TROUBLES: OR GOVERNMENTAL RED-TAPEISM.

"IT is perfectly monstrous," said I, "this is the ninth pair he has had since shearing. Buckmaster himself would be ruined at this rate."

"My love," suggested Mrs. Tallowfat, "he can't go about without them."

I made some pettish observations about the "poor Indian" and "beauty unadorned &c.," but Mrs. Tallowfat said "stuff" in a tone which precluded argument. "The Bellwethers are coming up to the station next week" said she "and to have a black fellow walking about—Oh, it's not to be thought of."

"Budgeree, climb tree" says King Billy, turning his dilapidations towards us with the elegant simplicity of the savage. "Slip down long o' 'possum. Big fellow hole that one."

There was no disputing it.

"Well my dear" said I, "he'll get no more from me I'll—I'll write to the department."

His Majesty King William the First was the chieftain of the Great Glimmera blacks, and carried on his manly breast a brass label inscribed with his name, date and title. He was general knock-about-man" on the station, and as I had been idiot enough to allow myself to be made a corresponding member of the Board for the Protection of Aboriginals, William imagined that he had a right to demand from me unlimited clothing. The Board liberally supplied the few blacks who yet survived the gin bottle with a blanket per year (by the way, the storekeepers who gave rum in exchange vowed the quality was most inferior); by some accident the blanket intended for the monarch had been captured by some inferior aboriginal, and had never been replaced. William indignantly demanded to be clothed, and to quiet his outcries I gave him a pair of pantaloons. The gift was so highly appreciated, that when the blanket did arrive, His Majesty declined to wear it. "What for you gib it that." "No good," said he, with profound contempt, and continued to eat, drink, sleep, ride, and climb trees in my pantaloons.

"Mrs. Tallowfat," said I, "I will write to the department."

I did write—a forcible, and I flatter myself, even elegant letter, setting forth the poor savage's yearning for civilisation, begging that the Board would take the matter into their favourable consideration, and supply the dethroned monarch with one pair of moleskins a year. A week passed, and I received a letter from the secretary.

8796
B.

BOARD FOR THE PROTECTION OF ABORIGINES.

JULY 27TH, 186—.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of 20th inst., requesting that the aboriginal named in the margin may be supplied with one pair of moleskin trousers annually by this department, and in reply have the honour to inform you that I will lay the letter before the Board at their next sitting, and communicate to you their decision on the subject.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
JOHN P. ROBINSON,
Secretary to the Board.

To Tityrus Tallowfat, Esq., J.P.,
Cock-and-a-Bull Station,
Budgeree Flat, Old Man Plains, Great Glimmera.

This, so far, was very satisfactory, and I triumphantly snubbed my wife, who had ventured to hint that I should find my application treated with *nonchalance*. Weeks, however, rolled away, Billy wore out two more pairs of trousers, and the Board did not write. I sent another despatch; no answer. Another; no answer. A third; still no reply. I got angry, and penned a sarcastic note. "Am I Briareus?" asked I, sardonically, "that I should keep a hundred pairs of breeches on hand." My sarcasm had the desired result. It provoked an answer.

No. 11,289
C.

28TH SEPTEMBER, 186—.

SIR,—I have the honour, by the direction of the Board for the Protection of Aborigines, to acknowledge the correspondence cited in the margin, and to inform you in reply that the Board have given your application their fullest and most complete attention. The practice, however, of supplying breeches to black fellows is one which has not hitherto obtained in this department, authorised, under *Act Vic.* cxxii., *Sec.* 4001 to provide blankets and petticoats only. I am directed, however, to inform you that the Board will again consider this somewhat important matter, with a view to bringing it under the notice of the Hon. the Chief Secretary at an early date.

I am further instructed to say that your observation on the subject of "Briareus" is not only incorrect, but considered by the Board to be quite uncalled for.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
JOHN P. ROBINSON.

I was staggered. What vast machinery had I not set in motion. Good gracious! I had no desire to trouble the Chief Secretary. I would write to him and apologise. Like an ass, I did so.

In three months I received back my letter, marked in red ink, in blue ink, in green ink, minuted in all directions, and commented upon in all kinds of handwriting.

"Noted and returned, W.P.S." Not on the business of this department, O.P.G." "Refer to the Paste and Scissors Office, M.B." "Apparently forwarded in error, L.B.O." Across the right hand bottom corner of this maltreated document was written, in fine bold hand, with which I afterwards became hideously familiar. "Communications on the subject of Clothing of Aboriginals must

be made to the Hon. the Chief Secretary through the Gunnybag and Postage Stamp Department *Only*, O.K."

This was decisive, though who "O.K." was, and what the Gunnybag and Postal Stamp Department had to do with the Clothing of Aboriginals (who wore neither Gunnybags nor Postage Stamps), I could not tell. However, I was not yet beaten. I wrote to the Hon. Silas Barnstarke, then Comptroller General of Gunnybags, enclosed the returned letter and begged that he would use his influence in the proper quarter to procure a pair of moleskins for King Billy. The Hon. Silas Barnstarke was an official by nature, and he replied after six months accordingly.

$\frac{8024}{8749}$ 362 B.

GUNNYBAGS AND POSTAGE STAMP DEPARTMENT.

3RD JULY, 187—.

[OFFICIAL.]

SIR,—In reference to your note of 24th January last, I have the honour to inform you that no official cognisance of blackfellows' breeches can at present be taken by this Department.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
SILAS BARNSTARKE,
Comptroller of Gunnybags.

[SEMI-OFFICIAL.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to regret that I am unable to comply with your very reasonable request.

Yours faithfully,
S. BARNSTARKE.

[PRIVATE.]

DEAR TALLOWFAT,—I can't do anything about this confounded blackfellow.

Yours,
S. B.

In the meantime King William wore out three more pairs. I wrote again to the Board, and, after waiting the usual time, received the following reply:—

$\frac{3684}{X.}$

9th October, 187—.

SIR,—I have the honour by direction of the Board, to inform you that they cannot at present move in the matters named in the margin.* The subject of the Clothing of Aborigines in general has occupied the gravest attention of the Board for the last six months, but, after mature consideration, they fail to see how your request can be in any respect complied with, unless by the direct authority of His Excellency the Governor-in-Council.

I am instructed to suggest, that perhaps in the meantime, as the case seems urgent, and His Excellency is in Adelaide, a kilt might meet the difficulty.

I have the honour, &c.,
JOHN P. ROBINSON.

"A kilt meet the difficulty! No, nor half of it." In indignant terms I wrote to this half-hearted Robinson. "No one but an idiot,"

* Blackfellows' Breeches.

said I, "could make such a preposterous suggestion." The phlegmatic creature replied (after three weeks) as follows :—

3784
X.

1ST NOVEMBER, 187—.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge your communication of 12th October last, in which you inform me I am an idiot, as per margin, and in reply thereto, I beg to inform you that on that point a difference of opinion exists in this Department.

and he had again "the honour to be."

This seemed a fatal blow to my hopes, but I wrote again, begged to withdraw the offensive expression made in the heat of the moment, and to request that the Board would condescend to take my petition into earnest consideration. Mr. Robinson replied in a temperate and forgiving spirit.

The "Board" he observed, in the most elegant round-hand "are most desirous to promote the welfare of Aborigines in the minutest particular, and I am directed to state for your information that a proposal to amalgamate the votes for flannel petticoats and patent revolving beacons will be made to the Government, which amalgamation will enable the Board to issue one pair of moleskin trousers, as per Schedule B., to every three adult aboriginals in the colony. I am directed to ask if you have any suggestions to offer with regard to cut, number of buttons, flap or fly, &c."

I could not see how one pair of breeches between every three adult natives would "meet the difficulty," as Mr. Robinson elegantly put it, nor did I understand why the votes for flannel petticoats and patent revolving beacons needed amalgamation, but I replied thanking the Board, and wrote to my friend O'Dowd, member for the Glimmera, to beg him to make a "proper representation" on the subject. O'Dowd was at that time "in opposition." I saw in the *Peacock* that "the hon. member for Glimmera gave notice that he would ask the hon. the Comptroller of Gunnybags, on the following Thursday, if he was aware of the particulars attending the case of an aboriginal known as King Billy."

My hopes rose high, when, on the following Thursday, O'Dowd delivered himself of a terrific speech, in which he accused the Government of the most wanton barbarity, and drew such a terrible picture of the trouserless monarch hiding in the dens and clefts of the rocks, that it brought tears into my eyes as I read it.

Barnstarke, however, who had kept two clerks at work night and day, copying the correspondence replied in his usual calm and dignified manner. "The attention of the Government had already been called to the lamentable condition of the aborigines in that wealthy and populous district, where the hon. member who had just sat down owned such extensive property, and he might inform the hon. member that the Government had taken steps to remedy, in some measure, the effects of the apparent parsimony of the inhabitants of the Glimmera district, by a method which he was

convinced would fully satisfy every intelligent and liberal member of that House."

O'Dowd was muzzled, but, as luck would have it, little Chips, the leader writer to the *Peacock*, was in the gallery and wanted a "subject." "Monstrous case about that blackfellow," said he to the editor later in the evening. "I should like to do a smart little thing on old Barnstarke about it."

There was nothing better going, and the article was written. I forget it now, but I know it was vastly clever, quoting Horace twice, and comparing poor Barnstarke to Le Roi Dagobert. In fact, it was full of as much withering scorn as Chips could afford for £2 2s., and Chips was liberal.

Thus encouraged by the support of the Press, O'Dowd moved for a Commission to inquire into the subject of Aborigines' breeches, with power to call for persons and papers.

The Commission was granted, sat at the Parliament Houses for nine mortal weeks, examined 300 witnesses, ordered "plans and specifications" of all the breeches since the original fig-leaf, and at a cost of £2000 published a Report of 1000 pages, containing a complete history of the development of breeches from the earliest ages.

This Report contained my correspondence in an appendix, and advised that all the Aborigines throughout the Colony, male and female, should at once be provided with three pairs of broadcloth pantaloons a-piece.

In the meantime King Billy wore out four pairs of mine.

Elated, however, by the successful issue of my labours, I gave him the garments, and waited for my revenge. I waited for three months.

It was nearly the end of the session, and I had almost begun to despair, when I received a large packet from Mr. Robinson, enclosing a copy of the Report, and asking for a "return of the number, height, age, and weight of all the Aborigines in the district." I set to work without delay to furnish this return, and had the gratification of seeing by the papers that "In reply to a question by Mr. O'Dowd, the Comptroller of Gunnybags informed the House that the Report of the Blackfellows' Breeches Commission had been referred to the Board for the Protection of Aborigines, who would give the recommendation of the Commission their best attention."

It seemed that we had come back to the place whence we had started.

Nothing was done, of course, during the recess, but when the House was about to sit, I saw that the *Peacock* was "informed that the Special Report of the Board for the Protection of Aborigines, which, we understand, will be shortly laid on the table of the House, contains some startling revelations on the subject of blackfellows' breeches, and proves beyond a doubt the necessity for an Absolute Freetrade Policy for this Colony."

The Ministerial journal (the *Peacock* was always in opposition) hinted that it was the intention of the liberal and intelligent

Government, to further Protect the Native Industry of the Colony by placing a tax of 4½d. a leg on every pair of imported moleskins—a proceeding which cannot fail to redound to the credit of that Government, whose fiscal policy we have always upheld through the medium of our advising columns." It was not to be expected that the *Peacock* could allow such a gross fallacy to pass unquestioned, so it inquired sarcastically the following morning if "its Little Bourke Street contemporary was aware that America had been plunged into Civil War in consequence of the bloomer movement, which deprived thousands of hard-working negroes of their nether garments. "The Imports of the United States during the year 1862, when a freetrade policy prevailed," said the *Peacock* "reached a total of $8,936,052·18. In 1863, when Henry Clay, a member of the notorious Pantaloon-and-gaiter-Ring, levied a tax of one red cent. on every article of clothing that came below the knee, the Customs returns showed a deficit of $18,000,000,000. This fact speaks for itself."

At it again went the protectionist paper, and proved entirely to its own satisfaction that the only way to make mankind happy, was to encourage the growth of breeches industry by severe protective duties. "It is rumoured" said the protectionist paper "that an effort will be made by the soft goods faction to import the 200,000 pairs of breeches required for our aboriginal population. *Quem deus vult perdere, &c.* Such an act would blur the blush and grace of modesty. We trust that a patriotic Government will look to it. We have imported too long. Our short-sighted and venal contemporary, not satisfied with importing its Sparrows, Rabbits, Bulls, and Editors, must needs attack the country in its most vital point—stab it in its very seat of honour. We are confident that Sir Ossian M'Orkney, however much he may have appeared to lean towards the unholy condition of Flinders Lane, will draw the line at breeches."

The controversy was highly interesting, but in the meantime King Billy wore out four more pairs—leathers. I wrote to Barnstarke informing him that while the great question of Freetrade or Protection yet remained unsettled, my wardrobe was becoming absorbed into the surrounding forest, and that unless something was speedily done, I would send the monarch breechesless to Melbourne, marked "This side up with care," and let his country deal with him.

Barnstarke replied that "while deprecating the indiscreet haste which I had displayed in the treatment of a matter of so much importance, he was willing to do everything in his power, and after consultation with his colleagues, had given instructions to the Chief Commissioner of Police to forward an old pair of regulation cords, which would perhaps satisfy me. No cords came, but a very large letter from the Chief Commissioner, in which he regretted that all the regulation cords of the Department being in constant use, he was unable to comply with the request of the Hon. the Comptroller of Gunnybags, but that he had forwarded my letter (forwarded to him *through* the Department of the Hon. the Chief Secretary *by* the Hon. the Comptroller of Gunnybags) to the Commandant of

the Local Forces, with a request that he give the matter his immediate attention.

Three weeks passed, and I received a letter from the Commandant of the Local Forces, who, in a military "memo" in red ink, begged to forward me copies of the correspondence between the Hon. the Comptroller of Gunnybags, the Chief Commissioner of Police and himself, and to attach a list of the articles with which "it was in his power to supply me through the usual official channel." The list was five folio pages of close print, and contained, I believe, every article under heaven except the one I desired. I replied by marking a few dozen, convinced that nothing would come of it, and wrote again to Barnstarke. Barnstarke sent me a parcel with a private note.

[PRIVATE.]

DEAR TALLOWFAT,—I don't see how to please you, but as the matter will be brought before the House shortly, and those confounded fellows in the Opposition will be sure to make a handle of it, I have begged a personal interview with the Governor, stated your case, and asked him as an old friend of my cousin, Lord Lofty, to help me. His Excellency, in the kindest and most delicate manner, has sent me an old pair of "plush," discarded, I believe, by one of the vice-regal domestics, and placed them entirely at your service. For goodness sake, my dear fellow, keep the matter dark, for I sadly fear that so irregular a proceeding will result in some confusion in this Department.

Yours,

L. B.

P.S.—I rely as ever on your powerful support in case of a General Election.

We clothed King Billy in the Vice-Regal Plush, and for some months he was happy. The papers having got hold of a Divorce Case, were engaged (in the cause of morality) in commenting on the particulars, and I had hoped that matters would not rest. But I had forgotten one thing—"The Audit Commissioners."

Early in the following spring, Tommy, the boy who rode for the mail to Bullocktown, informed me that there was a packing-case at the Post Office, marked "On Her Majesty's Service," and addressed to me. I sent a bullock-dray for it, and it proved to be a bundle of papers from the "Audit Commissioners," accompanied by a note from Barnstarke.

[PRIVATE.]

DEAR TALLOWFAT.—I knew that we should get into a mess about those confounded breeches. It appears that they had been reseated by the Government contractor, and that no requisition had been sent into this office. The result is that the Commissioners of Audits (among other queries) desire to be "informed" about this "gross irregularity." The whole of the accounts of this Department are in arrear in consequence. Can you tell them what they want to know?

Yours,

L.B.

I rose every morning at daylight for the space of a month, and read away at the bundle. It contained some tolerably rough reading. All the accounts of His Excellency's household were then noted and commented upon in the most acute and accurate manner. The Audit Commissioners were continually "dropping down" upon His Excellency, as thus—His Excellency's valet desires a water-bottle for

Excellency's bedroom, and is informed in a brief note from the Chief Clerk of the Water-bottle Department of the Government stores, that he "must requisition for it in the usual way." He does so, and sends in the bill "in the usual form." A voluminous correspondence then occurs between the Government Storekeeper, the Commissioners of Audit, and the Contractor, as to whether "cut-glass bottles" should or should not be charged for at a certain rate. This question satisfactorily settled, the Contractor applies to the Government Storekeeper to apply to the Commissioners of Audit to "pass the account through the Treasury," and is informed contemptuously that the number of pints not being stated in the voucher, the Commissioners of Audit are unable to forward the account in question." This causes another correspondence with the Treasury, and, just as I had worked myself into a fever of expectation, imagining that the money *must* at last be paid, the Treasurer triumphantly encloses a copy of the Registrar-General's certificate of the death of the applicant, and refers the whole matter for adjustment by the Curator of Intestate Estates.

I stumbled also upon an exciting chase after an item of 2¾d. overcharge for farriery, which at last proved to have been paid for a threepenny drink to the smith, less the "usual discount on Government contracts," but I found nothing bearing upon my breeches, or His Excellency's breeches, or King Billy's Breeches, or, to speak more correctly, and in accordance with official exactness, the "one pair of double-plush extra super small clothes, the property of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Fid. Def."

With bewildered brain, I returned the bundle to Barnstarke, and begged him to settle it anyhow. He replied that the only thing to do was to *at once* return the breeches to the Government Storekeeper "for," said he, "if this is not done, we must move the Treasurer to put a sum of 5s. 4d. on the Supplementary Estimates, and such a course will naturally cause great inconvenience to this Department."

I sent him down a blank cheque, begged him to fill it up for any sum he pleased, and settle the matter at once. Alas! little did I know the wisdom by which the world is governed. Barnstarke was most indignant.

"Not only," said he in his reply, "is the course you propose most improper, and utterly opposed to all the traditions of official business, but it would put the Department to the utmost inconvenience to entertain, even for an instant, such a monstrous proposition. You will, I trust, excuse me speaking thus plainly, when I inform you that, to enable me to receive the sum of money you so rashly proffer, I should require a special vote to the House. If it is absolutely *impossible* for you to return the breeches, the Treasurer must be moved in the usual way." What could I do? The breeches were torn to shreds by this time, and fragments of them gleamed derisively from several lofty gum-trees in the vicinity of the station. There was evidently no help for it. The Treasurer, poor fellow, must be "moved in the usual way," whatever that might be.

In the Supplementary Estimates for 187— accordingly appeared the following item :—

COMPTROLLER OF GUNNYBAGS.

"Division, 492 ; Sub-division, 8.

"His Excellency the Governor-General and Vice-Admiral of the Colony of Victoria.

"For re-seating one pair of extra plush small clothes, 5s. 4d."

It was thought there would have been a row. The Treasurer trembled when he submitted the fatal item to the House, and an ominous silence reigned. "I would ask the Hon. the Treasurer," said Mr. Wiggintop rising, "if this piece of wanton extravagance is to be paid for out of the Imperial or the Colonial Funds."

"The Colonial funds of course," says a rash member from the Government benches. Wiggintop sat down quietly, and those who knew his antipathy to Downing Street, trembled for the fate of the Ministry.

The next morning the *Daily Bellower*, a paper that went in for economic democracy, laughed bitterly. "So then *this* is the way in which the Victorian taxpayer is robbed to support the liveried myrmidons of an effete and palsied aristocracy. The representative of Downing Street, not contented with gloating over the Victorian artisan from Toorak, must needs clothe his footmen out of the proceeds of the hardy miner's toil. The rogue wants his breeches re-seated, does he ! Pampered menial."

There was no standing this. The Ministry resigned, and Wiggintop was sent for. He formed a Ministry in twenty-four hours, and went to the country with the breeches metaphorically nailed to the mast-head of his future policy. "It shall be my business," said he at an enthusiastic meeting of his constituents, "to see that every half-penny of that 5s. 4d. paid is out of the Royal Exchequer." When Parliament met, Wiggintop called for "*all* the correspondence connected with this gross case of Imperial tyranny" (the report of the Blackfellows' Breeches Committee, came in as an appendix this time), in order that he might lay it on the table of this wronged and outraged House." He did so, and, to the triumph of the Colonial Progress Party, it was resolved by an overwhelming majority that the question should be immediately referred to the Privy Council.

I imagined that all was over. But by the return mail, Wiggintop received the gratifying intelligence that a Royal Commission had been appointed, who would examine personally the witnesses in this most important case. A few days after the *Bellower* informed the public that the first blow had been struck, the "pampered menial" had gone home in the "Great Britain" to give his evidence.

By the following mail was transmitted a list of witnesses who were required to be examined before the fourteen noblemen and gentlemen of the Royal Commission. Of course, I was one, but my blood was up now, and I resolved that I would not shrink from my duty. I left orders with my tailor to supply King Billy, and started. With my gained experience of the celerity of officialdom, I spent a

couple of months in London sight-seeing, and then thinking it about time to attend to business, wrote to the Secretary to the Commission, but received no answer. I waited two months more, and then having primed myself with names, called at Downing Street. It was the "silly season," and London was empty. A messenger was elegantly lounging on the steps of the Colonial Office, however, and to him I addressed myself.

"Is Lord Lofty within?"

"No, His Lordship is in Greece."

"Mr. Chicester Fortescue?"

"Gone to Norway."

"Mr. Washington White?"

"In the South of France."

"Mr. Fritz Clarence Paget?"

"Rusticating in Boulogne."

"Good Gracious," said I, "is there no one to look after the interests of these two million of colonists?"

"I think you'll find a young gentleman upstairs," said the messenger, carelessly."

I went upstairs, and after some investigation found the young gentleman who looked after the colonies. He was very spruce and very small, with his hair cut very short, and wore a rose in his coat and a glass in his eye. He stared at me as I entered, as one who should say, "What the deuce do you mean coming into a Government Office in this way."

"Mr. Crackelly Jenks?" said I.

"Quite so! What can I do for you?"

"I have called about the Breeches Commission!"

"Ah! door B., first on the right, third turning to the left! Not here! Mistake."

"Pardon me! sir, I have called there, and they referred me to you."

"Oh, did they," says Mr. Crackelly Jenks. "Ah! Well, what is it?"

"I wrote some time ago to Mr. Washington White, who acts as Secretary to the Commission."

"What Commission?"

"The Breeches Commission!"

"Oh! Ah! Is there such a thing! Quite so! Didn't know! Beg your pardon! Go on!"

"My name is Tityrus Tallowfat." I am an Australian! sir, and have come 36,000 miles!"

"All right! Marrowfat! sit down. Never mind the distance! every Australian tells us that. So you're from Victoria Island! Eh?

"Victoria! sir! Capital, Melbourne."

"Oh! ah! yes, stupid of me, but the Vs. are not in my department, don't you see! I take the Bs., Bermuda, and so on; but, however, never mind, I daresay we shall get on. You want to see White?"

"Well, no!" said I, "I want to know——"

"Hadn't you better put it in writing, Marrowfat? Put it in writing now!"

"There is no occasion for that," said I, taught by bitter experience, how futile was such a course; I have already written to Mr. White."

"Ah!" says the young gentlemen at once relieved." Why didn't you say so before? Tomkins bring me Mr. White's letter-book." Tomkins brought it, and Mr. Jenks perused it.' You must be under a mistake, Marrowfat," he said at last. "There's no letter mentioned here."

"But I wrote one sir," I ventured to remark.

"I rather think *not*, Marrowfat," said he. "You must be in error, Marrowfat."

"But my dear sir ——"

"But my dear sir, the thing's as plain as a pikestaff. We register all our letters of course; now there is no letter mentioned *here*, so we couldn't have received one. Don't you see!"

"Perhaps it might have escaped you," I hesitated again.

He smiled a patronising smile. "My dear Mr. Marrowfat, our system of registration is perfect, simply perfect; it *couldn't* have escaped us."

Just then, the door was burst open, and there entered another gentleman with a letter in his hand.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Jenks quite unabashed. "Here it is!" Egad that's strange. Thanks my dear Carnaby, thanks. Now, sir," (to me severely, as if I had been in fault) "perhaps you can explain your business."

A bright idea struck me! I would inquire as to the probable result of my inquiries.

"That letter, sir, fully explains my business. May I ask you what will become of it?"

"Become of it! It is the property of the office, sir."

"But what will be done with it."

"It will go through the usual official course, I presume," said Mr. Jenks.

"And what is that, may I ask."

"Oh! said the young man, waving the letter as he spoke, Mr. White will hand it to Mr. Paget, who will minute it, and send it on to Mr. Fortescue. He will pass it through his department, and then it will, in the usual official course, reach Mr. Secretary Landwith; he will send it to the Commissioners."

"Oh! and what then!"

"Well, the Commissioners will have it read and entered in their minutes, and, then, unless they choose to sent it to the Privy Council, they will return it to us in the usual course."

"As ——"

"From Mr. Secretary Landwith to Mr. Fortescue, from Mr. Fortescue to Mr. Paget, from Mr. Paget to Mr. White, from Mr. White to me!"

"And what would you do with it?'

"I should hand it to the Chief," said Mr. Jenks.

"And what would become of it then?"

Mr. Jenks admired his boot, gloomily, and said at last :—

"'Pon my life, Marrowfat, I don't know. The Chief is rather absent, and—between ourselves—when once a document gets into his hands, 'gad, there's no telling *what* he may do with it."

"Sir," said I in a rage!" I wish you good-morning."

"Good-morning, my dear Marrowfat," said Mr. Jenks, with perfect affability, anything we can do for you, you know, d'lighted I'm sure."

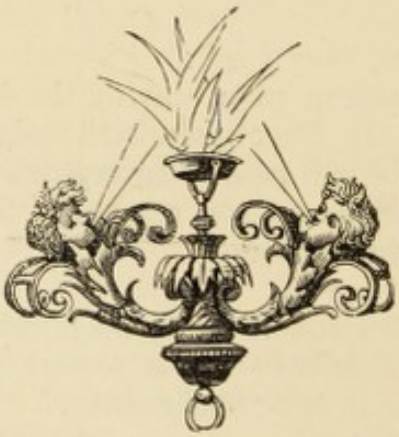
I did not pause to ask what would become of my letter in the alternative of the Commission choosing to hand it to the Privy Council, but left the office. Outside were some thirty or forty of the cloud of witnesses. "Ha! Ha!" they laughed, "here is Mr. Tallowfat. He can tell us all about it. Where is the Commission, Tallowfat, we've been all over London looking for it."

"Gentlemen," said I, "it may be in the moon for all I know of it. If I don't go home and go to bed, I shall be a subject for Bedlam."

I waited in London ten months, and, hearing nothing of the Commission, returned to Melbourne. King Billy had cut the Gordian Knot by dying, and as, according to the custom of his race, he was buried dressed ; he took my fifty-third and last pair of breeches with him to his long home.

The Commission is still sitting, I suppose, for we hear the most flourishing accounts from the Agent-General, of the wonderful progress they are making with the collection "of the vast mass of interesting evidence, which I shall have the honour to transmit to you in the usual official course."

"But if ever 'I write to the Department' again I'm —— "



HOLIDAY PEAK.

IT was dusk when we reached the flat, for, determined to make the most of my brief holiday, I had wandered with Wallaby Dick all day among the ranges.

Wallaby Dick was a lame man, with a face like one of those German toys called "nut-crackers." He was very old, and had lived in his bark hut under the Bluff for the last fifteen years. Wallaby could shoot or snare any living creature that bred, and boasted that he knew every mountain-path, track, and gully between White Swamp and Mount Dreadful. So mighty was the prowess of his gun, that men from the stations round about, spending a barren day stalking the scrub, would aver that Wallaby had discovered the track which led to that legendary Land of Plenty existing on the inaccessible summit of the ranges, and was wont to withdraw from his kind to hunt there.

* * * * * *

There is an indescribable ghastliness about the mountain bush at night which has affected most imaginative people. The grotesque and distorted trees, huddled here and there together in the gloom like whispering conspirators. The little open flats encircled by boulders which seem the forgotten altars of some unholy worship. The white, bare, and ghastly gums gleaming momentarily amid the deeper shades of the forest. The lonely pools begirt with shivering reeds, and haunted by the melancholy bittern only. The rifted and draggled creek-bed, which seems violently gouged out of the lacerated earth by some savage convulsion of nature; the silent and solitary places where a few blasted trees crouch together like withered witches, who, brooding on some deed of blood, have suddenly been stricken horror-stiff. Riding through this nightmare landscape, a whirr of wings, and a harsh cry disturb you from time to time, hideous and mocking laughter peals above and about you, and huge grey ghosts with little red eyes hop away in gigantic but noiseless bounds. You shake your bridle, the mare lengthens her stride, the tree-trunks run into one another, the leaves make overhead a continuous curtain, the earth reels out beneath you like a strip of grey cloth spun by a furiously flying boom, the air strikes your face sharply, the bush, always grey and colourless, parts before you, and closes behind you like a fog. You lose yourself in this prevailing indecision of sound and colour. You become drunk with the wine of the night, and, losing your individuality, sweep onward on a flying phantom in a land of shadows.

"The moon will be up in an hour, my lad," said the old man. "Keep all the left-hand tracks, and you'll pull the Long Waterhole," and then, whistling to his dog, he turned.

"But where are *you* going, Wallaby?"

"O, *I'm* going up the ranges," said Wallaby, with what appeared to me in the dusk to be a fiendish grin, "for a holiday."

When I drew bridle, the moon flung my shadow on the turf I had gained the little plain which divides Mount Barren from Mount Scar, and the panorama of the valley lay below me. Mile after mile stretched the dusky grey tree-tops. Here and there a link of the chain of water holes which connected the Great and Little Styx flashed white beneath the moon, and from time to time the level surface of the forest was broken by the spectre-like upstarting of some huge gum-skeleton grasping at air with his crooked and ravenous claws. From out this valley, brooded upon by big blue and floating mists, uprose a mysterious murmur composed of crackling twigs, falling leaves, rustling wings, lapping water, and stirring breezes—the breathing of the sleeping bush. Above me to the right and left towered, steel-blue in the moonlight, the twin peaks of Mount Mystery, and between them, far up the gap that led, no one knew whither, a red light gleamed.

The plateau on which I stood bore an evil reputation. It had been in old times the camping-place of the blacks, and upon the largest of the three gigantic stones, which disposed in the form of a triangle, seemed to point to the triple peaks of the triform mountain, human sacrifices had been held, and horrible banquets celebrated. The earth, pawed by my impatient horse, was black and rich—strangely black and rich when compared with the surrounding soil, and the three enormous trees that overshadowed the three altar-stones seemed to own roots fed with fat food, so vigorously had they upsprung from out the rock. The gloomy glamour of ancient barbarism was upon the place. Standing there alone, a usurping white man within the mystic temple of a dead and forgotten creed, I seemed to realize for an instant the whole horror of the ancient worship. Again the skin drums resounded, again floated up to the full moon the wild chant of the women, again the furious fires blazed high, again the people in the valley of the peaks shouted to their savage divinity, again the painted and naked priest reared high the thirsty knife and flung himself—blood-red in the fire-glow—upon the panting victim. What mysteries might not have been celebrated in this forest, haggard and grey with age and storms? Those savage priests, those leaping warriors, might be administering a right primeval, recalling in their wild dances the mystic worship of Egypt, and completing, in their ignorance, the magnificent allegory of that ancient Faith, which, through all the world's history, remains still the hope of thousands. Here in this lonely spot, among the frowning hills, where the pious Christian cries to his risen Lord, might sacrifice have been done to Mithra the virgin-born, to Isis the virgin-mother, to Osiris stretched upon his cross, or to Tammuz the slain for our sins, and re-risen from the dead to save us. Here might the

trembling neophyte have prostrated himself before a barbaric Hyphon —that terrible genius of darkness and of doubt, that great Serpent Tempter of the ancient mysteries! In Mexico, in Africa, amid the snows of the Himalayas and the deserts of Central Asia, dwells this ancient worship. The mighty monuments which frown in bewildering grandeur from out the virgin forests of Darien, the legends of the sacred islands of the South, the wild rites of Papua and the Marquesas, give token of the mystic lore of Egypt and the East. Its symbols are used equally by Jew, Turk, and Christian, and now, in this strange and barren land, long deemed worthless to the tread of white feet, did I meet again the traces of the old religion.

As these speculations held me, methought that the mysterious light in the mountain cleft moved higher, and that it was joined by another light. My mare snorted and wrenched at her bit, as though eager to leave the spot of ill omen. The first light twinkled, went out, beamed forth again, and, impelled by one of those sudden resolutions which seemed like inspiration, I rode down the side of the rise, and made towards it. The flats between the gorge and the mount were marshy, and bestrewn with fallen timber. Belts of impenetrable scrub intersected the numerous water-courses. The air grew cool, and a heavy dew began to fall. The moon had risen high, and was riding serenely in a wine-dark and cloudless heaven. A stillness reigned, the mysterious lights moved steadily onwards, and before me fluttered from tree to tree, swooping in upon me from time to time, as though to lure me on, a huge grey bat, through whose transparent wings I could almost see the sparkle of the coldly-gleaming stars. I pressed forward, and the two lights were joined by a third. The second light twinkled and went out, as the first had done, but to be again re-lumined; and then, not a hundred yards before me, the three moving points of fire beamed forth bright and clear. Another instant, and my snorting horse dashed the pebbles under her hoofs, and, rearing with terror, came to a sudden pause before three men who barred the rocky roadway.

"Hullo, Wallaby Dick!" I cried, "is this your holiday?"

But no answer came from the grey lips of the old man, who, facing about, with glassy eyes, thrust forth his flaming torch of mountain pine, as though to forbid my progress.

I turned to his companions, and a species of ludicrous terror seized me. One was Dombie, the blackfellow, the other Ah Yung, the Chinaman. All three—European, Australian, and Mongol—were naked to the waist, each carried a blazing pine-torch, and on the face of each sat that hideous expression of death in life which caused the yellow fangs of the old wallaby hunter to glisten like the teeth of a skeleton.

"Whither are you bound?" I cried, controlling, with difficulty, my terrified horse.

Dombie raised his lean black arm, and silently pointed to the extremity of the gorge. I looked, and saw from behind a huge boulder upshoot a pillar of fire. As though this illumination had been some well-known signal, from all parts of the mountain burst

forth the red glare of torches. Above, around, and below burned innumerable spots of fire. The gorge seemed to swarm with fire-flies, the mountain-side to be honeycombed with glow-worms, while in the valley I had left, an immense multitude pressed onward and upward, their torches tossing wildly as they came. Bewildered and alarmed, I rubbed my eyes to see if I was dreaming; but no, I was wide-awake, and conscious that it needed all the strength of my muscles to sit my now maddened horse.

"What foolery is this?" I cried. "Ah Yung! Dombie! speak." But they turned abruptly and breasted the mountain, singing a wild chant as they went. I was forced to follow, for on all sides pressed the multitude. Perhaps from the glare and smoke of the torches my brain had become stupified, or my vision impaired, but it seemed to me that the persons who surrounded me were of all nations and colours. Mulattoes, Blacks, Chinese, Yellow men, and Red men, all the barbaric nations of the South came hurrying onwards: walking, riding, crawling—old men, women, and cripples—as they swarmed along the mighty mountain-side like travelling ants. The fire behind the boulder, fed fast by the gigantic shadows, shot high up into the night its threefold flame. I turned, and lo! the moon, mounted to her zenith, flung down the hill I had left the triple shadow of the three altars! The murmurous prelude to the hymn already began to tremble over the valley, and the multitude, pressing nearer to the sacrificial fire, carried me along with them. I looked round in vain for escape,—no, not in vain; at the very instant when another plunge of my mare would have flung me beneath the feet of the crowd, a young girl, riding on a white mule, pointed to a narrow cleft in the wall of rock on my right. I comprehended her, and wheeling my horse, forced myself clear of the press. A sharp salt wind blew in upon me, and in another instant the strange multitude and the mysterious fire faded behind me, and I was galloping up the gorge in the teeth of a driving storm.

* * * * * *

You, reader, who have known what it is to ride hard all night in an Australian mountain tempest, will appreciate the delight with which I hailed the glorious outburst of a sunny morning. I could not but think my vision of the night a dream, born of my own thoughts and the mysterious influence of the moonlit forest; and in the pure bright air of morning I laughed my follies to scorn. One thing was certain, however, in my dream or my stupidity, I had galloped up the ranges, and by some strange chance had struck that long-sought-for path which led to the mysterious and legendary land behind the mountains. Dismounting, and leading my weary horse by the bridle, I followed a sort of track along the top of the range, and looked, as I went, upon the scenery of the new country in which I found myself. The path wound in and out among the crags, and I soon lost all glimpse of the semi-civilised land I had left. I saw at my feet what seemed at the first glance to be a little township embosomed in encircling gardens. As I drew nearer, however, I

saw what I had taken for a township was really a collection of buildings, apparently belonging to a large, white, low-roofed house, which stood on the edge of a slope of vineyard. It was evident that some settler, more adventurous than his neighbours, had penetrated the mysteries of the mountain, and had set up his abode in this fertile and charming valley. Wallaby Dick had indeed discovered a pleasant place in which to spend his holidays! Descending the track, which soon widened into a broad and well-kept road, I pulled the hanging handle of a bell which was suspended from a lofty wooden gateway before a huge and nail-studded door. The echo of my summons had not died away when the door was flung open, and Wallaby Dick himself appeared, his face no longer wrathful or ill-humoured, but beaming with smiles of welcome.

The appearance of the old man made me start. "You here, Wallaby? Why, what mystery is this?"

"No mystery," said Wallaby, with the merriest laugh I had ever heard from his lips. "I have arrived before you, that is all. Come in; you are expected."

"Expected! Then what place is this?"

"It's got a lot o' names," said Wallaby. "Some calls it one thing, and some another. I call it Holiday Peak, because I comes here for my holidays; but it's known to many folks as Mount Might-ha-been."

"Many travellers stop here, it appears?" I enquired.

"Oh yes," said the old fellow, hobbling off with my horse. "Most people passing this way stop here for a night, at all events, especially about the beginning of the new year. However, you go in, and I'll show you round by-and-by."

I went through the court-yard, and up the broad stone steps into an open space or square, in the midst of which a fountain played. Ah Yung was standing at the door of a queer little pagoda. No longer the greasy Chinaman cook, he was dressed with great splendour in the fashion of his country, and, bowing, invited me in. The house was wonderfully furnished. A Chinese woman, of pleasing countenance, sat on a low cane-chair, nursing a baby, and a domestic squatted on his hams in a corner of the verandah, filling the bowl of Ah Yung's capacious pipe. Through the open lattice-work I saw spreading paddy-fields, and could catch the monotonous song of the stalwart river coolies as they propelled their heavily-laden barges up the river.

"All this is mine!" said Ah Yung, embracing with one sweep of his hand the furniture, the matron, the fat baby, the opium-pipe, and the paddy-fields.

"All yours! But if you own so fine a property, why do you work as cook in the men's huts?"

"Cook in the men's hut! What do you mean?" returned he with a pitying smile. "Me no cook. Me Chinee gentleman. Me *mightabeen* cook if me run away on board ship, and go fool my money in lottery!"

I turned away bewilderingly, and found myself face to face with my old college friend, Jack Reckless.

"Jack Reckless!" I cried, astonished at this new apparition. "Why, man, I thought you were——"

"Don't be afraid of saying it," said Jack, cheerily, though a touch of sadness caused his voice to quiver. "You thought I was in gaol for forging Huxtable's name to a bill. No, thank God, my boy! *I might have been*, but instead of yielding to the devilish temptation, I told my dear old father all about my debts and duns, and a year or two of economy set all right. You shall come over by and-by, and see my wife. You remember little Lucy?"

"Little Lucy! Yes;—but wasn't that dreadful story true?"

"True! No. She saw through the scoundrel's pretended affection, and as I was out of debt, and in a fair way of doing well, married *me* instead of running away with *him*. But I must go to the farm now," he concluded, pointing to a picturesque roof that nestled in a pretty English landscape; "I call for you to-morrow."

I walked up the lime-tree avenue which led to the Old Manse more bewildered than ever. Then the terrible story of sin and shame which had wrecked two homes was but a fiction after all? My spirits rose with the thought; indeed, gazing on that lovely garden, stretching terrace after terrace, away to the crystal river, it was difficult to harbour thoughts of sorrow or of suffering, and I felt, as I drank in the pure clear air of the mountains, almost as vigorous as Dombie, who, no longer blear-eyed and palsied with excess of tobacco and rum, but young, healthy, and hopeful, dashed past me with a "Hulloa!" making hard for a flock of emu yonder.

Passing by an old house which stood back from the others in the terrace, my attention was caught by a crimson scarf trailing from one of the upper windows. "An artist lives there," was my first thought, for nowhere in the world but in the pictures of Prout do we see bits of colour floating about in that fashion. "Yes, you are right," said a young man emerging from the well-dressed crowd which throngs in spring the steps of the Academy.

It was Gerard! Gerard, my boy friend, who fled from Oxford to Stonyhurst, and embraced the discipline of Loyola.

"Gerard, what means this?"

"Dear old fellow," said he, putting his arm round my neck in the fond old schoolboy fashion, "it means that I thought better of my resolve, and followed out the natural bent of my talents. My picture, the 'Death of Alcibiades,' is the talk of the year. I shall soon be as famous as you."

"As I. You jest. A poor devil banished to Bush Land, tied neck and heels in debt, soon slips out of the memory even of his friends."

"So you persist in that dream out Australia! Surely you know that the fortune was recovered, and that your year of poverty but served to correct your boyish extravagances, and that in easy circumstances you banished Poins and Pistol, and settled down to the career you chose!"

"Gerard, you are laughing at me!"

"Come into your house, then, and be convinced," said Gerard.

My house, it appeared, was a villa at Richmond. The railway-station was sufficiently near to take me into town when town-talk was needed, and yet the cottage in its charm of park and river was sufficiently far away from London smoke to suffer one's soul to breathe freely.

"I wonder," said Gerard, "that with the horses you keep, you *ever* travel by the train?"

"My horses, then, are considered good?"

"Horses and books are your only extravagances. It is lucky that your income is not sufficiently large to suffer you to indulge a taste for pictures. You had better put down your yacht, and buy my 'Death of Cromwell.'"

"No, no," said I, dreamily, accepting this novel position; "I always had a taste for yachting;—but come in and let us converse."

"You dine with Carabas to-night, remember," said Gerard; "Ballhazar Claes and Byles Gridley will be there. I know you affect to dislike dinners, but the marchioness is a good soul, and you must not disappoint her."

"True," said I, "she is; and after presenting my eldest daughter too. I shall certainly come."

"The *Superfine Review* has cut up your book as usual," remarked Gerard, turning over the papers on the horse-shoe table; "but to an author whose readers are counted by millions, and to whom Bentley gives £5,000 a volume, a sneer in the *Superfine* is not of much consequence."

"No, indeed," I replied, feeling much as if someone had taken away my head and left me a bubble of air in the place of it. "Besides, I write for the *Slaughterer*, and the two papers are at daggers drawn."

"Ah! lucky fellow," said Gerard, throwing open the window to inhale the perfume of my rose-garden. "How different things *might have been* if you hadn't taken your uncle's advice."

"You are right," said I, "but help yourself to wine, and let us walk somewhere. To tell you the truth, my head feels a little queer this morning."

"That is often the case," returned Gerard, "when first one comes to Holiday Peak, but you will soon get used to our mountain air. Order your horses, and we will go and call on Mostyn. He didn't marry the widow after all, and is still the same jolly fellow as of old."

"Aye, I remember how he used to take me up from Aldershot in the baggage-train, and introduce to my schoolboy eyesight the wonders of London at midnight. Pray, are the Armida Gardens still existent?"

"I don't know what you mean. Mostyn never took you to London with him. You were never in the Armida Gardens in all your life."

"Thank goodness, Gerard! Are you sure?"

"Quite certain. You *might have* wasted your youth in such places, and got into no end of mischief, had not your father kept such a strict and friendly eye upon you"

"Ah," said I, "you are right. Let us, then, remain at home to-day. Mostyn can wait."

"As you please," said Gerard. "Here is the end of *Denis Duval*. Have you read it?"

"The end of *Denis Duval!* Why, poor Thackeray died before he finished it."

"Nonsense! He is as hearty as you or I. I met him at Dickens's (they are great friends now, you know) the other day, and he never looked better. If it had not been for his excellent constitution, and the attention of Dr. Lydgate, however, he might have been dead long ago."

"Gerard, my dear fellow," said I, rising. "I—I feel a little confused; leave me for a while. We will meet at dinner."

"Very well," said Gerard. "I will take Constantia for a drive."

"Constantia! What, not the girl we——"

"The same, dear old fellow."

"And she did not marry Count Caskowisky?"

"Count Caskowisky be confounded! No; she married me. We have three children. *Sans adieu!*"

I fell back in my easy chair, *my* easy chair, stupefied. I must be dreaming! But no, the well-bred presence of my Swiss valet, as he laid out my dress clothes, was too palpable a reality!

* * * * * *

The most noble the Marquis of Carabas lived at Grosvenor Gate, and it seemed to me that my five-hundred-guinea horses had never accomplished the distance in so short a time. Scarcely had I entered the carriage when I was sitting beside the marchioness, and pulling Julie's silken ears with all the freedom of an old acquaintance. Vivien Grey and I were the only persons allowed that privilege, but since his marriage with Violet Fane, he had resided principally abroad.

"So you have returned at last," said the marchioness. "You and the count have the reputation of being the most erratic pair in Europe."

The tall, thin, pale man, with the wonderful eyes, bowed slightly.

"The Countess of Monte Christo," said he, "has ordered me to give up travelling."

"And you obey?"

"Yes. I am tired of having my own way," said Monte Christo. "Omnipotence becomes wearisome. Moreover, I have pensioned Bertuccio and sold my island."

"Indeed? To whom?"

"To an Australian wine-grower. He finds the rick admirably suited to the growth of White Ivanhoe, and he has turned my cavern into cellars. Faria and he are planning a press on a new principle."

"Then M. L'Abbé recovered from his attack?" I enquired.

"Certainly. A few seconds after I had taken that involuntary leap into the sea from the summit of the Chateau D'If, the gaoler returned, gave my poor friend another dose of the cordial, and revived him to rejoice in the pardon sent by the Emperor. He is the tutor of my eldest son, Morcuf Villefort Danglars. Ah! Marchioness,

if you could only see our little family circle, you would deem me the happiest man in Christendom. Dear Danglars! How I long to press his honest hand once more! Poor fellow, what enemies we *might have been* had the story Dumas chose to invent been true."

Lord and Lady Byron sat opposite to me, Balzac being between them.

"It is needful that some man of sense should separate so absurdly affectionate a pair," benevolent Lord Steyne whispered to me, "for they cannot keep from cooing even at dinner. By the way, Mrs. Crawley, I visited your orphanage to-day, and must congratulate you upon the excellent use you have made of poor Miss Crawley's fortune."

Sweet Becky lifted her guileless eyes, and smiled. "Ah, Lord Steyne, it is Rawdon whom you should praise—not me. He has quite a genius for charity."

"I will bet fifty guineas that Steyne has been giving another cheque," whispered the Rev. Henry Foker; "that man's charities are unbounded."

"I thought ——" I stammered.

"I know," said Archdeacon Castigan, "you thought Wenham's confounded story was *true*! Ah me, dear sir, what is, and what might have been are two very different things. For instance, Newcome yonder might have married Miss Mackenzie—that is the present Mrs. Foker—had not Lady Kew insisted upon dowering Ethel with her fortune, Sir Barnes, and Lady Highgate begged me to carry her compliments to Lady Clara. I discharge my duty!"

Good simple-minded Sir Barnes smiled. "Tell Highgate I am angry at his absence. He never comes to Newcome now."

At the other end of the table they were talking of the unfortunate condition of Prussia.

"I am told had it not been for the French subscription, whole families would have perished of hunger," said Steerforth. "And yet think how different things might have been had Bazaine been defeated," returned Sir Montague Tigg.

"Might have been! yes. The 'Anglo-Bengalie' *might* have been wrecked, with other institutions of a similar character," laughed Bishop Prindie in the ear of Indiana.

"But M. Teeg is such a financier! My husband thinks him unequalled."

"But your husband is so well-bred a gentleman, madam, that he thinks well of everyone."

* * * * *

The conversation made my head ache, and I siezed the earliest opportunity to escape.

"Come to the club," said Warrington, "and smoke a cigar. Laura is away on a visit to Mrs. Pen, and I am a bachelor."

"Did you marry Laura, then? I thought that ——."

"That I had married someone else. No, thank God; I was very near it, though."

The club was full. Fermer and his crony Romaine, as usual, were the life of the smoking-room. George Gentle (of Fen Court), was playing Mr. Cassaubon at billiards, Major-General Hinton and Colonel Lorrequer betting on the game.

"So Monsoon has turned trappist," said Prince Djalma to Admiral Cuttle, K.C.B. "Who would have expected such a thing?"

"*L'hōmme propose, mais Dieu dispose*," returned the Admiral.

"For which overhaul your conversations-lexicon. Jack Bunsby became a local preacher."

The Prince puffed his cigar meditatively. "A fine woman the Macstinger," said he, "I don't wonder that *ce cher Bunsby* broke his heart at her refusal of his hand. But, then, who could resist Fosco."

"Save Quilp, I seldom met a more fascinating man," said Guy Livingstone. "He is too fond of violent exercise though, for *my* taste. I detest your muscular heroes."

"Who does not?" said Kingsley, from the little table where he sat with Dr. Newman and Swinburne. "Algernon, we're four by honours?"

"And the odd trick," interjected Antonelli. "I decline to take advantage of an adversary."

"Surely," I thought, punching myself violently. "I *must be* dreaming."

"Then do not strive to awake my friend," said a gentle-voiced little gentleman, sucking a Trabuco. "It is good to dream."

"Who is that?" I whispered to Singleton Fentenoy, as we descended the steps.

"Pio Nono. The Baptists allow him one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and he lodges over a hatter's in Piccadilly."

* * * * *

Fentenoy and I strolled down the Haymarket, and the familiar faces passed and repassed us. There is but little variety, after all, in life. We had both been absent from England during twenty years, and here the same music was resounding, the same eyes glittering, the same laughter ringing. There was, however, a strange reality about it all that saddened me.

"Singleton, do you remember when you thought that tawdry ball-room a palace, those silly fellows yonder the most daring of rakes, and those poor half-educated, good-hearted girls the equals of Ninon de L'enclos, and Faustina Imperatrex? Let us go away; I am memory burdened."

We walked onwards, and by-and-by found ourselves near Notting Hill. Singleton paused at the gate of a little villa, and pointed to the windows. The blinds were drawn up, and I saw, seated in a pleasant drawing-room, a young lady—it was Jenny—

> "Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,
> Fond of a kiss, and fond of a guinea."

Her face brought back to me a strange dream of boy-and-girl folly, of a merry, thoughtless flight by train and boat, made dishes, French wines, babble, kisses, tears, and no pocket-money.

"But I thought Lord Dagon had discovered in my funny little friend a *bonne* worthy of his purse."

"*Your* funny little friend! What do you mean? She married the respectable grocer, and never heard of Lord Dagon except in the newspapers. It was fortunate that you went to Scotland as you intended though, for there might have been mischief."

"Good heavens!" I said, "am I then to believe that everything has happened as it should have happened, and that I have no regrets."

But Singleton had gone, and I was alone above the broad terrace above the moon lighted garden.

* * * * *

Tier upon tier swept upwards to the castle-crag the busky slopes of verdure. Pierced with alleys of bloom, gleaming with statues, musical with fountains, the marvellous gardens of the palace lay sleeping beneath the moon, even as they had slept when the Fairy-Prince leapt the briar-hedge to win with daring kiss his enchanted bride. The mellow lights in the pavilion of the Arabian jeweller shone in the waters of the lake. I heard the silvery laugh of Noureddin's Persian, and could distinguish the gilded barge of the great Caliph, as, encompassed with barbaric music, panoplied in Eastern pomp, he moved towards the mysterious city. There, crowded with the misty halo of its myriad lamps, the great Babylon lay beneath me in the valley. At the white-stone breadth of the quay swung the rising tide of a hundred argosies. All of squallor, misery, and sin was hidden, and the majestic angel on the doomed summit of the great cathedral seemed to plume his shining vans for upward flight into the clear cold purity of the star-sprinkled heavens.

This, then, was the world of which I had dreamt, and that other sordid one in which I had lived so long was but a dream! How often a truant schoolboy, in depths of summer woods, garlanded with cool hyacinth, and couched on rustling fern, had I not seen this fair world! How often lying awake, while the breeze piped shrill across the coldly tossing sea, had I not beheld these glories of land and lake, of spired city and embattlemented rock. How often weary and hot with folly or with toil, had not that magnificent moon swum up into heaven to soothe and comfort me. Here, then, was Atlantis, here the Fortunate Isles, the Valley of Avilion, the true El Dorado—the wondrous Land of Might-have-been!

As one entranced in waking slumber, I moved through the portal, where frowning in war-like steel, sat ready horsed for combat the guard of Barbarussa. Charlemagne and Arthur had come again, and Duraudel gleamed once more in the grasp of risen Roland. The mighty laughter of the heroes shook the hall, and the smile of happy Metaine was reflected in the lips of gentle Aude. Yes, it was true! —chivalry lived still, and smug tradesmen, rejoicing in the science of money-breeding, had not beaten honesty and love to death with their yard-measures. All around me were beauty, truth, and honour, and serene in the midst of great and noble souls, I felt my spirit

strengthened and sustained. At length, above a door of ivory, half hidden by a purple curtain, I saw, perched upon the bust of Pallas, the mocking figure of a raven. The door yielded and I entered. I was in a long apartment, going on a balcony open to the night; as I entered, a lady clad in white came towards me. I knew her at once. It was the Lady Lenore.

Lenore! The lost Lenore. She who forever waits and forever eludes our passionate arms. Dante called her Beatrice, Petrarch Laura, Burns knew her as Mary, Byron as——— but why multiply names? She is for all of us, this impossible woman. Name her yourself, dear reader, lounging on the club sofa, wiling away an hour before dinner with this silly story. You are very cynical and pleasant now, and worship your stomach complacently. But there *was* a time, was there not, when "you were young, and songs were sung, and love-lamps in the casements hung," when something might have been that was not and never will now be? Or will *you* name this little figure with the sad sweet eyes—are they brown or grey for you? Oh! prosperous and well-dined merchant, musing with your fond children round your knees, and your faithful wife smiling cheerily at the end of the table? You love your wife and children, but, but—was there not—is there not—an ideal somewhere in your heart, albeit shut up and locked down, and the Family Bible laid at the top of it? Yes, she exists; here, in the land of might-have-been, call her by what name you will.

"Lenore!"

She gave me two cool hands and kissed me.

"At last, then! At last. Lenore! The Raven prophesied falsely. Our pain and sorrow, our 'strange, unsatisfied longing,' are over, and at last—oh, other half of my soul—I have and hold thee!"

She did not speak, but her eyes said more than words, and her slight figure trembled in my arms.

I drew her to the window, and with brain and blood on fire, pointed to the vessels at anchor at the quay.

"Whether this strange land be a land of shadows, I know not; but I know that *thou* art real. Come my love, come; see the boat lies below. Let us leave this place."

She raised her head from my shoulder, and looked around. In the far east, where the waves tumbled white upon the shore, trembled the dawn. The moon was fading, the city, the river and the enchanted gardens lay lapped in a mysterious light—alas!

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

"Come," I repeated; "stern Heaven is kind at last, and we have met, why should we part again?"

But even as I pleaded, in tones that had perhaps too much of earth in them for that fair spirit, she seemed to withdraw from me. One glance, sad and tender, pitying and hopeful, thrilled me, a farewell kiss, pure as fire, light as a falling rose-leaf hushed my lips, and—I was alone.

Alone upon the triform hill whose mysterious altars reddened in the risen dawn. My holiday was over.

* * * * * * *

Little Nelly (*to the story teller*)—"But Mr. Marston, did you not go back to Holiday Peak?"

Marston—"I did not know the way, my dear."

Little Nelly—"But there must *be* a way. If so many people stop there, a coach should go near the place."

Marston—"There is a coach that goes to the very door, little one—a coach by which we must all travel one of these days—a black coach drawn by black horses. Some day they will take me when I am sleeping soundly, and put me into a big box, nail me up, and put on the lid a neat brass plate :—

'JOHN MARSTON,

'ÆTAT —,

'FOR HOLIDAY PEAK. WITH CARE.

'*This Side Up.*'

"GOOD-NIGHT."

"HORACE" IN THE BUSH.

THE coach had broken down at Bullocktown, and we five—that is to say, O'Donoghue, Marston, Tom Dibdin, McTaggart and myself—were partaking of eggs, bacon and whisky at Coppinger's.

"I fear I shall be late," said classic Marston, a professor at the Melbourne University, who had been holiday-making with us, "the examinations are on Tuesday."

"Time eneuch to harry the puir deevils," said compassionate M'Taggart, the squatter, of Glenclunie.

"Hould yer whist," interrupted O'Donoghue, "the professor's thinkin' of how he'll bamboozle the bhoys. If he wasn't quoting Aristophanes in the coach, I mistook the jolting o' the vayhicle for the full-mouthed sintences o' that roarin' ould haythen."

"O'Donoghue, you are personal. I never quote Greek."

"Widout book, ye old imposthor! Marsthon, I dispise ye.

'εἴ σὲ μὴ μισῶ, γενοίμην ἐν Κρατίνου κώδιον,
καὶ διδασκοίμην πρόσᾴδειν Μορσίμου τραγῳδίαν.'

Ev I don't hate ye may I be cut up into copy-paper and have *Argus* leaders scribbled upon me."

"In truth," returned Marston, lighting his pipe with a fire-stick, I was thinking rather of the Latin than the Greek."

"It is much the same," said I rashly, "the Latins prigged their good things wholesale."

"No, by the mass!"

"Look at that elegant robber Horace. The '*O sæpe mecum*' ode is a calm theft from Alcæus."

"Pardon me, sir," said a voice at the door, "You do the friend of Virgil an injustice. He is rather sinned against than sinning."

We turned and saw the box passenger, a comfortable, well-dressed fellow with blear eyes.

"Do you mean to say," cried Marston, fired at the interruption, "that Horace did not copy from the Greek? Why, that elegant Epicurean was swaddled in Greek literature. The classics of his day were birched into him by old Orbilius. He was Greek even in his politics, first a republican, and then a monarchist."

"He has been copied even in that," said the new comer; "there is nothing like free land selection to make your radicals conservative. If the Ministry will give me a Sabine farm I'll cultivate my dried olive, sit under my preserved fig-tree, and vote for them in all particulars."

"Horace was a mean man," said M'Taggart, "for I've heard that he wrote mony a screed against old Mecænas before he got his patronage."

"The rumour is untrue," says the stranger. "You mean that nonsense about the trailing gown, I presume? The charge was never proved sir."

"I admit it," said the professor, "'twas a calumny."

"He was jist a weathercock," cries M'Taggart," a time-serving rogue, blown aboot wi' every blast o' doctrine."

"He began life as a patriot"

"A youthful indiscretion," said the urbane intruder. "He afterwards repented, and went —— to his villa."

"Faix, he jist sold himself for a Government billet, like many an honest man before and since," laughed jolly O'Donoghue.

"The *res angusta domi*, and being in debt to the butcher, will do much to change a man's opinions," returned the stranger. "What says the bard himself! '*Aurum per medios ire satellites.*'

> 'Danaæ grim-guarded in her brazen tower,
> With dogs and double-doors 'gainst those who sought her,
> Fell a sweet victim to this mighty power
> Of half-a-crown bestowed upon the porter.'"

Marston started.

"You seem familiar with the poet," said he.

The stranger smiled sadly.

"Sir," he answered, "I have spent my life in exposing plagiarisms from my—from Horace's writings. It is melancholy to see how the so-called 'original' writers have pilfered from the ancients."

"Sit down, sir, and join us!" cries Marston, fairly astride his hobby. "What will you take?"

"You have no Massic?" asked the guest, seating himself.

"To be sure we have," says honest Dibdin. "Coppinger, hot whisky to the gentleman."

The stranger smiled and proceeded. "The moderns are thieves."

"They are," said Marston. "I agree with you. Tennyson owes his being to Theocritus."

"Keates smacked of him."

"No, *his* plagiarism was unconscious genius. 'Hyperion' might have been a fragment of Æschylus, and yet the doctor's boy was ignorant of Greek."

"I don't think," said I "that our Australian writers can be accused of plagiarising from the Latin. I have observed that quotations printed or spoken are mostly wrong."

"Cynic."

"Your Australians are not plagiarists!" cries our guest, swallowing his whisky at a gulp. "'Ye powers that smile on virtuous theft!' But two days since the editor of the *Dead Horse Gully Tribune* inserted the following as original poetry. You will see that

the idea is stolen from Horace, the ninth ode of the first book, beginning—

'Vides ut altâ, stet nive candidum
Soracte.'

The fellow had the impertinence to call it 'The Squatter's Advice to his Nephew,'" and helping himself to another jorum, our visitor warbled—

"(AIR—"*Rosin the Beau.*")

"Come, Jack, draw your rocking-chair nigher,
Mount Macedon's white with the snow;
Pitch another pine log on the fire,
And tip us 'Old Rosin the Beau.'

I ne'er saw the bush look so barren
(When I rode out this morning with Sam),
And last night—so I'm told by M'Claren—
There's something like ice on the dam.

Let it slide. To us all heaven's handy,*
To the cold ground we one day must go;
In the meantime—that's Hennessy's brandy—
Sit down, lad, and rosin your bow.

Who knows what may happen to-morrow,
What lot is our ultimate fate;
There are some who rejoice to court sorrow—
I'd rather be courting of Kate.

God gave lasses and glasses to men, Jack—
'Twould be wrong not to use them, you know;
When you're bald as a bandicoot, *then*, Jack,
'Twill be time to be solemn and slow.

CHORUS.

In the spring time, life's music was playing,
Do we pause in the melody's flow;
In the winter—the cause for delaying
Is, of course, Jack, to rosin the bow!"

"Euge! Euge!" cried Marston, "but the last verse is *not* a paraphrase on the original."

"True," said the stranger, "the last verse contains an allusion that likes me not. The '*risus ab angulo*,' the 'laugh from the corner' might be thought to hint at Ballarat and its Stock Exchange."

"By the mass" says O'Donoghue, "but the strain is worthy of Trinity. '*Leonum arida nutrix.*' Mac, ye spalpeen, I feel my heart big within me, and could break your head for the honour o' ould Ireland on the sloightest provocation."

"True indeed for—

'Baktrion epi tauton me gar de melathalainon.
Poluphlois ketikimboun, kai kikety rolopoloios,'"

said I.

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* Heaven is above all.—"Cassio.

"If that's not Homer, it's mighty like him," cries O'Donoghue. "Ah, ye deceaver, it's gibberish you're talking. Marston, hand me the impty bottle that I may throw it at him."

"Brawling in your cups, gentlemen! Fie! that is but barbarian at best. As Horace says—

'Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis,
Pugnare Thracum est,'

or, as a countryman of your friend's has translated it—

'To foight over punch is like Donnybrook fair,
When an Irishman, all in his glory, is there.
Hould your whist! see the combatants, Bacchus between,
With that sprig of shillalagh, his Thyrsus so green!'"

"Sir," said O'Donoghue, in great heat, "you wrong the illustrious composer of that ancient melody. The janius o' Paddy Macguire never stooped to copy. But you don't drink; the whisky is with you."

"*Non sum qualis eram, bonæ sub regno Cinaræ*," said the red-eyed stranger. "I am not the man I was when I supped with Lola Montes. I have poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I mingle my liquors with water, and one amphora of Reisling will set my brain-pan bubbling."

"This is a quaint fellow," whispered Marston to me. "Let us draw him out. Though he avows himself a model of sobriety, there is a twinkle in his eye that speaks an application for grape-juice. I hate your dry talks. Coppinger! another bottle of whisky! Sir, I salute you."

"I looks towards you, sir, and likewise bows."

"The whisky will open his heart," said Marston.

'εἶτα δ' ἔνδοθεν
τὴν γλῶτταν ἐξείραντες αὐ-
τοῦ σκεψόμεσθ' ἐν κἀνδρίκως
κεχηνότος
τὸν πρωκτὸν, εἰ χαλαζᾷ.'

"We'll drag out his tongue, and while the sinner gapes, look for spots of plagiarism in his entrails!"

"Steady!" cried M'Taggart, "the chiel hasna proved his case! That the Southern pooets may grab frae Horace, I mak' nae doot o'; but the Scotch! Eh, man, whar's your plagiarism in Rabbie Burrrns?"

The stranger tossed off a mutchkin o' Glenlivet, and smiled a ghastly smile. "Rabbie Burns," said he, in a strong Scotch accent, "was just the biggest leear and thief extaunt. Leesten to this, mon," and again he sang—

"MY NANCY O!

"I've lately lived amang the girls,
And fought not wi'oot glory O!
But now nae mair they tug my curls,
My pow is getting hoary O!

Hang up my staff o mickle micht,
My pipes fa' tapsalterie O !
Hang up my lantern, by whose licht,
I clambered to my deary O !

O Venus, dear, I'm fidgin' fain,
Come down and ease my fancy, O !
O' a' the girls I lo'e but ane,
Ah, leeze me on my Nancy O !"

"Now, sir," said the songster, "if that is not an impudent transcription of '*vixi puellis nuper idoneus*,' the twenty-sixth ode of the third book, bray me in a mortar, and daub the walls of a printing-house with me. *Retro Sathanas !*"

"Sir !" cried the Scotchman, amid the laughter of the company, "Rab never wrote those lines. I defy you to prove him a plagiarist. May I never sup parritch again if Rab was not a genius of Heaven's ain makin'. He combined, sir, the antitheses o' Pope, wi' the tenderness o' Herrick. Byron only surpassed him, in his love deeties and ——"

"Horace, in his moments o' leesure," interrupted the stranger. "Stuff, my good sir ! '*Fœnum habes in cornu.*' You have a bannock 'o barley meal skewered tae yer bonnet. I'll sing ye a mair rantin' melody, *a carmen seculare*, a ditty not fitted for churchgoers. (Alas ! *parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, I have only been twice to the new Scotch Kirk since I came to Melbourne), and I will ask you to judge calmly. Horace's ode begins '*Vitas hinnuleo me similis Chloe.*' 'Tis the twenty-third of the first book, as I need not remind you. The impertinent gauger paraphrases it thus :—

"To Peggy.

"Hoot ! why like a cantie heifer,
Skippin' at each breathin' zephyr,
Bonnie Peggy, fly me !
Though but rough my manners be,
They're no sae rough tae flechter thee ;
Peggy, lassie, gang wi' me—
Sonsie Peggy, try me !

I'm nae bleth'rin, rantin' laddie,
But thy bairns maun hae a daddie ;
Bonnie Peggy, try me !
Thy mither says 'tis time to wed ;
Mithers must be no gainsaid—
Come and mak' thy weddin' bed,
Bonnie Peggy, by me !"

"Maist indecent, sir," said M'Taggart. "I'll no believe it o' Rabbie. And yet I confess that the similes are unco alike."

Marston burst into Homeric laughter.

"*Virginibus puerisque canto*," said our guest with a blush. "I'm singing-master at the common school, and am not used to such warmth of language—save on occasions."

"Faith, then, this is one of them," said O'Donoghue. "There's Dibdin half-seas-over already. It takes an Irishman to drink whisky.

Your English brains sop beer like sponges, but the thrue nectar of the gods intoxicates their dull sowls."

"The gentleman has b—bowled you all out," said Dibdin, huskily, "but my grandfather, poor Ch—Charles, is at least spared. He was n—no p—p—plagiarist."

"Dibdin!" cried the stranger, leaping to his feet with an agility which in a person *teres atque rotundus* was simply marvellous. "Charles Dibdin! The most unblushing scoundrel of them all! That '*O sæpe mecum*' ode of which you were speaking when I entered has been transferred bodily to Dibdin's pages in the following infamous travistie:—

"JACK JUNK'S RETURN TO WAPPING.

"Jack Junk, my old comrade, what fortunate breeze
Has blown you to Wapping and me?
Jack Junk, with whom often I ploughed the salt seas,
When Blake sailed to Trincomalee.

Jack Junk, by the Lord, lad, how often we've sat
In the fok'sel in boisterous weather,
And greased our pig-tails with the primest o' fat,
And swigged at the grog-can together.

D'ye mind how I fared, Jack, at Spirito Bar,
When the Portuguese boarded the wreck,
And, o'erpowered by numbers, full many a tar
Gasped his honest life out on the deck?

It was touch and go, Jack, for my heart was grown soft,
And thumped at my ribs like a knocker;
But that sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Snatched Tom Pipes from old Davy Jones' locker!

I've been in a few stiffish fights in my life,
But in that one I own I felt queer,
Though I chiefly regret that I left poor Poll's knife
In the ribs of that bloody mounseer.*

I got my discharge, Jack, and warped into port,
And the glass of life's fortune set fair;
But you—you old sea-dog—who by my side fought,
Must needs ship in the old 'Temeraire.'

Shove your wooden leg under the table, my lad!
The egg's fresh, the rasher is flaky;
Here's a quid of tibbacky, the best can be had,
And a can of right rousing Jammaiky!

So bouse round the bowl! Fill again! Damn my eyes,
To get drunk with a shipmate is proper!
I drink first! No! Well, lest a dispute should arise,
We'll decide it by skying a copper.†

Now wet t'other eye, man! Poll, lass, me old wife,
It ain't often I get on the spree;
But if ever I mean to get sprung in my life,
It is now! with Jack Junk home from sea!"

* "Poor Poll's knife." How different in tone from the graceful *Relicta non bene parmula.*
† A most impudent rendering of the elegant original. *Quem Venus arbitrium dicet bibendi.*

"Hear! hear!" roared the Professor, banging on the table, "*Habet! Habet!* He's got it, by Hercules! A delicate paraphrase, if ever there was one."

But Dibdin snored unconscious.

"Another strain, O most musical of strangers! No? Another drink then!"

"We won't go home till morning," roars O'Donoghue, "*dum rediens fugat asthra Phaybus.* Till the early milk froightens the cats from door-step. Hurroo! *Nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.* Now's the time to shake a loose leg, boys!"

"Let us batter down a door," cries M'Taggart.

"Or filch a sign," says Marston.

"There's the barber down the street," hiccups the classical stranger. "*Obsceno ruber porrectus ab (hic) palus*, with a thundering great red pole stuck out of his dirty little shop window! Let's have that!"

"*Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum*," exclaimed I, feeling the whisky impelling me to recklessness.

"Another song, a classic ditty!" cries Marston. "Tip us a stave of modern Roman, my jovial, pot-walloping blade!"

"*Absit somnus*! Let slape quit me for iver if I go to bed this night.

'οἵαν δίκην τοῖς κόρεσι δώσω τήμερον.'

Och, Stony Stratford's a fool to Coppinger's."

Dibdin, waking from his slumbers, began to sing—

"I'm bound to win, when I go in,
Tommy Dodd! Tommy Dodd!
Heads or tails, I'm bound to win,
Hurrah for Tommy Dodd!"

"Peace, wretch!" roared our guest. "Insult not the *manes* of the dead! That ditty was Marcus Tullius Cicero's, and while *I* live shall be sung in the original. Come, gentlemen, a chorus—

"'Civis nam Romanus sum,
Cicero! Cicero!
Ergo semper Vinco, quum,
Ineo! Ineo!
Sortem spargant aleæ,
Gaudeo! Gaudeo!
Seu Venus, seu Caniculæ,
Evoé! Cicero!'"

Dibdin did not show in the morning; but I, having a slight headache, went down to breathe the fresh air, and take a brandy and soda.

At the bar were M'Taggart and Marston consulting Coppinger.

"Went away in a buggy at six this morning to Quartzborough," said Marston. "Who can he be?"

All were silent

"Don't *you* know the stranger's name, Coppinger," said I.

"Mr. Flack, I think he said," replied Coppinger. "'Q. H. F.' was on his portmanteau."

We stared at one another.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

"It's impossible!" cried I.

"It's totally prepostherous!" said O'Donoghue.

"It's a metempsychosis!" suggested Marston.

"It's just whusky!" concluded M'Taggart.

SQUATTERS PAST AND PRESENT.

YESTERDAY afternoon, when reading the remarks of our latest critic, Mr. Anthony Trollope, upon Australian life and manners, I received almost simultaneously a letter from my old friend, Robin Ruff, of the Murrumbidgee, and a visit from my young acquaintance, Dudley Smooth (nephew to Lord Lytton's friend), of "Scott's Hotel." Both were squatters, both about equally wealthy, both good fellows in their way, both occupied nearly the same position in society, both were alike—and yet how widely different!

Robin Ruff, writing in a shaky hand, with honest independence of spelling, and hearty contempt for necessary doubling of consonants, sent a message to his grandson, and would I see Wether and Weaners' people about "them yowes." Robin Ruff is an old man. He is nearer seventy than sixty I should say; but he is as erect as a dart, and can ride a long day's journey, or do a hard day's work, with many a younger man. He is six feet high, his hands are knotted and brown—mottled with sun, and hardened with labour. His shoulders are broad, his head well set on, his eye confident. His head is white, and his beard is white also, save that brown patch round the mouth that looks as if snuff had been spilt on it. In appearance he is not elegant. His coat is too big for him, and his hat is not of the fashionable mould. His boots are clumsy, and have thick soles, which creak as he walks. He carries a big oak stick, and wears a big silver watch. He looks very fierce indeed, and not at all a "lady's man;" but people who know him well like him, and little children run to him at first sight.

Robin Ruff came to this colony in 1836, the year before Mr. Latrobe was made Superintendent. He had been squatting in Sydney before that, but hearing much of the "new colony," came over to better his fortunes. Old Ruff—long since put away comfortably in the kirkyard—had kept a little shop in a little Scotch town, and had saved a bit of money, but Robin, adventurous lad, wearied of the big grey hills and the quiet old straggling street, wearied even of his uncle's farm, with its dull round of ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, determined to seek his fortune. The old father advised, and the old mother wept beneath her horn spectacles, but Robin would go. Wise bodies at market assembled, predicted "nae guid" of the lad—(he rebuilt the market-hall the other day, with good Aberdeen granite)—and it was generally prophesied that he would bring his parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

For the first ten years of his Australian struggles he seemed likely enough to fulfil the worst of their prophecies. It was a hard fight, and little to get for it. But by steadiness and industry he got a little money together at last. The marvellous virtue that lies in sheer hard work brought him through after ten years, and made him independent. Arrived in the Port Phillip wilderness, up the country he went. Land was to be had easily enough in those days, and being his own bullock-driver and stockrider, and shepherd, and farmer and cook, Robin Ruff soon made a home for himself. He began to be looked upon as a "warm" man. Jolly boys carousing in Melbourne town, at the foundation of Prince's Bridge, spoke of Ruff's luck and cursed their own in genial fashion. By-and-by the great crash came. Sheep and cattle were worth nothing, and Ruff's luck seemed gone. But it turned again. He had bought land with his saved money, and when the "diggings broke out" (like an eruption, one would think), had recovered his losses.

He is an old man now, and people ask him why he doesn't "go Home and live;" but he knows better. His daughter is married here, and his grandchildren are here too. He has his station to occupy his mind, his trips to Melbourne, his rubber, his pipe, his club, and his chats with other jolly old boys. How the old fellows chuckle as some quaint nickname, springing up in the conversation, recalls some hearty piece of jollity in the "old days!" He did go home once, but he didn't like it. London was so lonely. He didn't like to pull out his old clay pipe in his dapper nephew's smoking-room, and when his niece talked French to him, and asked his opinion of the *mise en scéne* at the opera he felt uncomfortable. He went to his native town, but his father and mother were dead, and he could remember nobody. A railway bridge spanned the burn where he paddled in his boyish days, and the Telegraph Office had been built where stood the tree on which he cut little Jeanie's name with his clasp-knife forty years before. He gave money to the local charities, and rebuilt the market-house, and for that the Town Council got at him and gave him a dinner, and a fat cheesemonger, with a turn for oratory, made speeches at him all the evening. Sickened, tired, and disappointed, he took his passage for Melbourne, and, smoking his pipe in the "Port Phillip Club," on the night of his arrival, with the old faces round him, inwardly vowed he would go home no more. He is not a brilliant fellow to talk to; he is not aristocratic, nor even deistical; but he is a fine, honest, kind-hearted old man, and has not been without his use in this brand-new go-ahead colony of ours.

As I looked up from his letter, I saw Mr. Smooth in the doorway. He was a very different stamp. Mr. Smooth was a very young gentleman. His hands were brown but well-kept, and his whiskers were of a fine yellow floss-silk order, like the down on a duckling. He had but lately come down from his station, but was arrayed in the most fashionable of fashionable garments. His trousers were so tight, that his legs looked as if they had been patented by some mono-manaic player on the flute, as cleaning machines for that instrument of music. His waistcoat yawned like a

whited sepulchre. He wore half-a-yard of black satin tied round his neck, or rather his shirt collar. His feet were encased in shoes of that high-heeled class affected by step dancers, and the suddenly expanded trouser-ends flapped around his ankles—entwined like two barber's poles, by the red stripes of his silk stockings. In addition to a gold hawser that swung heavily from buttonhole to pocket, and fluttered—so to speak—with lockets and charms, as though it were a clothesline on which such trinkets had been hung out to dry, he was spotted generally with jewellery. His manly breast was like nothing so much as Biddy's canvas-covered trunk studded with brass nails, and at his throat, and on his wrists, gleamed gigantic plates encircled with his name and date—I mean his crest and bearings. The crest of the Smooths is two flat-irons rampant, and from every available portion of my young friend's body gleamed golden repetitions of those time-honoured weapons. He wore a hat which seemed to have been made by an eccentric hatter, who in the midst of an attempt to imitate the head-covering of a sporting coal-heaver, had been stricken with remorse, and finished his handiwork with a haunting sense of the beauty of the episcopal broad-brim. His manner was affable and easy, he smoked a very strong cigar, and cursed only to that extent necessary and becoming in a man of fashion.

"Well, you melancholy old cuss," exclaimed this Arcadian youth, "how are you? Got any soda and B.? I was so dooced cut last night! Went knocking round with Swizzleford and Rattlebrain. C'sino, and V'ri'tes. Such a lark! Stole two Red Boots and a Brass Hat. Knocked down thirteen notes, and went to bed as tight as a fly!"

This and more he tells me—sitting the while on the end of my sofa, swinging his flute-cleaning legs, and puffing with his cigar, at an angle of forty-five degrees. His language is ornate and redundant of adjectives. Anything he doesn't like is "Beastly" or "Loathsome;" anything he does like is "Festive," "Sportive," "Ripping." He calls his father "a cheerful swell," or a "festive cuss," and when he goes to the theatre with his family, has been heard to allude periphrastically to his mother as a "square party in the boxes."

Mr. Smooth's papa—Dudley has been named after his uncle, for whom the family entertain a profound respect, as a man moving in good society,—came out here fifteen years ago and made his fortune by lucky speculation in land. He owns several stations, has a house in the hottest and most uncomfortable part of South Yarra, and is a most respectable person, with a stake in the country, and a tendency to stomach. He has placed Dudley on the Murriowooloomooloooneriangtrotolong station—he likes the fine old native names,—and that young gentleman is "managing" it at a fine rate.

Dudley is a great man on the Murrio, &c. He is called the "——boss," and lives in the "house," in contradistinction to the "hut." He also keeps his horses habitually in the stable, and feeds them with "oats"—tremendous achievement! He has a buggy and a trotting mare. Nobody says anything to him if he "coils" in the

front parlour all the afternoon, and when he rides over to the little public-house and is condescendingly blasphemous towards the publican, the best brandy—*without* the Barret's twist at the bottom of the cask—is brought out in his honour. At mustering time he is in his glory—for, to do him justice, he can ride hard enough—and when he gets drunk at night, his stories are voted exceedingly humorous. He is, in his way, a sort of Epicurean. He despises the vanity which prompts honest John Strong of the Plains to jump over a hurdle with a fat wether under each arm; but he is very particular about the brightness of his stirrups, and is the only man on the station who has his boots cleaned every morning.

When he comes down from the country, he makes, as it were, a foray into an enemy's country. He does not enjoy himself during the day—the time hangs heavily. Having paid a visit to his father and mother, if they are in town, he "looks up a friend," and the two loaf aimlessly about the town. They may be seen "knocking the balls about" at "Scott's" or the "Port Phillip," or drinking "soda and b.," or "sherry and bitters," at any decent bar in town. If it is a "selling" day, you can meet them at Kirk's Horse Bazaar, lounging against the wall as though they owned so many blood-horses themselves that the sight of anything on four legs was wearisome. But it is at night when they enjoy life. What with the theatre and the café they feel quite like old *roués* by midnight, and stroll down to the Varieties or the Casino like a twinned Alcibiades in the Agora,—only they have never heard of the Alcibiades. There they drink, and smoke, and bask in the smiles of beauty. By two o'clock it is time to "knock round," and having supped at Cleal's, and the night Hansom having been duly chartered, Dudley and his friend take a tour in the provinces. It is possible that in the course of their peregrinations they meet Swizzleford and Rattlebrain, and then it is, ho, for the breakage of lamps, the carrying away of signs, the pretty larceny of gilt hats and wooden boots! Dudley is under the impression that his dancing society is much sought after by ladies, and behaves to those poor creatures in a tyrannically fascinating way, putting his name into their programmes with a tender violence that is quite affecting. He dances a little wildly, but with much vigour and height of action. He doesn't sing, but he can eat a great deal, and is fully alive to the fact that a tip to the waiter will secure a cool bottle of champagne for himself and friends, long after the general run of the guests are wearied of seeking refreshments and finding none. He plays billiards fairly, and is proud of his skill at pool. He makes a book on the races, and is almost as fond of losing as of winning. This promising young gentleman is two-and-twenty, and intends soon to go home and see the old country. He is quite complacent about it, and talks of "doing Europe" as he would of doing "Collins Street."

Let me, in conclusion, add only that Mr. Smooth has not a very strong sense of moral responsibility; for though he would not willingly do a dishonourable action, he is so impressed with the virtue of success, that a "smart" scoundrel is, in his eyes, a far more worthy

being than an honest dunderhead. He is making money, however, and has no reason to be otherwise just now than honest. His station is fitted with the latest improvements. His prize cattle are fattened on prize principles. His sheep are washed with hot water, and his paddocks are sown with English grass. He has not arrived at the glory of his next neighbour, the Hon. Tom Holles Street, younger son of the Marquis of Portman Square, who was educated at Oxford and Cirencester, and has taken up squatting on scientific principles. The Hon. Tom washes his sheep in an American dip at the rate of two hundred a minute, drafts cattle in lavender gloves, has nearly perfected a shearing machine, quotes Æschylus to his overseer, prohibits all swearing, except on Sundays, and has named his working-bullocks after the most distinguished of the early Christians. The Hon. Tom belongs to a later phase of development, and our young friend is far behind *him* in civilisation; but Dudley Smooth stands out in alarming contrast to poor, honest, simple-minded Robin Ruff.

THE FUTURE AUSTRALIAN RACE.

OUR ANCESTORS.

THERE has been much vaguely talked and written about the Coming Man. There is certainly no doubt but that in a few years the inhabitants of the colony of Australasia will differ materially in their mental and physical characteristics from ourselves. Let us consider for a few moments why and in what probable respect this difference will occur.

The tendency of that abolition of boundaries which men call civilisation is to destroy individuality. The more railways, ships, wars, and international gatherings we have, the easier is it for men to change skies, to change food, to intermarry, to beget children from strange loins. The "type"—that is to say, the incarnated result of food, education, and climate—is lost. Men rolled together by the waves of social progress lose their angles and become smooth, round, differing in size only; as differ, and remain similar, the stones of the sea beach. The effect of the increase of ease in the means of locomotion has been making itself apparent for the last three hundred years. With the discovery of the Americas there came upon all nations a sort of spirit of freedom and a desire for change. Though the terms "Greek" and "Roman" had been held to signify two distinct and certain forms of physiognomy, yet, in the feudal towns of *moyen age* Europe, were priest-artists who revived the one, and stern Crusaders who re-begat the other. The Moors brought the eagle beak of the East into Arabian Spain; and the fair-haired Northmen, precursors of Columbus, sailing to the site of Boston city, bid their savage virtues live again in their descendant redskin warriors. The only "types" which have come down to predecessors of Columbus as unaltered, say the archæologists and the naturalists, are those of the Copt, the Ass, and the Hyæna. The Chaldean is much the same as he was pictured on the Ninevite marbles 3000 years ago, but in 1600 years the Egyptian has had far less change than the average face of the dweller by the Mediterranean knew during the three hundred years between the death of Phidias and the placing of the Castellani sarcophagus in the British Museum.

As for England, variation in national physiognomy is so astounding that one is tempted to suspect the representation as untrustworthy. Yet Holbein, Vandyke, Reynolds and Romney were fully competent to represent what they saw, and we are forced to admit that, from the chivalresque attitudes of Vandyke, through the sedate romance of Reynolds, to the grosser intelligence of Romney, and up again to the spiritual brightness of Richmond, the changes

are true, though sudden. When we say of a portrait, "What an old-fashioned air," we are really saying, "That is the grandfather's face come back again." Even in the rudest times, and under the most unfavourable conditions, those who drew the human face did their best to copy the faces of their neighbours. An Egyptian artist never presented a fair-haired or round-eyed face as his type of beauty. An English manuscript-illuminator made his saints and virgins always delicate and blue-eyed. Through the clumsy handling of the monkish painters, we can still understand that our ancestors had, for the most part, rolling eyes, fleshy noses, larger at the tip than the bridge, long upper lips, strong chins, and coarse jaws. The long, symmetrical, oval face, with its arched eyebrows and melancholy air, has, in these days, disappeared. The Norman type is becoming absorbed. The face is square. The Danish eagle-beak—the characteristic of the predatory race—sinks down and broadens into the sensual and cogitative proboscis of the ruminating animal. Those stern eyes which glowered in the semi-darkness of a down-drawn visor have evanished. The cheeks, no longer pressed forward by the locked helmet plates, relieve the mouth and raise the corners of the lips. The nation, recovered from the Wars of the Roses, seems to breathe freely. A chastened air of spirituality is cast over the brows, and the features appear moulded by serious thoughts and high emotions. The liberal patronage which the Tudors bestowed upon art culminated with the arrival of Holbein in England, and from that date we can examine at our leisure the gradual collection and assimilation of those features which make up the "English Face."

Let us turn to the Royal portraits, as they are produced for us by photography, and understand how it comes that at masquerades and on the stage the modern countenance looks so obtrusively out of place. The type of his nation during his life was Henry the Eighth, and Holbein's picture of him does more than Froude's whole history to show us his real character. Broad, burly, somewhat sullenly he stands, his feet wide apart, his hands thrust into his belt, and his eyes looking straight at you; his lips are full, sensual, firmly shut; his nose broad and clubbed, with heavy wrinkles at the brows, his eyes crow-footed, and his ears widely opened. The expression is that of the elephant—great sagacity, little refinement, strong will, and courage dauntless to resist. Anne of Cleves, who simpers beside him, is a long-chinned, big-eyed, narrow-browed creature, perfectly placid and wholly uninteresting.

But when we come to Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Kate Howard, and Parr, we see the vivacity which was to thrill the next generation already stirring. Anne Boleyn is plump, voluptuous, but of high courage and temper. But for the full jowl the face would be refined and daring. Seymour has an intelligent, earnest, and thoughtful face; Howard a sly, sensual, and self-restrained one; Parr has the forehead of an artist, and the mouth of a wit. Intelligence gleams from each head. In the next generation the coarseness of lip and jaw vanish. Mary has no sexuality save that which springs from disease. Her pressed, vinegar lips, the lower one almost split, the wide nostrils,

and the prominent cheek bones, give ample assurance that the broad lips, the high brow, and the somewhat æsthetic weakness of her husband, could never match her temper. Elizabeth's fine and haughty face comes like a burst of sunshine among these gloomy intellects. Who is accountable for that aquiline nose, and that firm, sweetly-moulded chin of Louis de Hervè's picture? Anne Boleyn perhaps alone could tell. Elizabeth's nose is a revelation in national physiognomy.

The club nose was the characteristic of the age. Louis XII. had it, so had the noble, serious face of the Duke of Suffolk, so had Dorset, Jane Grey, James IV., Francis II., Mary of Guise; the beautiful, intellectual face of Guilford Dudley would be nearly Greek but for this trait. Elizabeth and her rival, Mary of Scots, were almost alone in exception. Were not the supposition too fanciful, one might imagine that they escaped from the influence of parental impress, and that their minds moulded their features wholly. The heads of both women are keen with intelligence. There is not a trace of the sensual weakness or the sensual strength of the last generation. An age of Spensers, Wriothesleys, and Raleighs was at hand. Women began to rule, not through the flesh, as in the days of chivalry and lust, but through the spirit. Elizabeth and Mary were alike in one regard. They were both incapable of loving, and both for the same reason. They never met a master, or at least one who cared to master them. Elizabeth was too contemptuous to surrender, Mary too confident to keep. One scorned to admit a lover, the other disdained to obey him. The keynote of passion struck by these two women vibrated through Britain. Men became adorers, poets, adventurers to win the one; murderers, rebels, plotters, martyrs, to secure a lasting claim upon the other. What result had this state of things in moulding the fleshy masks which these daring and impetuous spirits wore? Let us see.

The portrait of Spenser shows us a haggard-eyed, eager-browed and disappointed man. From the eagerness, the disappointment, came the banishment of the world, the turning to nature, the yearning for the good—the Faery Queene. Sir Nicholas Poyntz has a long, curling upper-lip and no chin; Babington is an ardent visionary; Drake has soft, curling hair, a streaming silk beard, a full face, and a look of deep melancholy. A beautiful miniature of Barbor (who, by the death of Mary, was delivered from the stake) is a most noticeable face. Nothing of the former generation but the firm jaw remains. The nose describes a waved line, the lips are keen and close, the forehead broad and slightly retreating, the eyes large, well opened, and at once sad and scornful. When we compare these faces with those of the Duc d'Anjou, cold, cruel, and selfish; Henry Valois, weak, mean, and treacherous; the Duc de Guise, violent and conceited, we begin to understand how England succeeded in creating a literature and reforming a religion. The only French face which presents strongly the characteristics of the English one of 1500-1600 is that of Coligni, the Admiral of France, murdered at the Huguenot massacre. The type of the intellect which was foreshadowing the reign of the Grand

Monarque is to be seen in the wonderful and beautiful face of the infamous and delightful Catherine de Medicis.

Out of this melancholy and thoughtful splendour what came. Take the portrait of William Lenthall, Speaker of the Rump Parliament, on the one hand; and Charles the First, when Prince of Wales, on the other. Charles is a young man of high brow, secretive mouth, heavy nose, and a head remarkable for its narrowness. There can be no question that the spirit which animates such features is at once irresolute, rash, and untrustworthy. Lenthall is sour, grim, and bitterly in earnest. The relentless mouth, with its snag-tooth, the pinched nostrils, the long, sloping nose, the eyes scaled like those of a snake, present a type of extravagant melancholy even more detestable than that of the English king. Between these extremes, however, there is a whole gamut of notes. Cavaliers and Roundheads were both gallant fellows, and if some portion of the dash and fire of the old barons held the one, the grave and serious air of the thinking thrall gave solidity to the courage of the other. The square brows, serious eyes, and stern air of the daughter of Sir Richard Stewart is preserved in the rugged and thoughtful face of her son, Oliver Cromwell.

With the restoration came the reaction. Black-browed hysterical-lipped Charles loved pleasure, and gathered round him wits and rakes. Have not all the portraits of this Court the same air? Make allowance for the similarity of costume, for the fact that the artist, having to paint every woman half naked, endowed each with the same redundant bosom and flowing hair, and we shall yet be forced to admit that all the "beauties" are very stupid, sleepy-eyed, over-fed persons; in their "fitness" resembling Dudu, but though "large, languishing and lazy," yet by no means of a "beauty that would drive you crazy." The men are better. Rochester and Sedley had brains enough to have made them great men; but the large mouths and bald temples show that the curse of the age was upon them and that they were too lazy to be virtuous. Across the Channel, however, men of the world enjoyed life still. The Court of Louis le Grand was crowded with men of genius, and the best of much that was good in a society which existed on a quagmire, looks out of the serene and religious eyes of the second wife of Louis Quatorze, Francoise D'Aubignè, Madame de Maintenon. There was no woman in England equal in sense and wit to the widow of Scarron, but there was also no one equal in boldness and villainy to Frances Howard, the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury.

During the next century the increase of the means of living gave a solidity to the jaw, and banished the wrinkling lines of thought around the eyes. There arose a race of refined Elizabethans. The English face in the days of Anne was the face of indolent greatness. The very vices of the age were those which sprang from a disdain of consequences. Men, lived, made love, fought, drank, got into debt, or died in a stately manner, doing out of sheer indolence all those things which the train of the French Regent—his clever, pimpled, careless face is the mirror of his age—did in laborious pursuit of

pleasure. The strain of French vivacity yet lingering in the airs which blew over the kingdom, gave us eager, impulsive Pope; genial, careless Steele; brought us, by force of its example, the bitterness of Swift; the salacious humour of Sterne; nay, even the jovial tenderness of Goldsmith; while the backbone of "old English manners" (as eating, drinking, and healthful profligacy were termed) saved the nation from ruin in the general overturn of the long-threatened French Revolution.

From this period the country of English physiognomy lies straight before us, with finger-posts on either side. Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Lawrence have reproduced our ancestors in their habits as they lived; Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Gilray have taught us how to recognise them, Lavater how to talk with them. These men and women were our immediate forbears, and yet we are no more like them as a race than they were like the men and women of the Puritan days, than the Puritans were like the Elizabethans, or than the heroes of the Armada and the Spanish main resembled the feudal barons or the knights of chivalry.

With this much of introduction, let us proceed from the accession of George I., and note the causes which have continued to produce those nondescript physiognomies which we meet in our daily walk. We are all familiar with the terms—"An Elizabethan face," "a Puritan face," "a face for hair powder," "a nineteenth century face." We know still better the expressions—"An Oriental face," "an Italian face," "an English face." Let us endeavour to understand what these terms mean. Let us see why, in a few years, we may talk of an Australian face, and what that face may be like.

OURSELVES.

When we look at those portraits of gentlemen in white wigs, and ladies in short-waisted dresses, which adorn the walls of some few houses in the colonies, and are reproduced by the score in Wardour Street, for the benefit of modern gentleman who are desirous of begetting ancestors, we are struck with one peculiarity—the fulness of the jowl. In the portraits of notable men this peculiarity is almost exaggerated into a defect. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick even, had it. It is one of the signs of the times, and stamps a man as belonging to the Georgian era—to the days of Hogarth's *Beer Street*, Smollett's *Feast after the Manner of the Ancients*, and Gilray's *Evacuation of Malta*. What is the cause of big jowls, full temples, and bull necks? What, in fact, is the cause of the Georgian face? Simple excess of aliment. The men of 1720 to 1795 were gross feeders. The Germans are notorious crammers. It is their capacity for gorging which is the measure of their power. They are a race of strong-willed men—men combative and masterful. Experience shows that hollow-templed men are poets, philosophers, and essayists. *Facts* show that the wits who were supplanted by the strong thinkers

of the Hanoverian invasion *were* exactly such hollow-templed fellows. From the instant the Germans poured into England—from that instant began the reign of full feeding and of drink.

Not to confine ourselves to the respective duration of the uninsurable lives of Kings, let us consider, as from a height of observation, the British people from Hogarth to Gilray. Their recorded lives are records of alimentary excess. *The Gate of Calais* is a jest at the sparse feeding of the French nation, and is remarkable as a proof that Hogarth, who may be justly considered a type of the middle-class Englishmen of that day, had no notion of nutriment save in the shape of lumps of cooked flesh. His Frenchmen are represented as having become lanterns upon a diet of rich soups, and his English as having been reared into grand adiposity by the mastification of beef-shins and collops of veals. In *Beer Street and Gin Lane* we see the same theory expressed. The drinkers of gin are squalid, haggard and thin. Men kill themselves; women drop their children over area railings; corpses are thrust into coffin-shells. All is hideous and terrifying. The beer-drinkers are presented, not as well-contented home-keeping persons, but as boozers, fat, swollen with malt, fermenting with new yeast, rudely amorous, bestially desirous of all sensual gratification. This full-up-to-the-throat sort of happiness was really what was enjoyed at the time. In *Midnight Conversation*, hot punch in huge bowls lends zest to song. In the *Rake's Progress* the hero is dyspeptically insane. In *Marriage à la mode*, a cur, half-starved, leaps on the table to seize a bone. In the *Four Stages of Cruelty* the good boy offers his cake to save the life of the tortured dog. Everywhere intrude shapes and forms of eating. In *Midnight and Noon*, the girl whom the black boy is kissing, carries a huge pie. In the *Industrious Apprentice* a whole row of Aldermen are seen, with napkins swathed under their fat chaps, gnawing bones. In the *Election Dinner* the prevailing taste for gorging and guzzling may be said to have reached its height. One man has burst his waist belt. One pours wine over his friend's head. The *disjecta membra* of the feast lie around, as are scattered the fragments of a carcase torn by dogs. The host is dying of a surfeit. Oyster-shells literally pile the tables. Tobacco-smoke completes what gluttony began, and burdened stomachs kick against their load.

Let the reader bethink himself of the incessant device employed by the novelists of the Georgian era to produce an *embroglio*. What is the excuse for Mr. Tom Jones, Mr. Joseph Andrews, or Mr. Peregrine Pickle leaving his chamber in the inn? A modern writer, true to modern facts, would insinuate sleeplessness, a desire to smoke and so soothe the too active brain, fear for his own or his horse's safety—a thousand other matters turning upon mental exercise. Nothing of this sort occurs to the heroes of Fielding or of Smollett. They go to bed and sleep soundly, but are awakened by the effects of their gluttony. "Joseph, in whose bowels the roasted pork was still sticking," and "Jones, who began to feel the effects of the punch, combined with the too hearty supper which he ate," rise from their beds and, returning, blunder into different chambers. The device

seems so easy that we are convinced it is natural. The men of that time did habitually that which men of our time do but seldom—they over-ate themselves. The caricatures of Gilray and Rowlandson are full of allusions to this practice. To put out of mind those grosser jests with which the student of caricature history must be of necessity familiar, we can remember the *Orgies of the P— of W—l—s*, and that recurring decimal in the humorous sum the *Household Economy of Farmer George*.

The example of riotous living set by the Regent and his friends was, however, an example tempered in some degree by taste. Escaped from the insularity of her moral position, England contrived to get into her cooks' heads some notions beyond roast beef, even though she was compelled to achieve the task by conquering the nations who understood the art of living. During the reign of H.B. we notice that the faces depicted are less gross than of yore. Lord Althorp is a heavy jowled man, to be sure, but the rising curve of little Lord John's nose had already risen above the horizon, and the Iron Duke brings back the severest Roman physiognomy. Though the sensual lip, the wrinkled throat, and the retreating forehead were not to be eliminated for a generation, we see clearly, in the first pages of the struggling *Punch*, that the English national face has undergone a change. It has become lighter and more keen. Science advances, restrictions upon trade are removed, men no longer embittered by fierce party struggles, turn their attention to money-making. Victoria reigns. The husband of the Sovereign is a man of wide sympathy and philosophic mind. Under his auspices philanthropy becomes fashionable. Universal peace brings attempts at improvement, engineering schemes are projected, industrial social exhibitions held. The picture has another side. The importance of trade is absurdly magnified. To die "rich" is considered to be worth the cost of living an unhealthy and dishonest life. Speculation —which hardens the eye, and wears the strained muscles always engaged in concealing the expression of natural emotion—is rife. Ruin, rapid and total, overtakes many. Genteel Poverty asserts a physiognomy of its own, at once humble and haughty, timid and stubborn. There rises out of this ruin, and this competition, a creature who is known as "Brummagem"—a man who is neither very rich, nor very clever, nor very well-behaved, but who pretends to be all three. *Videri quam esse* is the motto of smart brokers, sharp traders, and those who thrive by dexterity in avoiding legal offence. In the midst of this—when Tennyson, the hollow-templed, high-nosed, haughty poet, is writing "Maud" to urge the

> Smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogues
> To leap from counter and till—

war bursts, and England regenerates herself in the Crimea, and is fierily baptized in Indian plains. From the men of those latter days —from the men of the *last* half of this century, springs the Australian race. The gold discoveries attracted to this hemisphere some of the best nerve-power of England.

Already there existed in the Australias much sturdy Anglo-Saxon stuff. The officers and soldiers who, with their families, constituted the free population of early colonial days, were men of courage and daring. Many of the voluntary immigrants were at least equal to the best middle-class Englishman, while the banished population over which such men as Fyans and Therry ruled, had at least the merit of being eminent in their several capacities, even though their capacities had been misapplied. Among the convicts were many men of great courage, great strength, great powers of brain, and in many instances of astonishing talents for mechanics and the fine arts. It is only reasonable to expect that the children of such parents, transplanted to another atmosphere, dieted upon new foods, and restrained in their prime of life from sensual excess, should be at least *remarkable.*

But criminality is not reproductive. Being as abnormal a condition as skill in painting or playing is an abnormal condition, it cannot flourish beyond its generation. The genius of the thief buds, blossoms, and dies as surely as does the genius of the artist. But for immigration the convict continent would have been depeopled. Immigration ensued, and what an immigration! The best bone and sinew of Cornwall, the best muscle of Yorkshire, the keenest brains of Cockneydom—Bathurst, Ballarat, Bendigo, had them all. With them came also the daring spendthrift, the young cavalry officer who had lived too fast for the Jews, the younger son who had outrun his income. Barristers of good family and small practice, surgeons having all the Dublin Dissector in their heads and all the hospital experience of Paris in their hands, met each other over a windlass at Bathurst, or in a drive at Ballarat. If there was plenty of muscle in the new land, there was no lack of blood. Put aside prejudice and look at the Bench, the Bar, and the Church of this great continent. Look at the schools, libraries, and botanic gardens of Australia. Read the accounts of the boat races, the cricket matches, and say if our youth are not manly. Listen to the plaudits which greet a finished actor or a finely-gifted singer, and confess also that we have some taste and culture. Go into those parts of the country where the canker of trade has not yet penetrated, and mark the free hospitality, the generous kindness, the honest welcome which shall greet you. Sail up Sydney Harbour, ride over a Queensland plain, watch the gathering of an Adelaide harvest, or mingle with the orderly crowd which throngs to a Melbourne Cup-race, and deny, if you can, that there is here the making of a great nation. You do not deny it; but——. But what?

"There are many factors in the sum of a nation's greatness—Religion, Polity, Commerce."

Granted; but these are controllable. There is only one influence which we cannot escape, though we may modify it, and that is the influence of Physical Laws. Let us consider what climate the Australian nation will live in, and what food it will be prone to eat, and having arrived at a distinct conclusion upon those two points, we can predict, with positive certainty, their religion, their

polity, their commerce, and their appearance. You stare? Attend for a moment, and you will see that a proposition of Euclid is not clearer.

OUR CHILDREN.

THE quality of a race of beings is determined by two things: food and climate. The measure of that quality is the measure of the success in the race's incessant struggle to wrest nature to its own advantage. The history of a nation is the history of the influence of nature modified by man, and of man modified by the influence of nature. The highest practical civilisations have been those in which man came off victor in the contest, and employed the wind to drive his ships, the heat to work his engines, the cataract to turn his mills. The lowest, those in which nature reduced men to the condition of brutes—eating, drinking and feeding. Given the price of the cheapest food in the country, and the average registration of the thermometer, and it is easy to return a fair general estimate of the national characteristics. I say a general estimate, because other causes—the height of mountains, the width of rivers, the vicinity of volcanoes, etc., induce particular results. But the intelligent mind, possessed of information on the two points of food and climate can confidently sum up, first, the bodily vigour; second, the mental vigour; third, the religion; fourth, the political constitution of a nation.

Before speculating on future events, let us apply our test to history. The climate of Egypt is hot and moist, the inundation of the Nile renders the soil wonderfully fertile, and food is extremely cheap and easily obtained. The climate of India is hot, and the inhabitants live for the most part on rice, which is cheap and usually obtained in abundance. The climate of Mexico is hot. Indian corn, which formed the staple of the food of the inhabitants, is astonishingly prolific and consequently cheap. Now, cheap food means in all cases cheap marriage, or in other words rapid reproduction of the species. A hot climate means small expense in house-building, clothing, or furniture. A man sells his labour to meet his requirements, and in a hot country his requirements are few. In a hot country, therefore, wages are low, and the rapid increase of population renders human life of little value. The difference between the labourer and the employer of labour, then, is great, and from this difference comes tyranny on the one side and slavery on the other. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer. Wealth means leisure, and leisure means luxury and learning. Consequently we should expect to find that a nation living under these conditions would present the following characteristics:—A poor and enslaved peasantry, a rich and luxurious aristocracy, who cultivate great learning and some taste for art.

Now, this condition answers precisely to the condition in which Anthony found Egypt, Warren Hastings found India, and Cortez found Mexico. In each place the nobles lived in incredible luxury and the poor in incredible misery. The learning of each nation was

the marvel of its successors. The expenditure of human life in each was terrible. Human beings were not only sacrificed in thousands for the building of the gigantic temples common to each country, but absolutely slaughtered like sheep to celebrate the triumphs of a conqueror, or appease the anger of a god. It is remarkable that the religion of each nation was bloodthirsty and full of terror. Siva the destroyer, Tyhon the Betrayer, Kitzpolchi, God of the Smoking Hearts, alike demanded offerings of blood and tears. It is quite easy to account for this. Each nation grew up among scenes of natural grandeur, and a witness to the almost daily performance of the most majestic operations of nature. The hurricane, the storm, the simoom, the flood, the earthquake—all were familiar to their minds, and poets were created by the influence of the scenery which they described. Men having, by the expenditure of their own blood, modified nature with aqueducts, canals and roads, nature modified their struggles for freedom by the imposition of a terrible superstition which darkened all their days.

It is an absolute fact that religion is, in all cases a matter of diet and climate. The Greek, with pure air, light soil, and placid scenery, invented an exquisite anthropomorphism, in which he deified all his own attributes. The Egyptian, the Mexican, and the dweller by the Ganges invented a cruel and monstrous creed of torture and death. The influence of climate was so strong upon the ancient Jews that they were perpetually relapsing from Theism into the congenial cruelties of Moloch and Astarte. Remove them into another country, and history has no record of a people—save, perhaps, the modern Pagans of our Universities—more devotedly attached to the purest form of intelligent adoration of the Almighty. The Christian faith, transported to the Libyan deserts, or the rocks of Spain, became burdened with horrors, and oppressed with saint-worship. The ferocious African's Mumbo Jumbo, the West Indian's Debbel-debbel, are merely the products of climate and the result of a dietary scale. Cabanis says that religious emotion is secreted by the smaller intestines. Men "think they are pious when they are only bilious." Men who habitually eat non-nitrogenous substances and pay little attention to the state of their bowels are always prone to gloomy piety. This is the reason why Scotchmen and women are usually inclined to religion.

Now let us consider what climate and food will do for Australians.

In the first place, we must remember that the Australasian nation will have an empire of many climates, for it will range from Singapore and Malacca in the north, to New Zealand in the south. All varieties of temperature will be traversed by the railroad traveller of 1977. The enormous area of Australia, that circle whose circumference is the sea, and whose centre is a desert, is a strong reason against federation. It is more than likely that what should be the Australian Empire will be cut in half by a line drawn through the centre of the continent. All above this line—Queensland and the Malaccas, New Guinea, and the parts adjacent—will evolve a luxurious

and stupendous civilisation only removed from that of Egypt and Mexico by the measure of the remembrance of European democracy. All beneath this line will be a Republic, having the mean climate, and, in consequence, the development of Greece. The intellectual capital of this Republic will be Victoria. The fashionable and luxurious capital on the shore of Sydney Harbour. The governing capital in New Zealand.

The inhabitants of this Republic are easily described. The soil is for the most part deficient in lime, hence the bones of the autochthones will be long and soft. The boys will be tall and slender like cornstalks. It will be rare to find girls with white and sound teeth. A small pelvis is the natural result of small bones, and a small pelvis means a sickly mother and stunted children. Bad teeth mean bad digestion, and bad digestion means melancholy. The Australians will be a fretful, clever, perverse, irritable race. The climate breeds a desire for out-of-door exercise. Men will transact their business under verandahs, and make appointments at the corners of streets. The evening stroll will be an institution. Fashion and wealth will seek to display themselves out of doors. Hence domesticity will be put away. The "hearth" of the Northerner, the "fireside" of Burns' Cottar, will be unknown. The boys, brought up outside their homes' four walls, will easily learn to roam, and as they conquer difficulties for themselves will learn to care little for their parents. The Australasians will be selfish, self-reliant, ready in resource, prone to wander, caring little for home ties. Mercenary marriage will be frequent, and the hotel system of America will be much favoured. The Australasians will be large meat-eaters, and meat-eaters require more stimulants than vegetarians. The present custom of drinking alcohol to excess—favoured alike by dietary scale and by carnivorous practices—will continue. All carnivora are rash, gloomy, given to violences. Vegetarians live at a lower level of health, but are calmer and happier. Red radicals are for the most part meat-eaters. A vegetarian—Shelley *exceptio quæ probat regulam*—is a Conservative. Fish eaters are invariably moderate Whigs. The Australasians will be content with nothing short of a turbulent democracy.

There is plenty of oxygen in Australian air, and our Australasians will have capacious chests also—*cæteris paribus*, large nostrils. The climate is unfavourable to the development of a strumous diathesis; therefore, we cannot expect men of genius unless we beget them by frequent intermarriage. Genius is to the physiologist but another form of scrofula, and to call a man a poet is to physiologically insult the mother who bore him. When Mr. Edmund Yates termed one of his acquaintances a scrofulous Scotch poet," he intended to be personal. He was merely tautological. It may be accepted as an axiom that there has never existed a man of genius who was not strumous. Take the list from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon, or from Job to Keats, and point out one great *mind* that existed in a non-strumous body. The Australasians will be freed from the highest burden of intellectual development.

For their faces. The sun beating on the face closes the eyes, puckers the cheeks, and contracts the muscles of the orbit. Our children will have deep-set eyes with overhanging brows; the lower eyelid will not melt into the cheek, but will stand out *en profile*, clear and well-defined. This, though it may add to character, takes away from beauty. There will be necessarily a strong development of the line leading from nostril to mouth. The curve between the centre of the upper lip and the angle of the mouth will be intensified; hence, the upper lip will be shortened, and the whole mouth made fleshy and sensual. The custom of meat-eating will square the jaw, and render the hair coarse but plentiful. The Australasian will be a square-headed, masterful man, with full temples, plenty of beard, a keen eye, a stern and yet sensual mouth. His teeth will be bad, and his lungs good. He will suffer from liver disease, and become prematurely bald—average duration of life in the unmarried, fifty-nine; in the married, sixty-five and a decimal.

The conclusion of all this is, therefore, that in another hundred years the average Australasian will be a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a form of Presbyterianism; his national policy a democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman, very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain-power to sin with zest. In five hundred years, unless recruited from foreign nations, the breed will be wholly extinct; but in that five hundred years it will have changed the face of Nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilisation. It is, however—perhaps fortunately—impossible that we shall live to see this stupendous climax.

PART III.

STORIES—IMAGINATIVE AND FANCIFUL.

STORIES—IMAGINATIVE AND FANCIFUL.

A MODERN ELDORADO.

CHAPTER I.

THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS.

IT was a dead calm, and the schooner swung with flapping sails in the dangerous waters of the Papuan Sea.

There were some dozen of us smoking on the deck, and as we glanced at the low purple line, which, breaking the haze, gave promise of the land we had come so far to seek, a silence born of doubt and the hour fell upon us. Not that we were afraid. The perils of the desperate venture had been well weighed in many a smoke-parliament beneath the friendly roofs of Melbourne and Sydney hostelries; but now, brought face to face with the mystery of the unknown island, whose golden treasures we had vowed to seize, we, for the first time during the past three months, began seriously to reflect.

"The only place left to be explored is New Guinea," said one day the ever-volatile Voullaire, sipping absinthe in a Melbourne Café. "Let us go and explore it."

Allan Forbes laughed his own dangerous laugh, and followed it with his usual sneer. "That is work for men, not dreamers," he said. "Who would go up to Ramoth-Gilead to battle, nowadays!"

"I, for one, *très chere*," replied Gus Lusignan, stretching his big arms out wearily. "I am tired of gambling in Mathias', and drinking second-rate Moet at Kate's. Moreover, my money is running out."

"Mine has run out long since," said Rowley. "Waiter, a cigar!"

"Come, lads, hearts-o'-gold!" exclaimed Voullaire. "Let us brave the risk! The place is a Paradise. Littlejohn, who was killed at the Wahnono, told me that the women wore bangles round their wrists as thick as boot soles."

The eyes of Jack Petherick, part-owner of the "Blackbird," sparkled. "Who told you that, Voullaire?"

"Littlejohn."

"Bah! I've been there."

We all turned towards him. A new member of our society—a society drawn together by recklessness, poverty, and that *camaraderie*

of Bohemia which is stronger than ties of blood—the bald-headed greybeard had made himself notable by his quaint experience. He had fought side by side with Garibaldi. He had lived through nine revolutions in Paraguay, and alone travelled to Cuzco when the plains swarmed with insurgents. He was present at the death of Maximilian; and had returned from a cruise among the pearl islands, loaded with bright Sydney sovereigns.

"You have been there?" said languid De Vigne. "It is not unlikely. If Empedocles had consulted you before jumping in Ætna, you would have told him that you had 'been there.' Well, and what did you do?"

"I killed seven men," said Petherick.

"And each of your crew seven more, I suppose?" asked Lusignan.

"At least seven, for I had bold fellows with me, and they would sell their lives dearly."

"They were killed then?"

"They were—and eaten."

"—And thou only art escaped to tell us! Wonderful!" sneered Allan Forbes.

"Well, I will risk escape again, if you will come with me," returned Petherick, coolly; "for when I was there last I found *this*," and he produced a nugget of gold as big as a bullet. There was no question as to the value of the object. Most of us had seen too many goldfields to be in doubt as to their produce.

"But how can we be sure that you found that nugget in New Guinea?" asked Forbes. "Don't show your teeth, man, but suppose me Naptali the Jew, and give me a business answer."

"I do not lie," said Petherick; "and if you will throw in with me I'll land ye on the coast by Christmas."

"By heaven," cried Voullaire, springing to his feet, "I am with you, for one!"

"And I," said Lusignan, pitching his friend's absinthe into the fireplace—"if only to save you from being poisoned."

"If you get to the spot where I found *this*," said Jack Petherick, "you'll make all our fortunes."

That night the expedition was arranged—arranged to the music of Sturm's piano-playing and the popping of champagne corks;—surely as wild and desperate an expedition as was undertaken since William Dampier marched across the Isthmus of Panama, or Captain Watling swore his men to "kill all Spaniards and keep the Sabbath Day." Petherick was to take command, with Allan Forbes as his second in authority. Each man was bound to obedience by a code of rules—short enough in itself, but too long to quote here—which had served our grim commander in many a strange venture of similar character; and all were to share alike. "I will find the ship and the provisions, boys, you bring clothes, arms, and *lives*." So, drowned in floods of champagne, upborne upon clouds of tobacco smoke, and sealed with shouts of wildest laughter, the Deed of Association received the signatures of thirteen Gentlemen Adventurers bound for a new Eldorado in

that mysterious Papua which has so long defied the conquering races of the west.

It was not until after many difficulties that we had at last reached our goal. But these difficulties had but served to knit us closer together. When the smug official at the Custom-house looked askance at Petherick's story of sandalwood and *bêche-de-la-mer*, courtly De Vigne, with all the diplomatic grace of his old chief, explained the commercial value of the venture. When a doubt was raised as to the legal rights of one of us, Tom Rowland solemnly plunged back again into his recollections of common law to aid us. When Sturm fell into a quarrel with a huge Kanaka-man, and dropped beneath a club blow, Guy Lusignan slung from the hip that mighty fist, and the bully of the whaler fell bellowing with a broken jaw. When at Noumea, where we put in for water and fruit, Harry Birkenshaw was beset by sailors maddened upon new brandy, it was silent Chateau-Roy who parried with lithe and leaping steel, the brandished cutlasses. Artists, soldiers, scribblers, what not,—we had merged our individuality into one great personality of the Expedition, and having become by turns cooks, helmsmen, and pilots, we each knew the vessel as an Arab knows his war-charger, and were proud with a pride which was wholly hers. Forbes was the first to break silence. "There is some pleasure in living a life like this," he said. "We have abolished conventionalities. I pull a rope for you to-day—you keep a watch for me to-morrow; I cook your dinner this week, and you cook mine next."

"Ah, ah!" laughed Voullaire; "but I shan't risk a spear through my shoulder to get river craw-fish for soup *a la bisque*, as you did."

"'Tis a strange chance which has brought us thus together," said De Vigne, musingly. "I wonder if this expedition was predestined to take place in this fashion?"

"You may be sure,—from the beginning of all time. The chain of events began with that unlucky stroll of Madame Eve in the garden, and continued unbroken until the last time I threw double sixes and ruined myself in consequence"

"Pshaw, De Vigne, you were never a gambler. *Les beaux yeux de la cassette* were not the *beaux yeux* that led you to ruin."

"You think not? Well, perhaps you are right. For what do men abandon home and friends?"

"Perhaps from sheer weariness," yawned Lusignan "like Laurence Oliphant, or Browning's friend Waring. I knew a man who held one of the most brilliant positions in London, and who one fine morning hoisted sail and disappeared into the Pacific Ocean."

"I knew him also," said I; "he was my friend, Hugh Borlase."

All started at a name which recalled the brightest memories of young manhood. Hugh Borlase, son of a great house, and rich as Beckford, had blazed for two years in the great world, and then vanished no one knew whither. He had turned all his available property into cash, and the last sign of him was the farewell gun of

his yacht as she passed the Needles. For ten years none had heard of him.

"I wonder where he is," said Forbes. "I remember him well. I met him in Hungary. A magnificent fellow."

"Murdered by his crew, probably," said Petherick, grimly. "The yacht was never heard of again, and he had much gold on board, so they said at Samarang."

"At Samarang! Then he reached so far?"

"Yes; he came down from Singapore on a visit with Van den Hooghen; but I don't know what became of him afterwards."

"Strange fellow," murmured Rowland. "And yet he lived his life, I suppose. If I had a yacht and a fortune, I would visit Samarang."

"There is a breeze," cried Petherick, "Thank heaven, we're moving at last. To-morrow shows us our Eldorado."

"Ah," said Felix, in his soft voice,—

"Over the Mountains of the Moon,
In the valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride," the sage replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

CHAPTER II.

MONTE CHRISTO IN THE SOUTH.

When morning dawned the land which had lain purple before us in the dusk of evening uprose clear and bright under our lee. Petherick got out his charts. "I have been mistaken," he said. "This is not New Guinea."

As he spoke, Forbes, who had been examining with a glass the forest-fringed coast, uttered a cry. "There is someone living on that place."

"He handed me the telescope, and I looked. Sure enough there rose into the clear morning air the smoke of a fire.

We held a council of war. The strangers might be Papuans—savages only too eager to destroy us; and yet our charts gave no sign of an inhabited island in this place. We had been carefully informed as to the navigation of the Papuan seas, and Petherick staked his reputation that we should find no natives nearer than the great island continent. It was resolved at last—resolved on the urging of Allan Forbes, ever the foremost in daring—that a boat's crew should land and explore.

I, Forbes, Lusignan, and two Kanaka-men accordingly put off from the vessel. It was a long and weary pull; but as we neared the shore the apparently impenetrable forest opened, and disclosed a broad and winding river rolling swiftly over silver sands. At the

mouth of this river was an object which took us all by surprise. It was an iron chain drawn across from bank to bank. We lay on our oars, and looked at each other in blankest amazement.

"There is some mystery here!" cried Forbes. "Some fine fellow has discovered our Eldorado before us. Wait here, Lusignan, with the boat. We will explore a little."

Flinging his rifle on his shoulder, Allan leaped ashore; I followed him. There was a well-trodden path through the jungle, and we moved along rapidly. Suddenly I heard a muffled cry from Forbes, and before I could comprehend the situation, a dark figure leapt out and flung a soft object like a scarf over my face. In another instant I was bound and helpless. "Keep silence," said a voice in French, "and no harm shall befal you." Then I was lifted from the ground, placed in what seemed to me to be a litter, and borne rapidly on.

My reflections were not pleasant. This was a fitting beginning to our expedition, truly! We no sooner sight land than we go rambling through the forests like schoolboys, and are captured ignominiously by some pirate or bandit who has made this island his own. I was debating what sort of fate would befall us, when the litter stopped, I was placed on my feet, and the suffocating cloak removed. Dazzled by the sudden light it was some seconds before I could realise the astounding position in which I found myself.

I was standing on a broad terrace of baked brick; above me rose a large white house built in Mexican fashion of clay, and having a flat roof, which literally blazed with flowers. Forbes and myself were in the grasp of four Dyaks, and in front of us, leaning on a rifle, stood the figure of a man clad in white saracote, or shirt of raw silk, and having on his head one of those pith hat-helmets worn by the wealthy natives of the Phillipines. We raised our eyes to his face, and simultaneously uttered a cry. Despite the brown glory of his beard we recognised him at once. It was Hugh Borlase.

In another instant our bonds were cut, and we were free.

"Am I in a dream of the *Arabian Nights?*" said I.

Borlase laughed—a little uneasily, as seemed to me.

"There is nothing to be surprised at," he said; "I am the owner of this place, that is all. I am rich, and I prefer to live here than to die of civilisation in London. Pray what brings you to my estate?"

We told him briefly the reason of our coming, and he frowned. "The enterprise is mad, desperate; abandon it."

"Stuff, my good fellow," said Allan Forbes, nettled at the grand air of his host. "I should have thought that you knew me better than to advise such an absurdity. We did not turn back in Styria, as the wild boar found to his cost."

"True," said Borlase, mollified by the recollection. "It is useless to advise you, I suppose. Come in, and have some claret and ice."

"Claret and ice in *this* part of the world! Are you a magician?"

"No,; only a millionaire. Come in."

We followed our host, who led us up the steps of the broad verandah (polished like mahogany) to a spacious hall, hung round with valuable arms. "I dress after the custom of the country," said Borlase; "but I have not abandoned my habit of living." As he spoke he flung open the door of *patchali* wood, and ushered us into a magnificent saloon, furnished with all the solid comfort of the Dutch, combined with the barbaric magnificence of the Javanese princes. Curtains of gold tissue hung between pillars of stained and carved *boshong*. The inlaid floor was covered by a carpet from the looms of Persia, and the hangings of the walls were enriched with the glowing feathers of the *manok dewta*, the Bird of Paradise of the early navigators. In this *bizarre* apartment were grouped those treasures of art for which the House of Borlase was famous. Goblets, statuettes, and paintings enchanted on every side. Vases by Cellini or Cupellano bloomed with the crimson flowers of Dumina, or glistened with the waxen petals of the Matari Manis. Round three sides of the apartment ran an aviary filled with the rarest birds of a quarter of the globe rich in rare feathers, and extravagant in marvellous dyes. It was a dream from the Thousand and One Tales. It was the vision of an opium eater.

This new Monte Christo struck a silver gong and the summons was answered by two yellow-faced but well-formed children, bearing, one a huge block of ice enthroned upon a silver dish; the other a basket of the Nagali creeper, from which peeped the familiar necks of claret-bottles.

"You may think this curious," said Borlase; "but a moment's reflection will convince you that it is as easy to drink Veuve Clicquot in New Guinea, as it is to drink Bass' ale on Bendigo. The only difference is the price. I pay it."

"But the ice?" queried Allan Forbes, dropping a huge piece into the goblet. "I think it wanton waste to ice claret, unless the ice is *very* costly."

"Be easy," said the recluse. "I make the ice myself. You have a company in Melbourne who use the same process."

In silence we sat and sipped. In truth there was nothing so very outrageous in this magnificence. Given the original possession of the pictures, the bronzes, and the statues, together with the money-power to transport builders and carpenters to this wild region, and the house followed as a matter of course. Supposing, for the sake of extravagant supposition, that the erection of the edifice in which we drank our claret cost, together with the furnishings, so large a sum as a quarter of a million, Hugh Borlase might still have to his credit in the fat books of Poujer Vanden Kooch, of Banda and Siam, another half-million, or the banking house of Borlase was belied on 'Change. Once established, his expenses, even though ninety servants called him master, would not equal the outlay of a London dandy in Ascot Week. It was not improbable that, from a commercial point of view, this strange recluse had economised in his very recklessness. The only wonder was that a man of his reputed tastes should have chosen so extravagant a life.

"Do you ever get wearied here?" I asked.

"Wearied! No. I have too much to do. I have lawns to make, trees to plant, seeds to sow."

"But intellectual converse?"

His brow grew dark. "I —— well, I have books by every mail. It is as easy for Mr. Mudie to plaster 'BANDA' as HACKNEY WICK on his book-parcel. I and my Kihozah can paddle over in two days, or sail in thirty-four hours."

"But the climate?"

"I live sensibly. I wear naked feet and legs; a shirt of raw silk swathes my body. I bathe a dozen times a day. When heated by walking or running, I obey Nature's promptings, which say—'Cool yourself;'—I plunge into the river; I swim; I feel my muscles regain their youthful strength. I then dry myself in the sun, as do the Indians. I feel young again. Each nerve tightens, each muscle springs, my blood no longer crawls, but bounds through my veins. I mount my fleetest horse and dash through the forest, or I seize the paddle of the bark canoe and skim over the sea of sapphire beneath a sun like red-hot opal. That is life!"

"But few can afford to thus sacrifice soul to sense," said I. "We will be all of your mind if you will show us how to find the means."

"Earn it by hard work, like my worthy banker father, and then your sons will spend it as lavishly as I do. But we talk too much. Understand me; I do not wish to be disturbed in my solitude. I receive you because you are old friends. But I have quitted for ever the world which once knew me, and I care not to renew my acquaintance with it. Above all, I forbid you to bring your horde of adventurers here. You have already a specimen of the way in which I am served, and I assure you in all friendliness that I have many adherents in these seas. Go. Pursue your sordid expedition and forget me!"

Allan Forbes rose to his full height, his forehead black with rage.

"We are not school-girls to be awed by romantic nonsense like this. We are men, and bound on men's work."

Borlase raised the amber mouthpiece of his nargilhè to his lips. He had thrown himself back upon a pile of damask cushions, and laughed serenely.

"Your men's work, dear Forbes, will end in men's death, I fear. You do not know the mysteries of these seas."

"We know as much as other sailors who have anchored less gallant craft than ours under the shadow of this lonely land."

"Not quite," said Borlase. "Those other sailors know most things now. They are dead."

"What!"

"Ah, you are touched! Well, turn your vessel's beak to shore, and depart out of this unholy place."

"By heaven, Borlase, you try my patience too far! If *you* can live here, why can not we?"

"Because you come with thoughts of wrath and rapine. I came with friendly feelings merely. You wish to conquer; I ask but to be left in peace."

"But would savages admit the difference of this fine distinction?"

"Make no error," said Borlase, raising himself upon his elbow with sudden enthusiasm. "The men of whom I speak are no savages. They are more civilised than any nation of the east, save those strange Japanese."

Allan Forbes shouted in laughter, "Half-naked savages!" Borlase stretched forth a hand, and showering a snow-white heap of flower petals to the carpet, tossed the vase which held them to his interlocutor. "Do you call that the work of a savage?" said he.

Forbes looked at the cup, and then his strong fingers closed on it, crushing it. "Tell me where you got this, my Hugh, and our schooner leaves your river mouth within an hour. Refuse to impart the knowledge, and within six months I will have this island overrun with the desperadoes of California and the gold-fields."

"Do you not think that the men who found it, and who have for the last hundred years preserved the knowledge of it, can defend themselves? Bah! You have made a discovery which thousands have made before you. This barbaric coast-line of New Guinea, inhabited only by savage monsters of huge stature and unappeasable ferocity, is really the boundary of a great empire, the Saturn ring of a new planet. The interior of the vast island-continent which stretches away to the eastward is a fertile land more civilised than was ancient Mexico, more wild in religious extravagance than was ancient Egypt, more rich in metals than was the 'Ophir' of Solomon. It is the Eldorado of Raleigh; the 'Land of Gold' of whlch Cortez dreamed."

"Then, by the Almighty who created it, it shall be ours," said Forbes. "Come, boy, to the boat! We will leave this sensualist to his dreams, and steal his inheritance while he sleeps."

The calm tones of the strange man whose hospitality we shared iced the enthusiasm roused by Allan's words.

"Be not so rash!" he said. "I thought like you when I first came into this lovely land. But soon—although my might of wealth was such that I commanded fealty from most—I found that all about these island straits there lived some strange and sullen empire which overlived mine own. In vain with gold, with precept, ridicule, example, all that could either tempt or shame my slaves to dare, I urged them to explore the continent and make the mystery clear. Some terror mightier than that of death withheld them.

"Of course you went alone?" said Allan sneeringly.

"I did, I found the Terror, and I braved it."

"Well?"

"— I live in peace."

"But *we?* We who are pledged to bring back news? What shall we say?"

"Anything! This, certainly—That any expedition to that place will end in misery, torture, and death!"

"Encouraging," sneered Forbes. "But we are pledged, and we must not turn back! Good-bye, dear Borlase, and do not blame us, if within a year you have the cradle of the diggers rocking amid your tree-tops!"

"Stay!" said Borlase. "Do not be rash in judgment. You know not what perils you would risk. I have other lives beside mine own to think of. Wait an instant!" and passing through an outer door into the interior of the house, he left us.

We sat and looked at each other. This wonderful yet simple house in the wilderness astonished us. At first glance the story of our friend's life seemed like some wild dream, fantastic and unsubstantial; at the second, we found ourselves compelled to admit that the apparent wonder was really but the ordinary result of the commonest of attributes—wealth and eccentricity.

Borlase returned. He seemed troubled as though his meditation had cost him pain; but it was evident that he had resolved to aid us.

"See here," he said. "There is in the continent yonder more gold than your wildest dreams ever pictured. The dross for which men peril their life so readily is there in abundance; so vast that the very discovery of it would reduce its value beneath that of copper. Some day or other the discovery *must* be made. I will aid you to make it now, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That this visit be your last. Fill your vessel with ore if you choose; load her to the water's edge with ingots, but let this one load be sufficient for your extravagances. Come here no more. Leave me to my seclusion, and take care that no adventurers like yourselves gain hint of the secret of your treasure-house. You are gentlemen. Give me your word to do this and I am content."

"But why this secrecy?" I asked. "You are rich, but no man is so rich that he can afford to fling away a fortune like this."

"I will tell you why. The continent of New Guinea is inhabited by a race of men akin to that which ruled and civilised the America which Cortez conquered. They are a great nation, tracing their descent from a still greater nation, and in the centre of this seemingly barbaric region they have preserved the civilisation and the religion of the land of Anahuac. The people are ignorant of the value of the yellow metal, which, employed for the basest of purposes, is held in esteem by the priests only. These men—think of the civilisation of Japan, once as little known as this same continent, and check your laughter—have weighed well the chances of admitting into their kingdom the dreaded nations of the West, who, not content with the possession of men's bodies, must strive to capture their souls also. The Pakahos of New Guinea have established a policy of centralisation. In the middle of the vast island they inhabit rises the great Temple of Kitzpolchi, God of the Smoking Heart, and round the huge *tocalli* are grouped all the hideous insignia of the bloody theology of Mexico. Here are still carried on those awful rites which horrified the stalwart Spaniards, and caused the destruction of the Palace of Axayacau. From this

terrible centre radiate the tribal circles in ever-lessening civilisation until the forest-girt coasts give birth only to the uncouth and savage giants who—ignorant alike of religion and humanity—know but one law, to 'kill the stranger.'"

"But how, then, do you live unharmed?"

"Because I have made alliance with these people. Beyond the coast line is yet another line of defence. In Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, you will, from time to time, meet with men of yellow skins, aquiline noses, and blue eyes. They follow no stated occupation. They owe allegiance to no one. They have no settled home; they live on board their ships, and give out they are traders. The Dutch merchants and the Javanese princes ignore the national existence of these people, as the English, the French, and the Spaniards ignored the national existence of the wandering tribes of Egypt. But in the secret hearts of the people—Chinese, Malay, or Dyak—the power of these haughty strangers is acknowledged, for they are the fleet of the Unknown Nation of New Guinea—the terrible Bâjou—the Gipsies of the Sea."

"I have heard of them," said Forbes. "Their existence and their vengeances form an exhaustless theme for the storytellers of the opium house. But how came you to secure the favour of this race?"

"Simply. I saved the life of their chief, when condemned by the Koompâni for piracy. He was to have suffered at Acheen by the headsman. When I sat him once more on board his vessel, Salâka swore by his god, Garammedilan,* that he would befriend me. His flotilla-swarm hover round this island. With a word I could bid them light on the cities of the coast, and in a week your Dutchmen's civilisation would have vanished as vanishes the carcase of an elephant before an army of travelling ants."

"And they know this." Hugh Borlase bowed. "Now you know my power. I could sweep you and your vessel from the seas as I puff away this tobacco ash."

"Then why not do it," cried Forbes. "I am willing to risk a thrust from the kriss of one of your murderous ally's followers."

"Tush! Fortune has thrown you thither. I take the best course to be quit of you. Your word for yourselves and companions that you quit these shores when I have satisfied your lust of plunder, and to-morrow I will lead you to the banks of the Umâli, where you scrape the gold-dust in your hands."

Forbes looked at me. "I promise," he said; "but after?"

"After what?"

"After you have led us to the treasure house?"

"Then I return here. You must defend yourselves, and—you will be attacked."

Allan Forbes rose and bowed stiffly. "You have our promise, and you need not fear us. If my captain does not accept your offer, we shall attempt the treasure house ourselves. If he does, I shall have the honour to send a boat for you in the morning."

* The salt sea.

"I have my own canoe," said Borlase; "signal and I shall put off to you."

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I need not detail the discussion with Lusignan, nor the subsequent council held on board the "Blackbird." At daylight the signal was made.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVER WITH THE SANDS OF GOLD.

THE noon was sultry as a furnace mouth, and from out the sluggish river rose clouds of steam.

The four boats had been pulling up stream since daylight, and Borlase, seated in his long pirogue, manned by four lithe and muscular Indians, shot ahead, returning and beckoning us onward, as a dragon fly might shoot ahead of four sluggish water-beetles. Forbes commanded the first boat, Lusignan the second, Voullaire the third, while I brought up the rear. Petherick, with the rest, kept watch at the mouth of the river.

A sharp whistle caused us to pause. Borlase darted back. "There is yet time," he said, "for prudence. Will you return?" A wild shout was his answer, and the four boats ranging alongside, pulled hard to overtake his dashing pirogue, which, obedient to an inclination of his head, had already shot onward and rounded a promontory which barred our view of the river. Another instant, and the gold we had come so far to seek grated beneath our keels as they ran up into what seemed a yellow and sandy beach. Impetuous Voullaire leapt out with a cry of enthusiasm, and burying both hands to the wrists in the shining sand, flung it above his head in glittering handfuls.

"Old Heber must have dreamed of this place when he wrote his hymn about Afric's fountains rolling down their golden sand!" cried he.

Borlase stood aloof in the stream, with one foot on the bows of his pirogue and his chin upon his hand, contemplating the scene.

"So. I have fulfilled my promise; see that ye keep yours. Kajali!"* and the light canoe darted off.

We worked all that day, and returned to the ship without accident. Petherick, accustomed to the stratagems of savages, laughed at the tale of Borlase, but ordered a strict watch to be set. The night passed in security, and over the dense forest brooded a silence which seemed almost ominous.

* Home

The next day we returned to our treasure house. Although we had already under hatches four boats' load of the precious ore, the sands glittered as smoothly as yesterday. As Borlase said, the supply of gold was so enormous that were its discovery made known to the world the value of the ore would be reduced below that of copper. And yet the inhabitants of this mysterious region had contrived to keep the secret for three centuries. That evening Petherick was uneasy.

"This calm is unnatural," he said. "We are at the very mouth of their sacred river, and yet they make no sign. I do not like it."

But the second night passed as tranquilly as the first, save that the silence of the forests was broken by the shrill, unceasingly re-echoed cry of the belltopan.* At dawn the pirogue flashed alongside, and Borlase stood on the deck.

"Have you not got gold enough?" he said. "I am oppressed with a sense of danger. All last night I saw lights twinkling on the sea, and there was wafted an odour as of champâll forests burning. I have broken my implied promise to these men to serve you. I dread what vengeance they may be preparing."

Petherick looked grave. "A champâll forest burning! That is the sacred tree of the Kopras. They never fire except on occasions of religious ceremonial. Yet we have been but two days at the place."

"Remain no longer. You have already gold enough to give each a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice."

It was agreed that this trip should be our last, and Borlase volunteered to accompany us. The day passed as had done the two former days, in silence. We loaded our boats and returned just as the sky began to redden with evening. Borlase had recovered his spirits, and bent himself to an oar to rest Voullaire, who had complained of the fatigue.

Smoking and chatting, we floated down towards the broader bay where lay the schooner, when suddenly Voullaire uttered a cry, and raising the rifle that rested across his knees, fired into the jungle-bank. The shot aroused myriads of birds, which flew, screaming and circling above our heads.

"What was it?" we all asked.

"A man!" said Voullaire. "I saw him peep between the leaves of that huge gobâna!"

Borlase drew his kris, and leapt into the river. Another instant he was standing on the trunk of a tree pointed out by Voullaire. We ran the boat alongside. Borlase pointed to a patch of white where the bullet had skinned the bark, and then held out a leaf on which were three bright red spots.

"You have missed him," he said simply. "If he was alone, which I doubt, he will carry the alarm."

Forbes was for springing ashore and starting in pursuit, but Borlase checked him.

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* A bird like a toucan.

"Why shed blood? You have your boats full. This is your last night here. Back to the ship and crowd on all sail. I will answer for this deed myself."

Awed in a measure by his words, we returned to the schooner, and as we reached her, Lusignan pointed in the direction of the island-home of our host. Borlase turned, and uttered a cry like that of a wounded tiger. A bright flame uprose from where his house had been, and shot shuddering up into the night.

"Curses on you and your greed!" he cried, leaping into the pirogue. "See what it has cost! Come with me some of ye, for God's sake!"

The canoe shot through the water despite our added weight, for the eight arms of the Indians seemed animated by one soul, and we rapidly neared the burning island. The wind had carried the flames away from the house, a great portion of which we could see standing black against the burning forest; but there seemed no sign of life along the terrace on the shore. The instant the nose of the pirogue touched the bank, Borlase leapt out of her, and breaking through the smouldering doorway, dashed into the house alone. We three—the evil fates of our friend—stared at each other, clutching our rifles. Presently, from out of the interior of the house arose a cry, so full of woe, of agony, and of despair, that it appalled us. We rushed forward in the direction of the sound, and found ourselves in what had been a magnificent boudoir, furnished with every luxury that fancy could suggest. The vases were broken, the flowers scattered, torn music and mangled books littered the carpet, and on the floor by the open window lay the only sign of the late occupant—an Indian scarf and a tiny gold-embroidered slipper. This, then, was the mystery of Borlase's seclusion.

"Come, man," I said, "rouse yourself!"

Hugh Borlase lifted a haggard face, to which terror and despair had already given the look of age, and handed me a Papuk leaf, on which some characters were traced with the point of a sharp instrument. "This is what my civilised friends have brought upon me," he said in a voice which had all the steadiness of despair. "This is from the man whose life I saved:—'You have broken faith with the Pakaho. She whom you love will die for Kitzpolchi. I Salâka, who owe you a life, am appointed to deal you this blow!'

"Are you satisfied now, gentlemen?"

Chateau-Roy swore a great French oath, and fell on his knees.

"I will bring you back that woman, or die, I, Chateau-Roy, have sworn it."

"Do you know the doom? This is the feast of Mahna; the temple of Kitzpolchi runs with blood, and the choicest victim is she whose heart, torn from her bosom, is offered still beating to the god."

De Vigne placed two shaking hands on the shoulders of the speaker, and drew to his feet. "Which way are we to go?" he asked between his set teeth.

All was said in that question.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SACRED CITY OF THE PAKAHO.

"THERE is no need for rifles," said Petherick, they would only encumber us. Let each man take his revolvers, his sword, and his knife. Now bring forward the dice."

The box was brought, and we threw in silence, Rowland, Anstey, and Sturm were the unlucky ones. That is to say, that they had to stop in the vessel with the four Kanakas.

The dusky light of the ship's lamp fell upon our half-naked figures as Petherick gathered us about him for a few last words. The old seaman (pirate, slaver, what you will) was very pale, and had looked death in the face too often to be afraid to confess his terrors. "Look here, boys," he said, "it's no use to blink the question now. We may none of us ever see this old ship again, and I want to have matters settled fair and square before we start. Our friend, Mr. Borlase, has made our fortunes, and in doing so he has provoked the vengeance of these savages. Now, what we have to do is to get this lady safe back again for him, or to get killed in doing it."

"No, no," said Borlase. "I have no right to ask you to brave certain death. I will go alone."

"Silence, Hugh," said Allan Forbes, "it's a point of honour with us."

"We must leave the schooner with Rowland in command. He will keep as close to the shore as he dare for the natives, and look out for us. We shall go up the river and make for the city. Once there, we've got our work to do. Those who get back again will divide the gold, those who don't get back will die like brave men. Now, come on, for we have no time to lose."

"It is hopeless," said Borlase, as the huge war canoe slided out into the darkness. "Every step is watched; there are eyes in every bush."

"Well, we can but go on," said Forbes in his beard; "and we are doing that."

We passed under the shelving rock beneath which lay our fatal treasure-house, and swung into the rapids of the sacred Umâli. The tide was running in like a mill-race, and, hoisting our huge reed-sail, we flew at racing speed through the whitening water. Our hope was to overtake the pirate canoe before she reached the city, and to rescue the unknown woman. We soon saw how vain was such a hope.

The stream suddenly widened out, and on turning a bend we beheld in our van a flotilla of proas, each with a lantern swinging at the mast-head, drifting up the river. In the midst was a larger vessel, whose dusky bulk was unillumined.

Borlase gave vent to a roar of rage. "It is the Bâjau Fleet!" he said. "We are lost."

Instinctively the men strained at the paddles, and the canoe slackened speed.

"There is but one chance," said Petherick, "we must capture one of those proas."

"Impossible," said Lusignan.

"No; only difficult. Keep way on her, and, Borlase, be ready with me."

The war-canoe crept along in the shadow, just out of reach of the circle of light thrown back by the cocoa lantern, and the two men, placing their revolvers on the seats they quitted, took each his naked sword in his teeth, and, lowering themselves into the stream, struck out under water for the last proa. We waited, each instant expecting to hear the crack of a pistol-shot, or a shout of alarm, and to dash forward in the vain endeavour to rescue our comrades. We had underrated the powers of the two men. Once we saw two black objects rise for an instant between us and the fleet, and then the sails of the last proa gave a sort of convulsive shudder, as though some careless hand on board of her had thrown her off the wind. At that moment the lanterns began to be extinguished, and a wild chant broke forth from the fleet. It was the barbaric Hymn to the Moon, which, yet unarisen, cast a pale glow into the air. "Keep her moving," said Lusignan; "we shall know in a moment." As he spoke, we drew alongside a dark object held stationery by two men. It was the proa.

"Come in quick," hissed Borlase, stretching out a wet, warm hand. "Kirzodah, take the canoe back to the ship. I will not risk your life." We stepped on board, and huddled beneath the low bulwarks. Our weight sank the vessel to the water's edge. "Here!" said Petherick grimly, "overboard with those; 'twill lighten her."

"Those" were four corpses; three stabbed in the throat, and one strangled. The last one was Petherick's handiwork.

The canoe and the dead bodies floated away into the darkness as we urged the proa into her place in the fleet, and wondered in how many minutes we should be detected, dragged out, and killed. Suddenly a great shout went up from the pirate canoes, and the dense mass in front of us seemed to melt away.

"Is it the sea?" I asked, as a great white, shining sheet of water spread out in the moon, which at that instant glided out of the canebrakes.

"No," said Borlase, "It is the Holy Lake of Sama, where stands the city of the Pakahos."

A movement rapid as that which takes place among soldiers dismissed from drill took place in the fleet. The duty of the night seemed over, and the long, light canoes darted hither and thither, each on some different errand. The large, dusky vessel, however, which carried Salâka and his victim held on its course, and we crouching behind our huge sail, followed it as closely as we dared. As the moon rose, the wonders of this hidden city spread out to our view. It was a sort of savage Venice. The enormous lake, or rather inland sea, was studded with islands, and upon these islands rose

huge temples of pyramidal form, having outer steps winding about them, and terminating in huge altar-peaks, upon which burnt perpetual fire. Enormous idols—monsters carved out of the living rock—formed temple-houses, in and around which we could see black-robed priests flitting; and it appeared that even whole rocks, whole islands, were hewn into rude effigies of their hideous God. Island upon island—each blazing with its crown of flame—stretched away in endless succession. Above all towered, loftier than St. Peter's dome, the mighty pile of the Temple of Kitzpolchi, and its crest, piercing the night, alone was crownless.

"This is the kindling of the New Fire," said Borlase; "The Feast of Mahna. When the constellation of the Pleiads reaches the zenith, that flame will be kindled."

The proa had neared the island-city, and we were compelled to increase our distance.

"If it be as I suspect," continued Borlase, "we shall see it turn into yon cavern mouth!—Ha!—I thought so. The worst has come!"

"No," said Lusignan, "not yet. We can at least kill her—and die with her!"

"You are right!" cried Petherick, stirred by the agony of the man who thus suffered on our account. "Forward, then!" and we entered the cavern after the proa. For a few seconds it seemed as though we could not fail to overtake her; but to our astonishment all our efforts failed to place us alongside. De Vigne struck a match. The cavern was empty.

"She has escaped us!" cried Lusignan. "Paddle back; perhaps we may have overrun her."

Back we came, and in a few minutes the error explained itself. The cavern was hollowed by the natural action of the sea, and had many branches. On passing a narrow opening in the wall, we heard in the distance voices, and soon a bright light sparkled at the extreme end of the rocky channel.

"But, heaven!" said Petherick, "it is half-a-mile away! This place is a sewer."

"It is the secret entrance to the Temple of Kitzpolchi," said Borlase. "We are too late!"

"No," said Forbes, "they will have here some door which leads to the altar-stairs. This is the place where they bring in their victims. Wait. When the boat comes out, we will take her place. Face the door."

"Silence, then," said Petherick, "for the boat returns."

We drew back into the arm of the cavern, and in a few minutes the proa shot past us, and out into the open bay.

Another ten seconds saw us alongside a low and narrow stone doorway, which seemed to give into the interior of the temple. For some time we lay still, arranging the plan of attack; and then a great and growing murmur outside gave hint that some strange excitement had aroused the city. Even in the recess of the live rock we could hear, or seemed to hear, the dip of paddles, the rush of many keels,

and the confused hum of a multitude of voices. Fearful lest our presence might have already been discovered, and impatient of further delay, Petherick beat with his sword-hilt upon the wooden door. It opened, and a yellow face, upon which fell the rays of a chimpano lamp, peered out upon us. Petherick's iron-fist descended upon the head of the Aztec priest, and he fell without a groan. Another instant we were alone in the interior of the Temple of Kitzpolchi.

Forbes was right. Winding stairs, damp and slimy, led upwards, and sword in hand, knife in teeth, and revolvers loosened in our belts, we dashed up after Borlase. The stairs wound round and round, following, as it seemed, the windings of an exterior staircase, built in ever-rising lines to the summit of the pyramid. Midway a long and narrow slit in the wall gave light and air. Glancing through this slit, I saw a sight which at any other time magnificent, was now absolutely terrific.

We were some seven hundred feet above the level of the Sacred City, which lay beneath us, mapped out in lines of light. The great southern heaven, in which the moon hung like a yellow shield, o'erarched an ant-hill, each gallery of which, open to the air, swarmed with people and glimmered with radient points of fire. The eyes of the vast multitude were directed to one spot—the summit of the temple; and stretching away and beyond into the shadow of the forested lake-banks lay the fleet of the Bâjau—the myriad proas of the Gipsies of the Sea.

"Come, gentlemen, if you have Christian hearts!" cried Borlase, bounding up the huge stone blocks. "We may be yet too late!"

Breathless, blind, and mad with the madness for blood-shed which seizes the soul in such rare moments of desperation, we staggered out into the cool night at last—on the broad *plateau* which was the altar of the Teocalli.

Above us rose, vast, hideous, and overpowering, the gigantic Idol of Stone, and at its base were a group of eight persons—seven long-haired Aztec priests, their blood-red robes of sacrifice streaming in the wind, and a bound figure, whose white limbs glistened in the moon, bare to the hungry eyes of the multitude below

The elder priest held aloft his knife of *itzli*, and pointed to the constellation which now trembled at its zenith. A great shout went up; but ere the murderous wretch could plunge the weapon into the bright white bosom which was strained to the moon upon the black altar-stone, the sword of Borlase plunged through his back, and he fell, groaning. The six fellow-monsters ran past us in horrified alarm. One, the son of Guy Lusignan, clove to the neck-nape; one fell by the hand of Petherick, while Allan Forbes, drawing his revolver, with one hand shot a third, and drove his blade into the yelling throat of his comrade until the hilt jarred upon the shattered jaw. The two others fled by some private path, and for one glorious instant we were masters of the Tower.

But from the nation gathered below went up a yell like that which might have greeted the second fall of Satan—a yell of hate,

and blood, and fury. The torches tossed wildly. The fleet swayed and shook. A torrent of pistol and matchlock balls spent themselves in vain against the mid-masonry of the *tocalli*. Hugh Borlase raised the fainting woman in his arms and bore her furiously to the stairs. Her blue eyes uplifted to heaven, her golden hair streaming, her naked arms upraised in despair, she was borne past me, and I recognised Venetia.

"So then," I cried, furious even in that desperate peril, "it was for *this* you stole my love and wrecked her life!"

"Silence!" said Allan Forbes, savagely. "*I* loved her, also; let us save her." In vain!

From out the door we quitted poured the guards of the god, vowed with their lives to protect his honour. With the Lady Venetia in our midst, we faced the swarming hosts with all the wild-beast courage desperation gives. The plateau, bloody though its memories, saw slaughter enough beneath those dishonoured Pleiads — dishonoured for the first time in three hundred years. Black with gunpowder and reeking with blood, we contested inch by inch the narrow foothold, Five times we drove back that furious charge, and five times did the crowd below up-press them onward. Lusignan fell with broken sword still clutched to strike. De Vigne slipped in the bowels of his tenth foeman, and an *itzli* axe clove his Gascon curls. Voltaire, intoxicated with the wine of slaughter, sang some folly of the *cafés*, as he parried the thrusts of the spears and fell, spouting blood in the midst of a chorus. Chateau-Roy, his pistols empty, and his rapier snapped, fought with a knife at close quarters, until a matchlock bullet from the archway pierced his brain. Forbes and Borlase spoke never a word, but back to back, the woman whom they loved at their feet, they stood erect ringed round with corpses.

All at once, from the inner door, concealed in the carven ornaments of the idol, burst a figure white as ourselves. Yellow hair like that of a Norseman flowed over his shoulders, and in his clenched hand he held a torch. "I claim this man as mine!" he cried, pointing to Hugh Borlase. "I purchased his life at the cost of the white girl yonder."

It was Salâka, the chief of the Bâjau.

"Stand back, assassin, coward, liar!" roared Hugh. "I want no favours from men whom I have snatched from death that they might kill me. Cut him down! Forbes, you have a bullet left."

Growling an imprecation, Allan levelled his revolver, the cap missed fire, and a matchlock bullet—from a nameless one in the rear —shot him through the breast. There was left of all our gallant company but Hugh and I.

"I offer you your life and that of your friend for hers. She must die, I say. The gods have sworn it."

Hugh, faint with loss of blood, strove to reach the Bâjau with his sword, but failed.

"Damn him!" he cried. "Will no one kill him!"

Suddenly Venetia rose erect, and flinging her arms round the neck of her lover, hid her burning face on his bosom for one passionate instant.

"You have given up too much for me, Hugh, too much. I would not wish to live, having seen what I have seen to-night. Forgive me! Farewell!"

She sprang from his arms, leapt into the huge coping from the Tower, and then, like a white flash, disappeared headlong.

A horrible shout of joy went up from the city, and then all was silence.

Sâlaka seized me by the wrist, and at a signal both Hugh and I were borne, bleeding and faint, down the staircase from which he had emerged. It gave upon a landing-place on the opposite side of the Tower, and a proa lay there. I saw the insensible body of my friend lifted into the craft, and felt that the like office was performed for myself. Then the hideous pageant faded from my sight, and sick with fatigue, nigh to death with wounds, I fainted.

* * * * * * *

When I awoke, it was a bright morning, and I lay in a curtained proa. In the bows sat Salâka. Beside him was something covered with a mat.

"Where is he!" I asked.

The Bâjau pointed to the mat.

"And my comrades?"

"There."

I turned my eyes to the east, and saw uprising over the sea a column of smoke. It was the funeral pyre of the "Blackbird" and our gold.

"And where do you take me?"

"To Batavia. This clay was once my friend. Ah, what would not your nation do, did it but abandon two follies—Women and Gold!"

THE MIND-READER'S CURSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE POWER CONFERRED.

"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

"BOAT ahoy! Ahoy!" shouted a young man, as, drawing his horseman's cloak closer against the rain, he advanced to the ricketty extremity of the wooden pier, which in the year 1803 formed the head-quarters of the ferry at Dawes' Point, Sydney.

"What fool wants a boat at this time o' night?" grumbled old Tom Bowles, the "first fleeter," from the depths of his blankets.

"Boat ahoy! Ahoy!" cried the passenger, impatiently striking with a little cane upon the side of the wooden house. "Am I to be kept here all night in this devil's storm? Ahoy!"

Tom recognised the tones. They were those of young Anthony Venn, the son of Major Venn, Commandant (under His Excellency Governor King) of the New South Wales Corps.

In the year 1803 the social arrangements of the fifteen-year-old colony were curious. The Governor with his military force ruled the settlement in proconsular fashion. The soldiers and officials formed a sort of Venetian oligarchy, and jolly Captain King divided with his officers the good things of the State. Mr. Anthony Venn, as the son of the chief of these officers, was accustomed to be treated with profound respect: and lame Tom, his hatless hairs streaming in the storm, poured out a profusion of apologies for keeping him waiting.

"That will do," said the boy, impatiently. "Hurry over! It is late!"

"What did they do to the youngster, your honour?" asked the old man, tugging at the larboard oar to keep the boat's head up stream.

"Sentenced to three hundred lashes!" returned the boy. "I asked my father to beg him off, but he refused."

There was a silence, only broken by the roaring of the wind and the hissing of the rain, and then the ferryman burst into a loud laugh. A flash of lightning revealed his face, and the boy, hastily leaning forward, scanned its expression eagerly.

"You are a strange fellow," said he. "A man does not usually laugh when his son is going to be flogged. What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking that three hundred lashes is a good deal for wanting to keep his wife at home."

"That is the old story, Tom. Why, Grupp is the most kind-hearted of men!"

"You think so, Mr. Anthony; but you don't know him. How should you?"

"He has dined at our table, and slept under our roof, ever since I can remember," said Anthony. "If any one knows him, surely it is I."

"You may live with a man for years and not know him," said the old ferryman, throwing his chain round the stump, at Billy Blue's Point, on the other side of the river. "I lived with my wife for seventeen years, and found, when she ran away with my dearest friend, that I knew nothing of her. Tush! Get out, sir, you'll be wet to the skin. Here's the lantern for you, for I suppose you're going to the doctor's."

Anthony Venn took up the lantern and held it so that its rays illumined the knotted, wrinkled face of the old convict. He saw a smiling mouth, and clear, blue, fearless eyes. "You are a good fellow, Bowles," he said, "and deserved a better fate than this. Shake hands."

The old man caught the extended hand of the stripling with sudden eagerness, and—gazing with the lantern glare full in his face—so stood for an instant.

"Of what are you *now* thinking?" asked Anthony. The convict released his grasp, and turned away with the air of a man who abandons a half-formed project.

"Of nothing," said he sullenly, getting out his oars. "Make you haste up the hill."

"Look here," cried Anthony, leaning over the hand-rail of the ferry, and holding up in the light of the lantern a fat silver-piece. "I will give you this dollar if you will tell me correctly."

The convict turned fiercely round. "If you *will* have it then, I was thinking that if I twisted your wrist and sent you floating down the harbour a drowned corpse, your father would not smile so merrily to-morrow."

Anthony flung the dollar into the boat with a strange laugh. "You have well earned it!" he said. "Good night!" and setting his face resolutely to the wind, began to climb the hill. Arrived at the top, he opened a door constructed in a high fence, and traversing a garden, found himself in the open entrance-hall of a commodious wooden cottage.

"Come in!" cried a voice. "I have been expecting you. The tea is ready and the pipe is smoked out."

Anthony drew aside a curtain, and entered the presence of an old man, seated at a table on which were ranged the two luxuries of the colony—tea and tobacco.

Doctor Zauberracher was a man of considerable mark in the young colony. He had arrived in the year 1791 as a superintendent of convicts, but on the discovery that he did not speak a word of English, Governor Phillip presented him with 140 acres of land and requested him to retire. He obeyed the mandate with alacrity, and avowing that he possessed a small independence, obtained convict labour to cultivate his grounds, and acquired English with suspicious rapidity. It was reported that he had reasons for leaving Europe, and that his appointment had been procured by Madame Schwelenberg, the friend of George III. In person he was ungainly, but well-mannered. His servants stood in great awe of him, not because he ordered them frequent floggings, but because no remissness of duty could escape his watchful eye. Singularly fortunate in the selection of domestics, he rarely had occasion to find fault. If he did, it was usually final; for the offender was politely dismissed to hard labour without further ceremony. He lived alone in comfort and security. Once, and only once, a plot was made to murder him, and to seize the wealth which he was reported to possess, and on that occasion the old gentleman sent for the leader of the gang an hour before the time fixed upon for the assault. "I have been informed," he said, "that you are about to murder me. You have decided to do so and so,"—naming the details of the scheme. "It is now four minutes to six; at six you will be arrested." The man, terrified at the imperturbable face of the phlegmatic German, fell on his knees just as the constables entered the garden. His master eyed him in silence, and then said, "It is useless. You are not penitent, you are only frightened. Take him away." Jacob Tomkins was hung at six the next morning, and no one molested Zauberracher after that.

"So you are come, despite the rain?" asked the doctor in very pure English. "Sit down and have some tea, or would you prefer rum?"

"Rum and tea are the only things to be obtained in this cursed place," said the boy, pushing off his hat and passing a thin hand through his dark locks. "I will have neither."

"As you please. The rum is ten guineas a gallon, and the tea a guinea a pound! Would you prefer tobacco; that is only seven shillings an ounce?"

"You know I do not smoke. I am very miserable!"

"What is the matter? Has Miss Eleanor proved unkind?"

"Miss Eleanor is nothing to me."

"Pardon me. I know she is much to you. But what is your grief?"

"This life, this life! O doctor, you who have taught me—a poor boy, bred, almost born in this hideous place—to understand the glories of Paris, and of London—can *you* not help me to achieve some other existence?"

"No."

"I am fitted for better things than this—for better company than that which is forced on me. I would command men, not slaves; govern free souls, not lash chained beasts."

"Pooh! You are well enough. Human nature is much the same everywhere."

"Human nature!" cried Anthony passionately. "What do I know of it? I strive to read the souls of men in their eyes, their voices, their actions, and—"

"You are deceived as you were by friend Bowles and his handshaking."

"Heavens! How did you know that?"

"Did not the whole scene pass through your mind as you spoke. It is easy to read the thoughts of the young."

"Why easier than to read those of the old?"

"In youth one has less self-command, less hypocrisy, less will—one has also less to remember. An instant of *my* memory embraces an hour of thine, boy. In our daily walks we tread upon a thyme-bed. To you the fragrance means purity and delight, remembrance of country pleasures, with perhaps some maiden face, all innocent and sweet, peeping amidst the foliage. To *me*—the perfume brings—what?—sadness and suffering, passion and despair! I feel again the pressure of beloved departed lips, touch clinging hands, and in a vision of that eternal instant re-live a life-time. 'Tis easy for the careless to read *your* thoughts, but he who would read mine must have suffered like me."

The boy came closer to the chair, and—the passionate heart of seventeen years glowing in his face—laid his hand upon the old man's arm.

"Forgive me; but you have suffered greatly. You have been injured deeply. Will you not tell me the story of your sufferings and injuries. I can, at least, sympathise."

"There is nothing to tell that would be new to anyone but a boy, Anthony. I loved, I was deceived. I loved late in life—too late to rekindle a fire among ashes. But another passion, fiercer than love, if not so sweet, owned me as master—Revenge. My people have the commandment of God, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' I set myself to discover the ruiner of my peace. I swore to follow him to the end of the world. I found him, I followed him."

"Here?" asked the boy.

"Here."

"But who is he?"

The doctor raised his head.

"Curious questioner, can you not read his name? It is here behind this brow. Here, written in letters of flame!"

Anthony Venn shuddered, and placed his hands before his face.

"I can read nothing, can see nothing, save my own image reflected in your eyes. Oh, your gaze tortures me. Remove it!"

The old man lowered his eyes, and the boy, as one released from some strange spell, sank into a chair sobbing. The storm increased, and the windows of the wooden house rattled as though shaken by some invisible hand. Dr. Zauberracher rose and flung another log upon the wide hearth.

"In my country they would say that spirits were abroad to-night. Come, Anthony, rouse yourself. A penetrator into Nature's secrets, and terrified at an old man's gaze! For shame!"

Anthony rose abruptly.

"I am not afraid of you, but of myself. You can read my soul as you can read the soul of all others. I shudder lest one day you find there some unholy thoughts."

"We have all unholy thoughts. Who amongst men is purely minded? None. Let the best of us confess the inmost secrets of his heart, and we should turn from him with loathing as from an unclean thing."

"And yet the power to so read the soul is godlike!" murmured the boy.

"And therefore happily denied to humanity. They who ate of the tree of knowledge in the sublime old allegory became indeed as gods, knowing good and evil, but their knowledge brought them sin, despair and woe."

"But *you* do not despair. You—the friend of Marechal de Rohan, the pupil of Cagliostro, the Brother of the Rosy Cross! You hold this power, and yet the current of your life flows free!"

"No so; it stagnates, and stagnation is not calm. But say, say on. You have a thing to ask, of which you scarce dare to think. Speak it?"

"*I* would fain possess this wondrous power of reading at a glance the hearts of men!"

"I knew it! And why?"

"That I may govern them. That I may overleap the barrier of my poor estate, and quit this barren corner of the world. That I may rise to power amid the great, be envied by the rich, sought by the gifted. You have achieved this power; why should not I? We are both of the same mould—both things of flesh and blood, swayed by the same passions, subject to the same laws of nature. That which you have done I can do."

"In how many years?"

"How many did you devote?"

"A lifetime. Do not think that the secrets of nature are to be easily learned. Long and laborious is the task which applies itself to grasp a mystery like this. A mystery, and yet bearing a simple explanation if one can find the key."

"The method by which you worked, then?"

"I studied the outward signs of face, figure, voice. I endeavoured to penetrate behind the mask which all men wear, to watch like a cat for that inevitable moment when some overpowering emotion tears that mask away, to sum motives, to calculate passions, to turn a human being into a mathematical problem."

"I have tried all that."

"And failed as I did. I then began to reason. I go into the coach with my friend. I find him timid. At the turn of the road I see in the distance the caravan of a showman approaching. I know that at the smell of the wild beasts the horses will bolt, and my

friend will turn sick, perhaps faint. I can read in his face the terror which possesses him. Can I then go no further?"

"No, no! All this I have already done."

"Let us bring then to bear the test of experience. We read history, we generalise. Certain acts of oppression are followed invariably by certain retributive rebellions. Neglect of certain laws of hygiene produces invariably certain diseases. Certain social conditions produce invariably certain superstitions. By learning the conduct of men in the past, may we not hope to predict their action under similar circumstances in the future?"

"Aye; but that is true of men in masses."

"The mass is composed of individuals."

"Circumstances may alter."

"Circumstances never alter. A certain action will produce a certain result, so surely as a bud will produce a blossom. 'Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.' We reap that which we sow. Fools commit rash deeds, and in after years of consequent misery cry, 'Heaven willed that I should be thus maltreated.' 'Twas themselves who willed it, not Heaven. You wonder that I, the man of science and of wealth, the friend of de Rohan and the Count St. Germains, should live in this obscure spot. It is my fate, but it is a fate which I owe to my own unprompted action."

"I would be master of *my* fate also. Tell me this secret, and I will—"

"Will what? Try to read *my* soul, eh? No, no. I can bestow on you the power you seek, but—"

"—Any condition is accepted before you utter it!"

"You must come no more here. You must avoid me as you would avoid a pestilence. You must warn me if you think it likely that fortune may ever bring us face to face."

"I promise. I will swear if you wish it."

"Tush! No. Who needs an oath is already half-forsworn! A last warning. This power which you covet, and of which I am weary, will wholly pass from me when you obtain possession of it. Believe me you will soon grow tired of the burden, and will long to fling it down, as did he who bestowed it upon me. When that hour comes, return not here. Seek out some daring and ambitious youth, some haughty spirit fit to undergo the torment of loneliness and separation from his kind. Have I your promise?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Anthony, his form dilating with fierce pride, "I promise. You need not fear me!"

"Come hither, then, and fix your eyes on mine. Give me your hands, thus! Now let me inspire thee with my soul, let me breathe into thee the essence of my spirit. Steadfast, I say! Flinch not, but let our naked souls stand face to face, and our spirits leap together through our enchained hands. Ha! Dost thou see more clearly? Canst thou read yet!"

The boy stood with parted lips and form defiantly erect, a model of young manhood. The old man, doubled beneath his weight of

years, clasped in his venous hands the smooth ones of the youth, and drank in beneath his pent-house brows, the deep light of those flashing orbs. Motionless they stood, each seemingly dependent on the vitality of the other. A slight shiver shook the boy, and from time to time his arms quivered and grew rigid. A curious change seemed to pass over the pair. The old man gradually straightened himself, and upon his face seemed to pass away that cloud with which suffering and labour had overshadowed it. The boy lost the easy grace of his attitude, and his limbs seemed to have acquired a sudden angularity. The effort of concentrating his intensest gaze had ploughed a furrow between his black eyebrows, and his eyes no longer flashed with the thoughtless daring of boyhood, but burned deep beneath a less youthful brow. Suddenly a cry simultaneously broke from each. Anthony's was an exclamation of terror, Zauberracher's a shout of triumph.

"My soul is freed," he cried, wrenching his hands away from those of Anthony. "See, like a white bird it wanders into the storm!"

In truth, a gust of wind more violent than ordinary, gaining entrance from some open door in the extremity of the house, whirled up the curtain, blew out the candles, and bursting open the folding casements as with a violent blow, fled shrieking out into the night.

"Follow it!" cried Doctor Zauberracher, "follow it! You have your wish. You are as a god, knowing the thoughts of men, and may never more mingle with mortals!"

"Terrible old man!" cried Anthony, sustained by a wild and desperate enthusiasm. "You have opened to me a new world! I go to possess it. Fare thee well!"

And waving his hand on high, he plunged bare-headed into the outer tempest. It was perhaps fancy, but as he ran he thought he heard a horrible and mocking laugh proceed from Doctor Zauberracher.

* * * * * *

The morning dawned pure and peaceful. The angry passions of the night had wept themselves away, and in the refreshened fields, in the smiling heavens and the sparkling sea, naught breathed but of happiness and content. Even old Bowles was soothed by the influence of the scene, and answered the hail of his first passenger with a hearty cheeriness which was quite foreign to his manner of the previous night. He did not look reassured, however, when he saw that his first passenger was Anthony Venn—Anthony Venn, hatless, pale, and haggard.

"Where under heaven have you been, Mr. Anthony!" said he.

"Not drunk in Doctor Zauberracher's garden, as you seem to think, my good fellow," replied the young man in a tone of voice which sounded strangely grave to the ears of the old convict. "I have been walking in the rain. Come, hurry across. No, my father does *not* know that I have been absent, as you rightly surmise."

"I hope that your honour will think no more of what passed last night," said the ferryman, between the pulls. "I didn't mean what I said."

Anthony Venn leant forward, fixed his eyes upon those of the old man, and exclaimed, with a sort of suppressed inquiry in his voice, "You *did* mean what you said, you old villain, but as your violence was owing to a suspicion that *I* had had some share in your daughter's dishonour, a notion which even now haunts your brain, I will say no more about it."

"Lord!" cried Tom Bowles, resting on his oars. "How did you know that?"

"You *had*, then, that suspicion!" exclaimed the young man. "Then last night was not a dream!" and he relapsed into a triumphant silence, which the awe-struck convict did not care to break.

"He looks ten years older," said he to himself, as the son of the Major took his way briskly to his father's house.

The house of Major George Julius Venn was a large, comfortable building, settled peacefully in a garden planted with English fruit trees. The household consisted of the Major, his maiden sister, Miss Dorothy, and his niece, Miss Eleanor, an orphan who had been brought from Europe by Major Venn on the death of her parents some six years before. When Anthony came beneath the shadow of the broad verandah, twittering with early magpies, he found this household assembled at breakfast.

"And where have you been all night, Anthony?" asked his father. "With your friend the doctor, or your friends the blacks?"

"With neither," said Anthony. "I have been benighted by the sea beach."

"Bless the boy, he's wringing wet!" cried Miss Dorothy.

"It rained last night."

"How foolish to stay out all night in the rain," said Eleanor, reproachfully.

Anthony bent a quick glance upon his cousin. Her pale cheeks were tinged with pink, and her large grey eyes swam with tenderness. He felt his heart leap suddenly, and then go on thumping with violent and laboured beats. This sensation was strange to him, and he strove to fix the gaze of Eleanor, in order that he might fathom it. But the girl looked away persistently, and the voice of his father recalled him to himself.

"I do not like your constant visits to Doctor Zauberracher," said the Major, shifting his belts. "The man's society does you no good, Anthony."

"I shall go there no more," returned Anthony; and you are wrong in imagining that he is disaffected to the Governor. Like Felix, dear father, he cares for none of these things."

Major Venn started.

"I never said that I thought him disaffected! But there is something about him which I do not like, and I am glad that you will visit him no longer."

"You *think* him disaffected, I know, sir," said Anthony, chipping his egg. "However, your mind may be made easy. Dr. Zauberracher and I have quarrelled."

"Quarrelled?" chorused the table, interrogatively.

"Yes! Not, as *you* imagine, aunt, because my boyish blood would not brook control; nor as *you* think, father, because his impatient temper would not jump with mine. But we have quarrelled."

"Bless the boy!" cried Miss Dorothy again. "How he startles one! I said nothing about your temper!"

"You are sharper than usual, Anthony," said the Major, rising with a disturbed air. "Eleanor, will you tell Trux to bring the servants to prayers."

Trux was the chief butler in this Pharaoh's household, and presently stood in the doorway bowing with sickening humility.

Miss Dorothy smiled upon the subservient fellow (like all accustomed to military discipline, she liked subservience), but Anthony's grave face grew pale when he looked upon the trusted domestic.

"Father," he whispered, "why did you order that man to the halberds?"

"Because he deserved it!" said Major Venn in a severe tone. "Do you think, Trux, that your appeal to Mr. Anthony will save you punishment?"

"I said nothing to Mr. Anthony, your honour," said the fellow, rubbing his moist and uneasy hands together. "I hadn't seen him since yesterday."

Anthony felt his face flush. He had said too much.

"No, no," he added, still looking at his father. "He has said nothing. I—I—heard of the fifty lashes."

"Fifty! You said five-and-twenty, your honour!" cried Trux.

"Silence, sir!"

"He *meant* fifty," thought Anthony, as he sank upon his knees. When prayers were over, and Trux, moist, crafty, and subservient, had departed with his companions, Major Venn turned to his son.

"I am going up to the Hawkesbury to-day. I shall not be back for a week. Take care of the house, Anthony, and stop at home."

"Father," said Anthony, a gravity unbecoming in one so young shading his face, "do not go. There is mischief brewing. That man, Trux, has vowed to injure you. I can see it in his face. I cannot say by what means, for I do not think that he himself has rightly yet determined. But, trust me, there is mischief brewing."

"At your fancies again, fool!" said Venn roughly. "You were ever a dreamer. Go—attend to your duties, if you can, and let me see no more of ye." And so, clanking disciplined disgust, he strode to the porch and to his horse.

Anthony, hurt and angry, swallowed the rebuke to which a few hours ago, he would have replied in words as bitter, and flung himself on a bench in the garden.

He was as one in a dream. Conscious, and proudly conscious of his new-found power, he yet felt that there had already fallen on him an estranging shadow. No longer could he live as one of the short-sighted beings who made up his little world. Like Hamlet, he had awakened to a terrible knowledge, to the knowledge of the existence of the invisible world which, by Thought engendered, lives identical with Thought, and perishes only when over-taxed Reason fails to comprehend the marvels which it discovers. He felt himself removed from his kind, an alien in his household. What were they to him, or he to them? They loved him—for a motive; hated him—for a motive; pitied him—for a motive. Henceforth, should his dearest friend smile in his face with outstretched hand of greeting, he would know that behind that seeming kindness lurked selfishness or vanity. Henceforth, should his father chide him, enunciating for his instruction honest sentiment of honour or of virtue, he would see that under the fatherly voice the fatherly heart said approvingly, "I did the same at his age!" or know that the man's soul was torn with a hideous remembrance that his own youth had deprived him of the right to moralise on youthful follies. Henceforth, should he clasp in his ardent arms the woman of his dreams, his would be the sad fate to see in her eager eyes calculation instead of confidence, or to read from her kissing lips and straining embrace a lesson of evil instead of purity, of lust instead of love. At his feet seemed to have suddenly yawned wide that frightful abyss of grossness which is at the bottom of every human soul. Shuddering, he rose, and encountered Eleanor.

"Why so silent, Anthony?" asked the maiden, stretching with the easy elegance of health to catch and prune a straying bough of clematis. What has come to you to-day?"

"O, Eleanor," cried Anthony, "I have been rash, mad—but no, I will not tell you. Child that you are, how can you understand MY thoughts?"

"Indeed, they are too deep for me," said the girl with a laugh that was half a sigh. "I am no poet—I have no ambition—and yet——" "And yet, dear Eleanor?" asked her cousin, moved by some feeling which he had never before experienced. "You think poems, and you have ambitions."

"My ambitions are for you, my poems of your making," said she coyly; and then, as though angry with herself, and deeply blushing, she turned away.

Anthony caught her hands.

"Eleanor, dearest—sister—listen! I have to-day gained the summit of my hopes; have achieved the power which in our day-dreams we have both longed for, the power to read the souls of men. My fortune lies not here, but far away. I will leave this place; will in the world of London achieve a name and fame. The great men of whom we have read will admit me to their circle. I shall be no longer the petty tyrant of a few poor slaves, but the acknowledged ruler of free men. Then will I realise your dreams; then will I *live* the poem which your heart has written!"

She turned upon him her clear, sad eyes, and placed her hand upon his forehead.

"My poor Anthony!"

"No, not poor! Rich! Rich in knowledge! Rich in contempt for my fellows! Partaker with the immortals! Eleanor!" He started in sudden alarm. "Yet, what is this? Thy brow is marble to me. Thine eyes are fathomless? Thy soul, open to my gaze but an instant since in all its crystal clearness, clouds like a mirror breathed on! Ah! Eleanor! I tremble! I———"

"Hush!" murmured the girl, all the woman stirring within her. "You frighten me. I felt, I thought—I know not what ecstasy possessed me. Anthony, unclasp your arms! So! Look again!"

Panting, she withdrew herself from his embrace, and her virgin soul, terrified at its first contact with humanity, shrank back into childhood.

"Ah! I can read the heart now, Eleanor! Once more my counsellor, my friend, thou pourest on my troubled spirit the sweet balm of a sister's love."

"A sister's!" murmured Eleanor, and hiding a burning face, fled. As she passed under the shadow of the house, came swiftly out into the sunshine the form of Trux. Anthony stepped forward and confronted him.

CHAPTER II.

I strove to seize the inmost Form
With ardour fierce and eyes of flame,
But burst the crystal cabinet,
And like a weeping babe became.
—WILLIAM BLAKE.

"I WILL give you a piece of advice, my friend," said Anthony.

"What is it, sir?" asked the convict, rubbing his cap in his restless hands.

"Do not carry out that of which you were thinking at breakfast.—No; young Bowles has not betrayed you.

"What do you mean, Sir?" stammered Trux.

"Do not risk the murder you contemplate!"

"Murder, your honour!"

"Why deny it?" cried the young man impatiently. "You know that you did mean to kill my father on the road from town. Tom Bowles suggested the crime, that he might be revenged. Now, am I not right?"

"With white lips and wet face, Trux tried to make reply, but his tongue clove to his jaws, and he could say nothing.

"Abandon your purpose, fool," said Anthony, contemptuously, "and leave me."

The convict slunk away, but when he turned the angle of the house he paused. "He seems to read one's thoughts," he said to himself. "He knew my plans. *Bowles* must have told him. Why, of course! He was there last night. If I was sure that Tom had done this——"

"Now then," cried again the voice of Anthony, "go in, go in—to work, to work!" and in another five minutes the hoofs of his horse clattered over the pebbles of the court-yard.

* * * * * *

If Eleanor was the good genius of this young man's soul, the evil one was to be found in Laura Lorn.

Captain Lorn was a man of some fifty years of age, poor, proud and timid together. He married a girl of twenty, the daughter of Maskelyne Forbes and the notorious Neapolitaine, whose banishment had left a blank in London night society. Laura Lorn was a tall woman, with large eyes, tiny hands, broad, strong white teeth, an exquisite ankle, and an unquenchable thirst for iniquity. Her features were not regular, she did not speak English purely, she had a mole on her chin, and her mouth drooped to one side. These defects made her infinitely more attractive than if she had been perfectly beautiful.

Anthony found Mrs. Lorn alone, in a large room blooming with flowers, and shadowy with hanging curtains. She was sitting on a cane sofa—this sort of animal discards cushions—and was dressed in that semi-transparent white muslin which coquettes with concealment while it stimulates imagination.

"Anthony! So you are come after five days' absence. I do not wish to see you."

"That is untrue, Laura," said Anthony, looking full into her eyes. "You have been mad with impatience at my indifference."

"Impudent boy! And yet it is so. Ah, Anthony, why do you look at me thus? You smile. What has happened?"

"This," said the young man, boldly taking the hand which five days before he would have trembled to touch. "That I have learnt how to love a woman like you."

"Love! Anthony Venn! Why, I feel old enough to be your mother!"

"That is the reason why you love me, perhaps," said Anthony, composedly.

"Well," said she, allowing her eyes to droop, and giving back the hand she had withdrawn. "What then?"

"You say to yourself—Oh, if this boy had courage to speak! If he only did not fear me! I have courage, and I do speak, for I no longer fear you or any woman."

"Anthony!"

"I have discovered that with women one has but to dare. You affect mysteries and concealments. You—like all women—pretend that you are enclosed with a wall of glass, at once transparent and impassible. I tell you that which all men know, and yet no one utters—

that you are but of the same flesh and blood as I—that you are ruled by the same imperious laws of nature—that you are prone to the same vices, swayed by the same passions!"

She rose, quivering with rage.

"You come here to insult me!"

"On the contrary; I come here to make love to you."

"You frighten me, Anthony! Ah, dear Anthony!" and, conquered by his gaze, she came lingeringly towards him.

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I have dreamt of this often," said he, "but I never woke to the reality until now. O, you resume for me all my dreams, embody for me all my barren loves! An instinct, whence derived I know not, has taught me that some subtle happiness lies hid in the meeting of parted lips, in the locking of impassioned hands, in the commingling of soul with soul and spirit with spirit! Now I set my foot upon this instinct, for I command this delight! It is mine, you yield it to me! Our lives are from this instant twin, the same. Here, in thy arms, beloved, bid my life first begin. Let my youth vanish with thy innocence, and we live a lifetime of passion in one brief moment of a splendid dream."

"Do not despise me, Anthony," whispered she. "And yet something tells me you *do* despise me."

"You are right," returned her lover, with a sigh that was half a sneer. "But you are to blame, not I."

As he rode away, he thought upon the strange fate which had overtaken him. He had believed this woman to be a goddess, not to be wooed in ordinary fashion, or to be approached with aught but deference. Now he had learnt all her heart, sounded every depth and shoal of passion in her, could play upon her as upon a pipe, make her thrill with delight or wail in terror and in pain. He had bent this proud beauty to his passion, and make her sink in tears upon his breast, and lo—he cared nothing about her, but breathed the freer for her absence!

"If the world is to be exhausted. thus," cried he, striking spurs to his horse, "that voracious devil called Satiety, who gorges himself on human delights, will soon leave me nothing to enjoy!"

He alighted at the court-house and went in. They were trying a soldier for stealing three pieces of longcloth from the shop of a Jew. The man seemed careless of his fortune and stood stolid. Anthony, claiming the privilege of his rank, came behind the dock, and whispered:—

"You did not steal the cloth; who did?"

The prisoner shook his head.

"Do you wish to know?"

"Yes."

"Do you see a man sitting in the third seat on the second bench—a dark man with a beard and a shaved lip? He is the thief."

The prisoner started. "He is a pal of mine," he said. "*He* would not steal, and let me be punished."

Anthony shrugged his shoulders. "If you will still trust, be flogged and be happy," he said, and withdrew to gaze on the faces of the men who composed the Bench.

He shuddered.

In the place of honour, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of authority, were Major Jowlett, who cheated at cards; Judge-Advocate Grumpett, who had forged his brother's name to a bill; Captain Spinks, who had seduced his friend's wife; and jolly Joe Morphett, who had let his mistress die in the streets. The poor soldier trembled before these men, but indignant Anthony forced his way out.

"Great heaven!" he cried, "is this, then, my fate, to see infamy in every human creature? Is there no truth or honesty in the world? Are the bared hearts of men all base? No, I will not believe it! Yet, as I walk I see—what? Yonder mother nurses at her bosom the child of shame—that tender virgin gazing into the sunset has thoughts which I should blush to utter. O dark enigma, heart of man! He who would read thy secrets must own a courage more than human. I move in a land of horrors; the air is heavy with mutterings of premeditated murder. The shadows of coming terrors frighten me. That white-haired clergyman but last night contemplated suicide; that virtuous wife has in her heart a secret love which needs but an hour of opportunity to wreck her home for ever; that grave and reverend merchant, whom the world deems hard as his cashbook, has been partner in a passionate intrigue, to which the adventures of Casanova seem poor and colourless. O these senses, these senses! Civilisation has done its best to kill the Savage, but he lives still, he lives still."

A voice broke in upon his meditations. It was that of Dobourg, the *aide-de-camp*. "Captain Lorn was asking for you," said he.

"For me? I have just left him. Where did you see him?"

"Riding hard from his house. What is the matter? Have you quarrelled?"

"Come," he said, "Lorn can find me quick enough if he wants me. Let us go and see how fares our friend Hardikanute."

Hardikanute was a man who had been transported for life for stealing Prince Gobemouche's diamond snuff-box. Shrewd, intelligent, and kind-hearted, he soon found his level in the new settlement, and no one was more respected in Sydney than Harold Hardikanute.

Arrived in the little parlour which the "Hammer of Thor" dedicated to its more distinguished guests, the pair called for rum, and sat down to converse.

"What have you been doing to Lorn? Flirting with the delightful Laura. The old gentleman is most conscientiously jealous."

"Flirt! Not I. It is *you* who flirted with her, Dubourg. Don't deny it, for that evening in the Governor's garden lives this instant in your memory.

"Who told you of the evening in the garden?" cried Dubourg, rising between indignation and surprise.

"Have you told no one," said Anthony, sternly eyeing him. "Consider now!"

The young officer blushed to his temples; he was young, he was vain; he had not been discreet.

"O, the folly of women and the meanness of men!" thought Anthony. "Here, then, is yet another reason why I should dislike this creature whom yesterday I passionately loved. I could endure her treachery to her husband—though even there the sensitively loving might find motive for regret—but to be false to her *lover!*"

"How the devil did you know anything of my adventure?" said Dubourg, at length.

Anthony Venn rose impatiently. "Never mind! What matter? I am sick of talking! Let us go into the air."

There was a crowd in the long, low bar, and as they passed out, the eyes of Anthony fell upon two men who were earnestly talking in a recess of the window. Both were ill-favoured—both of that peculiar type of face which is nearest to the bull-dog. He clutched Dubourg's arm and drew him back against the wall, staring the while at the two talkers as though he could hear the words that they were speaking. The pause made by the young men induced a sudden silence. The two vagabonds ceased talking, and went hurriedly out.

"Who are these two men, Hardikanute?"

"Job Burgeon and Hickman Roop, your honour. They're servants of Captain Lorn."

"Hullo!" cried Dubourg. "What's the matter now? you look quite sick."

"A sudden faintness. It will pass. For heaven's sake, Dubourg, let us leave this place."

They rose, but a figure barred the door. It was Captain Lorn himself.

"A word with you, Mr. Venn. I have been looking for you," and taking the boy by the arm, he forced him back into the room he had quitted.

* * * * * *

"By heaven, no!" said Anthony Venn.

"You lie," said the grey-haired captain. "I am not a jealous boy; but I am a man who can defend his own honour!"

Anthony looked at him.

"Who told you this pretty story, pray sir? Your wife?"

"No, scoundrel; but one whom I can trust. My wife's maid, Sarah Firth."

"Who is the mother of two of your children! Ah! No, you will not strike me, for I am stronger than you."

"What fiend's power have you to guess that?" cried Captain Lorn, falling into a chair, palsied with the sudden palsy which follows upon the first shock of exposure. "I thought none in the world knew that."

Anthony Venn drew near to the man whom yesterday he would have respected with more reverence than his own father claimed from him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Captain Lorn, let us understand each other. You have come to seek me out because you have been told that I have injured you in the deadliest way in which one man can injure another. I deny the accusation. Are you not satisfied? Do you wish to *prove* your own shame—to give forth to the world that I have committed an offence which will, at the worst, but gain me the envied reputation of a rake—that your wife has committed an unpardonable sin which at once drives her from society, and makes you the laughing-stock of the town. Don't be angry now. I have learnt to know human nature."

"This is beyond endurance," said Lorn, white as the powder in his hair. "You commit an infamous breach of friendship, you boast of your knowledge of my secrets, and you taunt me with my shame. Defend yourself!" and his sword leapt out quivering.

"I have no sword," said Anthony Venn, tapping his boot with his riding-whip, "but I can still parry that thrust with which you killed your cousin, Lord Braemar. 'Tis a feint in tierce, and then—but there, you have ceased to think of it, and so it may pass explained."

Captain Lorn lowered his sword, and leant with his left hand upon the table, peering into Anthony's defiant face. Evening had fallen, and the lurid sunset seemed reflected in the young man's eyes.

"Anthony Venn! In God's name, what does this mean," said the officer slowly. "But that such things are fables, I should——"

"Deem me possessed of some devil?" laughed Anthony. "Yes, that is the exact explanation for the vulgar. And why? Because I have shown myself to be possessed of information of which you deemed me ignorant, and have spoken to you plain common sense. Come, come; mete out to yourself the same measure as you give to others. Admit that you cannot in justice refuse to another the liberty you seize for yourself. Go home, get rid of your jealous paramour, and try to avert the fate which experience should have taught you too often awaits the union of old husbands to young wives. *I* shall trouble you no more!" And he turned on his heel with a contemptuous gesture.

The instant his face was averted, Lorn, who had appeared spell-bound beneath the gaze of those imperious eyes which read his soul, lunged desperately, "No man shall say such words to me!"

"I am wounded!" cried the boy. "Help! Help!" and then fiercely wheeling in the corner where he stood, he snapped the weapon against the wall, and caught his adversary by the throat.

"You have only scratched a rib or two, my friend, but I will not trust you farther. Help! Help!"

Hardikanute burst in the door with a blow of his foot, and Anthony flung Lorn into his arms.

"Villain, I'll be revenged for this to-morrow! On you and her."

"Hush," said Anthony, who had recovered his coolness, "Hardikanute is regretting that he did not listen."

Lorn sheathed his broken sword, and putting money into the hand of the convict host, significantly motioned him to silence. "Wait till to-morrow," said he doggedly, and turned.

The same pallor which had blanched Anthony Venn's face, when his eyes met those of the two men in the bar, blanched it now, and, as if moved by some sudden impulse, he laid his hand upon the arm of his retreating adversary.

"—No, no; not that!" In a whisper, "She is too young to die. Abandon this hideous resolve, and, and——"

"—And what, demon?" cried Lorn, excited beyond control. "Say on. What?"

"Return not home until to-morrow. The—road is dangerous!"

But with a wild laugh, Lorn dashed open the door, tore the bridle from the man who held it, and galloped down the road.

"Hardikanute," said Anthony, setting his teeth together, "get me some water; bind my arm! And say nothing of this, or——"

"Or what, your honour?" said the man, grinning with the impertinence of an inferior who had surprised a secret of his master's.

"—Or I shall send down a file of soldiers to-morrow with orders to capture your runaway brother. You know the penalty for harbouring felons."

Hardikanute raised one hand.

"You are too much of a coward to face the gallows," said the other.

Hardikanute tightened the bandage, whimpering obedience, and beseeching silence.

"Now, indeed, I live!" said Anthony Venn; "and men bow down to me!"

* * * * * *

Later in the evening, Anthony and Eleanor sat together. Both were silent, as if pre-occupied with their own thoughts. The night was still and hot, and the noises of the town came up from the valley.

"Eleanor," said Anthony, at last, "if you knew that a man was about to commit a murder, would it seem to you a crime to save the life of the intended victim by taking that of the intending assassin?"

The girl shuddered.

"Why do you ask me such questions?" she said. "You terrify me. Hark! what is that noise?"

The murmur of voices fell upon their ears. Anthony sprang up and ran to the gate. A little crowd surrounded and bore along two men—the two.

"She is safe, then," he said.

Eleanor clung to the steady arm of Anthony in strange alarm.

"What is this?"

"Come into the house!" said Anthony, sternly.

"Nay, but who are these two men? Why did you speak of murder? Anthony, dear Anthony, what does all this mean?"

"It means that the God who suffers us to live and doubt Him is just and terrible. Go in! I must be alone."

* * * * * *

It was known in Sydney next morning that Captain Lorn was dead. His body was found in the road, lying beside that of his horse. Someone had tied a rope across the bridge-way. Robbery way the motive for the crime, and the murderers had been already captured. Their names were Burgeon and Roop.

"Why, Anthony, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" said Miss Dorothy, at breakfast.

"I have," said Anthony, with a harsh laugh.

CHAPTER III.

"O thou who, plumed with strong desire,
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire!
Night is coming!"

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ANTHONY VENN passed the few days following upon the death of Lorn in a sort of delirium.

His aspirations and his ambitions had ended in what—murder! The sophistry with which he strove to still remorse was powerless against his judgment. It was easy to say that he had but stood by and suffered the angel of the Lord to proceed on his way. But he was forced to confess that he might without difficulty have prevented this terrible catastrophe. He might have ridden after the man he had wronged, and turned him from his purpose. He might have arrested the intending murderers, and had them securely lodged. He might have—might have done anything but gape idly on and suffer a crime which ended three human lives to be committed. On the day when the two men were hanged amid the hooting and execrations of the crowd, the young man underwent in his own person all their agonies. It was *his* act which had created this crime, and made that which had been only thought of, that which was *done*—an act infamous, atrocious, carrying with it its own punishment through countless ages.

Had he but resisted the imperious devil of Self, which bade him seize this beautiful Sin, that he might enjoy and abandon it, all would yet have been well. But he, thinking himself a god, had done the part of a devil, bringing a new misery and a new shame into the world. His rash fancy, which, "plumed with strong desire, would float above the earth," had borne him—whither? Into a region where dwelt the terrible Immortals—Remorse and Despair!

The serene gods of heaven sit throned in sublime indifference. The awful gods of hell laugh in their burning palaces, as Fate, the

conqueror of hell and heaven, moves irresistible, eternal. Man alone complains, upbraids, beseeches. "Alas!" cried Anthony, "He who would be as a god must cast away all that he holds most divine—Regret and Hope. I have burst the gate of knowledge to learn that I should have been happiest in knowing nothing."

* * * * *

Oppressed with the terror of his position, he shut himself up in his own quarter of the house, and refused to see anyone, less haply he might light upon some new secret as disastrous in its revelations as that of Laura Lorn. The servants began to shake their heads, Miss Dorothy to wish for her brother's return, while Eleanor found her gentle soul filled with presentiment of coming evil.

One day she obtained entrance to her cousin's apartment, and found him stretched upon a sofa, gazing moodily at the waters of the bay, which tossed angrily in lashing rain. He sprang up at her approach, and averted his face.

"Anthony! What ails you?"

"Nothing," cried he. "Leave me!"

"But your voice is changed, your hand is hot. Oh! Why, Anthony, you look quite *old!*"

His face had indeed changed, the anguish of the last few days had scored it in deep lines.

"I feel old, my Eleanor—in spirit as well as in flesh," he said. "Do not look at me, my glance is dangerous."

The girl came closer, and presently, putting her arms around him, drew his head down to her bosom, and rocked it there.

"Poor Anthony!"

He raised his eyes to hers involuntarily, and the same feeling of relief which had possessed him when in the garden he had first met her, possessed him now. He pressed his lips to hers.

"Eleanor, you are the one woman whose heart I cannot read. The only being with whom I find myself human."

"It is because you love me darling," whispered Eleanor.

A strange delight possessed the young man at her words. He seemed transported out of himself, wrapped in some dream of an ecstasy half-divine.

"I love you!" he cried. "Yes, and my love has saved me, for it has spiritualised the selfishness which had enthralled me. I love you, Eleanor, and do not wish to comprehend. I believe only. Help thou my unbelief!"

"Dear Anthony, you will soon learn to know me, to read my heart as you read your own."

"No, no!" cried Anthony, passionately. "Be that day far from us. He who seeks to know too much treads upon volcanoes. Remain for ever in a delicious enigma, always to be guessed at, never to be read!"

"Tell me, then, this secret of yours, my Anthony, and I will advise you."

"Advise me! Happiness! *You* can advise me, for you are the only being whose advice I should not know before you uttered it! Listen!"

* * * * * *

"And this is why," said Anthony, at the end of his relation of events which had followed upon the interview with Zauberracher. "This is why I have fled from my fellow-men—because I fear on my soul the stain of blood—because I am a murderer."

"No, no!" You did no murder. As you said God is just, and it was His vengeance which overtook the sinner. Stay not here idly lamenting what has passed. You have used this fearful power for evil hitherto—for the satisfaction but of your own ambitions and your own desires—use it henceforth for good—for the good of others, for the assistance of the oppressed, and to the punishment of the oppressor. Come!"

He rose.

"You are right, my Eleanor. Come then. I will go back to the world. I will atone. I will move a Providence among the men I must needs despise, if happily I may make them less despicable!"

* * * * * *

The great flood of the Hawkesbury, which swept away so many rising homesteads, had been roaring three days high when Major Venn turned his horse's head towards home.

"You had better take care, Major," said a farmer, "King Bulami says that never within the memory of his tribe did the river so swell its banks."

"Thanks, my worthy fellow, but I have no fear. Once past the ford the road is easy."

And so, splashing through seven miles of mud and rain, he gained the river bank. At the ford swung to the flood a boat, and in the boat two figures.

"Heaven!" cried the Major. "It is Anthony!—Anthony and Eleanor!"

He rode hard through the rain to the ferry-house. The punt had drifted away, and the ferryman, disconsolate on the nearer bank, begged him not to venture the passage.

"But the boat! the boat!"

"Nothing can save her," said the ferryman. "See, the young man loses his hold of the chain round the tree-stump! Ah! They are off down stream."

Anthony Venn was, in fact, unable to longer support the strain upon his muscles, and had loosed his hold. In an instant the boat was swept twenty yards below the ferry.

"We can at least die together!" said Eleanor.

Major Venn had galloped down the bank in some wild hope of rendering aid to the drifting boat. As he turned an angle in the stream, he was confronted by a tall figure wrapped in a horseman's cloak, who, riding a dun horse, barred his progress.

"Zauberracher!—You here"

"Ay, as the king said to the prophet, 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' I answer, I have found thee."

The boat, swept round by the current, suddenly neared them, and Anthony, despairingly clasping Eleanor to his breast, stretched out a hand towards the shore. "What are those two lives worth at this instant, destroyer of my peace?" asked the doctor.

"Anthony!"

A swirl of the current brought the boat nearer still, and Zauberracher forced his horse into the flood, laughing at the vain efforts Anthony made to reach him.

"Take back your fatal gift?" cried the boy. "This meeting was not sought by me."

"Nor by me!" replied Zauberracher. Fate willed that we should meet. Look at your father!"

Anthony's eyes turned to those of Major Venn, and uttering a terrible cry, he loosed his hold of Eleanor, who fell upon her knees in the bottom of the boat.

"Ha, ha!" again laughed the doctor. "You know now your father's secret, and my revenge!"

Anthony with a desperate effort leapt out of the boat, and caught Zauberracher by the wrist. He had read in his father's eyes the hideous secret so long concealed from him—*Eleanor was the daughter of the doctor's wife, and his natural sister!*

The boat disappeared, swallowed up in the tempest, and one long roll of thunder seemed to echo the hideous and mocking laughter of Zauberracher.

* * * * * *

"See," said Doctor Zauberracher, "the storm has departed, the sky is clear; your friends will wonder where you passed the night."

Anthony Venn opened his eyes.

"I have a pain in my forehead," he said wearily.

"It is not unlikely," replied the doctor. "Mesmerism has often that effect upon those who experience its influence for the first time."

"But," said the boy, "I—I———"

"——I know. You hurt your side when you fell crying 'Help!' Listen! Go no more to Captain Lorn's. Cherish no unfounded suspicion of honest Trux. Nurse no dark imaginings as to your father's past history. Your cousin loves you—woo her. Let your terrors vanish with the storm which suggested them. Home, ambitious boy, and before you claim to read the thoughts of others, explain the mystery of your own! Good-night!"

THE DUAL EXISTENCE.

THE following story was told me by my friend, Professor Peppenhausser. It relates to the "great Hombourg murder," which some of the readers of this journal may remember. A gentleman, by name Herr Tinkolin, had broken the "Trente et Quarante" bank, at Hombourg, and was murdered the same night.

We, the Professor and I, were talking of the recent breaking of the bank at Baden, when he said:—

"I was at Hombourg in 18——, when that man was murdered."

"Ah!" said I with interest, "were you not in some way connected with the discovery of the murder?"

"Yes," said the Professor, "I'll tell you the story; it is rather a curious one, more especially as it relates to the only instance of second sight, or rather double-being, that I have ever known. You are aware that I am not inclined to mysticism, or, in the remotest degree, a believer in 'ghostly influences,' but there is something so weird, strange, and utterly inexplicable, in the facts which I am going to relate to you, that I *must* believe them, without knowing why. I *know* that they happened; *why* they did so happen is beyond the present ken of science."

He then related—

THE STORY.

SOME years ago, when I was a younger man than I am now, I was at Hombourg. Amongst my friends there was a young German, who, for pecuniary or other reasons, had taken a commission in the Austrian army. I say *pecuniary*, for you may be aware that the Austrians officer their regiments entirely from the military schools, and that the British custom of "commission by purchase" is nearly unknown. Karl Pläaffer, whatever was the reason of his wearing the white uniform, was an uncommonly nice young fellow, and one of good family to boot. He and I had frequent meetings in the Kursaal and gardens, and, by rapid degrees, our acquaintance ripened into friendship. I had known him in this intimate manner for perhaps some two months, when the event happened which I am about to relate.

Pläaffer—despite the attractions of "trente et quarante," despite the clinking of gold and silver, despite the injunctions of the croupiers "to make his game," despite the blandishments of the syrens of the Kursaal—never played. This extreme indifference to

the one excitement of Hombourg von der Höhe might have arisen from his poverty, for Austrian officers are not millionaires, and I knew that the money forthcoming for Karl's little trip "on leave" must have been saved with some difficulty. But, as I became more and more intimate with the young man, I observed that a constant struggle, as it were, was going on within him, and that he would approach the gambling-tables with the feverish curiosity of a moth towards a candle, and when just within sight of the scattered "stakes," withdraw precipitately. Possibly, he might have been cautioned by some worthy relative to avoid the whirpool of play, and, with the natural hankering after things forbidden, common to all sons of Adam, was constantly looking on at the freedom that others enjoyed. This supposition seemed plausible enough at first, but the feverish desire to play seemed so marked, and the visits of Pläaffer to the tables so frequent, that I fancied some more cogent reasons than prudence or promises must influence him.

We had been, as I have said, intimate for two months or more, and, in a few weeks, Karl would have to return to his regiment. As the time drew near, his manner gradually changed; he would be melancholy one day and outrageously boisterous the next—peevish and irritable at dinner, and the very prince of good-fellowship an hour afterwards. But, through all these changes of manner, his conversation was invariably the one thing—play. He was full of anecdotes of lucky players, of five-franc pieces multiplying into Napoleons by two or three magic *coups*. He stated his belief in the certainty of winning by a vigorously-adhered-to system, and related a story of a certain Baron de Warrens who, by playing on a system, broke the bank. In short, to hear him talk, you would take him to be a confirmed gambler, despite his stout affirmation that he had never staked a *denier*, or touched a card. Did I propose a visit to the Schloss, he would invent some excuse to remain near the beloved but apparently forbidden tables. Were we listening to the band in the Kurgarten, he would break off the conversation to "look in at the Kursaal." In short, there seemed to be some charm about the place that drew him near it at all times and seasons.

At length his conduct became unbearable, and upon my questioning him one evening as to it, he spoke as follows:—

"So you have remarked it, at length, my friend, have you? You have remarked the cursed fatality which draws me to the gaming table. I will tell you whence it arises. Our family is a tolerably ancient one, but none of my ancestors, except one, were in any way remarkable for a taste for play. This single exception was my grandfather. He was rich, as his father had been before him, and as I should be now were it not for my grandfather's love of the gaming table. He was a confirmed gambler, and ruined himself at the cards. Sixty years ago he was at Paris, for the purpose of borrowing some money from an old friend of his, the Baron Bamstein. This money was urgently needed in order to redeem our family estates, which, through my grandfather's excesses, had fallen into the hands of the Jews. If there is any feeling in the heart of a German noble

more prominent than another, it is that of family pride; and my grandfather was no exception to this rule. He determined that, if able to redeem his honour, as he called it, he would never play again. He succeeded in borrowing the money from his friend, but by some evil chance, fell in the same night with some of his old companions, and lost the whole of it at cards. He retired to his hotel in a state of frenzy, and wrote a letter to his wife, telling her of the circumstance, and beseeching her to keep their infant son (my father) from all knowledge of cards and dice, assuring her that he was convinced that, if any of the family *touched a card, some dreadful calamity would follow.* The letter has been preserved, and is in my possession; the envelope of it is stained with blood, for, upon directing it, my grandfather, unable to survive the wreck of his last hopes, expiated his folly by suicide. . . . . My father was brought up in ignorance of all matters connected with the gaming table, but at seventeen he discovered a book, among others in his father's library which treated of 'games of chance,' and the desire to win money by this means took possession of him. Seeing this, and dreading the fulfilment of the prophecy, my grandmother told him the story of her husband's death. Still, however, my father was unable to resist the extraordinary desire which had gained possession of him, and at length hit upon the following mode of allaying it. He went to Paris, and was a constant visitor at the gaming houses, but never played. He has told me that the struggles he had with himself to avoid staking were terrible, but that, aided by a strong will, he at last overcame them, and was enabled to look on with perfect equanimity, and since that time he had felt no desire to gamble. I am here to try the same cure, but my power of resistance is not so strong as his was, and I fear that I shall be unable to withstand the cursed desire which forces me to the gaming table."

While speaking, Karl had grown terribly excited, and now sat before me with sparkling eyes and a face as white as ashes. I was, despite myself, terrified at the story, and though I attempted to laugh it off, could not conceal my uneasiness. Pläaffer noticed my manner, and rising from the table, led the way to the Kursaal, saying as he did so—

"Don't be uneasy on my account, friend; I have but four days left, and I must conquer this infernal propensity before that, or I am doomed. Something tells me that I cannot long resist, and that on my head the curse will fall."

The night before Karl was to leave Hombourg I had a party in my rooms at the "Hotel de France;" four or five of the *habitués* of the place, and two countrymen of my own. I had invited my guests, ostensibly, because of my departure for Germany (for I had determined to leave when Pläaffer did), but really to keep Karl from the Kursaal, on his last night in Hombourg. I had noticed that, hour by hour, as the time of his departure drew near, he seemed more and more excited, and less able to adhere to his resolution of not staking at the tables. I had carefully avoided any allusion to the story he had told me, but was not the less uneasy on his account.

My guests arrived. Amongst them was a Frenchman, by name Gaston Casseroche, who occupied the next suite of rooms to mine. He was a tall and thin but elegant looking man, with an air of unmistakable good-breeding; but a certain vein of bitter sarcasm, that ran through all he said, made him, to my ideas, a somewhat unpleasant companion. Being neighbours, however, and tolerably intimate, I considered it but right to ask him to make one of our party.

Pläaffer arrived late, and looking, I thought, very excited. On being introduced to Casseroche he visibly changed colour, and evinced an emotion that I could not account for. Before we sat down to dinner, I took occasion to ask him the reason of this.

"Gaston Casseroche," said he, in an excited whisper, was the name of the man who induced my grandfather to play his last game, sixty years ago, at Paris."

I was sorry to see that his "fatality," as he termed it, was still preying on his mind, as the Gaston Casseroche at Hombourg von de Höhe could not be the Gaston Casseroche of Paris, sixty years since; nor was he probably, in any way, connected with the companion of Karl's ancestor. Yet there certainly was a strange coincidence in the meeting of two persons of similar names, and those names such singular ones, under such auspices.

The dinner went off well. Karl seemed to have imbibed a flow of spirits with the wine he drank, and, as usual, talked of nothing but lucky *coups* and fortunate gamesters. This sort of conversation was relished by the company, and anecdote after anecdote, and story after story, followed in rapid succession. But the all-engrossing topic was the sayings, doings, and *play*, of a certain old gentleman, by name Tinkolin, who had been winning at the tables for some days. Who Herr Tinkolin was nobody knew, but he was reported to be the possessor of an infallible system, and was breaking the bank accordingly.

"I don't believe in systems," said I; "it is all nonsense."

"Not at all," said Herr Leuwen, one of my German friends; "I knew a man at Baden who had one and lived for years upon it."

"Well," said Casseroche, "I have seen a good many systems, and they were all fallible. I believe in *luck*, myself more than anything."

"But, do you not think that, by playing on a system steadily, a man can win?" asked Pläaffer (he had been drinking deeply, and had quite lost all his antipathy to Casseroche).

"If he can content himself with small gains he may win *often*," returned the Frenchman, "but not *always*. I believe in luck more than anything. My grandfather, who was a great player, believed in it firmly, and I have heard that a circumstance happened at Paris which confirmed him in his idea. He and some others were playing one night, and with them was a German named Pläaffer" (I stole a look at Karl; he was deadly pale). "Pläaffer was much excited, and when it came to his turn to 'cut,' dropped a card, with its face upon

the table. It was the Ace of Spades. 'Curse the card!' said Pläaffer. Now you know it is considered unlucky to curse any particular card. At the last stake of Pläaffer's, who was backing the red, my grandfather, who was dealing turned twenty-nine pips for 'noir,' the two next cards were aces, and the last was the *Ace of Spades*, making 'noir' exactly thirty-one. Pläaffer lost the whole of the money he had with him, a large sum, I believe, and took his losses so much to heart, that he shot himself the same night. So you see, *mes amis*, I am, too, a believer in luck with reason."

During the recital, I was afraid Karl would betray himself, he was so visibly moved; but Casseroche, apparently, had not heard his name, and the others were ignorant of his interest in the story. On catching my look, he recovered himself, with an effort, and, draining another bumper of champagne, proposed a visit to the Kursaal, and Herr Tinkolin. As might have been expected, the proposal was eagerly seconded, and though, out of deference to their entertainer, the party would have stayed, I was afraid to thwart Karl in his present humour, and so expressed myself willing to join them.

We passed through the orange avenues, through the marble entrance, and into the building.

If mortal might plead bedazzlement as an excuse for ill-doing, the votaries of "trente et quarante" would surely be exempt from punishment. Such mirrors, such gilding, such marble! Troops of pretty *lorettes* fill the room, in ball-dresses of silk and tulle, marvellously gloved and *chaussèd*. Austrian uniforms, Prussian uniforms, Turks, Greeks, Germans, Britons, and Americans, jostled one at every step. It was a ball night, and the music of Strauss rang out through the *salons*, mixed with merry laughter, popping of champagne corks, whirling of silks, and clanking of sabres, and, between whiles, the measured tones of the croupier. "Faites le jeu!" "Le jeu est fait!" "Rouge gagne coleur perd!" "Faites le jeu, messieurs!" "Faites le jeu!"

At the "trente et quarante" table sat Herr Tinkolin. He was a seedy-looking individual, with a very perceptible wig, watery eyes and dirty hands. He had a pile of gold, notes, and *rouleaux* before him, which he divided into two heaps as the game turned, one heap to pay from, when he lost, the other to add to when he won. A group of players stood near him, and backed his play, which seemed to be influenced by calculations he made in a dirty pocket-book, before each stake. The Herr, it would appear, had already won considerably, and it was whispered, amongst knowing punters, with lacquered boots and waxed moustaches, that he would speedily break the bank. We all stood round the table, and watched the play; the Herr still winning. At length Casseroche ventured a Nap;—he won; another—won again.

"Won't you try your luck, Monsieur?" he asked Pläaffer.

"Thank you," returned Karl, "but I never play." And he turned away.

I could see my friend's eyes sparkle, nevertheless, and wished that he was well out of the place; for though I did not altogether

believe his fancies about a curse overtaking him if he played, yet, we Germans are somewhat mystically inclined, and I had somehow felt the whole evening that something unusual was about to take place. You know one does feel that sort of presentiment at times. I left the tables and walked about the *salons*, wishing that eleven o'clock would strike, and the bank stop playing. I went at last into the Café Olimpique, to look at the papers and enjoy a quiet smoke. I remained there, I fancy, for about an hour.

On going into the *salons* again I was struck by the intense excitement that prevailed everywhere. Herr Tinkolin was breaking the bank! So at least said everybody. He had been winning incessantly for four hours. I pressed through the crowd. As I did so, I heard two men behind me speaking in a whisper.

"*Numero dix*, '*Hotel de la Belle Etoile*,'" said one.

Almost involuntarily I turned round, and looked at the speaker. He was a short stubby-haired Frenchman with a most villainous cast of features, a cast that was not improved by a huge scar running from his forehead to his cheek. As he met my gaze, he coloured, turned, and vanished in the crowd. The next moment I was in sight of the tables. There sat Herr Tinkolin, impassive, watery and dirty as ever, with a huge pile of gold and notes before him. I looked round for Pläaffer. Could I believe my eyes? He sat opposite to the Herr, with a considerable sum of money before him, and playing intently! Casseroche was leaning over his chair and backing his play. He had broken his resolution at last then, but there did not seem to be much harm done; he had won as yet, and as for the "fatality" why—

At that moment the croupier called. Pläaffer had won again. So did Herr Tinkolin. I watched the next stake. Karl staked upon "Noir," the Herr upon "Rouge."

A moment's pause.

"Vingt-cinq! Vingt-Neuf! Trente! Trente-et-un! Rouge gagne couleur perd!"

An instant's silence while the croupier tried the *refait*, and the Herr had won. I glanced at the last card. It was the *Ace of Spades!*

"Gentlemen," said the blandly smiling banker, rising, "the bank will play no more this evening."

Herr Tinkolin had broken the bank!

There was a buzz and murmur among the crowd as the room emptied. Her Tinkolin, impassive as ever, stuffed his winnings into his pockets, and walked out with the rest. As he reached the doorway I observed my friend of the scar close behind him.

The old gentleman will get robbed if he doesn't take care, I thought. I felt a tap on the shoulder; it was Casseroche—

"Your friend seems unwell," said he.

I tnrned to look for Karl; he was sitting still in the same place, but with no winnings before him now; all had gone with the last *coup*. His face was buried in his hands, and his whole attitude betokened utter dejection.

"Come cheer up, Pläaffer," said I; "you haven't lost much."

He raised his head; his face was as white as his uniform, but his eyes sparkled with a feverish brilliancy.

"Let us go home, for God's sake," he said; "I can feel it working now."

Taking no notice of the latter part of his speech, I took him by the arm and led him out. He seemed utterly overwhelmed—prostrated, like one who has just awoke from a fainting fit, or from the influence of chloroform.

When we reached my rooms I poured him out a glass of brandy, and made him drink it neat. This revived him, and he began to talk at once. To my surprise, he said not a word of his own folly but all his thoughts appeared to be with Herr Tinkolin.

"He is a lucky player," he said, "very lucky. Vingt-neuf! Trente! Trente-et-un! Won again! What a pile of Napoleons! Brave Herr! Good Herr Tinkolin! What a thing it is to have a 'system.' You don't believe in a 'system,' my friend? You are wrong; so is my friend Mons. Casseroche. He doesn't believe in a 'system,' either. He believes in luck. That was a capital story about the Ace of Spades! Capital! But Mons. Gaston Casseroche didn't know that I was a relation of the gentleman who turned up the card—did he? Pooh!—luck? It's all system, I tell you—system."

I tried, in vain, to stop him. He appeared to be talking without the power to stop.

"What a *coup* the old Herr made," didn't he? Fine old fellow, Herr Tinkolin! See how he pockets the Naps! He is going home now, home to his hotel. But who is that man behind him? Take care, my brave Herr! Take care! Oh, oh! there are two men, are there? They would like to get the Herr's winnings. So should I; not that I would rob him, you know. Ha! what is the hotel? '*La Belle Etoile!*' And the old Herr goes up to bed, does he? Good old man! But do the two men live there too? Do they live with the rich old Herr Tinkolin? Yes! What! Three men in numero dix! Oh my God!"

Karl suddenly ceased speaking. He sat bolt upright in his chair, his eyes staring, his mouth partly open, and an expression of horror and terror on his face that I shall never forget. I flew to the bell, and summoned the servants. We undressed Pläaffer and put him to bed. The expression of his face never changed, and his limbs were perfectly rigid, while all natural force seemed suspended. His heart hardly beat, and his pulse was nearly imperceptible. On the surgeon's arrival he pronounced it to be catalepsy, and stated that Karl might be days if not weeks in the same state. At three o'clock in the morning, however, he came to, and springing up, looked wildly about him. On seeing me, he seized my arm, and exclaimed—

"Herr Tinkolin! Herr Tinkolin!" and fell back again, muttering something about "numero dix" and "the 'Hotel de la Belle Etoile.'"

I sent again for the surgeon. He came in about half-an-hour, and prescribed perfect quiet. Just as he opened the door of the room to go, an officer entered hurriedly. Upon his seeing

the white uniform of my friend by the bedside, he stepped forward, and said—

"A thousand pardons, Messieurs, but I have orders;" and turning to the prostrate Karl, cried angrily, "Get up, sir! This assumed illness is needless; you have been seen to enter this house half-an-hour since. I arrest you for the murder of Herr Max Tinkolin, at the 'Hotel de la Belle Etoile.'"

I was thunderstruck! Arrest a man who had been insensible for the last five hours!

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said I, "but my friend has not left the house since he came from the Kursaal, and I myself saw Herr Tinkolin alive at that time."

The surgeon confirmed my statement as to the illness of Karl. The official of *L. H. Verwaltungsamt*, or police officer, at Hombourg-von-der-Höhe looked confused.

"Herr Tinkolin," said he, "was murdered some time after eleven o'clock last night, and the *hausfrau* of 'La Belle Etoile' saw an Austrian officer leave the house after that hour, while the *garçon* below saw him enter this place. Your friend is the only Austrian here," and the avenger of blood shrugged his shoulders meaningly.

"I assure you," said the surgeon, "that it was impossible for this gentleman," pointing to the inanimate Karl, "to have left the house."

The official bowed, and, murmuring something about "Mistake, possibly another officer," withdrew.

The surgeon looked at me. "What does all this mean?" said he.

I told him what had passed at the Kursaal, and of Pläaffer's strange behaviour on reaching home. He looked grave.

"Don't tell him anything about it if he wakes," said he, nodding at the bed. "It is a strange circumstance, but, doubtless, one which events will explain. In the meantime, suffer no one to enter this room alone." And, bowing gravely, he retired.

I was terrified beyond measure at the turn matters had taken, and at the apparent complicity of Pläaffer. I was not a believer in "second sight," and could only account for Karl's knowledge of the murder by presuming that he must have been in some way connected with the perpetrators of it, and that, upon his attack, the uncontrolled tongue had made known the workings of the brain. This last supposition was almost too horrible to be entertained. But what could I think? I passed the long watch in a state of excitement and perplexity perfectly maddening.

Morning came at length, and with it the news of the dark work of the night. All Hombourg was in a state of ferment "La Belle Etoile" was besieged by visitors. The very chair in which the unfortunate man sat in at the Kursaal, was an object of morbid curiosity for hundreds. The *Fremden-Blatt* teemed with accounts, more or less correct, of the murder. The Justizamt took the matter in hand. Police of all shapes, sizes, and nations, flocked around the body, like eagles round a carcase. While, above all the din,

excitement, and jargon, was heard the story of the mysterious Austrian officer.

"He was seen by the servant."

"He left the hotel."

"He was traced to the Kurgarten."

"Passhäusser saw him enter the 'Hotel de France.'"

"Lemmindecker had traced him to the depôt at Mayence."

"He was in the Kursaal."

"He was concealed in the town."

He was here, there, and everywhere.

Through the midst of all this Karl slept on.

As the matter was sifted, it would seem that it *was* an Austrian officer who had done the deed, or at least, a person in an Austrian uniform. Suspicion pointed to him strongly. Nay, more than suspicion, evidence of circumstance.

It would be needless to narrate all the suppositions, or to weary you with an account of the voluminous trial, or rather inquiry that took place. I will recount briefly the evidences that are most important :—

Herr Max Tinkolin left the Kursaal at ten o'clock on the night of Thursday, the 3rd of September, with a large sum in gold and notes on his person. He was seen alive by the servant of the "Hotel de la Belle Etoile" half-an-hour afterwards. The evidence of this witness is important.

Maria Berschmann, examined, said :—"I am a servant at 'La Belle Etoile.' Servant maid. To do house-work, and so forth. I knew Herr Tinkolin the deceased. He had been staying at our house some weeks. Five weeks, I think. I knew he went to the Kursaal. Most of our lodgers did. Had heard, lately, that he had been winning money there. He gave me money once. A florin. He said I was a good girl, and ought to do better than be a servant at an inn. He was a harmless old gentleman. I mean quiet and orderly ; always paid his bills. He used to talk a good deal about his 'system.' I saw him on the night of the 3rd. It was about half-past ten or eleven. I know it was after ten. He was alone. Did not notice that he was excited. He asked for a cigar, and went to bed. He slept in No. 10. He used always to smoke before he went to bed. He was in the habit of having something ; brandy sometimes, hollands mostly. He would ring after he went up-stairs, and I would bring it to him. . . . . Some people came in after he did. Several people. Noticed particularly two men ; one had a scar on his face. He was a short, dark man, a Frenchman. He ordered 'Kirschwasser.' The Herr had gone up-stairs. Was absent a short time. When I came in again, Adolphe (*the waiter*) told me that the two men had gone up-stairs to the billiard-room, and asked me if they had paid for the 'Kirschwasser.' I heard Herr Tinkolin ring his bell, and went up with the brandy. I met the two men coming down stairs ; they asked me which was the billiard-room. I took the brandy to the door of number ten. The door was ajar. I saw the Herr inside, with his face turned from me. He was leaning over the candle. I think

he was winding up his watch. I put the glass on a chair by the door, and left him. About two hours afterwards, as near as I can recollect, one of the lodgers, M. Paupouffe, came down-stairs in a great hurry, and said that Herr Tinkolin was murdered. We all went up-stairs. I was last. When I reached the first landing-place, I met an Austrian officer coming down. I knew he was an Austrian officer, because he was in uniform. He was very white, and his eyes looked staring. I thought he was one of the lodgers. We were all very much frightened and confused. I was. I did not see where he went to. I saw the body of Herr Tinkolin, in number ten. The landlord had hold of the body. The Herr had been strangled with a black silk handkerchief. The brandy had not been drunk. My master sent at once to the Verwaltungsamt. That is all I know."

Monsieur Jules Paupouffe, rentier, examined said:—"I came home to 'La Belle Etoile' at about 12.30. . . . . I went up to bed. I slept in number nine, next door to the deceased. I saw his door ajar. I thought it strange, as the Herr was very particular about shutting his door. He had often told me so. He said that he was afraid of people coming in. I went to close the door. I then saw that the Herr was not in bed. I looked round, and saw a boot and trousers sticking out from under the valance of the bed. I lifted up the valance, and saw that there was a body under the bed. I ran down-stairs and alarmed the house. . . . . "

Herr Frederich M———, landlord of "La Belle Etoile," examined said:—"I am landlord of 'La Belle Etoile.' I knew the deceased. I was aware that he had been winning largely at the tables. M. Paupouffe told me he was murdered. It was about twelve o'clock, perhaps more; about one o'clock. I went up to numero dix. Several people were with me. . . . I found the body under the bed. He had been strangled with a black silk handkerchief. There were no signs of a struggle. There was no money on the deceased. I sent for the police. I saw no Austrian officer. Maria, the *femme de chambre*, told me afterwards that she had seen one on the stairs. I communicated the same to Herr Passhäusser, of the police."

Adolphe Le Blanc confirmed the evidence of the girl as to the two men. He said that Berschmann was usually about the lower rooms in the evening.

Several other witnesses were examined. They confirmed the evidence of the landlord. Amongst them were, Adolphe le Blanc and Jean Mabillon, waiters; Max Tromppetten, John Birch, Guzman della Casa Novales, Pietro Panipini, and Frank Commendeberger, lodgers. They had none of them seen the Austrian officer.

Passhäusser (the official who saw the body) said:—"I was sent for to 'La Belle Etoile' on the night of the 3rd. I reached the hotel at about half-past one or two o'clock. I saw the body of Herr Max Tinkolin. He had apparently been strangled. There was a black silk handkerchief round his neck. It was drawn very tight; so much so that I could hardly get it off. There was no money on the person of the deceased. I saw none in the room. There was no

appearance of a struggle. [*The witness here described the position of the furniture, etc.*] The landlord, Herr M———, told me that the servant had seen an Austrian officer going downstairs. I examined her as to the circumstance. [*The witness here corroborated the evidence of Berschmann.*] I asked for Lemmindecker [another official] to remain in the house. I went out to see if I could find the Austrian. I saw a man on the opposite side of the street. He moved away as I came out. I saw, when he gained the middle of the street, that he wore the Austrian uniform. I called out to him to stop, but he made no answer. I followed him to the Kurgarten. He tried to enter the gardens. I then saw him cross the road to the 'Hotel de France.' *I think that he went in, but I lost sight of him for a moment behind a carriage.* I asked the porter if an Austrian officer lived in the house. He said 'No;' but said that he thought that one had just gone upstairs. I went upstairs. I then saw the Austrian at the door of No. 3. I was about to enter when I heard the bell ring violently. I waited outside. A servant came up. He told me that Professor Peppenhäusser lodged there, and that one of his friends, a M. Pläaffer, was dangerously ill, and that the surgeon had been sent for. I remained below until the surgeon came. It was exactly three o'clock, when I saw the officer enter the Professor's room. After the surgeon had gone upstairs, I went up. I entered the room. There was a man in bed. I also saw another gentleman, who I think was the Professor. I thought that the Austrian was "shamming." I told Messieurs in the room my errand. [The witness here recapitulated what passed between himself and us.] I thought that there must have been some mistake. Herr Peppenhäusser said that no one had entered his room, except the servant and Herr Minden, the surgeon. Herr Minden said that the gentleman in bed had been insensible since eleven o'clock the previous evening. I know Herr Minden well. He has attended my family. I place implicit confidence in what he says. I left the house."

The porter and servant of the "Hotel de France" confirmed the evidence of this witness. The porter said that he thought that an Austrian officer had gone upstairs, but was not sure.

I was examined, and swore positively that Karl did not leave the house between the hours of eleven and three. Herr Minden also gave it as his opinion that he could not have done so.

Here the matter rested. The upshot of it all was that the unfortunate occupier of No. 9 in "La Belle Etoile" was imprisoned, pending further inquiry. It was, however, found that he was a respectable, stupid man, with a small private income, and, as no proof could be found against him, he was set at liberty under *surveillance.*

In the meantime suspicion rested on three people, viz., the mysterious Austrian, and the two men that were seen by Maria Berschmann, and one of whom was marked with a scar. Hombourg was ransacked high and low, but no one of the three could be found anywhere. I was at my wits' end. It appeared to me that the undoubted murderers were the two Frenchmen, but they could not be found. I had mentioned what I had heard in the Kursaal to

Lemmindecker, but all his efforts to find them were useless. They could not have gone far before the discovery of the body, but then the false trail of the Austrian officer had led the police astray, and no mention had been made of the two until Maria Berschmann introduced them to public suspicion by her evidence given on the 5th September, two days after the murder. On the breaking down of the Austrian theory, that suspicion became so strong that no less than three detectives were sent by different routes in search of the *suspects*. There had been, however, no official trace of their departure (by means of passports, railway tickets, etc.); they could not be found in Hombourg, and four days had already elapsed since the detectives left in search of them.

I hungered for some tidings, not only out of curiosity, but to satisfy myself of the innocence of Karl. I could not believe him guilty of the actual deed, but he must have known something concerning it; else why mention "*three men in Herr Tinkolin's room?*" The state of suspense I was in was horrible. I had been intimate with a man of whom I knew nothing; a man who had told me a strange tale of play, suicide, cursings, and retributions; a man who might be a plausible impostor, and *was* a suspected murderer, and this man was in my rooms, in my chamber, ill, senseless, cataleptic, sick to such a degree that the commonest dictates of humanity forbade any thought of removal by my means. In a sort of despair I began to cast about for traces, to form theories, to pore over witnesses' answers, to build up ideas upon a chance word dropped by the detective, to search for a clue by which to seize the heart of this mystery. I sifted and searched in vain. There were positively no traces. That the murder had been committed by no one of the house lodgers seemed certain. All the servants had clearly proved *alibis*. A second rigorous examination had failed to shake their evidence, and the whereabouts of each lodger at the time of the murder had been distinctly proved. The assassin had left no traces behind him; he had strangled his victim in the silence of the night, and vanished straightway from human ken.

There was something demoniacal about this crime. There could be no doubt that the motive was plunder; but the sure, noiseless, and rapid method with which the murder was executed (and that, too, in the midst of half a hundred persons, in the centre of a large hotel crowded with inmates), had something peculiarly devilish and terrible about it. Who was this mysterious assassin, who enters hotels, passes through the midst of waiters, chambermaids, and lodgers, strangles his victim noiselessly, and departs no one can tell whither? I set myself to examine and search out. Suspicion and my own convictions pointed to the two Frenchmen spoken of by Berschmann, but, on the other hand, Berschmann had sworn that she had seen the Herr *alive* after she had met the two *coming down-stairs to go out*; therefore, unless they had concealed themselves in the house, or entered again unseen (the first visit having been made for the purpose of *reconnaisance*), these two must be considered innocent. Now comes the Austrian officer seen by the same witness. "He

was coming down-stairs; he wore the Austrian uniform. . . . There was no Austrian officer living in the house." Here we have proof positive, it would seem, of the presence of some one, *who had no ostensible business there*, directly *after* the murder. His appearance was also that of a man who had just committed some dreadful deed. "He looked very white; his eyes were staring and fixed." But, observe that none of the other witnesses (ten in all) saw this man; that the landlord and Mons. Paupouffe, who were with Maria Berschmann, did not see him; and that the girl herself says, "We were much frightened and confused. I was." We then find that *an* Austrian officer was seen by Passhäusser, the police agent, lurking about the "Hotel de la Belle Etoile" an hour after the murder, and that he pursued him, he thinks (*or, at least, a person in the Austrian uniform*), entering the "Hotel de France;" there he (the Austrian) *disappears*. There was no one answering to his description except Karl (who was in bed and senseless) residing in the hotel at all; and, although Passhäusser swore that he saw "the Austrian at the door of No. 3," I knew that no one had entered it.

It must be remembered that this analysis was made for my own guidance and satisfaction, and not for those of another. The public probably believed Karl guilty.

Now it is not likely that the murderer of Herr Tinkolin, having committed his crime and secured his booty, would linger near the scene and proofs of his guilt, especially as he had (presuming him to be the Austrian) been seen on the stairs by the *femme de chambre* and others; his first impulse would be to fly. True, it has been remarked that murderers and others nearly always return to the spot where their crime was committed, seemingly drawn thither by a fascination, the power of which on a weak mind can be easily imagined; but this is never until some days, or at least, some hours, have elapsed. The first impulse is flight. Bearing this improbability in mind, we shall do well to consider the question of identity. It would seem at first sight that a uniform, and one so conspicuous as that of the Austrian regiment in question, would be a sure guide in the pursuit of a *suspect;* but, upon a little reflection, we find that the reverse is the case. There were many Austrian officers in Hombourg; all, or nearly all, wore the *white frock coat*, which was the costume of the supposed murderer of Herr Tinkolin. Passhäusser, the police agent, confesses that he did not keep his man in sight the whole way: "I lost sight of him for a moment behind a carriage" (at the "Hotel de France"). And even had he found and arrested him, it is more than probable that the pursued would turn out to be some late-comer-home from a ball or saloon, or even a different person to the one originally seen. The fact that the supposed murderer wore an Austrian uniform increased rather than diminished the chance of his escape. It is true that *all* Austrian officers might be arrested, and required to give an account of how they spent the night of the 3rd; but how many could give a *witnessed* account of the time between the hours of 11.30 p.m. and 12.30 or 1 a.m.—the very "waste and middle of the night," when

most men are abed and asleep? And one half-hour out of these four would be ample time to have committed the murder.

One fact only appeared plainly among this chaos of conjecture:—Whoever murdered the Herr must have been acquainted with the arrangements of the "Hotel la Belle Etoile," and must have committed the murder between the hours of 11.30 and 12.30; most probably shortly after the unfortunate man was last seen alive by Berschmann; for she says, "The brandy was untouched." Moreover, the body was not undressed.

This reduces the circle to smaller compass. We must look for some one who knows the arrangements of the place, and who was there at or shortly after half-past eleven o'clock. The answer to the first of these requisitions gives us Mons. Paupouffe (the lodger who found the body), but he was not in the house at all until an hour after the time specified in our second condition. The two foreigners (unless we accept the hypothesis of their returning and concealing themselves in the house) are, however much suspected, innocent by the same rules, for the Herr was seen alive after their departure, which took place before 11.30. The other lodgers, as I have said, had all proved satisfactory *alibis*. Thus we are left with the phantom of an Austrian officer, or the supposition that the deed was committed by some unknown, unseen murderer, who crept in during a favourable moment, and obtained his booty at the expense of an old man's life. For my part, I scouted the idea of a common thief being the author of the crime. The thief by profession rarely resorts to bloodshed; besides, he takes his measures too well to risk detection by attempting robbery at so early an hour. Moreover, a professional (if I may use the word) would hardly have been aware of the sum in the Herr's possession (he having won it but for so short a time), or, if he had been aware of it, would, for caution's sake (a maxim among thieves), have preferred attacking the old man in the street rather than entering the hotel. My idea was, that the Herr was murdered by some one who knew him, knew his ways and the ways of the house, and who had not intended to commit a crime until tempted by the sight of the enormous sum which Tinkolin had won that evening at the Kursaal; that then, enraged by resistance, or more probably fearing instant pursuit by reason of his identity being known, he murdered his victim, and, favoured by circumstances, escaped from the house without having been seen.

Having arrived at these conclusions, I determined to visit the room where the crime had been committed. It was now four days since the event, and Karl was yet insensible. He had eaten nothing, and lay, hardly breathing and with rigid limbs, upon the bed where we first placed him. It would be useless to wait until his awakening for enlightenment as to his connection with the affair; indeed, each moment that passed seemed to give less hope of his ultimate recovery. I knew that we were under *surveillance*, and, for my own sake, as well as to set my doubts at rest, I determined to spare no pains to unravel the tangled skein that was about us.

On the 7th of September, therefore (the fifth day after the murder), I repaired to the "Hotel de la Belle Etoile." After some parley I was admitted, and, accompanied by a *gendarme*, entered numero dix.

The Herr had apparently, despite his winnings, been economical in his expenses. The room was about eighteen feet long by twelve broad, lighted by one window opposite the door, and rather meanly furnished. I examined the window; it looked into the court-yard, a sheer descent of forty feet at least; moreover, the dust upon the window-sill was half-an-inch thick. No one had entered that way. There were no closets or wardrobes in which the assassin could have hidden himself. The bed offered the only place of concealment. As this reflection passed through my mind, my eye fell upon the wash-hand-stand, which was situated at the bottom of the bed, and in such a position that the door when opened would impinge upon it in such a manner as to form a recess in the angle of the wall, where a man could easily and totally hide himself until the door was again closed.

The whole scene flashed upon me in a moment. In this recess, thought I, stood the murderer, waiting for his prey. The Herr enters through the open door, and, passing his hand forward, grasps the handle, making at the same time a half turn to the left, so as to shut the door. This half turn brings him face to face with the intruder.

Naturally unprepared for such a sight he starts back. Before however, he can utter a cry he is seized by the throat, and, helpless in the hands of his assailant, dies there in silence, within ten, perhaps five, yards of succour.

The presence of the handkerchief round his throat would seem also to be accounted for thus. It must be borne in mind that the handkerchief was the property of the Herr, not of the murderer, and also that it must have been placed where it was found deliberately, and after the deceased was insensible, as it was drawn three times round the neck, and secured with a double knot. Upon the Herr being attacked in this manner, he would naturally fall back. This movement, owing to the smallness of the room, would bring him in contact with the dressing-table (which was placed under the window opposite the door); thus the glance of the assassin would fall upon this table and the articles which it bore. Having rendered his victim insensible, and being fearful of detection by means of the recognition which took place in that brief moment when he and his victim were face to face at the door, he would seek for some means to silence the insensible man in his hands for ever. The Herr had no razors, and the table held nothing but brushes and the collars and neck-handkerchiefs of the deceased. To one of these last would the attention of the murderer be drawn; he would seize one, and with it complete his dreadful purpose.

Having obtained his booty (the pocket-book carried by the deceased and full of his winnings), the next thought would be flight. I placed myself in the position of the murderer, and endeavoured to ascertain what my own thoughts would be on such

an occasion. Instinctively I felt that I should pause an instant, not only to listen if the coast was clear, but, as it were, to draw breath after the struggle. During that brief instant the ideas that would arise would be, "Suppose any one should come in? —the room looks undisturbed; but the body—*let me hide the body.*" Thus impressed with the fact that, if the body was removed, he might, if discovered, account in some ordinary way for his presence (for in such a moment as this must have been, the senses and powers of perception are unusually acute), the assassin would glance hurriedly round for some place of concealment. The bed, close upon his right hand, would be the first object that would meet his glance, and, having thrust the mute witness of his crime beneath it, and (as he thought) concealed it from view, the necessity for escape would again come before him, and, hurrying unnoticed down-stairs, he would gain the street.

I turned to examine the bed, a huge walnut affair. I lifted the valance. The space under the bed was not wide enough to contain the body of a man lengthwise (*i.e.*, thrust under head or feet first), but it would easily conceal one laid in a contrary position, or side first. This space having been necessarily seen by many people when the unfortunate Herr's body was found, I imagined that there would be but little chance of my finding anything new in that quarter; nevertheless, more to satisfy my conscience than with any hope of fresh discoveries, with the assistance of the gendarme, I moved the bed to one side, and commenced an inspection of the flooring. There was no carpet upon the floor, and in some places the boards had shrunk from each other, leaving the interstices of about a quarter of an inch to half an inch wide. In one of these, one nearest the skirting-boards, I perceived something glitter. With the help of my penknife I extracted it. *It was a gold stud!*

This fresh discovery made my heart beat. Here, then, was a clue!

"You are witness as to where I found this," said I to the gendarme.

He assented. I looked at my prize. It was made of plain gold, devoid of ornamentation, chasing, or the like! in short such a stud as might be bought for fifteen francs at any jeweller's in the Haingasse or Lussen Strasse. Yet it was a clue. It seemed to me almost certain that the stud had been the property of the murderer. Its position would seem to indicate that it had been dropped near the bed, and had rolled under it until stopped by the skirting-board, when the recoil, so to speak, would have dropped it into the gap between the planks where I found it. True, it might have been the property of some former lodger, but the untarnished appearance of the gold, and the absence of dust upon it, forbade me to suppose that it had been long in its present concealment; for in two or three weeks at most, so small an object would have been hidden from view by the dust raised by the daily sweeping of the apartment. Nor was it Herr Tinkolin's. His snuffy, seedy, and out-at-elbows appearance, and the absence of all *bijouterie*, save a

plethoric, turnip-faced watch, among his effects, contradicted this supposition. Now, if this stud had been the property of the murderer, it marked him as one belonging to the higher class of society. No vulgar thief would have worn an ornament like the one I held in my hand; it was rather the property of some refined, delicate-handed, perfumed-linened scoundrel, some losing gamester, or well-dressed *escroc.* By the exertion occasioned in moving the body, or during the brief struggle, the stud might have been loosened from the shirt-front, and rolled unnoticed to the place where I found it.

Thus you will observe that this discovery gave me two more hints: that the murderer was one of the higher classes of society, and also that when he committed his crime, he was probably in evening dress, for the stud could hardly, or would be less likely, to fall from the shirt of a man who wore a morning or lounging coat, buttoning close up to the chin.

"I am going to give this into the hands of the Justizamt," said I to the gendarme, and withdrew.

I turned down the Suissen Strasse, followed, as I have since learnt, by the agent of police, who had, since the day of trial, been appointed to keep me in view. As I went along, musing over the results of my visit to "La Belle Etoile," I could not help glancing at the different jewellers' windows, hoping, in some vague way, to find the fellows to my stud. I was startled at length by observing a hand descend from behind the window of one of the shops, and remove a tray full of studs, charms, and such like *bijouterie.* In my present mood this was enough to rouse my attention. I looked into the shop, and beheld Gaston Casseroche. I entered. We exchanged greetings.

"I wish to look at some studs," said I. The shopman placed the tray before both of us.

"What! Do you want studs too?" said I to Casseroche.

"Yes," said he, rather uneasily. "I lost one of mine the other day somewhere."

A sudden rush of ideas came upon me, whence derived I know not, but the whole mystery of the murder seemed clear in a moment.

"*Mon ami,*" I asked in a *nonchalant* tone, "did you ever stop at the hotel 'Belle Etoile?'"

"No!—Yes!—that is, I lived there last season," said he.

"Because I have just left it, and I think I have found your missing stud!" I returned, producing the stud I found in the chamber of the murdered man.

Casseroche turned as pale as if he had seen his death warrant, then flushed, and, recovering his self-possession, said in tones which trembled a little, despite his powers of control:—

"Where did you find it? It is not mine, but ——"

"I found it in the room of Herr Max Tinkolin," said I, in a low voice. "Can you find me the fellows of it? for the man to whom this stud belongs is the murderer of the night of the 3rd September."

"Quite right, Herr Peppenhäusser! Quite right!" said a silky voice. It was the police agent, who had entered behind me.

Quite right! Mons. Etienne Pamandier, *autrement nommé* Mons. Alexandre Lespard, *autrement nommé* Mons. Gaston Casseroche: I arrest you officially for the murder of the worthy Herr. Calm yourself, *mon mignon*," he added; "your friends have disclosed all. *Allons!*" and, bowing to the astonished jeweller, he handed his prisoner into a coach which had just driven up, smiling blandly, and saying apologetically, to the few people who had blocked up the door-way, "Forgery and murder, *mes amis*! Forgery and murder!"

Next morning, of course, the whole affair was in the papers. Gaston Casseroche, it appeared, was at the head of a gang of Paris swindlers, who were conducting business on a very large scale by transmitting forged notes from Paris to Hombourg. The Paris authorities had discovered this little financial arrangement, and had telegraphed to Hombourg. Upon the police agent proceeding to Casseroche's rooms, in his absence, he found, amongst other things, the pocket-book of the murdered Herr Tinkolin, and took his measures accordingly.

The mystery now seemed clear to all parties. Casseroche had hidden himself in Herr Tinkolin's room, robbed and murdered him, and made his escape before he was noticed by the servants or lodgers. This being clear, the "Austrian" was forgotten by the public. Not so was he by me, however, and I waited anxiously for Karl's recovery, to question him upon his mysterious speech upon the night of the murder. That recovery came rather suddenly.

On the 9th of September, at about 4.30 in the afternoon, he awoke, having been six days without sense or motion. For some days I did not allude to the subject, nor did he. At length he said—

"Peppenhäusser, I have been dreaming strange things when I was asleep. I dreamt that Herr Tinkolin was murdered by Casseroche."

I told him the whole story.

"But what became of the two men that I saw in the Herr's room?" said he.

"Be serious, Pläaffer," said I; "how could you see them? You were here in bed the whole time."

"Well," he returned, "I did see them, for *I was there!*"

"Pläaffer!"

"I was there," he went on, his eyes glowing and his hands clenched, "I saw the deed of blood committed. I was the officer that was seen upon the stairs. I was followed here. The curse! The curse is working! and—"

I sprang up and seized his arm. "Karl! for Heaven's sake, calm yourself! Are you mad?"

"Mad? No," said he, with a smile, "I am not mad. Look there!" and he pointed to the open window.

I saw in the street opposite, and looking up at the hotel, an Austrian officer. Could I believe my eyes? *He had the features of the man at my side!* I seized my hat and ran out. The figure was standing on the steps of the Kursaal. I followed. When I reached the spot it was gone; but, turning round, I saw it crossing the road to the "Hotel de France." I saw it enter and followed. My heart

beat fast, and I know not what terrible fancies crowded my brain. I asked the porter if an Austrian officer had just entered. He stared.

"Yes, sir; *Herr Pläaffer* has just gone up stairs."

My knees bent under me; my brain seemed to whirl round; I flew rather than ran up to Karl's room. I saw it at the door. It entered.

"Speak!" I cried, bursting open the door after the figure. "Who are you? You shall pay dearly for this imposture!"

There was no one in the chamber! No living being but myself! Karl Pläaffer lay back upon the bed, and—dead!

A MYSTERIOUS COINCIDENCE.

WE had returned from a "Seance," and were discussing that which every one discusses without being anything the wiser—the future of the soul.

"Come," I cried at last, "our thinly-clad intellects will take cold if we venture so far up the mountain. Let us hasten to take refuge at the fireside of the great DON'T KNOW."

"Ay," said Hylton the surgeon, "it is best. The secrets of the grave are in safe keeping. Who has held parley with one risen from the dead?"

"You are sure then that the spirits of the dead do not revisit us?" asked the sad voice of Pontifex from out the gloom.

"Ay, as sure as of anything in this unstable world. But *you* are no convert to the 'spiritualistic' doctrine. You are no believer in the ghost of Benjamin Franklin's small clothes."

"I speak of spirits clad in flesh—ghosts who live and move amongst us—ghosts who, tenants of bodies like our own, mingle in the practical life of a methodical age, fulfilling a destiny, in the accomplishment of which some of us, all unwittingly, may be involved."

"What do you mean, man?" asked Hylton, frowning down an involuntary stare of alarm.

"Did you never meet one of these embodied ghosts?" said Pontifex. "Have you never, when dining in a public room, or walking in a crowd, been conscious of the presence of something evil? Have you not known men whose voice, silence, attitude, gait, feature, gave token of crime undetected? These are the ghosts of our modern day. They are with us, but not of us. We turn to look after them, and yet avoid them, or, meeting them, shrink from contact, shuddering we know not why."

"Pontifex," I cried, urged to utterance by the tones of the speaker, "we have all known that you have a story. Tell it to us to-night."

The young man fixed his hollow eyes upon the fire, and laughed low.

"I have a story, and I will tell it to you, if you like, for the occasion is a fitting one. Listen.

"Most men, however roughly the world has used them, can recall a period in their lives when they were absolutely happy, when each night closed with the recollection of new pleasures tasted, when the progress of each day was cheered by the experience of unlooked-for novelties, and when the awakening to another dawn was a pure

physical delight, unmarred by those cankering anxieties for the fortune of the hour which are the burden of the poor, the ambitious, and the intriguing. To most men also, this golden time comes when the cares of a mother, or the coquettish attention of sisters, aid to shield the young and eager soul from the blighting influences of worldly debaucheries. Thrice fortunate is he among us who can look back on a youth spent in the innocent enjoyments of the country, or who possesses a mind moulded in its adolescence by the cool fingers of well-mannered and pious women.

"My first initiation into the business of living took place under different auspices. The only son of a rich widower, who lived but for the gratification of a literary and political ambition, I was thrown, when still a boy, into the society of men thrice my age, and was tolerated as a clever impertinent in all those witty and wicked circles in which virtuous women are conspicuous by their absence. My father lived indifferently in Paris or London, and, patronised by the dandies, artists, and scribblers who form, in both cities, the male world of fashionable idleness, I was suffered at sixteen to ape the vices of sixty. Indeed, so long as I was reported to be moving only in that set to which my father chose to ally himself, he never cared to inquire how I spent the extravagant allowance which his indifference rather than his generosity permitted me to waste. You can guess the result of such a training. The admirer of men whose successes in love and play were the theme of common talk for six months; the worshipper of artists whose genius was to revolutionise Europe—only they died of late hours and tobacco; the pet of women whose daring beauty made their names famous—for three years; I discovered, at twenty years of age, that the pleasurable path I had trodden so gaily led to a hospital or a debtor's prison, that love meant money, friendship an endorsement on a bill, and that the rigid exercise of a profound and calculating selfishness alone rendered tolerable a life at once so deceitful and barren. In this view of the world I was supported by those middle-aged Mephistopheles (survivors of the storms which had wrecked so many argosies), those cynical, well-bred worshippers of self, who realise in the nineteenth century that notion of the devil which was invented by the early Christians. With these good gentlemen I lived; emulating their cynicism, rivalling their sarcasms, and neutralising the superiority which their existence gave them, by the exercise of that potentiality for present enjoyment which is the privilege of youth.

"In this society I was progressing rapidly to destruction, when an event occurred which rudely saved me. My father died suddenly in London, and, to the astonishment of the world, left—nothing. His expenditure had been large, but, as he left no debts, his income must have been proportioned to his expenses. The source of this income, however, was impossible to discover. An examination of his banker's book showed only that large sums (always in notes or gold) had been lodged and drawn upon, but no record of speculations or of investments could be found among his papers. My relatives stared, shook their heads, and insulted me with their pity. The sale

of furniture, books, plate, and horses brought enough to pay the necessary expenses of the funeral, and leave me heir to some £800. My friends of the smoking-room and the supper-table philosophised on Monday, cashed my I.O.U.'s on Tuesday, were satirical on Wednesday, and 'cut' me on Thursday. My relatives said that 'something must be done,' and invited me to stay at their houses until that vague substantiality should be realised. One suggested a clerkship in the War Office; another a stool in a banking house; while a third generously offered to use his interest at headquarters to procure for me a commission in a marching regiment. Their offers were generously made, but, *then*, stunned by the rude shock of sudden poverty, and with a mind debauched by a life of extravagance and selfishness, I was incapable of manly action. To all proposals I replied with sullen disdain; and, desirous only of avoiding those who had known me in my prosperity, I vowed my resolution of claiming my inheritance and vanishing to America.

"A young man with money and a taste for *bric-à-brac* soon gathers about him a strange collection of curiosities, and at the sale of my possessions I was astonished to find how largely I had been preyed upon by the Jews, print-sellers, picture-dealers, and vendors of spurious antiques. The 'valuable paintings,' the curious 'relics,' the inlaid and be-jewelled 'arms,' and the rare 'impressions' of old prints were purchased by the 'trade' for a third of the price which I had paid for them, doubtless to be resold to another man of taste, as artless and extravagant as myself. Of the numberless articles which had littered my bachelor-house, I retained but three or four of the most portable, which might serve as remembrances of a luxury I never hope again to enjoy. Among these was a copper-plate engraving, said to be one of the first specimens of that art. The print bore the noted name of Tommaseo Finiguerra, and was dated 1469. It was apparently a copy of a 'half-length' portrait of a woman, dressed in the fashion of that age, and holding in her hand a spray of rue. The name of this *grande dame* was not given—indeed, as I need hardly say, the absence of aught but the engraver's signature constituted the chief value of the print.

"I felt constrained to preserve this purchase, for many reasons. Not only had I, one idle day, 'discovered' it, as I imagined, on the back shelves of a print-shop, and regarded it as the prize of my artistic taste; not only had it occupied the place of honour over my mantelshelf, and been a silent witness of many scenes which yet lingered fondly in my memory; not only had I seemed to hold communion with it when, on some lonely evening, I was left to reflect upon the barrenness of my existence, but the face possessed a charm of expression which, acknowledged by all, had become for me a positive fascination. The original must have been a woman of strange thoughts, and (I fancied) of a strange history. The *pose* of the head was defiant, the compressed lips wore a shallowy smile of disdain, and the eyes—large, full, and shaded by heavy lashes—seemed to look through you, and away from you, with a glance that was at once proud and timid, as though they contemplated and dared

some vague terror, of whose superior power they were conscious. We have all, I presume, seen portraits which, by accident or design, bear upon them a startling expression rarely seen upon the face of the original, but which is felt to be a more truthful interpreter of character than is the enforced composure which self-control has rendered habitual. So with the portrait of which I speak. The unknown woman—or girl, for she did not seem to be more than three-and-twenty—revealed, in the wonderful glance with which she had so long looked down upon me, a story of pride, of love, of shame, perhaps of sin. One could imagine that in another instant the horror would fade from those lovely eyes, the smile return to that disdainful lip, and the delicate bosom, which now swelled with that terror which catches the breath and quickens the pulse, would sink into its wonted peacefulness, to rise and fall with accustomed equanimity beneath its concealing laces. But that instant never came. The work of the artist was unchangeable ; the soul which looked out of the windows of that lovely body still shuddered with a foreknowledge of the horror which it had expected four hundred years ago.

"I tried in vain to discover the name and history of this strange portrait. The artists or men of taste to whom I had applied had neither seen another copy of the print, nor heard of the original painting. It seemed that the fascinating face had belonged to some nameless one, who had carried with her to the grave the knowledge of whatever mystery had burdened her life on earth. At last, hopeless of discovering the truth, I amused myself by speculating on what might, perchance, have been the history of this unknown beauty. I compared her features with the descriptions left to us of women famous for their sorrows. I invented a thousand wild tales which might account for the look of doom upon her fair face, and at last my excited imagination half induced me to believe that the mysterious print was a forged antique, and represented, in truth, some living woman to whom I had often spoken, and with whom my fortunes were indissolubly connected.

* * * * * * * *

"A wickeder lie was never uttered than that favourite statement of colonial politicians—more ignorant or more impudent than others of their class—that in Australia no man need starve who is willing to work. I have been willing to work, and I have absolutely starved for days together. The humiliation through which I passed must, I fancy, be familiar to many. During the first six months of my arrival I was an honorary member of the Melbourne Club, the guest of those officials to whom I brought letters of introduction, the welcomed of South Yarra tea-parties, and the butt of the local *Punch*, on account of the modish cut of my pantaloons. I met men who 'knew my people,' and was surprised to find that the mention of a titled friend secured for me considerable attention among the leaders of such second-hand fashion as is boasted by the colony. In this genial atmosphere I recovered my independence. Indeed, had my social derelictions been worse than those incurred by poverty, I

was assured that society would find it in its colonial heart to forgive them all. I was Hugh Pontifex, who had supped with the Marquis of Carabas, and brought letters of introduction from Lord Crabs. Had Judas Iscariot arrived armed with such credentials, South Yarra would have auburnised his red hair and had him to dinner. To my surprise, instead of being cast among new faces, and compelled to win for myself an independent reputation, I found that I was among old friends, whom I had long thought dead or in gaol. To walk down Collins Street was like pulling up the Styx. On either side I saw men who had vanished from the Upper World sooner than I. Tomkins was there to explain that queer story of the concealed ace. Jenkins talked to me for an hour concerning the Derby, which ruined him. Hopkins had another wife in addition to the one whom he left at Florence; while Wilkins assured me, on his honour, that he had married the lady with whom he had eloped, and introduced me to her during a dinner party at a trading magnate's. The game was made in the same old fashion, only the stakes were not so high. The porcelain was of the same pattern, only a little cracked.

"For six months life was vastly pleasant. Then my term of honorary membership finally expired, and I left the Club to live at Scott's. By-and-by my money ran short. I drew a bill on England, and the letter which informed me of its payment contained a stern command to draw no more. I went on a visit to the 'station' of an acquaintance, and, on returning to town, found that my hotel bill was presented weekly. I retired into cheaper lodgings, and became affiliated with a less aristocratic club. Forced to associate with men of another set, I felt that my first friends remembered to forget me. My lampooned trousers began to wear out, and I wondered how I could have been once so reckless in the purchase of boots. I applied to Wilkins for a loan, then to Tompkins and Hopkins. I found that I could not repay them, and so avoided those streets where they were to be met. I discarded gloves, and smoked a short pipe publicly at noon-day. I removed to a public-house, and talking with my creditor-landlord at night, not unfrequently drank much brandy. I discovered that it is possible to be drunk before dinner. I applied for a clerkship, a messengership, a 'billet' in the Civil Service; I went on the stage as a 'Super,' I went up the country as a schoolmaster, I scribbled for the newspapers, I wrote verses for the 'Full and Plenty' eating-house. I starved in 'genteel' poverty until fortune luckily put me in the way of prosperity by suggesting coach-driving and billiard-marking. Thanks to an education at a public school, a licensed youth, a taste for pleasure, and the society of the 'best men about London,' I found myself, at three-and-twenty, master of two professions, driving and billiard-playing. You will understand now that my digression concerning pictures was necessary to convince you that all this time I never sold the mysterious print.

"One Sunday evening, towards the end of August, when the windy winter had not yet begun to melt into sudden and dusty spring, I was walking up Bourke Street. All you folks who have made a study of Melbourne city know what a curious appearance

the town presents on a Sunday evening. The deserted road, barren of all vehicles save a passing cab, serves as a promenade for hundreds of servant-maids, shop boys, and idlers, while the pavement is crowded with young men and women of the lower middle class, who, under the pretence of 'going to church,' or of 'smoking a cigar,' contrive to indulge their mutual propensities for social enjoyment. Those sewing-girls who, at six o'clock in the evening, are to be nightly seen debouching from Flinders Lane or Collins Street, frequent these Sunday evening promenades, and, in all the pride of clean petticoats and kid gloves, form fitting companions for the holiday-making barbers or soft-goods clerks, who, daring rakes, seek a weekly intrigue in the 'Peacock' on the unsavoury strength of a 'Sunday' cigar. Examining these groups as I walked, I found myself abreast of Nissen's Café, impeding the egress of a lady. I turned with an apology, but the words melted on my lips when, beneath the black bonnet of the stranger, *I found the counterpart of my unknown print.*

"For an instant surprise rendered me incapable of action, and then, with a beating heart and bewildered brain, I followed the fleeting figure. She went down Bourke Street, and turned to the left into Swanston Street. When she reached the corner where the Town Hall now stands, a man suddenly crossed the moonlit street and joined her. This man was wrapped in one of those Inverness cloaks which the slowly travelling fashion of the day had then made imperative to the well-being of the Melbourne dandies. A slouch hat of the operatic brigand type shaded his face, but, in the brief glance that I caught of him, I fancied that I recognised those heavy brows, that blunt nose, and that thin and treacherous mouth. The two met, evidently by appointment, and went onward together. It was useless to follow. I turned and went home.

"I passed the next day in a condition of mind which it is impossible to describe. So strange a coincidence as this had surely never happened to man before. A woman has her portrait engraved in the year 1469; I purchase the engraving, try in vain to discover the original, and meet her face to face in the prosaic Melbourne of 1863. I longed for night to come, that I might wander through the streets in search of her. I felt a terrible yearning tug at my heart-strings. I burned to meet her wild, sad eyes again. I shuddered when I thought that, in my wildest dreams, I had never sunk that pictured face so deep beneath the social waters as this incarnation of it seemed to have been plunged. For two nights I roamed the streets in vain. On the morning of the third day a paragraph in the *Herald* explained why my search had been fruitless. The body of a woman had been 'found in the Yarra.' Society—especially unmarried society—has, as a matter of course, its average of female suicides, and, as a rule, respectable folks don't hear much about them. The case of this unfortunate girl, however, was different. She was presumed to have been murdered, and the police made investigations. The case is sufficiently celebrated in the annals of Melbourne crime to excuse a repetition of details. Suffice it to say that against the many persons

who were presumed to be inculpated in the destruction of the poor girl, no proof was forthcoming. The journals aired Edgar Poe and the 'Mysteries of Marie Roget' for a day or so, but no one was sent for trial, and an open verdict left the detectives at liberty to exercise their ingenuity without prejudice. There was some rumour of a foreigner being implicated in the deed, but as the friends of the poor outcast knew no such person, and as my evidence as to seeing a man of such appearance join the deceased was, in reality, of little value (for I was compelled to admit that I had never seen the woman before in my life, and that my glimpse of her companion was but momentary), the supposition was treated with contempt, and the 'case' dismissed from the memory of the public.

"It did not fade so easily from my mind. To speak the truth, indeed, I was haunted by the hideous thing which I had been sent to 'view' upon the coarse table of that wretched deadhouse which then disgraced our city. The obscure and cruel fate of the unhappy woman, whose portrait had so long looked down upon me, filled me not only with horror but with apprehension. It seemed to me as if I myself was implicated in her fate, and bound to avenge her murder. The fact of my having speculated so long upon her fortunes, and then having found her but to lose her without a word having passed between us, apppeared to give me the right to seek to know more of her. The proud queen of many a fantastic dream revel; the said chatelaine of many an air-built castle; had this portrait leapt to life beneath my glances, as bounded to earth the nymph from beneath the chisel of Pygmalion? Had the lost one, who passed me like a ghost in the gloaming, come out of the grave in which they had placed her four hundred years ago? What meant this resurrection of buried beauty? What was the mysterious portent of this living presentment of a dead and forgotten sin? I saw the poor creature buried. I wept—no unmanly tears, I trust—over her nameless grave. And then I learned her history. 'Twas no romance, unless the old story of a broken home and the cold comfort of the stoney-hearted streets may be called romantic. She was presumed to have been well born—she had been a wife—her husband had left her—she was beautiful and poor—for the rest, ask Mother Carey, who deals in chickens. She can tell you entertaining histories of fifty such.

"At the inquest I met Warrend—you remember old Tom, Hylton?—and he sought me out and took me home with him. We had been schoolfellows; but although my taste for prints and pictures had now and then brought me into his company, I had seen but little of him. He was—as we know him—kindly, tender, and generous. He offered me his help. He was in good practice, and could afford to give me shelter beneath his bachelor roof. He wrote for the papers; knew the editors, and would try and procure work for me. That meeting laid the foundation of such independence as I now claim. Shaken in health by my recent privations, and troubled in mind by the horrible and inexplicable mystery upon which I seemed to have stumbled, I was for some weeks seriously ill. Warrend saw that something preyed upon my

spirits, and pressed me to unbosom myself. I told him the story and produced the print.

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"I must beg your grace for what I am about to tell you. You may regard the story as unworthy of credit, or sneer at it as the result of a 'coincidence.' It is simply true for all that.

* * * * * * *

"Warrend became grave.

"'I have a copy of that print,' said he, in a tone altogether without the pride usual in a collector. 'I think a unique copy. It is the portrait of a woman round whose life a mystery spun itself See here.'

"He opened the portfolio, and took out the engraving. It was an exact copy of mine, but was a proof after letters, and bore in the quaint characters of the time, the name, *Jehanne La Gaillarde.*

"I fell back upon the sofa as if I had been struck in the face. The name of the poor girl whom I had buried was Jenny Gay.

"'Warrend,' said I, there is something unholy about this. I met, a week ago, the living original of that portrait, and now you, a man whose name re-echoes that of the Italian artist who engraved it, tell me that you know the mystery of her life. What is it, then? for, before you speak, I know *I* figure in the scene.'

"Warrend or Finiguerra, took from the book-shelf a little book, published by Van der Berghen, of Brussels, in 1775, and handed it to me. It was called *La Coeur de Jehanne La Gaillarde*, and appeared to be a collection of letters. In the advertisement was a brief memoir of the woman whose face had so long puzzled me. I glanced at it, and turned sick with a nameless terror. Jehanne La Gaillarde was a woman whose romantic amours had electrified the Paris of Louis XI. She was murdered by being thrown into the Seine. 'All attempts to discover the murderer were vain, but at length, a young man named Hugues Grandprête, who, though he had never seen the celebrated beauty, had fallen in love with her picture, persuaded himself that the murderer was none other than the Sieur De la Forêt (the husband of the beautiful Jehanne), who, being a man of ill-life, had been compelled to fly from Paris. Grandprête communicated his suspicions to none but his intimate friends, followed De la Forêt to Padua, and killed him.' As I read this romance of a man who bore a name which reflected my own, I shuddered, for a sudden thrill of recollection lighted up the darkness of the drama as a flash of lightning illumines the darkness of a thunder-cloud. The face of the man in the cloak was recalled to me as that of a certain gambling lieutenant, who was cashiered by a court-martial, so notorious that the sun of India and the snows of the Crimea have scarce burned out or covered the memory of his regiment's nickname.

"As Jehanne La Gaillarde was the double of Jenny Gay: as Hugues Grandprête lived again in Hugh Pontifex: as the Italian

artist was recalled to life in the person of the man at my side, so Bernhard De la Forêt worked once more his wicked will on earth in the person of the cashiered gambler, Bernard Forrester. If this was a 'coincidence,' it was terribly complete."

"But 'twas a mere coincidence after all," said Hylton, gently. You do not think men's souls return to earth and enact again the crimes which stained them?"

"I know not, but there are in decimal arithmetic repeated 'coincidences' called *repetends*. Continue the generation of numbers through all time, and you have these repetends for ever recurring. Can you explain this mystery of numbers? No. Neither can I explain the mystery of my life. Good-night. I have wearied you."

"Stay," cried I rashly; "the parallel is not yet complete. You have not yet met Forrester?"

"No," cried Pontifex, his large eyes blazing with no healthy fire; "I have prayed that I might not meet him. I live here in Melbourne at the seat of his crime because it seems the least likely place to again behold him. If, by accident, in the streets I catch sight of one who resembles him, I hurry away. But I *shall* meet him one day, and then my doom will be upon me, and I shall kill him as I killed him in Padua 400 years ago!"

A HASCHICH TRANCE—(Real Experience).

THE following story, if it has no literary merit, is, at least, remarkable as a literary curiosity.

Some time back, having read and heard of the effects produced by opium, I was tempted to try an experiment upon myself.

It has often struck me that though we have accounts of the dreams and sensations of opium and *haschich* eaters, written *after their recovery*, no man had ever willingly given to the world a poem or story composed while under the effects of a narcotic. That there are many such existing cannot be doubted; but we cannot point to any one with certainty. I think that a story, written under the influence of *haschich*, may be interesting from a psychological point of view. External objects and recent marked events obtrude themselves with curious persistence into the dreamer's vision; and it is strange to trace their incoherent occurrence. The drug seems to unlock the doors of thought, and our ideas, instead of being induced one by the other, as is the case in normal ratiocination, appear to flow out in a confused and mingled stream.

Of all narcotics, *cannabis indica*, or Indian hemp, is the most powerful. Its use is comparatively unknown in England, but in Algeria, Persia, and Asia generally, it is an established luxury. It is best known in the shape of *haschich*, which is a greenish perfumed paste, made out of the pounded leaves of the plant, and is either eaten, or taken in the form of pills. It is taken by the poorer natives as *gunjah* (the dried leaves of the plant, which are sold in the bazaars in bundles containing about twenty-four each); it is known also as *sujee*, *majoon*, and *khéf*, the latter being smoked in the shape of a coarse powder. The effects of the drug are somewhat different to those produced by opium. Of the visions superinduced by the use of the latter drug, De Quincey, in his *English Opium Eater*, has given a full account, any particular reference to which is needless. Under the influence of doses of laudanum he had the most extraordinary dreams, consisting for the most part of huge temples, and amphitheatres crowded with figures which were for ever shifting and changing. It is noticeable that in all opium-visions motion plays a prominent part. The phantoms are seldom still, and the brain is turned into a vast kaleidoscope of mixing horrors and beauties. The sense of height, depth, and weight is also affected, and the dreamer imagines himself to be at one moment seated on the pinnacle of some immeasurable tower, at another, lying at the bottom of a fathomless abyss, or oppressed by masses of matter of incalculable weight. His reasoning powers are in abeyance, while the imagination

is indefinitely excited. With *cannabis indica* or *haschich*, the effects are different. As with opium, an overdose will paralyze the motor nerves, and induce temporary paralysis of the body, but the reasoning faculties are in full play. The eye dilates and shines like that of a serpent, the power of articulation remains, and the patient is capable of working out the most subtle chains of reasoning.

M. Moreau, a French physician, has left us some record of his experiences under the influence of *haschich*. He says that the first operation of a moderate dose of the drug is to give extraordinary energy to the mind, inducing, at the same time, a mental ease and quietude. After some time, however, the imaginative faculties are called into play, and the *haschich*-eater can call up the most delightful visions *at will*. He has, for the time being, the "divine afflatus," and can imagine and reason upon matters of which, in his natural state, he would be unable to treat. Abuse of the luxury is, of course, followed by the same effects as those induced by opium. The reason wanders; the imagination becomes disordered; horrible phantasms present themselves; and the wretch who perseveres in his deadly pleasure becomes a living corpse. I have been recently informed by a friend, who was for some time with the French army in Algeria, that a *chef d'escadron* of Spahis, named Georges de Noirace, who was quartered at Setif, in Algeria, and who was frequently obliged to hold councils with the Cadis and Khalifas, was in the habit of smoking *khéf* (the leaves of the *cannabis indica*) during the interview, stating that it was only by reason of the increased intellectual power, which its use afforded him, that he was able to combat successfully the subtle plots of the Arabs. I give this anecdote for what it is worth.

Anxious to try the effects of this wonderful drug, I applied to my friend, Dr. ———, of Collins Street, who, I knew possessed a small quantity, to give me some, stating the purpose for which I required it. At first he refused, and it was not until I agreed to permit him to prescribe the quantity of the dose, and to be present during its operation, that he consented.

On the 17th of December, he came to my house, at about five o'clock in the evening. Having partaken of a very light dinner, I determined to submit myself to the experiment. It was agreed that as soon as I found myself under the complete influence of the narcotic, I should endeavour to dictate some story, or compose some poem, which Dr. ——— would take down. I requested him also to make notes of my appearance and actions at various times.

Before I proceed further, a short description of the room in which the experiment took place may be interesting. I have spoken of the effect that external objects have upon the faculties of the dreamer, and it is beyond question that many of the incidents related in the narrative which follows, were unconsciously suggested by the pictures, books, and ornaments in the chamber. I have also added foot-notes to the story, as it was originally written down by Dr. ———, with the intention of explaining, wherever I could, how the ideas arose.

The room is oblong, with two windows fronting the street; the door is opposite to the windows. A fireplace, with mantleshelf and looking-glass is at one end of the chamber, and a book-case at the other. Over the looking-glass is a mezzotint engraving of an Italian monk, the face being of a strange and startlingly life-like nature. A large engraving of Martin's "Palace of Satan," occupies the place of honour over the book-case, and on each side are two engravings, after Holbein, descriptive of the entrance of Death among a party of revellers, and Death tolling a bell in a church tower. On one side of the fireplace is a writing table loaded with books and papers, and on the wall above it hangs a chromo-lithograph of one of Birket Foster's woodland pieces. On the wall, fronting the windows, is another low book-case, with two Art-union Parian statues, one a bust, "Clytie," the other "The Dancing Girl." Above them is a water-colour picture, by Cattermole, of a party of Breton peasants riding by the sea shore. On the mantleshelf is a French clock surmounted by a statute of the Indian Bacchus, in bronze, and a sea-piece hangs between the windows. A table in the centre of the room was covered with books, among which I noticed, *Les Contes Drolatiques*, of Balzac, *Montaigne's Essays*, translated by Hazlitt, Doré's *Dante*;" several numbers of the *Journal Amusant*; some *Saturday Reviews*, and an illustrated edition of *Keats*. During the day I had been doing some literary work of an utterly unimaginative character (having reference to a statistical report), and had been reading Balzac's *Gobseck* in the afternoon. Dr. ——— and I had been conversing during dinner on indifferent subjects; but I must confess that, in my mind, at least, the idea of the approaching experiment was paramount, and I was constantly wondering what sort of visions would result from the effects of the drug. With this premise, I will now give the notes taken by Dr. ———, and the story I composed, without further comment.

NOTES BY DR. ———

17th Dec., 7 p.m.—My friend having wheeled a sofa in front of the fireplace, and lain down upon it, I gave him two pills, containing each about three-fifths of a grain of *cannabis indica*. He drank some warm tea after taking them. Pulse at 50. He is rather nervous and excited. For at least three-quarters of an hour I observed no visible effect. He talked rationally, and frequently asked me if I observed any change in his demeanour, and expressed a wish for the dose to operate.

8 p.m.—The pulse had been rising during the last quarter of an hour. It is now at 70. No particular change in the patient, save extreme restlessness. A slight dilation of the pupil of the eye is visible. He talked on various indifferent subjects, I always endeavouring to lead his mind away from the imaginative or grotesque.

8.15—Pulse at 74. He complained of thirst, and dryness in the throat, I gave him some cold weak tea to drink, which appeared to relieve him. He expressed much desire to read these notes, but I refused him permission. He becomes sarcastic in his remarks; and,

upon the subject of the "vital principle" being started, talked with more clearness than I should have expected from a layman. Can this be the effect of the drug?

8.35.—Pulse at 76. Skin dry. Pupil of eye much dilated. He shows a disposition to remain silent for some minutes at a time, and allows his head to fall back upon the cushions. The experiment grows interesting.

8.45.—Pulse at 74. Skin cooler. The patient is motionless, and, save by convulsive twitchings of his hands, seems partially paralysed. He will, however, reply to questions, and seems to catch the idea I wish to convey almost before I have completed the sentence. I ask him if he is ready to dictate, he says "No."

9.15—The drug is operating. His eyes are open, fixed, and brilliant. He smiles occasionally. His hands lie by his side, and I was obliged to prop him up with pillows. Pulse at 83. I asked him if he were ready to dictate. He said, with some apparent difficulty of articulation, "I am thinking. I shall be back directly."

9.30.—He will not be aroused, but remains with his eyes fixed. Pulse at 78, or thereabouts. Skin cool. He recognises me, but seemingly not without an effort.*

9.40.—He is in a stupor. Eyes large, projecting, and unnaturally bright. Pulse 72. Skin cool, and slightly moist. Will not reply to questions. Begin to fear that all hopes of his dictating a coherent story are gone.

10.10.—He is moving. I have spoken to him, and shook him slightly. He said with difficulty, "Have you not heard?" †

10.30.—He has recovered from the stupor, but is evidently not in his normal state. His eyes are still bright, and he seems disinclined, or unable, to move. Pulse at 70. He says that he is ready to dictate. ‡

10.35.—He speaks slowly, with deliberation, and with apparent difficulty, but he never hesitates for a word, and seems to be rather reciting from a book than composing. [Written at 2.12; I have been astonished many times during the writing of what follows, at

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* It must have been about this time that I began to dream. I remember saying, "I am thinking." I was trying to collect my ideas, which came with such pleasurable and strange rapidity as to make me laugh. I was conscious of Dr. ——'s presence and knew that I was behaving strangely. A globe of light seemed to burst in my brain, and the most curious stripes and bands of light seemed to float in the air. I seemed to *hear every colour on the pictures and wall, as if it were a sound*; and the noise made by the scratching of Dr. ——'s pen sounded like the roaring of a cataract. I remember trying to lift my hand and finding with *pleasure* that I could not, or rather that I did not wish to, exert the needful will to do so.

† I remember this. I was under the impression that I had been relating an account of a party in the desert, in Africa, who were looking for water, but cannot recall particulars. I thought, also, that I had lain in a stupor for hours. I was dreaming all this time, but with a sort of inner consciousness that I was dreaming. For example, if I thought of a theatre, *I found myself in one*, knowing all the time that it was only a delusion. The visions seemed to be ideas materialised. Instead of calling up a mental picture of a scene, I thought I could see it actually.

‡ I remember now distinctly. I was in a state of utter bodily paralysis, and could only speak with an effort, which, however, became less painful as I proceeded. I commenced to dictate a story. The ideas came without any effort, and I imagined that I was explaining a scene that was actually before my eyes. I had only to withdraw my inforced attention from Dr. ——, and I was instantly present in the place that I was describing. I remember that my voice sounded like that of another person, and that I listened to my own story with interest, as if I did not know what would come next. I seemed to be two persons in one. My ordinary self was listening to some new-found self, of which I had been hitherto ignorant.

the extraordinary command of language, and the fitness of expression, possessed by my friend. The adjectives and metaphors are wonderfully expressive, and he seems to hit upon them at once, though he has told me that, in his normal state, he is much given to correction and emendation. There is also a strange consistency in the narrative, and a sort of undercurrent of meaning that is most unusual in Opium dreams.]

Here follows the story, written down exactly as I dictated it. I have given in foot-notes the objects that I have imagined suggested the train of ideas :—

* * * * * * * *

"He closed the door and stepped out into the darkness. It was a bleak night. The wind had risen, and howled and cursed as it swept down the narrow street that led to the rooms of the Student Martialis. The spirit of the storm had arisen from his lair in the hills of the Geisberg and Kaiserstuhl, and was flying abroad on some unholy errand. The cold moon was up, and half hidden by the rapidly drifting clouds, she cast a fitful gleam down upon the gabled roofs and quaint turrets of Heidelberg town.*

In the upper air the clouds were drifting fast before the gale that rushed after them open-mouthed : but below, the mist and murk hung heavy over the river, and clung, like a funeral sheet, to the skeleton-like bridge that spanned the Neckar with its black arches.

A wild night !—a night when unholy things are abroad, Student Martialis !—a night for Walpurgis revelry and Witch meetings !—a fearsome night ! Dull noises came, mixed with the shrill blasts that shrieked and groaned through the ruined Rittersaal in dying cadences, as of some human thing in agony ; and, down in the valley of the Neckar horrible horse-laughs died away from among the mists over the river. The moon swam out suddenly from under her mist-shroud, and struck all the dark street into marble whiteness with her brilliant glare. The Student Martialis saw his shadow suddenly grow out on the white pavement as an ebon silhouette of himself. An ungainly shadow it was : tall and distorted, wrapped in a big cloak, that the gusts of wind had blown back into a grotesque semblance to the pinions of some evil bird. A shadow surmounted by a slouched hat, from which the black-blown elf-locks writhed like wounded serpents—a shadow sustained by two long, lean spindle-legs, with huge lumps of feet, that equalled in size those of a giant or wooden-shoed Dutch peasant. In fact, the shadow of the Student Martialis seemed to be a model of Mephistopheles cast into a pair of tongs.†

As the Student looked, the moonbeam died away again ; and as the monstrous shade was swallowed up in darkness, Martialis thought

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* I had received a letter, a few months back, from a friend of mine, who had been at Heidelberg University. He made no mention of the city in his letter, but referred to a meeting with a common friend who had been at college there. I have no idea why I chose the name Martialis.

† The allusion to Mephistopheles and the *Walpurgis Night* must evidently have been brought about by some lurking idea of Restch's *Faust*, of which I was, and am, a great admirer.

he distinguished another beside it—a short, dumpy one, that flickered out for a moment and then disappeared.

"Pretty rings, gentlemen; Who'll buy any rings?"

The Student Martialis started back, and as he did so, he came into contact with something—something that was alive, and moved, and croaked.

"Pretty rings, gentlemen. Who'll buy any rings?"

The moon shone out again. There were two shadows now—that of the Student Martialis, and that of an old woman; and the two bobbed and flickered on the white screen of roadway with all the distinctness of figures in a phantasmagoria.*

"Go away, woman," said the Student Martialis; and he turned to put her back from him.

Heavens! what a hideous old woman it was! She had put on a big cloak, it would seem, to come out in; but the frolicksome wind had blown it all awry, and left her skinny, withered arms exposed.†

Her petticoats, to, were all too short for her sapless old bones, that stood out from a pair of enormous shoes, like the handles from two churns. What a face she had! Puckered into a thousand wrinkles—as many as seem the bark of an old elm tree—and set with two red, sunken, carbuncles of eyes that glowed with a most unnatural fire through the shadows. She laid a hand, shaking with age and palsy, and knotted and gnarled as the root of a pine-tree, upon the arm of the Student Martialis; and extending to him the other, which held a small wicker basket, she croaked, in accents that seemed but half articulated by her blue shrivelled lips.

"Rings—rings! Buy my pretty rings!"

An irresistible feeling of horror came over the Student Martialis. He longed to turn and run, but felt spell-bound with a nameless fear. He looked instinctively down the street for the bright cheerful light that shone from the house that he had just quitted, but it was gone. The street was all still and deserted.

"They have gone home very early," said the Student Martialis.

The moon went out again and he could feel the pressure of the hag's hand tightening on his arm in the darkness, as she piped, with a gruesome senile merriment,

"Pretty rings, gentleman! Buy my rings!"

"Peace, hag, and begone!" cried Martialis. "How came you abroad on such a night as this? I want no rings. Begone!"

The old crone returned, in a fœtid whisper, as she crept closer to him, "Buy my rings, pretty gentleman!"

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* The figure of the old woman would seem to arise from the same cause as the introduction of Mephistopheles; but it might also have been suggested by the picture of the cloaked and hooded skeleton in Holbein's *Death Dance*. The notion of the two shadows arose, perhaps, from the shadow of——on the wall. I am utterly at a loss to account for the mention of "rings." The idea must have been prompted by some dim recollection of one of Hoffmann's stories, but which one, I have no notion. A friend, on the contrary, asserts that it was suggested by a tale which appeared in *Blackwood*, entitled *The Diamond Bracelets*.

† The night on which the experiment was made, was remarkably wet and stormy, which in some measure accounts for the element of rain and wind which runs through the whole composition.

"What do you want for them?" asked the Student, in vain trying to shake off the bony hand that pressed into his flesh.

The hag placed her palsied head close to his, and, with a chattering laugh, said, "I sell them dearly to some, but you shall have one cheap, my pretty Student. You shall give me a kiss for one, Student Martialis!"

A kiss! He made an effort to wrench himself free from the horrible presence that stood near him in the darkness, but in vain. His senses reeled, his heart leapt into his mouth with disgust and loathing. Let him only get free!

"Give me one and go, in God's name!" cried the Student Martialis.

He heard a mocking laugh above him, and a window was flung up in the house opposite. A sudden burst of moonlight showed him the street again, and the head of ———,* the mad Professor, protruded from his window on the second storey.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Professor, "courting it at night, my pattern student?"

Martialis shuddered at the laugh and turned away; but the hag placed one lean arm about his neck and glued her mouth, garnished with some three or four yellow teeth-stumps, to his.

The Student Martialis could feel her charnel-house breath, and see her hot, red eyes through the gloom. There was a wild scream from the tortured blast above, echoed by the cry of the Student Martialis, as he forced himself away from the horrible contact.

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What was this? He was not in Heidelberg streets at all—he was leaning against a withered elder-tree, close by the Neckar-bank! There was something on his finger—a ring of elder-wood. How it clung to him! He tried to wrench it off, but could not.

The wind howled louder, and the driving clouds obscured the moon. Far away upon the hill yonder, he could see the light of the college faintly twinkling.

"How came I here?" cried the Student Martialis.

He looked hurriedly round—all was darkness and night. The rushing of the swollen stream below him made a dull, continuous noise, the bass of the wild witch song that the wind was playing. The branches of the elder-tree shook and creaked in the blast, and the Student thought he could hear them murmur, "A kiss! A kiss! A kiss!" as they bent towards him—the knotted and gnarled limbs groping about him, as did the hands of the old hag in the Rheingasse.†

"God defend me from all harm!" cried the Student Martialis, and ran with a horrible fear at his heart up the road to the town; but as he ran he could hear the creaking branches swaying behind him,

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* I found that Dr. —— had written the name of a Professor at Heidelberg College. I have, of course, suppressed it.

† I cannot tell whence the idea of the "kiss" was derived. Perhaps from some suggestive sound made by the wind outside.

and, turning his head, he saw the elder-tree stretching forth its withered limbs, as if to hold him back, and it was no longer an elder-tree, but a horrible travestie of the old woman with the rings.

The mountain of All-Saints, on the other side of the river, loomed vast and black—a shadow among shadows—but the Student could see flames, as if of some summer lightnings, playing round its crest, and shining with the fitful glimmer of corpse lights among the ruins of the old convent. How steep the hill was! Run his best, Martialis could not top it. A nameless something at his heels seemed to drag him back,* and the crooked trees, that bristled, white and ghastly, along the roadway bowed their heads to him, and blinding his view of the town lights with a multitude of leaves, whispered, "Stay with us! Stay with us, Student Martialis!" But he heeded them not, for he could feel the Elder-witch gaining on him at every stride. He dropped his cloak—it was too heavy—but he could run no faster. He flung away his hat, but the keen blasts instead of invigorating him with their fresh coldness, screamed in his ears, "A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!"

There came a sound of footsteps upon his ears, and he heard shouts of laughter. It must be some students returning from the beer-scandal. They came down the hill. Martialis ran faster and faster, till at last he rushed in among them, with scared eyes and white face and open hands, crying, "Save me from the Elder-witch. She has bought my soul with a kiss!"

"Ho! what have we here?" said the foremost student. It was Paolo Sarpi.†

"Ha! Martialis, mysterious youth, whither away so late?"

But Martialis could only gasp and cling to his friend's arm, and gesticulate wildly.

The Student laughed, and seizing his arm, led him down the hill with the rest. Was it his fellow student that led him? He was like him in face and figure; but then, how came he with those fierce eyes, that strange garb, that little cap, and cock's feather?‡

"It cannot be a masquerade!" said the Student Martialis.

Down the hill they went, whooping, gambolling, and shouting, with a fearsome mad glee, that seemed strange and terrible to the affrighted student.

"Wilt come with us, my bold fly-by-night—we go a long voyage?"

"I will go anywhere with flesh and blood," said the Student Martialis.

A solemn man, whose head was turned looking over his shoulder, said, with the voice of a little child, "Our ship is anchored in the stream yonder."

As he spoke, Martialis saw a huge ship, with all her sails set and full, lying motionless in the most shallow part of the Neckar stream, where there was not anchorage for a cockle-shell.

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* We have all experienced this feeling in dreams.

† The name of the monk whose picture I have mentioned as hanging over the looking-glass.

‡ Retsch's *Faust* again.

"Cheerily, ho!" sang out Sarpi; and, in a twinkling, the whole party were on deck. The mighty ship, veering round, ran straight for the Odenwold.*

Through the mountains they went. The rocky cliffs seemed to open as they passed in, and the great vessel ran silently through. Student Martialis saw the lights of the town wax dimmer and dimmer as they entered the vast cleft in the mountain side, and he could hear indistinct mutterings above, below, and around. The whole air seemed alive with sound, and the water-bubbles on the black surface of the water gleamed like the eyes of drowned men.

Flappings of wings, and harsh croaking notes, as of evil birds, were heard in the mist: and amid the continuous roar of the wind, a keener gust than usual would scream in high-pitched accents—"A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!"

The mountain walls grew wider and wider, the breeze came fresher and more chill; till, at length, with a bound, that shook her from stem to stern, the ship leapt forth into the open sea. The wild waves were tumbling in from the black midnight ahead, shaking their white mains like a thousand wild horses, and leaping up at the ship with the rage of wolves at their prey. Not a jot of her course did she abate, but with every stitch of canvas set, and swelled by the fierce gale that met the leaping waves in the teeth and hurled them, struggling and hissing, back, held steadily on through the vast flood of surging waters. The seagulls swooped past with low cries of pain and woe, like condemned souls doomed to wander for ever in the black abyss of midnight. They looked at the Student Martialis with eyes full of pity. Strange monsters surged up out of the seething waste of waters, and played about the ship. Gigantic shadows of evil things seemed to glide up out of the mist, and to sweep onward and over them into the yawning jaws of darkness; while, ever and anon, the face of the Elder-witch gleamed, white and ghastly, from out the waves, and mocking whispers from the spirits of the night floated past crying, "A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!"

On a sudden the wind sank, as if struck down by some mighty hand. The billows no longer leapt and spread in sheets of hissing foam. The calm, large moon shone out bright and mellow in the cloudless sky, and the ship rocked peacefully on the long swell of a tropical sea, beneath floods of lustrous moonlight.

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Martialis stole a look at Paolo Sarpi. He was standing with one hand on the helm, and the other raised above him. As the Student looked, lo! it was no longer Paolo Sarpi, but a skeleton Death† who stood there; and who, raising a bony finger to his lips, piped a shrill whistle.

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* I cannot tell how the idea of a ship came into my head. Could it have been suggested by the sea-piece on the wall?

† The picture of Holbein again.

The whole ship's company were silent and still. Their heads swung lazily from side to side. They smiled inanely; they leant against the bulwarks in various attitudes; and as the Student looked he saw that they were no longer men, but rotting corpses.

The sides of the ship began to swell and grow. Her masts shot up higher, her deck broadened, and her shining shoulders heaved, as if possessed with life. There was a shout from below, and instantly the whole vast deck was alive with savage forms. Dark-browed, red-capped and bearded, they swarmed up the hatchway, broad as the cathedral square at Milan; and, with fierce gesticulations, surrounded the terrified student. A hideous multitude was there. Some gibbered like apes; others, clad in the vestments of the Egyptian kings, stalked to and fro in silence, with their fingers on their lips. Some laughed like hyænas—some grovelled like swine. A woman, one-half of whose face had been shorn away, took root in the deck, and her hands and arms grew out into long filaments, that floated in the air. A burly seaman seized one of the corpse-crew by the arm, and Martialis laughed as he saw the member come off in the assailant's hand. How they jumped and danced! Paolo Sarpi was whirling round like a dervish; and the fat Armenian monk left his stall in the Bezesteen to offer him a jar of olives. The mad Professor was there; and, with a wild yell, he flung his horn-rimmed spectacles overboard, and leapt and capered with the rest.

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A lurid smoke burst from below, and tongues of fire ran greedily up from rigging to mast. A hot breath swept over the doomed ship, and the pointed flames leapt and crackled amid the dim shifting smoke-cloud that hung heavily on the thick air.* Martialis tried to move from where he stood, but a dread sense of horror weighed down his limbs, and with burning eye-balls and parched tongue he glared speechless into the sea of faces that gibbered at him on all sides. Suddenly, no one knew how, a tall form appeared in the midst, a man naked and bronzed as the Indian Bacchus. He had a crown of white lotus leaves upon his head, and passing one arm round the Student he plunged with him into the deep clear water.† They sank down noiselessly into the warm atmosphere of the ocean, and as they sank lower and lower, past coral beds and sparkling diamond reefs, past waving many-coloured sea-weeds, and still, grey forests of petrified sea shrubs, the blaspheming crew shouted, and the crackling fire hissed, "A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!" They sank lower and lower till the reflection of the burning ship was a watery sun above them, and in an instant, the Student Martialis found himself lying on a grassy bank in the warm sunshine. He was on a hillock in a vast wood.‡ The tall elms made a delicious shade of brown trunks, and the shadows of their emerald leaves, transparent in the sunlight, flickered and danced upon

* I cannot imagine whence the idea of fire arose.
† The figure on the clock must have suggested this episode.
‡ Birket Foster?

the mossy turf. Mighty oaks towered aloft and shut out the prospect around, save where between an avenue of stems the rich corn-fields sparkled and nodded over the intervening ferns. Brown, burnt-up dry ferns were beneath him, and others, fresh and green, clustered around the feet of the forest trees. There was a murmuring sound of insects in the air, and the sweet odours of summer breathed balmily around. The tall foxglove nodded familiarly to him, and the tiny blue-bell peeped out shyly from the long grass with its sweet eyes. In the interstices of the woods, beds of cool, gummy hyacinths spread their rich sheets of blue, and the larks, above in the cloudless ether, sung in a paroxysm of love and delight. Martialis turned to look for his guide. He was gone! and in his place, by his side, was a beautiful woman. The bright locks of her wealth of golden hair half veiled her face, but her dark violet eyes shone through the falling tresses, as the sweet stars shine out amidst the soft grey clouds at eventide.

Martialis looked below. The whole wood-glen was alive with tiny forms.* Here a delicate-limbed, roguish elf swung upon a foxglove blossom, and there two more discussed some weighty matter of business beneath an overhanging dockleaf. A band of frolicsome fairies down in the hollow were attacking an owl in her nest with spears of bulrushes; while, upon the pool among the ferns, others sailed their tiny boats of lily leaves, or speared with bulrushes the monstrous dragon flies that settled—brilliants of green and gold—for a moment to warm their huge gauze-wings upon its surface.

The Student Martialis turned, as in a wonder-stricken dream, to his companion. She approached her rosy lips to his, and bending forward until her balmy breath fanned his cheek, said:

"Dost thou not know me, Student Martialis? I am the Spirit of Dreams, and thou art mine by that ring thou wearest."

Martialis looked at the elder-wood ring on his finger. It was no longer wood, but gold, and sparkled with a thousand gems.

"I am thine from henceforth, O Martialis. In the warm sunshine, in the driving storm, in the tempest, and amid the fire, call to me, and I will come to thee—yes, I am thine!" she murmured, in a voice as low and sweet as the cooing of innumerable doves borne bridal with this kiss, thou cold student of dead love. By this kiss I by the warm summer breeze over beds of roses. "Let us seal our claim thee mine, O Student Martialis!"

Martialis looked into her glorious eyes, lauguid and faint with love. He felt her warm sweet breath strike his cheek as she drew his face down to her lips with her trembling arms. He looked, and a sudden indefinable horror struck him cold and chill as the blast of an east wind, for he saw in the eyes of the siren at his side something that reminded him of the witch-woman of the Rheingasse. He started back, and, with a supreme effort, tore the ring from his finger.

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* I fancy that some remembrance of Etty's *Oberon and Titania*, must have prompted this scene.

There was a shrill cry, and then a rush of wind and rain, and the whole forest with its fairy people, faded away behind a storm of blinding rain and driving mist. The face of his temptress changed, and, with a horrible crackling laugh, a lean, withered old woman rose and tottered off into the fog, crying :

"Rings—rings ! Who'll buy my pretty rings ?"

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NOTE BY DR. ——.

"3.15 A.M.—I have finished writing. My friend's voice has suddenly stopped, and he has fallen back insensible. Pulse at 52. He will probably sleep now for some hours."

I awoke at 4.30 the next day, very much exhausted, with a violent headache, and general feeling of intense debility, almost amounting to despair. By 9 p.m. I was much better, and at my usual hour for rising next morning was quite recovered. I was much surprised on reading the story I had dictated. I had forgotten parts of it, and had no conception of its general tenor. As —— has remarked, there seems to be a consistency, and an undercurrent of meaning, if I may so call it, which I cannot account for, and which the curious reader may discover for himself.

I simply lay the facts of the case before the public.

THE AUTHOR HAUNTED BY HIS OWN CREATIONS.

"WHAT can I do for you, sir?" I asked, blandly astonished. He was a tall broad-shouldered man in a rough pea-jacket, and scowled portentously.

"Put me into an honest livelihood," he answered. It was such a strange demand that I could only stare. "Don't you understand?" he said, seating himself with rough vehemence, "I want to become a reputable member of society. I want some honest employment."

"But, my good sir, why do you come to me? Your motive is most excellent, but an honest employment is the last thing at *my* disposal."

"That be blowed!" said he, "you could give me a fortune if you liked, you know you could. But I don't want that. No, I'm fly to that game! You'll have some blessed elder brother, that nobody knowed of, coming back from New Zealand and succeeding to the ancestral mansion; or you'll get me pitched out of my gilded chariot at the church door, and marry my wife, that ought to be, to somebody else. I know you. I only want a modest competence, nobody interferes with that."

"Your language is even more mysterious than your appearance, my friend," I said.

"Pshaw!" said he (I never heard a man out of books say "pshaw"—never), "don't you know me?"

I looked at him steadily, and it seemed that I ought to know him, that hat, that pea-jacket, that knotted scarf around his muscular throat, those brown sinewy hands, those fierce eyes—all were familiar to me. That bundle and that stick—had I not seen them a hundred times in the admirable drawings of Gilbert, Julian Portch, Cousens, &c.

"You don't happen to have any marks about you?" I asked, while a cold sweat broke out upon my brow.

He laughed—that bitter laugh which I had described so often.

"I have a peculiar mole on the back of my neck, the tip of my left ear is shot away, my right side still bears the mark of Pompey's claws when he defended his young mistress, Alice, in the lonely swamp. I have lost the little finger of my right hand, and have three pear-shaped wens, besides the usual allowance of strawberry marks."

There was no mistaking him. It was my Villain! I knew his blood-thirsty nature, and dreaded the tremendous struggle which experience told me was to follow.

"But why come here?" I urged.

"I am sick of it," said my Villain, doggedly. "I ain't to be badgered any more. It ain't a respectable business. First, I was Jabez Jamrack, then Black Will the smuggler, then Curlewis Carleyon, then a Poacher, then a Burglar, then an Unjust Steward, and now I'm an Escaped Convict."

It was true. The unhappy creature before me had figured—in my world-renowned novels—in all those capacities.

"It's getting a little too rough on me," continued my Villain. "I ain't a bad sort—at least, I wasn't when you took me from my peaceful home in the old Kentish valley—and I say I'm getting sick of this line of business. I've a conscience, Mr. Clarke, though you don't give me credit for it, unless it's 'seared,' and I'm not going to be plunged into the black abyss of crime no longer. How many poor young maidens haven't I carried off? How many unsuspecting barrow-knights haven't I pushed over the towering cliff? How many policemen haven't I knocked on the head? How many custom-house officers—cussing and swearing tremenjious the while—haven't I buried in the foaming billow? How many children haven't I kidnapped? How many wives haven't I married, and dispoged of afterwards in various ways? My eyes, what a Beauty I've been, haven't I?"

It was true. He had done—by my direction—all these things.

"It ain't my pussonal appearance," continued the miserable man, "though what with warts and moles and strawberry marks, that ain't much to boast of. It ain't on account of wounds with axes and bullets and such like that I cares. It ain't because I'm out all nights in all sorts of weathers, mostly thunderous. It ain't because I'm often drunk, always in debt, and totally disreputable. It ain't because I've murdered a large variety of mothers, and brought the grey 'airs of a corresponding number of aged fathers with sorrow to the grave. It ain't because my langwidge is altogether ridiculous, and I leave out more 'h's' and put in more oaths in my conversation than any natural man did yet. It ain't that. No!" he cried, waxing wroth, "it's because I'm always left at the end of the third volume, if I'm alive, without hope of mercy or promise of repentance."

I shuddered.

"Take some brandy," I said, and pushed him the decanter. He took it, and, filling half-a-tumbler with neat spirit, drained it at a gulp. I knew he would. The Beast—under my direction—invariably took his liquor in that fashion.

"I appeal to you, if that's fair. Is it right? Is it just, guvernor? Your young curate allays gets the gal he's after. Your comic servant winds up with the chambermaid. Your aristocratic villain, the Marquis, my master, who poisons his niece, and shoots his aunt with an air gun, *he's* all right. He disports himself in the gilt and splendid sallongs of Parry, *he* does. He drives four-in-hand down the Bullyvards, and marries the lovely and accomplished Duchess of Double-Gloucester. If he does get found out, he blows

out his brains in the true style of the hold regeem. *He's* never hung in chains, or tuk to Newgate, or starved to death in a deserted drive on the diggings of Bend—i—go!"

"What can you do?" I asked, terrified at the vehemence of this strange man.

"Do!"—again that harsh and grating laugh, at which so many hapless maidens have trembled; I wished I had made it a little sweeter—"What *can't* I do? Haven't you left me 'anging by my 'ands from a bough, suspended for a whole month over a horful precipice? Haven't I raised trees with my mighty muscles, and burst open doors with kicks of my ponderous boots? I can do anything. But why waste words? Are we not alone here? No sound but the whistling of the wind in the wide chimney of the moated grange; no footstep but that of the midnight mouser, as she creeps stealthily to her prey. Ha, ha! Thou art mine, and——"

Ha, ha, indeed! I guessed how it would happen. My experience as a novel-writer told me as much. Just as the enraged ruffian advanced to seize me, Leonard Fairfield, my pious hero, who had been waiting in the passage of the Priory ever since his return from sea, bounded into the room, and caught my assailant by the throat.

"This, villain, in thy teeth!" he cried (How often had he cried thus?), and pinioned him.

It might be thought that I stayed to lend assistance. Not I! I knew better what was required of me. With a shriek of terror I fled out of the open door, and sped along the lonely road with the speed of a hunted stag.

Black Jack and Meran Hafaz were consulting in the thieves' kitchen when I entered. I knew the cunning nature of the latter, and felt that the thousand pound note I held between my fingers would purchase the secret of the potion. I showed it to him. He laughed satirically.

"That is some of Flatman the Forger's work," he said. "Why did you not kill him in your last chapter?"

Ass that I was, I had allowed the maimed and mangled wretch to live! and this was how he repaid me!

Outside came the hurried tramp of feet. They were on my track.

"Save me, Black Jack," I exclaimed wildly. "Remember when you were fast locked in Newgate, without hope of mercy, I took you out by a subterranean passage never before known to exist, and gave you the hand of the fair Belinda."

"Ay, but only to recapture me in the next number," replied Black Jack, with a grin of scorn. "I've not forgotten the ducking you gave me at the Lonely Mill. No. Let them tear you limb from limb; I care not."

My position was evidently desperate, when a new-comer appeared upon the scene.

By his wavy hair, square-toed Wellingtons, massive watch chain, and handkerchief that hung from the right-hand pocket of his shooting coat. I knew him at once.

He was Sir Aubrey de Briancourt.

"Assist me!" I exclaimed.

The look of scorn he gave was sufficient to daunt a bolder man, but I knew of a spell by which I could compel him.

"Hist!" I said, in a thrilling whisper. "Proud scion of a lordly house, there is another Sir Aubrey. Refuse to aid me, and young Fairfield shall assume thy name and title. These minions are beyond my power, but remember you are to be *continued in our next.*"

The threat made pale the cheek even of one whose ancestors had bled on Bosworth, and the baronet waved a white hand towards the back door.

"Take my cabriolet, dog!" he said, with that courtesy which characterises the British aristocrat.

At that instant the rough voice of the Villain was heard at the gate.

I need scarcely remark that I leapt into the cabriolet, and was soon driving with the rapidity of lightning towards Goodman's Gully.

Fast behind came the echo of hoofs. The lighting flashed incessantly, and the negro who held the reins was white with fear.

All at once a man clad in a red shirt jumped from behind a bush and seized the head of the mare.

"Who are you?" I cried.

"The most abused of all," said he. "I am the Typical Digger! I am, the man whom you and others of your tribe have made eat bank notes as sandwiches. I have shod my horse with gold, and swilled champagne—which I detest—out of stable buckets. Frank Fowler has maligned me, Orion Horne has sneered at me, Kingsley has mocked me, Howitt has slandered me, Thatcher has made ballads on me. Do y' think a man is never to change his shirt? Why should I always be compelled to appear in this sanguinary garment? Am I to pass my life in finding repeatedly gigantic nuggets, and being perpetually robbed of the same? Am I to be for ever considered such an ass as to give handfuls of gold-dust for a glass of brandy. Must I never shave? Shall the tyranny of the fictionmonger compel me to sleep in boots?"

"Calm yourself, my friend," I said, "There is not much harm done. I know of some poor fellows whom the fictionmongers have treated much more rudely."

At that instant the demoniac howls of my pursuers were borne upon the blast.

"That may be," roared the digger of Romance, but I will be avenged on *thee*. Come!"

The cabriolet disappeared in the distance—there was never a cabriolet yet that did not do so under such circumstances—and my captor led me away.

He paused at the door of the usual bush inn (how well I knew it), and striking three loud blows upon the door (they invariably struck three loud blows), we were admitted into a long apartment. I beheld with astonishment that all the personages whom I had imagined the creatures of my own too fertile brain were there.

"Wretch!" cried the fair Madeline, "why did you not unite me to the Duke? You know you only changed your mind at the last moment."

"Monster," said the lovely Violet, "You made me pass three nights of horror in the Red Farm, when one stroke of your pen would have freed me."

"Miserable man," cried Jabez Jamrack, "The blood of the Earl be upon your head. You knew that I had no intention of killing his lordship until the base lack of a 'sensation' for your last chapter impelled me to the bloody deed!"

"Christian dog!" roared Mordecai the Jew, "I was born with charitable impulses, and should have lent in peace the humble shilling upon the ragged coat of honest poverty, had not your felon soul plunged me into crime to gratify the tastes of a blood and-thunder loving public.

"And I," remarked Henry Mortimer, with that cynical smile that I had so often depicted curling his proud lip, "did I wish to throw my elder brother down a well in order to succeed to his name and heritage? No! I loved him fondly, madly, as you took pains to state in your earlier chapters. I should have loved him still, had not Cora the Gipsy wound her spells about my heart. Who brought her to me? Did I of my own accord, I, a proud scion of Britain's aristocracy, demean myself to such a love? No, minion, 'twas thy brain contrived the meeting, thy hand that hurled my elder brother into the abyss, and stamped the brand of Cain upon my brow."

"Away with him!" hissed Lady Millicent, the Poisoner, "I knew not of the deadly power of strychnine until he told me. A lovely child, I roamed the lordly gardens of my father's princely mansion, and chased the butterfly from flower to flower. 'Twas he that set on the smugglers to seize me, and under his vile tuition I acquired in ten short chapters all the hideous knowledge of the Borgias! Away with him!"

"'Twas he dishonored my bills," cried Lord Augustus Plantaganet.

"'Twas he that let me linger in consumption for forty pages folio!" cried Coralie de Belleisle, the planter's daughter.

"'Twas he that blighted my voluptuous contours with an entirely unnecessary railway accident!" wept the lovely Geraldine.

"Away with him!"

"Mercy!" I cried, gazing in terror on the well-known lineaments, "Mercy!"

"Mercy!" cried the Lost Heiress, Isabella Beaumanior, "when for two long hours you deliberated whether my sainted mother or the poacher's wife should give me birth! Mercy for *thee*! Oh, no, no, no!"

It was terrible to hear my own impassioned language thus turned against me.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried I in despair, "consider the exigencies of fiction."

"Fiction be blowed!" roared the digger. "This way boys."

A deserted drive was before me—how many luckless wretches had not I thrown down it?—and I made one supreme effort.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I shouted, "consider dramatic unity! You could not all be happy."

"Dramatic unity be d——!" snarled Jabez Jamrack, "that is the last thing you thought of."

I trembled over the abyss.

"Hold!" said the rough voice of my Villain, who had now approached. "Make me respectable and you shall live."

"I can't," I said faintly. "It is impossible. You are too great a ruffian."

"Let go!" cried the digger, and I already felt myself launched into the chasm, when a loud ringing sounded in my ears, and I heard the voice of Leonard Fairfield. The noble fellow had sprung the alarm bell.

"Fiends!" he shouted with all the force of his lungs—"ha! ha! 'twas I that gave them to him!—Thou art baffled! Black Demon! Thy limbs shall feed the ravens, and the magpie perch upon thy fleshless skull! What ho! Without there!"

"Why seek to dispel my *ennui* with this *espièglerie*, *mon ami*," said the soft tones of the Count in his native tongue. "*Sacre*, let the *pauvre petit* escape, my *déjeuner à la fourchette* awaits. The *coup a'œil* is superb, the *tout ensemble* all that could be desired. *Voilà*."

The digger swung me over the yawning grave. All the buttons of my waistcoat gave way, and for an instant my life hung literally by a thread.

"Will you make me respectable?" said the Villain.

"Never."

The button cracked. I was going, going—gone, when the alarm-bell sounded, and the door was burst open, and

* * * * * * * * * * *

Bridget entered.

"It is the boy from the printers' for the proofs," said she.

"Tell him to wait," said I; and wiping the sweat from my intellectual brow, I seized my pen, and in ten lines had got my Villain comfortably in irons at Norfolk Island.

A SAD CHRISTMAS EVE RETROSPECT.

DEATH.

GREATOREX.—On the 25th December, at the Saplings, Polly, the wife of Henry Greatorex, M.P., aged 37 years.

YES, this commonplace paragraph, printed last year, is all that remains of her.

How long was it that you had lived together? Nearly twenty years! Ah, look in the glass and examine your hard, sordid, and cruel face. It was smooth, and bright, and hopeful when, eighteen years ago, you rhymed and raved. You are a successful man, Mr. Greatorex. You have gained honors, you own money, you have land and beeves. The world of which you were once so defiant and so frightened, has recognised you. You fear it no longer, but despise it rather, wondering how you could have ever valued its opinion so highly. Your servants are obedient, your banker affable, your children well-trained, and your wife—ah, I forget that adjunct to a well-furnished household!

On this Christmas Eve let us recall that one. It is midnight. In the sick chamber lights burn low, and the patient turns restlessly. The women are pale with watching, and their eyes turn wearily upon you as you enter. "Go to bed," you say; "get some rest. *I* will watch now." So you are alone with her. How long are the shadows flung from that wired fender! They fall and flicker on the carpet, as in the bright English afternoons flickered on the greensward the shadows of the elm trees. The elm trees! The high elms, that seemed unclimbable to you, daring as you were. Do you remember how small they looked when you saw them last? In boyhood one has great dreams. What were yours? Of fame, if I mistake not? A drawing-room crowded with great men and women, and a whisper, "That's he! that's Greatorex?" It was a far-off vision, though; for the merry carpenter, your father, who whistled at his work below, had other views for you. There were times when you hated your father—when you hated all the surroundings of your sordid home. "Harry is such a queer boy!" you would hear them saying sometimes—in a sort of pitying way—and tears of wounded vanity would spring to your eyes. But the faithful elms comforted you. They whispered peace, and showered down upon you in their rustling leaves, all their memories of past summers—all their longings for coming spring. When oppressed by the hardness of your lot, by the seeming hopelessness of your hopes, you ran away to seek your boyish fortune, did not the elms watch awake all night above your head, and rock you

with their waving bows to slumber? Ah! that little village, once so hated, so despised, had charms for which in cities you have since sought in vain.

Never again, my famous Greatorex, will you know those hours of perfect peace—few and far between, perhaps—when as a boy you tasted with your young soul the first fresh draughts of nature. You are now famous, you have had your will, and for you nature has now no freshness.

Yet, with the remembrance, "how the old time comes back again!" It was a summer day when you first met her. A sweet English summer, with the hedges rich in bloom, the fields brown with waving corn. How pure and virginal she looked. How heavenly a vision was that poor little body, clad in cheap muslin, to your wayward eyes. Of course you were poor; lovers are always poor. Of course prudence bade you not to marry; it always does. Of course you held your wilful way; lovers like you, Henry Greatorex, always do. It was happy, that first-love spring-time, though, was it not, weary man, watching through the darkness of the night? The house, if small, was pleasant, and in the little garden your first children played. What matter if work came to you but slowly. In those bright days you had courage to starve; now, with your five guinea port, and your critical experience of claret, you would not endure a week of simple living! Ah, me! the "brave days when you were twenty-one!"

How the little wife clung to you. What a wonderful man you were in her eyes. Debt! Difficulties! Her confiding soul scorned them. Was not Hal, that noble being, Hal the Magnificent, superior to all difficulties and all dangers? Only let there be enough money to pay the monthly rent, and to buy those ever multiplying boots, and dynasties might fall for all her woman's heart would flutter. Do you remember when you made your first grand *coup*? What was it now, I forget? A picture, a book, a cork-cutting machine of which you were sole patentee? something of that sort. Do you remember how you came home—nose in air, soul in heaven—and flung the crisp new notes into her lap? Why sour, foolish man, you wept like a child that day, or I am no judge of you.

By-and-by you grew rich. Slowly, it is true; but still you grew rich. The small house was exchanged for a larger one, and you paid your bills by cheques. You had a bank account. Harry Greatorex, the carpenter's runaway son, with a bank account! It is nothing now to sign cheques. Habit has deprived you of even that pleasure; but it was a great thing then. You made friends. Not friends like Tom Spottiswood, who smoked a pipe in the street; or like John Martley, who kept a wife and four children on £100 a year; but powerful friends—friends who could advance you in your profession, who could aid you in life, who could, while climbing up the ladder, extend to you a helping hand and pull you up after them. Your first "dinner" was a great success. How nervous the wife was, how snappish *you* were, how badly everything began and how well it ended, and how alone—like the couple in *Marriage a la Mode*—with the

debris of the feast, you confessed with cheerful regret that, for a your fears, Lucy had passed the ordeal more successfully than yourself. But there came other dinner parties, which were not so pleasant, and you had a notion that supercilious wives of useful friends sneered at your attempts at grandeur. You began to be "asked out," and as your fame was to be made, you felt—so you said—compelled to go. These dinners were progressive; you were developing according to the Darwinian theory. First, to Sir Thomas Gubbins, the alderman and tallow-factor. Then to Sir Jukes Jukes, banker and man of letters. Then to the prim, gaunt house of Mr. and Lady Champignon. And lastly to the mausoleum of that great Mummy Monarch, My Lord Bagwig. You beame a notability. Your name was quoted in newspapers. Idiots at their tea-table chatter called you "a rising young man"—and so you were, perhaps, but I fear me that the poor soul which had linked itself with yours did not rise very high, or feel very much nearer heaven in the celestial society of My Lord Bagwig and his noble company.

You fretted at this time, I believe, and you were unamiable, or those lines on the wife's white face mean little. She never complained though, she was too fond, too proud of you for that—you poor miserable selfish creature. To be sure she was not like those marvels of training whom you met in "society"—those exquisite icicles who did everything proper to ice, but melt. Their people were not her people, nor their God her God. You—ambitious man—soon wearied of domestic chit-chat of children and puddings. Your soaring intellect demanded the conversation of Prime Ministers, of dandies, of men of letters and fashion. That fortunate appointment—a Gabo-Island governorship, a seat at the Board of Commerce, I forget its name now—enabled you to gratify this laudable desire, and for some months you deserted your home to stand stifled in a drawingroom, or wedged on a staircase. You pretended that this attendance upon great men was compulsory, and that you would much rather remain by your own fire. *She* knew the truth, though.

It was about this time, I think, that you met Lady Rosa. *There* was a woman who might have helped you in life. Lady Rosa never entered a room hurriedly. Lady Rosa was never red-faced. Lady Rosa never turned simple eyes upon the lion of the evening and asked him who Darwin was. It is true that Lady Rosa had never in all her life seen occasion to put her mind out of a walking-pace, that Lady Rosa had no romping, healthy children, that Lady Rosa had been crammed—like an aristocratic turkey-poult—with facts upon Darwin and other "topics of polite conversation" when poor little Polly was mending her father's stockings, and that Lady Rosa was bored to death by "lions" when Polly was cooking your honeymoon chop. But you did not consider these things. In your sublime self-conceit you saw only that *you*, the great Greatorex, were her superior and wondrous being somewhat ill-mated. O! the bitter things you said! The cold, cowardly cruel words—each stinging like a hail-pebble, which your fretted manliness flung at her. For all your success, you lived a wretched life in those days. Yet it

seemed to you that your conduct was quite just and natural. No thought of her long-suffering, of her devotedness, of her weakness, of her faith—no memory even of the three small graves where you had wept together came to move you. You were a man of the world—you wanted only to succeed in life.

Is that dawn which glimmers at the window? What mean those clanging bells? Christmas day has come! Christmas day! You do not believe the legends of your faith, and the story of the Glimmering Star that paused above the stable in Bethlehem is no more to you than the veracious history of Jack the Giant-Killer. Yet memories will rise at the clanging of those gleeful bells, memories which bid the hard eyes soften and the rigid mouth falter. Christmas Day in your old home meant something, for it meant forgiveness of offences, banishment of hard looks, and smiling peace for all. How sweet to forgive! There is something in the soul divine when it assumes that God-like privilege. Ah! which of us does not need to be forgiven—which of us can stand upright before his accusing conscience and say, "I have never wronged the tender souls who love me?" What stirs behind the curtain? Does she waken—waken to greet another morning? You draw aside the folds and bend over the bed. The pale, pale face seems to reproach you. Ah, this is your own doing, rash and selfish man. She suffered in silence, but your coldness killed her. The rushing memories sweep across your heart. The spell of the past is upon you. "Ah, my wife, dear wife, look up, look up! *Forgive me.*"

The cry was wrung from your tortured soul, but did she hear it? Was it that across the pale face flashed a smile, that the glazing eyes brightened an instant with pity, that the parched and speechless lips moved as though they would fain have spoken, and that the gracious spirit, trembling already in the dark pass of death, fluttered back to life to lay one tender kiss upon your lips? Was it so? You cannot say. You dare not hope! The moment has passed; forgiven or not forgiven, you kneel there alone; all the gold in your coffers, all the praise of the world, all the blood drops of your heart will not bring back that much loved, much wronged spirit. No; your wife is Dead!

Ay, sitting there this Christmas Eve you bethink yourself of that night, of your agonies, your despair, your resolutions. "From this time forth," you vowed, "women shall hold the highest place in my respect, and it shall be my creed that all women should be all men's care, not in the petty measure of it which the dandy volunteers to well-dressed *ladies* in some trifling trouble, but to the full, with heart and hand for *all* women even the most degraded, and it may be that in the practice of this creed I shall pay fitting tribute to the memory of one so often made to grieve by me." True; you are right to practice such a creed, but do not think to buy immunity from anguish. Unhappy one, who selfishly has violated the divinest love, there is for thee no place of repentance, though you seek it daily and with tears. Though you alone were privileged to dry all women's tears that cruel men force from them, one wet face would haunt you still, and must for ever.

Those gleeful bells ring out! Ring out for peace and prayer! Pray then, pray for him who has so sinned and so repented, that on the threshold of the Hereafter, as the fainting soul glides from his mortal thrall, a glad Presence shall receive him there, and blend him with her celestial light, and buoy him up in her encircling arms, and plead for him, nor plead in vain—"O, Lord of Pity and of Love, I loved him once, and did pity him, and dying, gave him my forgiveness. I do beseech Thee, give him Thine!"

PART IV.

ESSAYS—HUMOROUS AND CRITICAL.

ESSAYS—HUMOROUS.

OUR GLORIOUS CLIMATE.

5 A.M.—Awoke to find the window open, wind blowing in like a truant tornado, looking-glass broken, and cold in my left ear. Shut the casement; tra-la-la. Glorious climate!

6 a.m.—I must have been asleep, "lulled by sweet zephyrs through the broken pane." Hem, Pope! 'Tis as hot as a furnace Pooh! open the window. The wind has changed.

7 a.m.—I should say it had. Dust! I believe you. Ugh! It's a north wind now, and the floor of my chamber is an inch deep in sand. Tol-lol-ther-lol! Glorious climate.

7.30.—Doors and windows hermetically sealed. I sneak to my bath like the first robber. "It is the cause, my soul; it is the cause." I feel like a towelled and turbaned Turk. "Old Giaffr sat in his divan." Did he? The water hasn't been turned on. Something wrong with the shower. Biddy! *Be chesm* on thy head be it.

8.30.—All is ready. "Now's the time, now's the hour." I will lave my limbs in the pellucid. Dorothea at the fountain. No, she was a woman; but never mind. Ha! how I long for the refreshing.

8.35.—*What!* No water——?

8.36.—Certainly not. A thin pipe-stem of the cooling stream only flows. "Was it thus thou didst deceive me, waterman?" Wait till I don't pay thee. "The thought shall be madness, to thee—dece-e-eve-er—to-oo thee!"

9 a.m.—Nothing like jollity. "Hence, loathed melancholy!" Where are my boots? Choked with sand. The wash-hand basin full of gravel, and my writing-table a drifted ruin like the Sphinx in the desert. *Glorious* climate!

9.30.—Breakfast. Poached eggs and paving stones, gritty butter, and coffee as black as an undertaker in mourning. "The milk has turned sour, and couldn't be used. It's the heat." Whack-fol-ther-riddle-iddle-li-do!

9.49.—The morning papers. "Fearful iceberg at the South Pole!" Ha! ha! "But who could hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosted Caucasus?" Nobody but an exceptional "son of toil" with more than the average allowance of distinguishing

epidermis. Swallowed a blow-fly. Think of Abernethy, and catch a spider. Tarantula. "Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!"

10 a.m.—Hail a cab. The back seat like a gridiron. St. Lawrence must have been an Australian:—

> "Oh, turn me over, the old man cried,
> For I am quite done brown on the other side."

Wonderful these old ballads.

10.30.—Dust storm. Nose, ears, mouth, eyes, stopped up. I think of the Pelican of the Wilderness, who buries his beak in the sand to feed his young. Just like me.

10.31.—Under the verandah. Silk coats and hard bargains. "I'll hang my coat on a willow tree." Carriboos gone up to 80, and Pocahontas below *par*. "If I'd sold yesterday I should have made a pile." Of course. If my aunt had whiskers she'd be my uncle.

11.59.—My hat blows off. A fat man running after his hat is the most despicable object in nature. "Oh flesh, flesh, how are thou fishified?" My boots are full of protoplasm, and my heart is full of woe. Thermometer at 104.

12 noon.—Drinks. The cooling brandy-smash of commerce. Query, "Did David kill Goliath with a gin-sling?" Mem.—"Ask mamma, by Shirley Brooks."

12.10.—Drinks. The healing cocktail. Why cocktail?

> "And he cocked his tail at a ten foot rail,
> And over it he sprang."

Oh for an arab steed, and the merry, merry sunshine! More drinks.

12.30.—Drinks. Beer. A quart of twos. A bumper of Burgundy bring, bring to me. Let those who prefer it pale ale. But give me the lass with the bonny black eye that carries the milking-pail. Thermometer at 108.

2 p.m.—Drinks. Ten friends shouted ten times to each other all round. How many is that? Ten times ten—Pooh! nonsense. I am perspiring spirituous liquors.

2.10.—Drinks. Mint-julep—an American invention. Something like Heaven rolled in a parsley-bed and taken neat with a slice of lemon. More sherries. What said the Archon? "Business to-morrow."

2.30.—My feet fast in the stocks. Great Gooseberries gone up, and Lucky Womans coming down. Shall I make money? Swindleton goes up the street on a bay horse. Making money every minute, though. How he jogs. *Pile*-driving, eh? Infamous joke. Must have a drink. "Cold, cold, my girl."

3 p.m.—More drinks. I would I were a bird—I mean a fish. "I'd be a butterfly." No, the grub's the thing. *Mem. for joke.*—Why is Old Tom on a monument like an insect? Something about a *caterpillar*. Ugh! I must have another drink.

3.30.—Been drinking. Glorious climate! Will I smoke? Of course. "Come thou weed that looks so lovely fair, and smells so sweet." Pale brandy and ice. Thermometer at 120.

4 p.m.—I should like to sit under Niagara, and eat ice-creams with a cold chisel. "What a piece of work is man!" The Goblin Tapestry is a fool to him. Note.—Joke about winding-sheet being Goblin Tapestry. Among the spirits! Aha!

I'll sit in the bar,
And drink *nothing* but brandy and water.

5 p.m.—Meet Blinks. Will I drink? Won't I! Claret cup and ice. Swallowed four blow-flies and a blue-bottle. Waiter—"Can't keep 'em out of things." Why not? "Pretty curious, thirsty fly; drink with me, and drink as I." Aha! *Would* you?

5.30.—The wind has changed. It is now blowing from five places at once, and Bourke Street is like a flour-mill. Glorious climate!

6 p.m.—Go homewards after twelve more drinks. What a life! Is a man a swill tub? I feel as though I had been smeared with hot tar and then rolled in a gravel-pit. "Life, life, let us cherish!"

6.30.—Home. No water. House full of dust; swept, and washing-day. I go up to dress for dinner. The wash-tub odorously fumes below, "and the smoke of their torment ascendeth."

7 p.m.—Can't have dinner for an hour, for the boiler has burst, the oven is full of sand, and the meat has turned bad. Never mind. "My bark is on the sea, and my bier is on the shore, and I drain a cup of tea for the good-bye at the door."

7.10.—Stroll out in white flannel and cigar! Cool as a cucumber. This *is* a glorious climate.

7.11.—Looks dark in the south. Sou'-west atmospherically interested cabman says, "We'll get some rain!" I hope so.

7.15.—We do. Buckets full of it. It's come down with savage persistency. Gutters run over. Half-crowns hopping up on the pavement. Omnibuses full, and my flannel soaked to the skin—*my* skin. Oh, then, we'll merry, merry be; we'll merry, merry *be*.

8 p.m.—Home again. Everything burst. Bathroom flooded! Kitchen like a watercourse, and the dinner floating down the back yard. The pipe in my bedroom *had* burst, but Biddy "shtuffed it with some ould papers." My tragedy of "Slooman" in nineteen acts! "When the heart of man is oppressed with cares the mist is dispelled when a woman appears!" Bless her!

8.30.—Message from Jack. My uncle, Rumbelow, who promised to leave me £20,000, had a sunstroke when going to his solicitors to make his will, and is dead. Just my luck. Fancy *black*, too, in weather like this.

9 p.m.—Drank.

10 p.m.—Drunk.

11 p.m.—Come to conclush'on s'was a *glor-i-oshus* climate.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

DECEMBER 24TH.—Determined to have a Merry Christmas, I left the office an hour earlier than usual. Called in at the Shilling Store in order to buy some presents for the boys. Economy combined with liberality. Spent five shillings, and, getting into the street, found that I had had my pocket picked of four one-pound notes and a new morocco purse.

Great doings at home. A children's party (I hate children's parties), and little Bobby has just cut his thumb half off with the box of tools Uncle John has bought him for a Christmas present. N.B.—Eliza in tears and the baby in convulsions.

Went for the doctor, and when I got back found Harry—my eldest—busily engaged in forcing two silver fork handles down Baby's throat; that method of treatment being, he assured me, recommended by *Hints on Emergencies*, a little work "presented to him on Christmas Eve by his affectionate godfather, Jno. Sawbones. Hang Sawbones, I wish he'd give the lads something else besides medical works and odd bits of anatomical preparations. Removed the forks, boxed Harry's ears, and sent Bobby to bed. Howls. Doctor arrived. Perfect quiet, mustard poultice, and hot-water bottles. Baby yelling like ten demons. Dinner in solitary state, on cold mutton and a re-cooked chop. All the cook's energies must be devoted to the Christmas pudding. After dinner, the party arrives by threes and fours. I stand on the door-step and grin at the nurses, with "please present Mr. Jollyboy's compliments to mamma, and Mrs. Jollyboy has been taken suddenly unwell," etc. More howls. My disconsolate family stand on the stairs and roar—the party roars—the baby up-stairs yells. Everybody wishes me a Merry Christmas. By-and-by baby gets better, and Mrs. Jollyboy descends. "A merry Christmas to-morrow, dearest, and—by the way—George Craib—" !!!

"How much?"

"Oh, a mere trifle!"

"Indeed! Ah—yes—seventy-five, thirteen, four." I smoke five pipes, and go moodily to bed. Sarah has taken down the mosquito curtains, because it is Christmas time and hasn't put up the others yet.

December 25th, 7 a.m.—Have I caught him at last? No; only blackened my own eye. Rush to the looking-glass. Face like a speckled hen. Mrs. J. says, "A Merry Christmas."

8 a.m.—Hot wind; no water in the cistern, and can't bathe. Never mind, I'll have a sponge bath.

"Oh, please sir, Master Tommy knocked a hole in it with the poker." Oh, it's of no consequence.

9 a.m.—Dressing. Cut myself five times shaving. Is it temper? No—the razor. Jane says that "Master Harry, sir, has been using it

to cut up firewood for his Christmas-tree." Ah, just so. Fine-spirited boy; mustn't be checked.

10 a.m.—Breakfast. Baby better, and Bobby worse. The housemaid gives warning, because "Missus wouldn't let her 'ave a fortnit' hol'day at Christmas." Poor overworked wretch!

11 a.m.—Church. Charity sermon, and coin clinking all over the place. Thank goodness, I have a sixpence in my right-hand waistcoat pocket.

Feel it to make sure, and then sit unconsciously staring at the Ten Commandments. Plate appears—I feel it by instinct at my back,—whip out my sixpence and drop it in with a clatter. Church-warden bows. Eh-whew! I've put in *half-a-sovereign!*

Never mind, it's in charity!

1.30. p.m.—Dinner. "Sit upright, Jacky! Tom, I'll box your ears for you! Isabella Ann, if you don't take that tablespoon out of your mouth—! *Now* then, Eliza, *do* take care of that child; he'll overbalance himself—(Cr-r-rash, yow-ow-ow)—I told you so!" and the contents of the soup-tureen go into the fireplace. "For what we are going," etc.

2 p.m.—Turkey too high, and nothing in the house but yesterday's mutton chops. Augustus James, who is partial to turkey, cries until he becomes purple. "Take Augustus James out, Ellen, please." Boo-hoo—smash, bash, smash,—and the dear boy clutches at the gasalier, and brings five lamp shades shivering about our ears. "Eliza, my darling, the compliments of the season!"

3.30. p.m.—After waiting for an hour or two for burnt chops—Master Joseph has put salt in the plum-pudding (a masterly jest, taught him in *Williams' Christmas Annual*)—I *dined.*

4 p.m.—My wife's aunt, from whom I have expectations, drops in. That dear boy Tom puts a Christmas cracker under her chair, and blows her wig off with the shock. She faints, overturning a work-table and smashing two Dresden vases, worth £30 a-piece. I seize my hat and rush from the house just as Jack knocks Harry down-stairs for pulling his sister Louisa's hair; and Jem squirts at the pair with the garden-engine. God bless my dear boys! Crash! There goes the conservatory window! Bob has thrown Lizzie's kitten through it, and has bitten Eleanor because she tried to poke a toasting fork into his eye. Ritooral ritooral! What a happy fellow I am to be sure.

4.20 p.m.—Will see what is to be seen and have a Merry Christmas. Hire a hansom to Studley Park, and have a stroll on the grass. Young men and women playing kiss in the ring. Young woman runs into my arms. Young man hits me in the eye—"What was I doin' with his Mariar?" Nothing. We apologise, and have drinks—at my expense. Young man wishes me a merry Christmas.

5 p.m.—On the Yarra Bend. Five lunatics surround me, and ask if I am a Rollicking Ram. Strong smell of roast pork and strait waistcoat. Will I sing? Of course. Give them "Annie Laurie" nineteen times, and the "Bay of Biscay" twice. A tall lunatic in a white hat says if I don't "go it once more, he'll knock saucepans out

of me." I prepare to go in the hardware line, when a keeper approaches. My friends are not lunatics at all, only visitors on the spree. A thousand pardons—took *me* for a lunatic. Ha, ha! Capital joke! No offence, and a Merry Christmas.

6 p.m.—Down the Yarra in a boat. "Steer off," "Port your helm," "Belay there," and so on. Vastly pleasant. The river crowded with pleasure-seekers, all having a Merry Chris——. Bump! We are run into, and I am in the water. Can't swim a stroke, and am giving myself up for lost, when a man in a punt hooks me out by the b-r-ch-s. Indignant crowd cry, "Why don't you keep your right side!" "Lubberly booby!" and so on. Lose all my money, except half-a-crown, out of my pocket, and am constrained to give my watch to the puntman for saving my life. He snorts contemptuously because its only a silver one, and a small boy near me sings out, "Measely duffer!" and pelts me with clods. I run for my life—

7 p.m —Plump against Swiper, who says, "Ullo (hic), Jollyboy! Mer'y hichrismash!"

7.5 p.m.—We have drinks. *I* pay. "An extra shilling, please, it's Christmas." Of course, I'd forgotten that. I must come home with Swiper to dinner. "Wet clothes, cold; must get home." "Nonshense, s'hll right." For fear of a disturbance, I consent, shivering, and we drive to St. Kilda. Crowds of jolly people enjoying a merry Christmas—*Chunk!* Our wheel off. Some funny dog has drawn the linch-pin. Oh, never mind, we'll walk.

8 p.m.—Reach Swiper's house. S. has not been home for two days, and the family have gone to the Yan Yean, and won't be back till late. Unfortunately, but at this festive season—never mind, we'll have some brandy. Swiper opens the cellar-door with a crash, and finds nothing there but broken bottles, and Private Brown, 200th—too drunk and incapable, who grins feebly, and says something about "festive season." Cook faints on my neck, and vows P. B. is a cousin who is overcome by the heat. Never mind, Christmas comes but *once* a year!

8.10 p.m.—Leaving Swiper, with his head on the dinner-table and his heels on the piano, I rush from the accursed spot and make for the railway. "All right, jump in!" Five old women and their babies! "Will I hold one?" With pleasure. "Lovely weather for the time of the year." (Squawk.) Beautiful. (Squawk.) "A little more room, please; don't scrooge *me*, sir." (Squawk.) "Here, guard, let me out." "The train runs right on to-day, sir, because it's Christmas-time." "Oh, do they? Ah, just so!"

9 p.m.—My peaceful home again. Louisa has fallen down the stairs three times, and Harry has nearly hung himself playing at Christmas pantomimes. Jack tried to jump through the kitchen window as Harlequin, and has fractured his skull; while Bobby, who was Clown, has branded poor Dick for life by "rocking him up" with a red-hot poker. To the nursery: The baby is worse. That ingenious little rascal, Tom, who played Pantaloon, had abstracted it, and was discovered trying to feed it with soap-suds and the skimming-ladle. My wife's aunt gone off in high dudgeon, having

expressed her intention of leaving all her money to that scoundrel Leechmere.

10 p.m.—A note from my friend Borrower: "Can't meet that little bill *this* month, old fellow." *Little* bill! Four hundred and odd pounds! "Will I kindly see to it, and he is mine truly. P.S.—A Merry ———." Confound his impudence.

11 p.m.—Bed. Jack has left the coal-scuttle on the stairs, and I fall over it, barking my shin and breaking my nose. The groom sent off in a hurry for Dr. Tourinquet, lets my favourite grey down and breaks his knees. Here I am in bed, with vinegar and brown paper over my nose, all the children sick, the baby howling like an unfledged tempest, some £500 to pay to-morrow; and as I sink disgustedly to sleep, Eliza murmurs (through the brown paper), "I hope you have spent a MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

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9 A.M.—Awoke with a splitting headache, and a tongue like a file. Brandy and soda, which relieved me. My wife says that I came home at three o'clock in the morning. I must have got on the spree with Swiper and the others. What a fool a man is when he gets a glass too much.

10 a.m.—To breakfast with no appetite. Cut myself shaving, which is a bad sign. I am getting shaky through this infernal habit. I must stop it. Played with my children, and tried to thread a needle for little Florence. She asked me why my hand shook so. I hope she was not awake last night.

11 a.m.—Have been reading the papers: "Another drunken man run over." It makes me miserable. These things make me feel "low." I am afraid that my system is out of order. I want stimulating. I think a *small* nip of brandy—"a hair of a dog," &c. But no, I won't begin again to-day.

12 noon. Looked over some old receipts. That bill of Screwby's falls due to-day, and I have no funds to meet it. I intended to call on a friend and borrow some yesterday, but getting with Swiper made me forget it. What a fool I am? A letter from the office. The head clerk says that a gentleman has been twice on particular business. I *can't* go down; I am not fit for business to-day.

1 p.m.—I *must* have a nip; brandy is a medicine if properly used; and then I will go and see Screwby. He will wait a day or two, I have no doubt. *Mem.*—Order *spoons* at Chambers and Seymour's!!!

2 p.m.—I have resisted the temptation to drink, but, curse it, it *gnaws* me. Went upstairs and looked over some old trunks. Found a bundle of letters from my wife, written twelve years ago. I didn't drink them. "God help us all!" as poor Carrie says.

3 p.m.—Found little Harry smelling at the decanters on the side-board. Read him a lecture upon intemperance that made him cry, and sent him to his mother. When he had gone I took a nip myself. What a hypocrite drink makes a man!

4 p.m.—I feel better after the brandy. After all it *is* useful in moderation. I will turn over a new leaf, and give up this eternal

soaking. If I wasn't afraid that people would laugh I'd take the pledge. But no, that is a confession of weakness. I will go for a walk, and brace myself up. My wife looks imploringly—"Home to dinner, *of course.*"

5 p.m.—Met Slingsby. He tells me that Great Extendeds have gone up. I have made money then. Thank God I shall be able to pay off Screwsby's bill. We will just have *one* drink over it. A glass of sherry for *me*; I'm done with brandy.

6 p.m.—I don't know how it is, but what with talking and laughing I have been here half-an-hour. I don't want to drink any more, but I must "shout" for Slingsby. It would look mean if I didn't.

7 p.m.—By the most extraordinary coincidence we have met Slasher and Crasher. Crasher has come into a legacy, and is going to give a dinner at Menzies' He says we *must* come. I don't want to leave my wife, but I shouldn't like to offend Crasher. He is a useful fellow to know. Besides my wife will know that it is all right.

8 p.m.—A *capital* dinner. I am afraid that the lights and the talk have *almost* made me forget my resolutions. It is mixing one's liquors that does the harm. Champagne always makes me bilious.

9 p.m.—Bodger sang "Ye Banks and Braes," and they made me sing about "Annie Laurie." My wife's name's Annie (hic). Poor Annie! I'll go home after the next song. What a b-b-beast I am.

10 p.m.—Crasher said w'-m-m-must have whisk'-punch. I t-told him that it would m-make me ill, but he w-would insis-ist. I don't like Crasher. He has behaved badly to me.

11 p.m.—Bodger d-danced Gillieg'hum on the table. After all, there's nothing like j-j-jollity. I wish I hadn't shmoked q-quite so much tho'!

12 p.m.—We go to t-the C'shino. Bodger's drunk. We're all d-drunk; b-but it is the last time with *me*, s'help me (hic).

1 a.m.—Ohyst'rs and por'r. Shang "*'Ome sw't 'ome.*" I—hic—he—'m drunk again.

2 a.m.—Brought home by his friends in a cab, and left on his door-step. Awakes with *delirium tremens*, and finally dies in a mad-house.

ON BORROWING MONEY.

I AM rather good at it. I have been always borrowing. If I can borrow nothing else, I borrow ideas. They are scarce here, however, and that is why these papers are so stupid. It is not always a good thing to borrow. Sometimes you get taken in. I borrowed a turkey from a stall in the Eastern Market the other day,

and boiled him for three hours, and then he crowed. I put him into the pot with six pounds of potatoes, and he kicked them all out and flapped at me. Men who keep poultry as tough as this ought to be prosecuted.

Borrowing may be reduced to a Science, or elevated to an Art. Borrowing an umbrella is a science; borrowing half-a-crown is an art. The man who begins with an umbrella may get to half-a-crown, or even five shillings.

Some men are born borrowers, and some have borrowing thrust upon them; and some thrust borrowing upon other people. I made a man lend me twenty pounds for three months, by telling him that I would pay him punctually, and writing my name on a piece of paper. There is always a fool to be found somewhere. Sometimes lenders become unpleasant. One lender put me into gaol, and said I was a swindler. He had no appreciation for art.

Distrust the men who make bargains. They are a disgrace to humanity. No man ever saw a dog swop a bone with another dog. One man made me give him a cheque for ten pounds, for which I got three pounds ten in cash, a Dutch oven, a back file of the *Age*, five pairs of boots, a second-hand wooden leg, and a musical box. I didn't pay the cheque, and the musical box played so badly that my next-door neighbour brought an action against me for keeping ferocious animals on the premises. I was rich then, and lived somewhere.

It is not always easy to borrow. People who are asked often are frequently impertinent. I tried to borrow money (2s. 6d.) from a Mr. MacSomething, I forget his name; and he told me that I was an idle dog, and that if he didn't take an interest in me he would give me in charge. He said further, that he and some of his friends were seriously thinking of forming me into a joint stock company, and taking so many shares each to support me. I told him that if *he* was a dog, I should like to own a half-interest in him, and that, if I *did*, I'd shoot my half in less than ten minutes.

Men who preach to you about debt are generally untrustworthy.

I got a gentleman from Palestine once, to back a bill for me, and when he got the cash, he said that it was disgraceful to see a young man arhruinin' his familesh, s'elp him, and kept the money. When I expostulated, he said he would give me a good cigar. An agreeable fellow, but loose in his morals.

Men who tell you that you ought to go into Parliament are usually pretty safe. You can borrow from them easily. One of these persons told me that I ought to be a Member of Parliament, because I was such a thundering liar. He was uneducated, but well-meaning, and lent me a threepenny drink.

Merchants and the bankers are the worst. They are so vindictive. I borrowed a merchant's name once, and he transported me for seven years—the first in irons. This is why I walk lame. There is no charity, Christian or otherwise, in merchants. They are worse than maniacs if you put them out, for they get bankrupt and break.

It is no use borrowing if you mean to pay. There have been more men ruined by "temporary accommodation" than anything

else. My argument is, "if you lend, lend; but don't be mean." Life assurance offices are pit-falls; they make a man run up ten flights of stairs, and then punch him in the stomach before they will lend him a five-pound note. It is not worth the trouble; besides, they are unlucky. A friend of mine insured his life twenty years ago, and it's my belief that if he doesn't die this year, he will have paid the worth of his policy in premiums. I believe that if I insured my life, I should never die. I am in urgent need of a FIVE POUND NOTE at present, to send to an Aged Relative (the relict of a clergyman of the Church of England), resident at Singapore, and shall be happy to receive contributions.

ON TEETOTALISM.

I AM not a teetotaler—at least, not now. I used to be, but my constitution is not strong, and I could not stand the dissipation. Cordials, as a general rule, are worse than liquor; there is more brandy in them. A teetotaler who has been drinking Balm of Gilead is a terrible sight, more especially when he sits in the gutter and holds the lamp-posts steady. I made a calculation once, and found that no teetotaler could possibly live through more than ten years of *cordiality*. It destroys the coats of their stomachs. My stomach used to go about in its shirt-sleeves habitually, and that is how I got cold in my inside.

I used to be a dreadful fellow—nearly as bad as the drunkards in the story-book. I have been drunk for a year and a-half at a stretch. It was natural for me to drink. When I was about three days and a-half old, I saw my nurse hide a brandy bottle away in a cupboard that she couldn't get at afterwards. I never said anything about it *then*, but as soon as I could walk, I got the keys and drank that brandy.

I didn't get better as I grew older; quite the contrary. I used to drink so that the publicans, when they went out of business, used to sell me among the valuable fixtures. A great many people tried to convert me. One man used to get blind drunk over me every Saturday, and then he couldn't. The teetotal lecturers used to lay bets on it with the ungodly, and the ungodly won. They used to use all sorts of arguments with me. One gentleman said that I was a miserable creature, and that if he had the keys of heaven he would let me in. I said that it would be a lucky thing for him if I had the keys of the other place, because then I could let him out. He wasn't a bad fellow, though, for he used to preach in a room next the kitchen; and he always stopped when he heard the ham fizzing. He was a religious man, but smart. I have heard it said that he took

the beam out of his own eye and started a timber-yard with it. There was another man who tackled me regularly—laid himself alongside, in sailor phrase—but he gave in, too, after about three square feet of brown brandy.

It was all very well preaching, but during the five years of my converting process no teetotal lecturer ever saw me intoxicated, for before I was three sheets in the wind he was just blind drunk.

I was converted in a strange way at last. It was old Joe's pork sausages that converted me. Old Joe—Bullocky Joe, we used to call him—lived on the Glenelg, and kept a small public-house at the Ford. Joe had a theory that public-houses came naturally alongside rivers, because of the convenience for watering grog. He was a good-tempered, honest fellow, with one eye, and had been transported for killing his mother with a pole-axe. Joe was very fond of animals, especially cats, and made the best pork sausages I ever ate. Joe was a friend of mine. When Joe was tried for horse-stealing, he had such confidence in me that he sent for me all the way from the Darling to swear an *alibi*, which I did successfully. After the trial, he said, with tears in his eyes :

"God bless you, old fellow ; you are the hardest swearer of any man I ever met, and you shall have the run of your teeth in my house till you die."

Joe was a man of his word ; but I think that when he saw the way I used to coil away his sausages, he regretted his outburst of manly emotion. Ah ! why, many and many a time have I gone away from Joe's with twelve helpings of sausages under the brass cricketer that kept my belt from bursting.

One day, though, a teetotal lecturer came to the Ford and put up at Joe's. Joe had bought an old sheep-dog from a swagman that morning, and we had sausages for supper. I ate a pretty meal, but the lecturer—Mr. Josiah J. Smawkins, he called himself—beat me into stale oysters at it. He was like a whirlpool to a kitchen sink, compared to me. The way he lowered down Joe's sausages was beautiful yet terrible, like a thunderstorm. Strive my hardest, but it was no use. I couldn't beat him, so I gave up. Well, he preached that night powerfully, sir, started all the nails in the roof, and then he lowered down more sausages, and drank ginger-beer until I thought he would blow his head off. Well, in the morning he came down to breakfast looking solemn ; and Joe says, "I hope you've had a good night, Mr. Smawkins." "Well," says Mr. Smawkins, "I have not ; I had dreams, sir." "Oh, indeed, sir," says Joe, "and what did you dream ?" "I dreamt a most extraordinary dream. I never had such a dream before." "Indeed !" said I, with my mouth full. "Yes," said Mr. Smawkins. "I dreamt that I was lying on the grass under a she-oak tree, with a mob of sheep feeding in front of me, when some one called out. 'Hey, Jock, yer domned vullan, get away forrard,' and then, sir, I got upon my hands and knees, and went off after the sheep ; and when I'd got 'em all together, the same voice cried, 'Come in ahint, yer black scoondrel ; come in ahint or I'll cut the liver out of yer.' And this went on all night, sir. I was

always 'going forrard,' and 'rounding up,' and 'coming in ahint;' and I'm as tired this morning as if I had been twenty miles."

Joe began to laugh, but I caught sight of a black-and-tan hide hanging up outside the pantry door, and turned deathly sick. The unsuspecting Smawkins finished "Jock," and rose to go. As his buggy—a sort of perambulating invalid go-cart slung upon wheels, drawn by a horse roughly sketched in bone—came round to the door, I grasped the hand of the holy man, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but can *all* teetotalers eat like you?"

"All," said he, with a calm smile; and, waving his hand, he leapt into his buggy, the horse broke into full walk, and in less than half-an-hour the equipage was lost in sight.

I became a teetotaler at once, and would be so still, but for the miserable quality of my constitution. As Mr. Burnett said to me long ago, "Q——, you will never be one of us. You have ruined your constitution by early temperance."

ON BUSINESS MEN.

THEY are the cream of the social bowl—in their own estimation. The stone pillars which, according to the Arabic legend, hold the earth up. There never was, or can be, anything to equal them. You may be the best fellow in the world, the sole support of an aged mother, and the protector of a whole boarding-schoolful of orphan sisters. You may work like a horse, and give all your goods to feed the poor, but if you are not a Business Man, you are sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. To be a Business Man is a special gift—a sort of inherent virtue, like a cast in the eye. If you are a Business Man you will succeed in business—that is to say, you will be a good husband, a fond father, a conscientious Christian, always vote with the Government, and when you die you will go straight to Heaven. If you are a Business Man, people will shout for you, the papers will write you up, and your friends will give you prayer-books with gilt edges.

It has always been my misfortune through life that I have not been a Business Man.

When I was at school I suffered. Young MacMammon used to lend me his pocket-money at about 700 per cent. for the quarter, so that the loan of half-a-crown in September amounted to a new sovereign, a five-bladed pocket knife, a cricket-bat, a case of silkworms, the chrysalis of the Death's Head Moth (very rare), *The Boys' Own Book*, a pair of clubbed skates and a crib of *Arnold's Greek Prose* in February. The head-master, finding out how I had been dealt with, said to me with the deepest contempt, "You may go down Mr. Q.; but I am afraid that you'll never be a Business Man!"

When I went into a bank—"The Polynesian, Antarctic, and Torrid Zone"—I suffered again. I was correspondence clerk, and got through my work with immense rapidity. The other clerks used to stare when they saw me strolling homeward punctually at four, and I felt quite proud of my accomplishment But in less than a week a change took place. Letters came down from up-country branches. "I have received cheques to the amount of one, fifteen, six, two, of which *no* mention is made in your letter of advice." "Sir, how is it that my note to hand for ninety-seven pounds four shillings and a penny three farthings, to meet which I forwarded Messrs. Blowhard and Co.'s acceptance for one hundred and fifty pounds six shillings and twopence, has been *Dishonoured* by your branch at Warrampool?" "Private.—Dear Cashup—is your correspondence clerk a hopeless idiot? I can't make head or tail of his letter of advice. As far as I can make out, he seems to have sent all the remittances to the wrong places. —Yours, T. Tottle." I am afraid that it *was* true. The manager sent for me, said that he loved me as his own brother, and that I wore the neatest waistcoats he had ever seen, but that my *genius* was evidently fettered in a bank. Here was a quarter's salary in advance; he had no fault to find, quite the reverse—but—but—well, in short, I was not a Business Man. It was the same wherever I went. Up the country I might have done well. I learnt all about cattle, drove bullocks, travelled with stock and all the rest of it; and just when I had learnt my trade and invested all my money in a station, out comes Mr. Grant's Land Bill, and pop—a burly free selector pitched his tent in my Home-Station paddock and turned my dam into a wash. I was ruined, and Honest Jock (the gentleman who had sold me the run a week before the Bill became law) clinked my money in his pocket, and said with a sigh, that I was "a fine, open-hearted fellow, but not a Business Man." It was always the same. If I made "a proper representation" to the Government, they never took any notice of it, while Palmoil, my neighbour, seemed to be able to do anything he liked with them. I asked him how it was done one day, when he was going into the Lands Office with a roll of notes in his hands; he said, "My dear boy, the fact is"—here he shook the notes playfully—"these matters want *working* and—and you're not a Business Man."

I grew poorer and poorer, and yet this same reason was always assigned for my ill fortune. When I was very hard up indeed, I edited a comic paper in 'Frisco; and one day the proprietor called, and said that he had observed that my editorials were getting about as slow as a blind beetle in a whisky-jar, and that I must brighten up or burst. I said that I was sorry but that my wife was ill at home, and I was not, perhaps, as funny as I might be on that account. The next day I got a note containing my discharge. Mr. Seth B. Percent had no particular fault to find, but was convinced that, from the conversation I had with him the day before, I was not a Business Man. Then I took to evil courses; gave lectures on "Science and Religion," and other things, but it was always the same. It did not much matter whether it was Science or Religion, as far as

I could see. I could never make money, because however religious or scientific I might be, I was not a Business Man. I became Secretary to the Benevolent Association formed to assist the poor, and though the man who had the place before me retired with an independence, I found it as much as I could do to live on the salary. And when I refused to let Deacon Chowderoy borrow thirty pounds of the Widows' Clothing Fund, to buy a buggy with, he got me dismissed on the ground that I was very impertinent, and not a Business Man.

My unhappy inaptitude for business was always my bugbear. When I had achieved a comfortable billet in the process-serving and execution-putting-in line of trade, my refusal to take a bed from under a widow, who was dying of typhus fever, caused Mr. Abednego to snap his spaulous fingers contemptuously and declare that "I vash a good feller, I vash, but I vas not a Bishness Man."

In Parliament the same objection was urged. The hon. member for Shice and Swindle, who had absolutely borrowed my other coat to address his electors in, had built himself a fine stone house, and laid out a garden by the end of the season; and when I asked him one day at dinner how it was that he got on so well, he replied, holding up a glass of '50 port the while between his eye and the light, "My dear Q., the thing is easy enough; I could explain it to anybody else in five minutes, but you see you are not a Business Man."

I believe that I might have been in a Ministry but for my unfortunate failing. I was asked to the meeting, and "Lands" hinted at. I had almost signified my approbation of the idea, when little Hole-and-Corner said that we must not forget his brother-in-law's pension. I, for one, was not likely to forget it, as the proposition to pension a man who had never done anything to deserve a pension was monstrous, and amounted to a fraud upon the country. Hole-and-Corner coughed, the future Chief Secretary rose, and the meeting broke up hurriedly.

Next morning I met Hole-and-Corner, and he told me that another meeting had been convened that night, a Ministry formed, and that I was not in it.

"How is that?" said I, a little surprised; "the offer was as good as made."

"Well, sir," said the Hole-and-Corner, quitting his hold on my button to shake hands with his brother-in-law, who looked daggers at me. "The fact is that—that you are not a Business Man."

The other day a friend came into the office of the paper and said, "Look here Q., you don't half work this thing. Why don't you get subsidised by a political party; why don't you put in dummy advertisements, and write articles personally abusing the editors of other papers. Why don't you send gratis copies to all your rival subscribers and use all private information in order to wound a political opponent."

I said that I thought that no paper which had any pretence to decency or independence would resort to such unworthy tricks

of trade; upon which he shook his head sadly, and said with a deep sigh:

"Well, Q., you may be right. I don't know. You say you are not—but—it is evident that you are *not* a Business Man.

ON LOAFING ROUND.

THERE are men who can't stop five minutes in one place, but who seem compelled to live round about, generally in spots.

Some people take time to acquire this art, but it's inherent in other people, like Original Sin, or buck-jumping in horses that you buy as bargains. When you once can do it properly it becomes like Holloway's ointment, a cure for all diseases—ague, asthma, bile, blotches, dropsy, jaundice, &c., &c., &c. See label—and can be confidently recommended as easy of application, mild in operation, and curiously beneficial to the whole system. Loafing when properly understood, adds a charm to the innocent sports of boyhood, gives zest to the healthy enjoyments of middle age and is a profound solace to one's declining years.

There are two sorts of loafers, the loafer stationary, and the loafer locomotive. The latter is called the loafer round. The first creature may be seen growing under the cave of a tavern roof like a monstrous mushroom, or sticking to a wall of a newspaper office like a shore-going limpet. He has no mind of his own. If asked to drink he drinks. If he is not asked to drink he chews borrowed tobacco, and curses his kind. His friends are dead, his lights are fled, and all but he departed. If the world had to be destroyed to-morrow, you would find him placidly leaning up against the only post left standing in the universe, wailing for someone to shout.

The locomotive loafer, or "loafer round" is a different being. He does not stand still, waiting for the grapes to drop into his mouth, nor does he aver that they are sour and tasteless. He goes about calmly and comfortably until he meets with a man tall enough to reach the fruit, and then he eats it.

The "loafer round" is, take him for all in all, an agreeable fellow. He is full of battles and sieges and adventures. He will keep not only the table, but the whole bar parlour in a roar with his witty sayings. He has a certain stock of anecdotes on hand, which he is always selling off at an enormous sacrifice. He resembles a barrel organ, which, being constituted to play a certain number of tunes, can play no new ones, but will grind out its original number with admirable accuracy. All you have to do is to wind it up with a nobbler of brandy.

The "loafer round" possesses also the happy faculty of being an excellent listener. You may tell him any quantity of the stalest stories, and pour into him the *debris* of all the worn-out funniments ever concocted by iniquitous man, and he will laugh consummately, provided you are ready to wash down the rubbish with strong liquors.

He lives principally in tap-rooms, and his right leg is affected with a chronic stiffness from constant crooking under bar counters. His normal attitude is a slouch, and his elbow bends itself naturally at the contact of pewter. He has no fixed abode. If you want him you must hunt him up through various hotels.

I had occasion lately to transact business with a man of this stamp, and went, by appointment, to his office for that uncommon purpose.

"Mr. Swiper was not in at present, but would be here probably in an hour."

Another hour passed, and I thought it advisable to "knock round" in search of him.

I went to Hotel 1 at nine o'clock.

"Mr. Swiper had been there that morning with a friend. They had ordered pale brandy."

I went to hotel 2.

"Oh yes, they had seen Mr. Swiper at ten o'clock with two gentlemen. They had glasses round—one P.B. and two Old Toms."

I went to Hotel 3.

"Mr. Swiper! Oh yes, he *had* been there at eleven o'clock this morning with Boozey and Mr. De Tel, but, having sherry and bitters, had gone away again."

On to Hotel 4.

"Mr. Swiper was there at one o'clock, and had had lunch and two glasses of Castlemaine ale with a gentleman from Ballarat. Could not say where he had gone."

At Hotel 5 the waiter "Had *seen* Mr. Swiper at about half-past two, with four friends. Soda and brandy, two cigars and a Dixon's sodawater. Had not seen him since."

Back to the office. "Dear me, Mr. Swiper had *just* gone. Came five minutes ago with a friend, who sent for porter in a pewter. I should probably find him at Hotel 6."

There with all speed. No sign of Swiper. A gentleman behind a counter said that Mr. Swiper was often there, but could not say if he had been there that morning. Ah! yes! He *had!* Came in not a minute back, and ordered lemonade and Hollands in the front bar. Would I step round? I stepped round. No Swiper, but a mutual friend very drunk. *Myself to mutual friend*: Seen Swiper? M.F.—S-s-wiper (hic)! Saw him t-tit-tight at Hotel 7 about tit-twenty minutes ago. I darted across despairingly to that place. "Swiper! My dear sir, he has not been here since half-past ten, when he had a dark brandy with Drainem. If you take my advice you will drop in at Hotel 8, and if he isn't there take a look round at Hotel 9. I followed his advice and went there. "Mr Swiper! Which Mr. Swiper? Oh, h—h! Mr. *Swiper!* Yes, he had been there about

four. A gin-sling and a nip of brandy with two gentlemen. W-a-well, he *was* a little queer, but nothing to speak of." It was now half-past five, and as a last desperate resource I "looked round" at Hotel 10. "Yes, Mr. Swiper *was* there." [Land at last]. "Yet, no, stop, ah! he had been there a few minutes back with a gentleman from up the country; they had drunk a bottle of Hennesy and two cups of coffee between them." [Heavens, thought I, is the man's constitution made of iron?) "Mr. Swiper was—well, yes, he was decidedly the worse for liquor, but not drunk; oh, dear no, not drunk." I was now evidently hard upon the trail, and knowing that when intoxicated, Swiper, like the wounded dove, invariably makes for home, I plunged into every public-house, but without success. At last, just as I was about to hail a cab, I heard a voice from the depths of a colonial wine cellar. I rushed in and seized him. He was sitting on an upturned cask, purple, tremulous, and nearly speechless. In one hand he held a beaker of colonial wine, and in the other a huge cigar. Seven admiring friends contemplated him with reverence.

"Upon my word," I began, "this is too bad! Here have I—" "My d-dear bubboy," says Swiper, hastily swallowing the brandy; d-don't mummum-ention it. WHATAREYOUGOINGTOSHOUT?

ON BAZAARS.

A BAZAAR is a place where you buy things you don't want, for the benefit of people you don't care about, and pay ten times more for them than you do anywhere else.

A bazaar is a place where society sells off its old clothes, and gets rid of its superfluous daughters. You can pay your money and take your choice. Some prefer the old clothes and others the daughters. Both are sold for equally charitable reasons—they only lumber up the home premises, and the sooner they're got rid of the better. The great gift to get up a bazaar is to be an adept at that pleasing sport which the Catechism classes with evil speaking and slandering. If you go in for holding a bazaar you must be prepared to tell lies thick enough to walk upon, and to use enough soft soap to lather the universe. If you are pious, so much the better. I mean, of course, genteel piety, that offends nobody, and is sufficiently orthodox to bring in a reasonable amount of interest on the original outlay.

It will be necessary for you also to get the patronage of some influential person—and I may here observe that ladies prefer the clergy, their presence casts a halo of propriety around the most flagrant flirtation. If no clergyman can be obtained—an accident, however, which is very remote, as they are always glad to fill up their spare time with works of Christian benevolence—try a military man. Soldiers are parsons in the rough.

Having advertised the undertaking in all the newspapers, and placarded it about the town, you may appropriately buy up an old fancy-work warehouse, for, by selling all the articles at nine times their value, you will not only benefit your poorer brethren, but make a handsome profit yourself into the bargain.

I know a lady who pays her servants out of her bazaars. The cook is billeted on the *Christian Association*, the housemaid on the *Benevolent Asylum*, and the foot-boy has to take his chance out of the *Church Debt*.

With regard to your domestic arrangements, you will find circumstances your best guide. If your daughters have good eyes and hands the *bric-a-brac* stalls are the place for them; if, on the contrary, their ankles are the principal attraction, your motherly feelings will at once suggest the propriety of short dresses and a lucky-bag.

As to the kind of articles sold by each you may pin your faith to altar-cloths and kettle-holders. Slippers are a drug in the market, and so are cigar-cases. Men are of opinion that there is nothing like leather. Moreover, the curates—of whom there are unmarried numbers—are best caught by the first-named article. And since the State Aid Bill missed fire curates are at a premium. Beware of dashing young men—they have no intentions. Old and somewhat hoary persons are best adapted for your purpose. If you *do* get hold of a bachelor with money, grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel.

Instruct your daughters to offer their wares to everyone, and impress upon them the necessity of *selling*. Men, as a rule, are shame-faced, and if your darling Jane will only bother them enough, will buy at any price.

Be careful to be civil to everyone, even the dirtiest and most plebeian customers. In a colony like this the meanest husk often holds the richest grain, and from the dirtiest chrysalis may spring the most gorgeous butterfly.

Don't mind boys. They may be tiresome, and even rude, but remember that each boy contains the germ of a future husband. You can afford to leave their punishment to time. Having got rid of your goods, displayed your summer millinery, and (I trust) hooked your husband, you need be in no hurry to pay the surplus profits to the charitable object. Remember that the poor you have *always* with you, and make them properly sensible of their unwarrantable intrusion.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDS as a rule are a mistake.

They are too expensive. No poor man can afford to have many friends. They would ruin him. Indeed, friendship is a luxury which should be indulged in with caution even by the rich.

The greatest friend I ever saw was a bailiff. When he arrested me, which he did about once a week at one time he used to give me tobacco and beer, and go round with the hat for me.

I have had many friends, like the hare in the fable, but most of them didn't pay expenses. Friendship is like mining; sometimes you drop into a good thing, but the majority of places are duffers. When you get a friend worth working, stick to him like grim death. Friendship is delusive, like a threepenny drink. Bouncer was a friend of mine, and when I was going to be married to Miss Tallon, with £50,000, Bouncer said, "Q., introduce me, old fellow, as your *friend!*"

I did; and in six weeks he married the lady. My only consolation was that her father became insolvent before the end of the year. The Gods are just. Don't lend a friend your horse, or your ox, or your ass, or anything else that is yours. I lent poor Dick Snaffle a trotting pony I had, and he sold him for forty notes. When I charged him with the theft he burst into tears, and said, "Q., it was all your fault. What did you do it for? Do you expect that a man who has lived five years in New South Wales is an *icicle?*" Indeed, he got quite angry over the matter, and I had to take him in and shout beer. If a friend wants you to put your name to a bill "just as a matter of form," beware of him; for it soon takes the form of a writ. But any friend who is ass enough to back a bill for *you*, grapple him to your soul unreservedly.

Poor Teddy Kiteflyer, of the 2,000th Light, was the best man I ever saw at that sort of thing. He invented a system of cross entries which kept the whole regiment supplied with cash for a twelvemonth, and resulted in the suicide of the sharpest money-lender in Wallbrook. The authorities said it was forgery; but Teddy maintained it was nothing but friendship. It is astonishing how many friends a man will have when he is rich. I saw a big dog with a sheep paunch to-day dining in a gutter, and four little dogs seated round with their noses in the air. When he moved from the street they followed him respectfully sniffing. A friend of mine in the Old Bay State had four sons, and he made one a publican, who did well, and died of *delirium tremens*. The person who took to lecturing made a lot of money; married a pork butcher's widow, and died a true Christian. The one who was brought up to billiards, a fine young man, would have been wealthiest of the lot only for his ambition. He couldn't be content with small profits, so he took to cards, and was shot aboard a river steamboat. God bless him. He died like a hero, with a king up his sleeve. But the friend had the best time. Everything he touched turned to gold. When he married an heiress even she died of the yellow fever. He invented a pill, was ten times insolvent, turned his daughter out of doors, is deeply religious, and has the biggest banking account of any man in the States. Friendship, if you know how to work it, is better than a cousin in Parliament.

It takes two persons to make a Proper Friendship. The one has to be befriended, the other to be friendly. I'd rather be the friendly

man by a darned sight. He gets all the fat off the mutual leg of mutton, and not unfrequently scrapes the bone.

Friends who talk a lot don't do much, When Joe Winglett was alive he was always boasting about what he'd leave me.

Joe was a "super." at the Royal Isthmain Theatre, and vowed that I was the only man who appreciated his genius.

"Never mind. Q.," he would say, "I shall lick 'em yet, my boy. Montgomery—bosh! Brooke—rot! Kean—stuff! Kemble—rubbish! You should see *my* Hamlet! Never mind; the tide *must* turn. I'll make a fortune before I die, and then, my boy, you'll see what I'll leave you. Never mind!"

I said I did not; and Joe died last week, and did leave me—what? A cotton velvet tunic, a pair of harlequin's breeches—rather the worse for jumping—an acting edition of *The Lady of Lyons*, and five pairs of dirty stockings.

You cannot bet on friends. They will go and do all sorts of things to spite you. I insured a friend's life once, and got him to assign me the policy. He was a chronic case of rheumatism, and might have died in the course of nature calmly in his bed at any time. We quarrelled one day, and the fellow deliberately sent out and bought a bottle of Connel's East Indian remedies, and took a pint of it every half hour, according to the directions on the label. At the tenth pint he gently dissolved, and the jury brought it in "determined suicide." I tried hard to put in a plea of insanity, but it was no use.

After this I forswore friendship, except as a gentle stimulant, and in case of sickness.

ON RELATIONSHIPS

IT depends, in a great measure, upon the nature of them. Some people have a great many. I should think The O'Donoghue has about the greatest number of relations, for I never met an Irishman yet who was not connected in *some* way or other with that distinguished member of the aristocracy.

It is a curious thing that while poor people possess any amount of rich relatives, rich people never by any chance have any poor ones. This is what my friend M. Howler would call a mysterious dispensation of Providence. I would not mind laying the odds that Lazarus was a poor cousin of Dives. If he had not been, he would not have dared to play with the terriers on his front door-step instead of going round to the back gate as other beggars did. I have noticed that certain qualities invariably accompany certain relationships. Mothers are given to kissing in dreams and otherwise. Step-mothers are

invariably a nuisance, especially when they carry about abnormal twins and won't move under eighteenpence. Uncles are of two kinds—bad and good. I never heard of a medium uncle.

They know no medium between the benevolent half-sovereign of boyhood's happy hours, and the amputative shilling of scapegrace notoriety. Sometimes they are absolute villains, and have no sympathy with babes, whether in the woods, in bulk, or in bottle.

Aunts are good. I like gold-spectacled maiden ones best, the dear old ladies who have white hair, and ask you, "Which would you rather do, sing a hymn or have an orange?" and when you say, "Sing a hymn, aunt," gives you two oranges.

Mothers-in-law are ladies who have daughters. A mother-in-law may be considered as the beard on the matrimonial oyster.

But of all the relatives that a man can be cursed with, commend me to cousins. There are innumerable varieties of the "cousin" species. There is the rich cousin—he used to live in India, but he has come out here now—who turns up all standing in the third act of a comedy and puts the right man in the right place. There is the poor cousin, who writes to you from the gaol, and begs the loan of two half-crowns per bearer, to save the family name from everlasting infamy. This sort generally drinks. There is the vulgar cousin, who, when you are entertaining a select party of influential aristocrats, drives up in a one-horse buggy, carrying ten, and roars out, "Haw! haw! Jack, my boy, how are yer? I've brought the missus and the kids to have a snack!" There is the sporting cousin, who borrows your nag for a "canter to St. Kilda," and lames it in an ineffectual attempt to ride down a velocipede.

There is the irrepressible cousin, who is the jolliest dog alive, but cannot earn his living for the soul of him. You may start him in business fifty times, but at the end of six months he appears, jolly, jocose, and penniless, perfectly irrepressible, and perfectly useless. I had a cousin of this sort once. Seven times did his sorrowing friend start him in life, and seven times did cousin Tom jib at the prospect.

He was a stock-broker, a bank clerk, a squatter, a speculator, an agent for somebody's Balm of Gilead, a magazine proprietor, and a wine merchant, before his beard had grown. He was sent to Hong Kong, and returned by the next ship, avowing that it was a beastly climate, and no man with a decent sense of self-respect would live there for a week. Some unhappy and credulous relative bought him a share in a brewery, in which I believe he would have done well had not the firm gone insolvent a week after poor Tom joined it. The last thing I heard of him was that he had gone to Spitzbergen on behalf of some speculations connected with walrus teeth. I carefully looked among the "wrecks," but I feel sure that some evening he will walk in at my back gate profoundly jolly and calmly penniless.

As a general rule, relationships are a nuisance; but if you must have relations, have them wealthy as possible. The excellence of a relation is at the best but a negative one, like the filial affection of

the young Irishman, whose father said he was "a dear good son, for he was the only one of the family who never jumped on his stomach when he was down.

NEW CHUMS.

I HAVE been put up in the society of new chums. Not that I object to new chums as a body, because every man who, from some curious oversight of his parents, has not had the good fortune to be born in this favoured land—this Adullam's cave of ruined reputations—must come here as a new chum some time or other; but I am sick at heart with the preposterous follies of some of the young gentlemen who air their barsinistered nobility upon the shady side of Collins Street. As I have said, I have lately fallen among new chums, and I have been taking cold baths of Carlyle, and Balzac, and Voltaire, in order to restore my nervous system. Having received a large sum of money from one of the Ministry, on account of services rendered, I was enabled—for a week or so—to return to that society for which I was originally intended. I found it crowded with new chums.

There was my young friend, Guy de Vere, for instance. Guy de Vere is a young man who has been liberally educated, has fagged at Eton and been plucked at Oxford. He is tolerably wealthy, and travels about for amusement, which he never obtains. Not being endowed with brain to any alarming extent, he is given to boasting, and will talk about "poor Hastings" and "that rum fellah, Hartington," while he invariably speaks of the female members of the aristocracy by abbreviations of their Christian names, and bewilders the plebeian mind by constant reference to "Lady Bab, you know," and "Little Emily," and hints that in his opinion "Flo' didn't do badly, when you come to think of it." He smokes cigars which he brought with him, and wears the most fearfully and wonderfully made garments. De Vere, being at the last race-meeting, was conspicuous for the alarming exceptionality of his coat, and, being remonstrated with by a friend upon the unnecessary gorgeousness of that garment, exclaimed, "*This* coat—*this!* Why, my dear f'la, I've got three more up-stairs which I *havn't worn at all!*" The friend fled. Guy de Vere was great on horseflesh, and had achieved a reputation at the Deformed Club, by reason of his sporting vein of humor, until old Macklewain (whose knowledge of pedigree is unlimited) heard him speak of an animal with an epicene name as a "mare," and was down upon him with a stud-book directly. Poor Guy de Vere! He was disappointed in the colony, and went home. He said that he expected to find Collins Street blazing with beauty and fashion, and crowded with carriages. He walked down it *once*, I believe, and then retired to his club, where he read a novel (upside down) until dinner-time. On leaving for England, he remarked that Melbourne was not

the place for an idle man, and that he should never again come farther south from the Mediterranean. Goodness knows that nobody can detest the colony more fervently than I do; but I would rather stop here all my life—even in the menial position of a member of the Legislature—than be compelled to travel home in company with Guy de Vere. But Guy de Vere is an exception. The average new-chum disappears mysteriously, none can tell whither.

Dickens desires to know what becomes of all the post-boys and donkeys. I want to know what becomes of all the new chums. Dickens, indeed, conjectures that the post-boys ride into the next world upon the donkeys; but I can find no hypothesis by which to account for the consumption of new chums. It is a curious fact that, for a certain space of time—say three weeks—the Peripatetic Philosopher observes new faces leaning over bar counters, and notices stupendous collars, and widely improbable trousers disporting themselves about the town. He is made painfully aware of the fact that the fashion of modern swelldom is to show as much neck as a sailor-hero of a nautical drama, and to wear its scarf pin as nearly as possible in the centre of its stomach. He is alarmed at running against young men whose legs appear to have been made for the express purpose of cleaning flutes, and whose waistcoats are open-hearted to that extent that their shirts boil over, and appear to be ready to descend in an avalanche of clean linen at the shortest notice. He is astonished at finding that the ordinary costume of a "fast man" (per s.s. "Great Britain") is a shovel hat, and a white necktie like a small bell-rope. He is horrified at hearing that the modern fashion of dancing is something between a hop and a "breakdown," with a flavour of the skipping-rope, and was surprised at hearing a horsey friend speak of one of these new arrivals as having "a kick in his gallop," an apparent defect, which arose entirely from the employment of the new and approved method of dancing. If these young men are, and I suppose they must be, leaders of *ton*, and glasses of English fashion, it is to be regretted that they disappear so rapidly. As soon as one comes to know them by sight, they vanish from view altogether. I have made notes of several of these young men, and intend one of these days to write a book descriptive of the race generally. I find that they begin life at the Port Phillip or Scott's; that they play billiards frequently, and abuse the colony with immense gusto. For the first fortnight they cannot go into a bar for a glass of beer without producing a sovereign to pay for it, and, even when they receive change, will frequently plunge their hands into their trousers pockets, and produce a mingled handful of silver, gold, and notes therefrom. They patronise the theatres, and inquire anxiously about private boxes for the season. They stroll down to a livery stable, and ask if "they have got any decent cattle, you know." They are well known at the "Casino," and tell you that they have seen the *can-can* "*Ah Parry*, old fellow." They purchase portraits of popular actresses in the photograph shops, and shew them to their friends with many nods, winks, and other ambiguous givings out. They can be seen in public-house bars in mid-day, and are

prone to brandy and soda. They get up riding parties on hired horses, and may be seen at Brighton on Sunday. They are great in buggies, and always call a seven-year-old livery-stable hack "a little mare." They are usually, so they say, connected with the aristocracy, and complain bitterly that "there is no 'society' in Victoria." Yet with all this they seldom have introductions to anybody worth knowing, and are forced to consort with Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. In about a month, the £100 scraped together by their widowed mothers, or saved from the wreck of their college allowance and unpaid college debts, is spent—and then? Then some burly squatter, horny of hand and bushy of beard, comes down from his station, and says, "Come, Jack, lad; I knew thy father in the old country, and I won't see thee in a mess. Come up with me, and look round the country." So young Hopeful goes, and is put upon a rough bush horse, and made to ride in stock; or is sent to look after some fencing ten miles from the home-station; or is set to work foot-rotting, and soon finds out that life is not "all beer and skittles," and that young men from England are not necessarily exempt from work, nor young men in Australia quite the barbarians that our delicate-handed *habitués* of Garton's and the Earl of Zetland would have them. But the case of Jack is an exceptional case. Sometimes the gorgeous butterfly of Collins Street comes to unutterable grief. His cheap finery wears out. Messrs. Moses' garments wax rusty, and the gilt wears off his Brummagem jewellery. He falls and great is his fall. One fine day he disappears, and men shake their heads for a day or two. Carambole, of any billiard-room, misses his customary half-a-crown, and the stage boxes of the Royal are left desolate. The haunters of the Café and Varieties miss a familiar face, and one asks, "What has become of young New Chum; I haven't seen him lately?" But the question is never satisfactorily answered, and I ask in vain—What becomes of all these young men?

THE THEORY OF GASTRIC JUICE.

IT is the fashion now-a-days to own a theory, and I shall tell you about mine. I am the apostle of a new creed, by which I intend to reform the world, and make everybody happy. My theory is the glorious theory of *Gastric Juice*. Away with your forms of morality, your Brahminism, Buddhism, Spargoism, Dummyism Duffyism, and Platonism; give me a man with a perfect digestion and a normal stomach, and I will show you a clever man, a kindly gentleman, and an exemplary Christian. Gastric juice is the secret of happiness. If a man's secretions are in proper order, he will have what Nature intended him to have—*mens sana in corpore sano*. The history of the world is the history of livers. The fable of Prometheus is a magnificent allegory. Chained to the rock of woe,

and want, and indigestion, a vulture ceaselessly gnaws his liver. Prometheus had lived his life—he was a poet, and scaled Heaven—but his liver gave way, his stomach got out of order, and, *presto!* poor Prometheus is down upon his back, and poppy nor mandragora, blue pill, Cockle nor Norton, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep that he had yesterday.

Let us glance at the history of the world. *Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona*—and before Noah, too, I have no doubt; but then they were always eating and drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, until their livers became hopelessly deranged; and what was the consequence? Look at the Roman Empire. The simple story of a stomach. In its early days, exercised by constant wars, its tone restored by frequent famines, Rome was the mistress of the world. With the Cæsars came indigestion. What nation could hope to govern when it ate five meals a day, and supped upon stale oysters and mulled claret? The Christian persecutions, the *Circenses*, the atrocities of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Galba, were all owing to the horrible condition to which the Roman stomach had arrived. Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines were a little more temperate, and Rome improved; but Commodus, Vitellius, Macrinus, Heliogobalus, recklessly disregarded the importance of gastric juice, and ruined the Roman Empire. Look at the wars, murders, sorceries, superstitions, manias, that disfigured Europe during the Middle Ages. All gastric juice! What but degrading superstition could be expected from a people ruled alternately by ascetics and *gourmets?* The saints rushed to the wilderness, and lived upon raw roots and stagnant water. What was the consequence? Their brains turned, religious mania ensued, and all Europe followed Peter the Hermit upon an idoitic expedition to the most unhealthy country on the face of the earth. The saints ruined the gastric juices of Europe. Imagine St. Francis, who ate ashes with his bread as an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast; St. John, of Egypt, who rejoiced in slack-baked loaves; St. Francis, widow, whose favourite beverage was dirty water, imbibed out of a human skull; the monks of St. Publius, who lived upon a gill of oil a day. Think of the hideous institution of the terophagia, or "dry eatings." Dream of the holy St. Waltheof, who did drink wine, but always put spiders in it to mortify the flesh; and, last of all, think with awe of St. Ammon, that pious founder of the hermitages of Nitria, who, at the age of twenty-two, married a charming young girl, but instead of a nuptial banquet, treated his bride to the reading of a particularly edifying chapter of St. Paul, and then retired to "solitary meditation" and wild honey for eighteen years. The ancient historian says that he died "ravished in an ecstacy"—he deserved it. Read Michelel's *La Sorcière*, and tremble at the revelations which he makes concerning the food of the people. The stomach is a great fact. It is not to be denied. Come what may, the stomach must be satisfied, or revolutions, bread riots, Bastile-taking, guillotines, murders ensue; and

"Monarchs die that sans-culottes may dine."

All the ills, happiness, miseries, poems, plays, and novels that have ever afflicted mankind have been but modified expressions of gastric juice. Byron wrote *Childe Harold* upon sodawater and biscuits, but he poured three bottles of claret into his stomach before he sat down to crush his critics with *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Napoleon's liver was notoriously out of order, and I have no doubt that two grains of pil. hydrarg. would have changed the fate of Europe. *Hamlet*, that wondrous creation of the poet, is simply the personification of a man with a dyspeptic constitution. The sea voyage to England did him good, but as soon as he comes back and takes to late suppers and roaming about in churchyards, his liver gets wrong, and five murders and one suicide is the result. Diogenes, I suspect, had no liver at all; and Alexander did his best to destroy an originally fine constitution by his preposterous habit of perpetually imbibing. Cromwell was notoriously a bad sleeper, and both Richelieu and Mazarin were a prey to indigestion. It was gastric juice that killed Charles I., and made France the greatest and most priest-ridden nation in Europe. All great men get their livers deranged, but when such livers are not put right again, "Woe is me, Alhama!" Witness Frederick the Great, Charles XII., Alcibiades, and the Borgias. No; let us attend to our gastric juice, and we will be happy; neglect it, and we will be miserable. For me, my indigestion is chronically out of gear. I am obliged to keep it so in order to write these articles; but for you, oh, dear reader, accept the gospel of gastric juice, and you will be a comfort to yourself and an honour to your adopted country.

MODERN BOYS.

"WHAT are we to do with our boys?" Wash them, and marry them to our girls? Boys are necessary evils, like wet weather and small change. "Boys," says some aphoristic tautologist, "will be boys." That is, they used to be boys—now they want to be men. Where are the boys of *our* boyhood, O my Pompeius? Where are the rosy-cheeked urchins who played at prisoners' base and marbles, who "fagged out" so tearfully, and "broke bounds" so eagerly? Where are the happy fellows who went "nesting," and ran "paper chases," and laid plots for the destruction of Farmer Giles's poultry? Where are the boys who gave supper parties in their "dormitories," and were noted for the composition of "shrub" of surpassing excellence? Where are the boys who had "ticks" at the pastrycook's, and sent love-letters, franked by economised half-crowns, to the young ladies' school round the corner? Gone, like the years. *Labuntur anni, Postume, Postume!* The years glide away, and are lost to me—lost to me! Those boys are greyheaded old fogies now. Their youth has given

place to dinner, and their love to lorgnettes of extra power. They "have tasted the sweetness of life, they have lived and loved"—at least, some of them; now all is Dead Sea fruit. They know it all. They've looked down the crater, and seen nothing in it. Yet, perhaps, when turning over some old drawer with much comminatory muttering, they light upon a packet of yellow letters, and straightway memory flies back again to the old, old days, when Chloe was slender and loving, and Corydon had a heart and a digestion, when life seemed worth living for, when

> "They were young,
> And songs were sung,
> And love-lamps in the casement hung."

But the feeling soon passes, the poor little letters are put away, and Corydon—goes to dinner.

> "Gillian's dead—God rest her soul,
> How I loved her twenty years syne!"

says he mournfully; but the waiter brings the *salmi* of wood-cock, and Corydon waxes merry, and tells highly-spiccd anecdotes, while he "dips his nose in the Gascon wine." Youth has departed from us, Pompeius, my friend. When you saw me sitting on the Post-office steps the other day, munching at my bread and polony, you scarcely recognised the brilliant well-dressed fellow that Her Grace—— but no more of that. We cannot eat our cake and have it. *We* have elected to eat ours, my Pompeius. By Gis and by Saint Charity, but tho old wicked flavour comes back to me again! It was very sweet while it lasted, was it not? Now we live on memory and Scotch pies, price 3d. Let us hope that the present generation of boys will make a better use of their youth than we have done. They are clever, our modern boys, I am told; but there seems a something wanting in their mental compositions—or can it be the motes in my own eyes that obscure my vision? Perhaps so. As a friend of mine says, "It will all come right in the end." Let us hope so.

DEMOCRATIC SNOBBERY.

DEMOCRACY in a red cap, leaning on a blood-stained axe, is terrible at all events; but Democracy in ill-made dress clothes, spouting watery adulation at a corporation dinner, is simply ridiculous. But it is the fashion with some people to combine the wildest republicanism of sentiment with the profoundest humility of deportment. They talk like Camille Desmoulins, and act like Jeames in a new suit of plush. These kid gloved democrats belong usually

to the upper rank of middle society. They have been educated at college, and can read Horace tolerably with the aid of a dictionary and Anthon's notes. They profess to admire Cromwell. They talk about liberty of soul, equality of honest men, but would disdain to nod to their tailor if they met him in the street. They hate lords, but do not object to dine with a bishop. The fact of this apparent contradiction is easily accounted for. They want equality to their own level. They hate the nobility (who, as a rule, are not worth the hating), because they themselves are not noble; and they despise wealth, because they are poor. But place these gentry in a colony where they are equal to the highest, and lo! their notions change. They become fiercely aristocratic. They prate of good blood, and the claims of "gentlemen." Gentlemen! How that grand old word has been prostituted. "Gentleman" once meant an honest, courteous, brave, and liberal man—a man who had an arm to strike at oppression and vice, and a heart to pity the repentant and weak. Now it means—money, for one thing, good clothes for another, social position for another; an ability to read, write, dance, and run into debt for a fourth; a certain style of speaking, looking, walking and eating for a fifth; but it means principally—money. Any low-minded, ignorant ruffian who has suddenly accumulated wealth calls himself gentleman; any debauched booby of a lord whose miserable body, pimpled with the ten times diluted blood of all the Howards, happened to be first wrapped in fine linen instead of in rags, thrusts his ricketty little person before the world as a "gentleman!" Heaven save us! I am no "red republican," but the cant of "good blood" is utterly abominable to me. As Crebillon said, "I hope there is distinction of ranks below, for the gentlemen will get the best seats—next the fire." The sham aristocracy of a country like this is pitifully absurd. Every man has it in himself to make himself respected, honoured, and ennobled. If he does not do it, let him take it for granted that nature did not intend him for an aristocrat, and be content.

SHAREBROKING.

A GENTLEMAN came out from England a few months back, and went to a friend to ask for employment. "What can you do?" "Nothing!" "Hum, you are of gentlemanly appearance, dress well, and talk well. I know that you are no fool. Why not be a sharebroker?" The advice was taken, and the new arrival has been making a very comfortable income.

The history of sharebrokers must be replete with food for reflection and amusement. Mr. Montague Tigg would pale his ineffectual fires before one of our Australian promoters. Mr. Tigg

had a magnificent office and a gorgeous butler—no mean capital, as times go. His antipodean, however, has not even a boy in buttons to attend on him, and his office usually consists of a very dirty writing-table, a bottle of ink, and three penholders. Tigg burst at once into splendour. There was no medium between his borrowing the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, and his triumphant progress in the Baileyan cab. The Victorian broker, however, as a rule creeps slowly to fortune. He commences generally with a stuffy room in Little Collins Street, not far from the horse-bazaar. He is not overburdened with furniture, and his door has a card, "Back in ten minutes," everlastingly nailed to its middle panel. He is shabby in dress, but ornate in manner. He talks like a duke, and dresses like a bagman. He is not unfrequently of Hebrew descent, and the names of his friends read like a chapter from the Book of Numbers. By-and-by he gets custom. He is a sharp fellow and is spoken of as "little so-and-so." He takes fresh rooms, perhaps over an Insurance office, and there, like Béranger, he rules "his snug little kingdom up three pairs of stairs." He begins to be known, he is seen under the "Verandah," and lunches at "The Shades." So his prosperous course continues, till at last he culminates in a blaze of gauze blinds, with his name in full thereon, five telegrams a day from Ballarat, and a brass plate in the Hall of Commerce. It is hard that men like these should be called swindlers. They work hard for their living, and in most cases are honest enough. The public—that dear, gullible, fussy, moral public—usually swindles itself. Respectable people pride themselves upon a smart trick in sharebroking, and seem to think that in it, as in horse-dealing, morality is tacitly put out of court. It sometimes happens, though, that the sharebroking cat used by the virtuous monkey to pull his hot chestnuts of mining shares out of the fire loses her temper, and scratches. Forthwith a howl of commercial morality goes up to Heaven. The bitten one roars lustily, and abuses the whole class and race of sharebrokers in good set terms. They are swindlers, "robbers of the widow and orphan," &c., &c. Well, I shrug my shoulders and say nothing. *Moi? Je flane!* The cat has scratched, has she? Ha ha! sharebroking is like most other trades, not immaculate; but the public have only themselves to blame if the class their own greed has called into existence is exceptionally dishonest in business.

THE PAROCHIAL COMMITTEE-MAN.

WE all know the model type of the parochial committee-man. He is, of course, intensely respectable, and intensely narrow-minded. He is the father of a family. He is "practical, sir, strictly practical!" He thinks the institution over which he presides the first of its existing kind. He imagines that the eyes of the world

are on him, and the account of a squabble on "board day" will be read with avidity by all the *savans*, journalists, and public men in Europe. He is solemn-looking, and it is only when he begins to speak that you find out his intellectual incapacity. He is eternally "rising to order," and begging to say "a few words on the subject of hard-boiled eggs." He is wealthy, or at least independent, and has been perhaps a grocer, a soap-boiler, or a Turkey-merchant. He can read, write and spell correctly, and, consequently, thinks it "his duty, Mr. Chairman, his painful duty, to prose upon the ignorance or insolence of gentlemen who—to use his own familiar phrase—"have as much in their little finger as he has in his whole body." He regards all these poor persons for whose benefit the institution was founded as his natural enemies. He is always proposing economical tricks, by which twopenny-worth of cream or one basin of gruel can be saved per diem. "Amounting at the end of the year, Mr. Chairman, to a very considerable sum!" He is bland, pious, is known in political circles by some "Honest"-prefixed abbreviation of his baptismal name, and when he dies his executors discover that he has been living comfortably upon appropriated trust-moneys for the last ten years of his highly-respectable life.

CARMEN.

LET us discuss the subject of carmen. I have before remarked that the Melbourne carman is a being of peculiar sympathies and peculiar prejudices. He is a better stamp of man than the London cabman. He is usually smarter, because he drinks brandy instead of gin; and he is less prone to violent extortion. I do not object to the carman as a rule. I drove a Hansom myself once, and made a fortune; only I invested it in mining shares and lost it all. But there is one point upon which I desire to take him to task. Why does he drive unbroken horses in his vehicle at night? I seldom travel in cars myself now, but in the days when I was comparatively rich I made frequent use of them, and found that a night journey was fraught with danger. The carman has a propensity for rushing out and seizing you, so to speak, and carrying you away captive; moreover, he starts before you are ready, and stops jerkily at wrong places. Also the practice of accelerating the action of his heart by the pernicious use of stimulants is to be deplored. It makes him reckless, and inclined to rival the son of Nimshi in rapidity of progression. I recollect one man, who had been driving in a very erratic manner for some time, insisting upon getting down and drinking at a gutter; and upon my telling him that such a practice, if carried to excess, was not conducive to health, he informed me with a sneer that he had studied the first

principles of natural science, and that he knew running water was always harmless. I was gratified to learn, however, that he was seized with cholera next day, and died in a contorted condition. The Melbourne carman is like the hippopotamus of the showman—a singularly unique animal. He is independent, bold, sturdy, and pot-valiant to excess. He is not altogether averse to bullying quiet people. He never has change late at night. He is given to a grim humor, and will ask you with many expletives, "Want the grey 'oss to-night, sir? The 'terrible grey,' sir!" He drives good cattle, and takes a lively interest in the sporting world. But in the main he is not a bad fellow, and is eminently useful to a very large class of persons.

THE THEATRE GALLERY FOLK.

I PRESUME that none of the respectable people who read these remarks have ever been in the sixpenny gallery of a theatre. They are—these dear readers of mine—for the most part, of the porcelain of humanity, and if they are a little cracked here and there, the fractures are repaired with golden clamps, and rather enhance their value than otherwise. But though I am—I hope—read by these gentle creatures—these bluest skimmings of the milk of colonial society—and am admitted to the sacred mansions of the great and good, the "truly sublime and beautiful," still I confess to a sympathy for common clay. You see I am only a shoeless vagabond myself, and associate only with Bohemians—tinkers of other men's kettles, patchers of other men's garments, ragpickers and snappers up of unconsidered trifles. I am of the earth, remarkably earthy, and prefer a pot of porter (foaming, mind you, and in a pewter—none of your *dilettante* glasses) and a black clay pipe, to all the fashionable eccentricities of the fashionable world. I have an affection for unvarnished humanity. I like to see human life with its coat off, and to descend an octave in the social scale. Did you ever study the face of a begrimed and shirt-sleeved son of toil as he leans over the railing in the front of the gallery, and, resting his chin upon one half-naked and muscular arm, gloats upon the stage, and pushes his rusty cap back over his touzled head in inexpressible rapture? He is well worthy the looking at. So is also the fat matron, who unpins her shawl to gasp the easier at the pathetic passages; so is the small boy who cracks nuts and tears up paper during the performance, and whose ear is so good that he can tell by the tone of the actor when a "sentiment" has been delivered, and applauds accordingly. People do not carry baskets of refreshments to the gallery now-a-days; they are in too great a hurry to carry anything they can dispense with. You will see them indulging in the deleterious gingerbeer, or the brandy-qualified lemonade, while the boys and our

shirt-sleeved friend run, with much stamping and noise, down the stairs to snatch a hasty pipe in the vestibule between acts.

Perhaps you don't care for this sort of thing; perhaps you would rather take your ease in the dress circle, and gaze with languidly levelled *lorgnette* upon the distant gallery. You are quite right to do as you like. But may I suggest that when you come to theatres you come in good time, and endeavour to keep the door that admits you into that select spot a little less upon the swing. I was a doorkeeper once in a theatre myself, and the life was a terrible one. People came in late and banged the doors, or talked loudly and laughed; and other people who were disturbed thereby scowled furiously at me, and jingled their half-crowns menacingly. I would rather be doorkeeper to the gallery than to the boxes. If the gallery is rough it is always amenable to reason, while the boxes are frequently the reverse. Give me the gallery. I made a study of an old woman there the other night who would have been worth £10,000 to Eugène Sue. She was the only living representative of La Chouette I ever saw. A glorious old woman! Her hideousness was so superlative in its magnificence that it was almost beautiful.

The comments of the gallery, too, are very amusing. They are criticisms in plain clothes. You hear human sentiments in human language, as Johnson said of Shakespeare. Go there some night and hear them; you will be amused, and moreover you will see actors whom you never saw in your life before. Your favourite, whoever he may be, looks a very different person to the pit and gallery. When you come and sit up with me you can only see the top of his head, and his body and legs are foreshortened to a surprising extent. You can imagine yourself in Lilliput (if you know where that is). Come with me, respectable Philistine, and I will introduce you to a relative of mine, who sells ginger-pop and oranges. He is not very well dressed, but he is very amusing. We have quite a little circle of critics up in the "gallery." There is Bloggs, a fat and pursy fellow, who says that "Buskin can't come it in 'Amlet like some on 'em," and declares, with many nods and winks, that, for his part, "give him breadth." There is Boozer, who is red-headed, and given to beer, who is passionate and snorts violently. He raves about Ophelia, whereat Bloggs frowns and remarks—"To play Hophelia as it oughter be played, a gal must have the wiwacity of seventeen and the hexperience of thirty." I assure you we talk quite as well in our small way as the real critics; our conversation is an octave lower, that's all.

ON BOWING.

MAY I be permitted to say a word or two on the subject of bowing? I have been suffering greatly under the custom lately. Having returned from a short absence, my fellow Bohemians have, of course, lent themselves to the pleasing fiction

of "being glad to see me," and I have been obliged to feign an equal amount of gushing human kindness. I cannot help, however, noticing the varied and curious notions Australians have concerning bows. One gentleman dislocates his cervical vertebræ, and grins. Another winks his eye and protrudes his chin with an air that intimates, "Ah, I see you! Back again! I know all about it. How did you like the oakum-picking?" A third wags his head dolefully, and gives me to understand that Lord Burleigh had not half as much power of "expression" as he has. A fourth waves his hand gracefully from the other side of the road. A fifth elevates his stick. A sixth, about whom a faint perfume of the late Joe Bagstock lingers, pokes me in the ribs and smiles waggishly. As to my friend Gushman, "age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety." One day he slaps me on the back, and roars out, "Hollo, old fellow! How are yer?" on another he approaches me insidiously from behind corners of streets, and rushes at my hand with enthusiastic violence. On some occasions I see him ambling down Collins Street, and he pretends not to notice me until I have passed him, when he turns round and beams upon me with objectionable radiance. My friend Storker perambulates the town with the apparent affectation of being immersed in the composition of an epic poem, and will suddenly start into common-place life bewilderedly. Milo, who is given to "athletic sports," and is always in a repulsively healthy state, noisely recognises me two blocks off, and makes confidential communications at the distance of thirty feet. Scrype crosses the road, and says in a mysterious whisper, "They are going up! Buy!" and rushes off into space. I meet people who always ask, "Well, what's the news?" which is not only bad grammar, but unnecessary, as they always knew everything "last night" if I tell them. I meet people who are undecided as to whether they should bow or not, and who stare at me for five minutes, and then affect recognition. I meet people who nod sideways, jerkily, as though they had fastened a piece of string to one of their ears, and thus established a communication running beneath their waistcoats, after the manner of the directions in "Necromancy for the Drawing-room," which instruct the novice in the art of making shillings fly up his sleeve. But of all bows, the backward jerk is the most objectionable. This method is purely colonial, and is a happy compound of the University dun bow and the fast lawyer's clerk's airy manner. It consists in grinning superciliously, and then jerking the head back over the off ear, as if to avoid a tap on the chin. The instant the bowee recognises you, you resume your usual wooden expression, and look as if you had never seen him before. This is much affected by our rising colonial youth, and is, in my mind, one of the strongest provocations to kicking a man that I know of; indeed, when accompanied by a *nonchalant* swing of a three-penny cane, it is irresistible.

HOME LETTERS.

MORE mails, more weariness of letters, more delirium of telegrams, more recklessness of unamusing correspondence! All is emphatically vanity, and essential oil of vexation of spirit. Why do people write letters? Why do friends in England force themselves to scribble the intelligence that little Tommy has got well over the measles, that John has gone through the Insolvent Court, or that Clara has run away with a penniless lieutenant of marines? After three or four years we care not for Tommy's ailments nor John's difficulties, and cherish recollections of Clara only as she appeared in short frocks and pantalettes. We wade through a mass of correspondence only to light our melancholy pipe with the last sheet, and regretfully think of the bother of replying. Letter-writing is a lost art. Penny postage and electricity have ruined correspondence. In old times the composition of a letter was a matter of consideration; the writer would brood over it for days, and collect material for weeks, would make "rough copies," and polish and retouch with delicate care. Now-a-days we get stenographic notes of births, deaths, and marriages, "hatches, matches, and despatches." The letter-writers of modern times may be divided into three classes: the stenographic, who send news like tins of preserved meat, the greatest amount of mental nutriment compressed into the smallest possible space; the obtrusively well-informed, who give us a "boiling down" of the daily journals for the past month; and the savagely reticent, who begin by saying that they have nothing to say, and end with some startling piece of half-divulged information in a postscript. Women are the best correspondents. They write for the pleasure of writing, and tell us all the little bits of scandal with which their little bosoms have been torn since the departure of the last mail. Their fault is to assume that their correspondent knows everybody, and they will give bewildering details concerning people of whom we know nothing. Paragraphs of this kind abound:—"You remember poor Mrs. Grimwold? She met with a sad accident on Tuesday last, which might have ended fatally. As it turned out, however, Benson, who has been much occupied with that unfortunate family affair which compelled him to leave England, had just returned, and, hearing of her illness, went instantly to Devonshire, where, as you know, poor dear Laura was residing." After reading this "important item" three or four times over, and in vain endeavouring to recollect who "poor Mrs. Grimwold" may be, you turn your attention to the identity of Benson, with like ill-success, and being driven to the verge of madness by the hints concerning the "unfortunate family affair" and "Benson's" mysterious trip to Devonshire, where an unknown "Laura" is residing, you make a mental memo. to ask for an explanation, which you cannot possibly get for at least three months. Then we have letters from younger brothers, full of badly-expressed accounts of the Chester Cup, or a

full, true, and particular history of their losses over the St. Leger. We have the hurried scrawl from our oldest friend :—"Dear Bob,—I just write a line or two to catch the mail. Hope you're well. Bessy was married yesterday—sends love. I shall probably start for South America next week, so do not be surprised if I do not write again for some time. Of course you have all heard about the Snook's will case.—Yours, in haste—THOMAS WHYLEDOATS." Or the long letter about nothing from your cousin at Sandhurst, who tells you just at the end of his epistle that he has "drawn upon you for £120, which will be all right."

But the most objectionable of all people is the man who sends newspapers. You receive a *Times* or a *Saturday Review*, and, imagining that they contain some paragraph of immediate personal interest, devote a whole morning to reading them through, advertisements and all, and are disgusted at discovering that they contain nothing that concerns yourself or any of your friends. I never open newspapers now, feeling certain that the only news they could possibly contain would be bad news, and then I should be "sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or other." "*Cælum non animum mutant*" is a mistake. Men change their dispositions as they change their climate. Do we not remember the glowing letters we were wont—for the first six months—to send home? How we described the voyage, and the captain, and the passengers, and the crew—how we gave our experience of the tropics, and our impressions of the Southern Cross—how we revelled in accounts of Melbourne, and talked about "lucky diggers" and buck-jumping horses—how we found out that "society here is not very different from society at home"—how we begged to be remembered to Kate, and Polly, and Annie, and inquired anxiously after the "baby." By-and-by we get less communicative, and receiving a *carte de visite* in which the "baby" looms immense in conjunction with a cricket bat and white flannel trousers, we lose all interest in "my people at home," and relapse into the newspaper phase of friendliness. The "return of the exile" is all humbug. Poets may write as they will about the "sacred joy" of clasping relatives in one's arms, but those who have tried the process have experienced a totally different feeling "The old people" have been living in the same spot, have seen the same faces, the same trees, the same houses—the "exile" knows nobody, *his* friends are all in that new country he has left. He expects to find the orchard where he stole the apples, and the duck-pond where he drowned kittens; but they are not. His heart is bubbling over with love and affection and pent-up memories, and he is received by some *novus homo* who knows him not. It is "Hallo, Jack, old fellow, who would have thought of seeing you? Sit down!" His favourite sister is married to some person he has never seen, and doesn't care about. His old sweetheart is Mrs. Tomkins, with three children and a fat husband; and the little "baby" he left behind him is now fifteen, and inpudent beyond his years. The talk is different, the dress is different, the people are different, and the exile goes back again to Australia lighter in pocket and heavier in heart.

ESSAYS—CRITICAL.

MODERN ART AND GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE spread of serial and popular sketches is one of the most prominent features of the literature of the present century. Sixty years ago cheap periodicals were almost unknown, and the illustration of the magazines of the day was considered an inferior profession; but the immense demand for cheap popular literature gave a fillip to art, and the high price paid for vigorous etchings and engravings stimulated the artists of the day, and virtually created the modern school of engravers. The old woodcuts in the magazines of forty years back only excite ridicule in the present day, and even Bewick, who is the father of wood-engraving in England, looks rough and coarse when compared with the pretentious and finished pictures of Harrison Weir, and Harvey. Tom Hood's *Comic Annual* and even Seymour's *Sketches*, show to disadvantage beside the brilliancy and dash of John Leech, the exquisite finish of Tenniel, the bold mannerism of Gilbert, and the careful drawing of Lawless and Walker. But the public seized upon the sketches of the day with such avidity, that the demand for rapid and vigorous draughtsmen was sudden and fierce. A new field was on an instant opened to artists. It was no longer needful to spoil an acre or so of historical canvas, or to expend a hundredweight of crayons in "sketches from the antique," in order to gain bread or reputation. The immediate profit gained by a man who could hit the public taste in the periodicals of the day was immense, and the popularity of Gilray "H.B.," Hood, Seymour, and "Phiz," tempted many a young artist to publish his own crudities before he had properly learnt his trade. But the pressure did infinite good; it startled the dabblers in art into temporary attention, and while elevating the public taste, it compelled the twaddlers of the old school to resort to nature for their inspiration. A rapid change was at hand. The followers of the "heroic school," who would potter for months over some terrific and impossible conception, and who, in their heavy chariots of conventionality, lumbered with much dust and labour towards the goal, saw the lightly-clad footrunners pass them in the race, and were forced to flog their fat and pursy steeds to overtake their daring competitors. The laurel was bestowed by popular acclaim ere these dawdlers could strip for the contest, and while they were meditating upon this course of action their barbarous rivals were half-way to the winning-post.

The painful elaboration of the steel-engraving gave way to the easy and dashing woodcut. The town was flooded with sketches, caricatures, and etchings. At the first blush, the delighted public bought everything; but the reaction was at hand. The fury was too violent to last. There was so much to select from that nothing but the best would be accepted. Each reader of a penny journal set up to be an art-critic, and the public grew fastidious. Nothing but the best description of talent could command a price. The people clamoured for cheap art, but would take nothing but productions of worth. Good engravings were purchased with avidity, bad ones not at all. Serial art became a profession, and its followers made their mark in the artistic world. Illustrated papers, magazines, and journals were the rage, and many an artist of eminence threw down the maulstick for the graver. The names of Leech, Millais, Hablot-Browne, Lawless, Walker, Weir, Harvey, and Tenniel became household words, and the pre-Raphaelite *renaissance*, which, with all its extravagances and absurdities, has done much to elevate the popular taste, testified to the working of artistic feelings among the people. Pre-Raphaelitism was the popular feeling struggling for expression; it was the rebellion of the partially-educated masses from the tyranny of the old masters. The people called for nature, and nature they got with a vengeance; and the wild, hideous grotesquerie of the new school was a protest against the excess of idealism into which art had lapsed. The pre-Raphaelites did for art what the realists did for literature. Artists and authors went hand in hand, and the writings of Dickens and Thackeray parallel the pictures of Millais and Tenniel. In France the change was even more marked. The easy dash of the wood-engraving was eminently suited for the French intellect—always too eager for victory, and too careless of consequence. The French artists flung themselves furiously into the breach, and waged desperate war against the idealists. Balzac was the leader of the realistic school, and his writings once accepted, realistic art was called in to aid his disciples. Gavarni (Paul Chevalier) was the Balzac of art. He led the whole of the Quartier Latin to the attack, and the heavily-armed legions of the Academy went down before the reckless attack of these Bohemian *retiarii*. The sickly sentimentality of the French school *par excellence* received a deadly blow; but the extravagances of the victors diminished the glory of their victory. The realists went to extremes, and the tyranny of the tribunes became worse than that of the kings. The materialism of the new school was worse than the idealism of the old, and it is only within the last few years that the true level has been approached. With the exception of Gavarni (whose dashing sketches have been familiarised to the English public by the plagiarisms of the publishers of Reynolds' and Albert Smith's *brochures*), Gustave Doré is the only modern French artist who is much known in England. Doré is of the latest school, and is free from the accusation of extravagant pre-Raphaelitism. His chief characteristics are power and versatility, while in purity of detail he is at fault. He is essentially the "people's artist," but he is never

vulgar. The happy medium between ideality and materialism is expressed in his works, and though they abound in faults, they are so notably the expression of public taste that we have taken them as illustrating the present state of artistic feeling in Europe. Each age has its artists, each age its poets. Literature and art go hand in hand, and, taken generally, will be found to reflect the passions and tastes of the people. A religious and superstitious state of public feeling produced the sublime altar-pieces of the old masters. The stern practicality that followed upon the Reformation gave us the Dutch school; and the military spirit that arose during the long wars at home and abroad, the battle scenes, executions, and historical paintings of half a century back; while the long peace which followed gave leisure for the English school to elaborate their scenes of rural and domestic life. The spread of popular knowledge called forth the pre-Raphaelites, and that vulgarly-sensational class of painters which begins with Frith and ends with Solomons. The reaction following on this artificial pressure created a higher school of art than any, to the ranks of which many of the repentant pre-Raphaelites are deserting.

Doré is the exact type of this school. He was born at Strasbourg in 1833. His father was an engineer in the department of Bas Rhin. At fourteen years of age the boy's talent for drawing was so marked, that Philippon, the editor of *Le Journal pour Rire*, attracted by some dashing and brilliant sketches, agreed to give him 5,000 francs a year to supply illustrations for that serial. This was accepted, and the boy, who was still at the College Charlemagne, at once rose into notice as an artist of genius and vigour. In 1861 he had produced some 60,000 vignettes, and his exhibition in that year of the celebrated picture of "Virgil and Dante in the Regions of Eternal Ice" created an extraordinary *furore* in Parisian artistic circles. His *Rabelais* and *Balzac*, and his illustrations of the war in Italy and the Crimea, are productions of more than ordinary merit; but the works which have gained him his chief fame in England are the *Elaine* and Biblical illustrations. Doré differs materially from the modern French school. He is more vigorous than Darjou, more natural than Berthall, and more eccentric than Marcelin. The German element enters largely into his temperament; with the grotesque ideality of Retsch, he can unite the realistic tone of Holbein, and, when he pleases, the accuracy of Durer. He can be as pathetic a moralist as Hogarth, and in his sublimer moments he even expands to the massive proportions of Michael Angelo. Of all French artists he reminds us most of Jaques Callot. The prevailing characteristic of his drawings is exaggeration of nature, but the exaggeration is rather an habitual production of her most sublime aspects than any affection of ideality. As has been said of Turner, "his eccentricities are always in harmony with nature. The aspects he paints may be seen any moment, but are, in fact, seldom seen." His woods are forests, his crowds seem whole nations, his seas boundless oceans, and his caves bottomless abysses. To this exaggeration of probability he adds astonishing power of harmony in his designs. His details

are often faulty, his figures contorted and out of drawing, and his landscapes almost impossible ; but the effect produced upon the mind of the spectator is realistic to the highest degree. All carelessness of individual outlines are lost in the life-like appearance of the scene. The attitudes of his figures are often impossible in repose, but the very exaggeration gives them the appearance of motion and life. We seem to see his horses prance and his warriors combat. The individual figures in his groups are so necessary to the composition that the removal of one of them would ruin the effect of the picture. He conceives a scene, not a single figure, and he conveys the impression of his own ideas to the mind of the spectator by a daring disregard of detail which is the highest proof of genius. His pictures of battlefields seem as if we had caught a glimpse of the scene through a moment's rift in the smoke. We grasp the whole, but have no time for detail. This faculty in composition is one which is seldom a characteristic of modern painters. Hogarth possessed it, and so did Turner ; but the pre-Raphaelite photography of the Frith school mistakes magnification of insignificance for true art, and its disciples group accurate photographs of incongruities together, and imagine that they have produced a picture. Compare Hogarth's *March to Finchley* and Frith's *Derby Day* and the difference is apparent. The first is an actual representation of a living breathing crowd, in which each figure is made subordinate to the effect of the whole composition ; the other a grouping of all kinds of individuals into an improbable if not impossible whole, in which each figure is a picture, each square inch a study, but which, when viewed as a composition, is more like a masquerade or a "stage tableau" than nature. Doré has been accused of being "sensational." The term, as used in an artistic sense, is utterly out of place. The "sensationalists" mistake repulsiveness for sublimity, and minute attention to insignificant detail for faithful rendering of nature. Where Doré paints a plague-stricken city, they would photograph a leper, and would paint the sores of Job with infinite care, content to rob the patriarch of that element of sublimity which alone makes his sufferings tolerable if they can procure an accurate delineation of the potsherd. All is sacrificed to the vulgar love for the curious and the difficult. They would rather be admired for their power of execution than for their power of conception, and their productions are calculated to call forth no emotion save that of wonder. We praise the artist, not the picture. The palette and maul-stick are everywhere thrust under our notice, and we lose our admiration for the purple of a sunset in thinking of the care displayed in grinding the colours. In the estimation of the pre-Raphaelites, a well-painted oyster is a more pleasing and artistic work than a battle-piece where the swords are not all made to regulation pattern, and a photograph of a railway station is preferable to an ideal picture of the wars of the Titans. Art is not the mere tricky reproduction of a brick wall. To produce a bad imitation of what anyone can see in its natural form by simply looking around him is not the function of an artist. True art is to eliminate all baser elements.

"As when a painter posing on a face,
Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man
Behind it"—

to paint, not what must be, or what has been, but what should be and can be. The region of which the painter is king neither lies in earth or heaven, neither in night nor day, but in the twilight, in the debateable ground between reality and imagination. It is his office to interpret to the dull sons of earth those heavenly sounds which he alone can hear. True art exalts what it sees, not reproduces it in all its coarseness. A picture that excites no feeling but that of wonder at the skill of the artist, is about as valuable to humanity as the clock of Strasbourg Cathedral, which contains some hundred figures, is constructed with extraordinary ingenuity, and does everything but keep time. The vulgar taste for horrors and monstrosities has been pampered too long. The public stomach rejects the coarse food it has been so long crammed with. A healthier school is arising, which, while avoiding the sickly idealism of the poetic-religionists, makes a bold stand against the reckless prostitution of art to trickery, and the elevation of mechanical skill, in copying above the faculty of conceiving what is to be copied.

At the head of these reactionists stands Doré, not perhaps of his own intention, or by his own unaided genius, but placed there by the accidents of circumstance, which have made his works more generally known than those of any modern painter. The two works which are principally known to the generality of English readers, are *Elaine* and the Bible. The former is engraved on steel, and though softer than the wood-engraving of the latter work, is not to be compared to it in point of artistic beauty. The illustrations are nine in number, but only four are worthy of note. Doré shines chiefly in his handling of masses, in single figures he fails. His lights and shadows are wonderful, but the effect is somewhat too frequently repeated, and in his penchant for violent contrasts he sometimes offends. In the picture, *Lancelot approaching the Castle of Astolat*, which is a marvellous piece of drawing, the obtrusive brilliancy of the white towers of the castle against the black and thunderous sky is too marked. This fault, however, is redeemed by the wonderful rendering of distance. The knight is riding through a wild and ancient forest (unwarranted by the text). The shadows of the lofty trees fall across the track that leads on and on through miles of woodland. At the extreme end the white towers of Astolat gleam, "fired from the west." The "depth" in the picture is extraordinary, and the exquisite delicacy of the thickets and ferns can compare even with the most finished productions of Birket Foster. *The body of Elaine on its way to Arthur's Palace* is pretty, and the sky is soft, the water well painted, and the composition artistic, but the whole effect is weak, and though the action of the rower is powerful, the appearance of motion is not given with the artist's usual skill. To our thinking the *Finding of the Brothers' Skeletons by King Arthur* is the finest picture of the series. The scene is a mountain pass. The king has reined up his

horse on the side of a hill which terminates in a craggy precipice, beneath which the black tarn sleeps in hideous shadow. The moon shining out of a storm-threatening sky lights up the profundity of the chasm, and tips with silver the helmet of the king and the bleaching bones of the two bodies. The diamond-studded circlet, displaced by the hoofs of the startled horse, rolls flashing in the moonshine down into the lake. There is a horrible grotesquerie about the skeletons, and a wild, weird unreality about the scene that is peculiarly remarkable, while the distant mountains showing in the "misty moonshine," and the depth of the silent tarn, are rendered with admirable skill, and the whole composition breathes—

> "The horror that lived about the tarn, and clave,
> Like its own mists, to all the mountain side."

To give anything like a critical notice of all the published illustrations to the Bible would be impossible in the limits of an article like this; we propose, therefore, to take only those pictures which illustrate some peculiarity of the artist, and out of such a selection only to refer to those in which that peculiarity is strongly marked.

To Doré's wonderful power of painting groups we have before alluded. In this faculty he is superior to Martin, who, perhaps of all modern English painters, is in the popular notion the "grandest." Without pausing to consider this fallacy (Martin's speciality was architecture, not figures) we will glance briefly at Doré's most crowded pictures. These are *The Drowning of Pharaoh's Hosts in the Red Sea*, *Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still*, and *The Slaughter of the Philistines by Samson*. The first has one great and almost damning fault—the water is extraordinarily bad; the carelessness of the artist has been carried to excess. His billows may be mountains, and his waves white wool, for any pains that he takes to prove the contrary. But the conception of the composition is grand in the extreme. The sun is setting in a stormy sky, throwing out in bold relief a lofty hill, on which stands the Israelite host. In the centre of the foreground and running up into the middle distance is the Egyptian army. The divided waters are recoiling with overwhelming force upon a confused mass of men, horses, and chariots, and the panic-stricken and doomed host of Pharaoh are turning in vain to gain the lately-left shore. The waters have already closed over the leading portion of the multitude, and the monstrous waves are hanging over the heads of those in the foreground. Stumbling horses and terror-stricken warriors are massed in wild confusion, while the tossing spears and waving plumes of the cavalry as they bear down in flight for life upon the shrieking mob of footmen in the rear, add to the life-like motion of the scene. The figure of Moses is outlined against the glowing sky, as with both hands raised he calls down the curse upon the host. The figures are marked by that wonderful observation of nature which characterises the artist. The riderless horse, smelling affrightedly at the ooze of the channel,

and the horseman who in mute despair raises his hands to heaven, are well conceived. In the second picture Joshua and his generals stand on a little eminence. A black cloud obscures the sun, whose rays dart out from beneath it upon the distant fugitives. In the foreground, and immediately beneath Joshua, the hosts of Israel are charging with wild shouts and uplifted spears to the pursuit. The figure of Joshua is weak and insignificant, but the bent heads and braced muscles of the charging armies, and the mob of horses and men in the distance, are in the artist's best manner, while the figure of the furious soldier who, leaning back with one hand resting on the crupper of his galloping steed, waves his sword with encouraging shouts to those behind, is a piece of bold and vigorous drawing, and prevents the eye from becoming wearied with the necessary sameness of the composition. But by far the best of the three is the *Destruction of the Philistines*. The scene is laid in a table-land of the mountains, where the Philistine host is encamped. A panic seems to have seized the horses, who are rearing madly in the press. A precipice falls abruptly to a lake in the foreground, and on the top stands Samson, clutching with one hand a rearing horse by the bridle, and with the other wielding the weapon of destruction. A heap of slain are around him, and though the infuriated warriors rush their frantic horses up to the steep sides of the rock, the press of men is too great to enable them to reach their solitary enemy. In all directions are seen the dead and dying, and those behind pressing on those in front, force the struggling wretches over the precipice. Some of the figures are wonderfully foreshortened. In the immediate foreground a group of warriors are preparing for flight, and in their varied positions, as their horses, wildly snuffing the breeze as the huge bit, plucked hard by the unconscious arms of the terrified chiefs, flings them on their haunches, seem actually starting from the canvas. *Samson Destroying the Temple* is also a fine picture; but the figure of Samson is too small, and his attitude weak. The toppling pillars and falling masses of human beings, however, in some measure redeem this glaring fault in the composition. Doré does not shine in isolated figures; his genius lies in his delineation of groups, and his rendering of light and shade. Where the interest is centred wholly in the principal figure he often becomes puerile. Notable exceptions to this rule are *Achan Stoned Hagar and Ishmael*, and *Moses before Pharaoh. Eliezar and Rebekah* is good, but its charm lies principally in the wonderful rendering of the eastern atmosphere than in any special characteristic of the figures. We have spoken of Doré's extraordinary completeness of composition and reckless disregard of detail. Two excellent examples of the effect of this are shown in *The Destruction of the Amorites*, and the *Murrain Among the Beasts*. The first is the simple statement of the camel-guard of the army flying before the shower of mighty hailstones. There are but three principal figures; the rest are but indicated, but the effect is wonderful. The camels seem alive, and the hailstones falling; the arms of the riders rise and fall as they lash their terrified beasts to

speed, and the fallen camel in the foreground seems to have barely reached the earth. The *Murrain Among the Beasts* is a more pretentious picture. The desert stretches with its sandy waste far as the eye can reach. On the barren plain a camel-train is passing. The beasts, loaded with their huge saddles and burdens, have gone suddenly frantic, and are even attacking their drivers. A group of women are bearing away the furniture of the dead beasts, and in the foreground two men are removing the saddle from another carcase. The back track is marked by the bodies of the animals already left behind, and a long string of vultures is coming up out of the desert to feed upon the flesh. The figures are very spirited, and some wonderfully foreshortened. Doré delights in violent contrasts. He is powerful in effects of light, and often carries this speciality to excess. *Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza* is a simple trick of light and shade. The Israelitish champion is ascending a steep and rocky mountain that overlooks the city. The sun is setting behind huge bars of black cloud, and his last gleams are reflected from the lake beneath. The ponderous and enormous gates, with the figure of Samson bending beneath them, are drawn in bold outline against the blazing sky. The city walls are dimly visible in the distance, but the whole of the foreground is in the deepest shadow. *Gideon Choosing his Soldiers*, and the *Flight of the Midianites*, are both good specimens of this peculiar rendering. In the former the water and figures are both excellent; the latter is too much an affectation of Rembrandt, and the error of extreme exaggeration is committed. The figures of the Midianites are too large, they are out of proportion, and despite some vigorous drawing, the general effect is poor and confused. The finest pictures in the collection are *Hagar and Ishmael*, *The Plague of Darkness*, *Achan Stoned*, and *The Levite Bearing Away the Body of the Woman*. For intense gloom and horror this latter picture may compare favourably with almost any production of any artist. It is at the best but a mere sketch, but the power displayed is immense. The body of the woman thrown across the back of the mule, and bound with cords to the saddle; the priest who, leading the beast over the rocky eminences above the town, shudderingly uplifts his arm to curse the polluted city; the stormy sky, from which the struggling moon gleams out with misty and uncertain light; and the black shadows that overhang the valley, combine to make up a scene of gloom fitting to the subject treated. *The Plague of Darkness* is one of those weird and improbable pictures in which Doré delights. A number of Egyptians, assembled apparently on the steps of some temple, are lying and standing in various attitudes, a dim half light is seen streaking the distant horizon, and shimmering through the arches of one of the vast palaces with which Egypt abounded. On the plain a multitude are encamped. The groups in the foreground are seemingly overcome with dread and terror; they grope about for each other, and extend their hands as if praying for some glimpse of light. Out of the thick darkness in the right of the picture hideous beasts, crocodiles, and

leopards are crawling up the broad steps to the temple, emboldened by the continued night that reigns around, to seek their prey. The wretches on the platform seem paralysed by fear, and are helpless under the weight of blackness which has fallen on them; huddled together they await the approach of their unseen enemies without an attempt at resistance. An unearthly horror broods over the picture, and the whole composition seems as a wild impossible dream born of darkness and terror. We have reserved the two best engravings for the last. Had Doré drawn no other picture but *Hagar and Ishmael* he would still lay claim to be considered an artist of the highest order, and *Achan Stoned* is almost equal to it for boldness and power. Night has fallen on the valley of Achor. The thief lies on his back with stretched-out arms, and face staring blankly up into heaven. The stones cast by the Israelites are piled over him, and from out the darkness a train of vultures are slowly winging their way to the carcase. The spot seems like a tomb; the mountains on each side rise up like walls, and the darkness hangs over it like a pall. *Hagar in the Wilderness*, though in some respects faulty, is by far the finest picture in the series, both for treatment and design. The light, however, is not warranted by the text. Ishmael was laid "under the shadow of a rock," not on the sand, as Doré would have it. The sky also is too gloomy. But the central figure of Hagar redeems everything. The attitude expresses the wildest despair and supplication, and, unlike Doré's female figures generally, is most graceful. A huge rock towers above the figures, and is continued beyond the point of sight. Desolation is expressed in every line of the composition; the exhausted figure of the boy stretched listless and dying upon the ground, the prickly cactus plants, the emptied water-bottle, the drifted sand hollowed by the footprints of the woman who has staggered to the rock, the lofty mountains, and the threatening heaven, all breathe desolation and despair. The rock is drawn with wonderful accuracy, and is eminently suggestive of height and solidity.

Doré's genius lies more in grotesque than in sublimity. He terrifies, not awes us. His pictures are like farces become tragedies. The desire to ridicule is so strong that it peeps out with hideous pertinacity, and, like the skeleton at the feast, thrusts its unwelcome presence among the maskers. But his grotesquerie is too near to sublimity merely to amuse. His laughter is like the grin on the jaws of a death's head—it warns, not ridicules us. This element in his character has, in a measure, prevented him from making his Biblical pictures as complete as could be wished. The subjects are out of his line. In simple majesty he fails woefully. His illustrations of subjects which we expect to find grandly conceived are poor. *Moses Breaking the Tables*, for example, and *The Brazen Serpent*, are both very tamely rendered. He is too careless. He has drawn too much to draw always well, and though he seldom repeats his figures, his fondness for black shadows and high lights becomes wearisome. But as a painter of *diablerie* he is unsurpassed. Even the *Famous Temptation of St. Anthony* is equalled if not

excelled, by some of his sketches. His *Don Quixote* breathes the very spirit of Cervantes, his *Inferno* the very horror of Dante, and if his *Paradise Lost* lacks the calm majesty of Milton, it shines with a lurid light which seems the reflection of the "glowing marl" that paves the nethermost hell. For gloomy power he stands midway between Holbein and Michael Angelo. He blends the sublimity of the Italian with the grim realistic horror of the German. If he does not always reach to the massive grandeur of the one, he goes beyond the mere sensual terrors of the other. His fiends are more akin to Mephistopheles than to Satan. His sardonic humour makes us shudder. He magnifies all the passions. He paints despair not remorse, passion not love, horror not fear. The faults in his pictures are exaggerations. He goes beyond nature, not falls short of her. We have not attempted to criticise minutely; our wish has only been to point to generalities. Europe has artists of greater merit than Gustave Doré, but she has none who so powerfully embody the feelings of the age. Doré is emphatically the artist of the people, and we have chosen his works as a subject for comment, because they display that mixture of satire, poetry, materialism, exaggeration and impatient daring that characterise the present generation. His faults are positive, not negative; they are virtues pushed by excess into vices; and the rising class of thinkers, which his works typify, will err like him, not by doing too little, but by seeking to do too much.

BALZAC AND MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRENCH ignorance of English customs is proverbial. Despite all the railways, telegraphs, and handbooks, an ordinary Frenchman is still of opinion that his island neighbours are ruled over by "le Lord Maire," are infatuated with "le Box," are patrons of "le sport," drink "porter-biēre," and sell their wives at Smithfield.

Some modification in the original idea may have been made of late years, but Jules and Edouard are still of opinion that every second Englishman is called "Sir Brown," is possessed of vast wealth, of a "château en Manchestére," and a son who is entitled "le jeune horseguards," drinks unlimited "grogs," and divides his time between practising "le box" with his servant John Jack, caressing his "boule dogue," and driving his "tocar." We, on the contrary, pride ourselves on our intimate acquaintance with all things French. We adopt French fashions, French phrases, French dishes, and French wines. Every boarding-school girl fills her letters with French idioms. We cannot take up a newspaper without seeing French words scattered, like plums in a pudding, broadcast through

its pages. To all outward appearance an educated Englishman knows rather more about France than a Frenchman himself. The great names of the French literary world are bandied about on all sides, but they are but names. The average knowledge of French literature is most superficial. Everyone talks of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Moliére; but most persons, if closely questioned, would be obliged to confess that their knowledge of them was confined to the facts that the first was a little old man who wrote atheistical books and lived at Ferney; that the second was the author of some unpleasant confessions; and that the third wrote laughable comedies and read them to his housekeeper. The works of Victor Hugo and Dumas are certainly well known to Englishmen, but only because their works are translated into the English language. French novels translated into English are admissible, but French novels in the original are considered the *crème de la crème* of iniquity. A book in a yellow cover causes as much rage to a British parent as a red rag does to a bull. In the prurient literature of the *demi monde*, French novels are exalted on a pinnacle of vicious cleverness which they are by no means qualified, as a rule, to occupy. The naughty heroine always reads French novels, The languid, clever man of the world retires from the contemplation of the hollowness of society to smile sardonically over a French novel. The fair demon who ruins a millionaire a year to keep herself in *bouquets*, soothes her moments of elegant repose with French coffee, a French poodle, and a French novel. To read French novels is to be out of the pale of respectable conventionality; to write them, is to belong to that select circle of gay spirits whose deeds are written in letters of gold in the *Newgate Calendar*. The prejudices of Englishmen are hard to uproot. Our forefathers cursed French "kick-shaws" and French customs, and we have not made any very astonishing progress towards a better state of feeling. But the "delicate-handed *dilettante*" readers who shudder at the impurities of the French Press, would be astonished if they knew how much their own contemporary literature owes to it. Not to speak of the open plagiarism of the Albert Smith school from the novels of Paul de Kock, or the hints taken from Dumas by the sensationalists, the works of Honoré de Balzac form the ground-plan of modern realistic literature. No Frenchman, save perhaps Rabelais and Montaigne, has done more for English literature, and no man has been worse treated. To that class of moralists whose stronghold is in Clapham, and whose disciples tear Christianity to tatters from the platform of Exeter Hall, the name of Balzac is synonymous with that of Asmodeus. He is regarded as the head and leader of that army of immoral and pernicious writers who paint life as they find it, and not as it ought to be found. Mention the author of *La Physiologie du Mariage*, and all Podsnappery is up in arms; hint at an acquaintance with *La Femme de Trente Ans*, and all the vials of virtuous stupidity empty themselves on your devoted head. Balzac is, in brief, regarded as infidelity, atheism, materialism, licentiousness, and Bohemianism compressed into one terrific whole.

His works are pitfalls for the righteous youth of Britain. *Matres metuunt juvencos.* No booby of a collegian whose ill-fated feet have led him into the flowery paths of French literature but is deemed by his shuddering parents a second Count de Grammont—a Don Juan in the provinces. With the usual ingenuity of the perverse and the ignorant, the errors of his disciples have been attributed to their leader. Balzac was the apostle of realism. His disciples preached a gross materialism. They mistook the horrible for the sublime. In their eagerness to avoid all false sentiment, they rushed into depths from which only the genius of their leader could discover gems worth setting. They ignored the beautiful and the good, and elevated the hideous and the repulsive upon a pedestal of fine writing; and the impatient judgment of the majority accepted the copy for the original. Balzac was born when the world was tired of conventionalities—when the attempt to paint life as a bed of roses had failed. Fresh from the furious outburst of popular feeling which signalised the Revolution, with the triumphant smoke of Napoleon's cannon yet before their eyes, men called for the material and the real. Sentimentality had exhausted itself. The ideal was worn threadbare. People, tired of one type of human nature, demanded its opposite, and found it. The school of Rousseau and St. Pierre worshipped the beautiful only; Balzac established the maxim—"*le beau c'est le laid.*" He was to literature what the pre-Raphaelites were to art. He insisted upon the natural as opposed to the imaginative. God-like men and things had gone out of fashion. The literary world was shaken to its foundations. The Revolution of 1830 mitigated the censorship of the Press, and hence arose the new censorship of criticism. Before this era there were no professional French critics, and freedom of authorship would have degenerated into license. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, published in '31, and numbering among its writers such names as Jules Janin and Saint Beuve, stemmed the torrent, and marked a new era in literature. Never was talent so highly appreciated, and so well rewarded. The reign of birth was replaced by the reign of intellect, and the union of politics and literature effected the Revolution of '48. Of course the new-found liberty was abused, and the excess of realism, which the prurient and obscene followers of Balzac affected, disgraced, and still disgraces, French contemporary literature. But though the originator of the school, he was far removed from the errors of his disciples. He painted vice with voluptuousness, but he showed its hideousness with equal vigour. He overturned many prejudices, but he established many truths. He was born in a destructive age. All tender and social ties were openly violated, and the creeds of all sects attacked with equal impartiality. Balzac was the type of the bold thinkers of the day. His genius was revolutionary. He wished not to improve upon the old models, but to set up fresh ones. He was cradled in revolutions, and his works smell of the barricades. He struck fearlessly and struck hard, and his boldness and daring demolished at a blow the sickly sentimentalism of the school of Rousseau and St. Pierre. In his own person he was the incarnation of Parisian Bohemianism. Shrewd, observant, careless,

generous, and defiant, he was the very man to grasp the anomalous life of the Parisian of the day. His *Comédie Humaine* was intended to portray all the phases of human life. It was a gigantic scheme, but the genius and industry of the schemer were as gigantic. But to foreigners the works of Balzac seem incomprehensible. His *Comédie* was a comedy played with Paris for a stage, and not the world. To a Frenchman the world is France; in France the world is Paris. To depict the ever-shifting scenes in that huge kaleidoscope was the task Balzac attempted, and it was no easy one. The indomitable industry of the man conquered at last. But the struggle for fame and bread killed him. The pages of his finest works are written with his life-blood. To the easy-going *dilettante* author who thinks to step into fame and name without an effort, the life of Balzac will seem terrible. It was one long struggle with debt and difficulty. From his earliest childhood he had decided upon authorship. Madame de Staël found him reading Swedenborg at four years old, and found, also, that his imagination had realised its visions. At nine he wrote an essay on the *Power of Will*, which he fondly thought would complete the theories of Bichât, Lavater, and Descartes. His parents laughed at his attempts at writing. He fled to Paris, and lodged in a garret. "Here," he says, "I wrote night and day with no relaxation. My only solace was study." His sister was the only person who believed in his powers. To her he wrote—"In literature one must either be a scavenger or a King. I will be a King!" At length he completed his first work, *Cromwell*, a tragedy in five acts. This was to bring him fame and fortune. Alas for his hopes! Stanislaus Andrieux, professor of literature to the College of France, to whom the work was submitted, said, "I find in this work no evidence of a single germ of talent or capacity for composition." With his friends against him, and in the face of such a verdict as this, most men would have given up the contest. Not so did Balzac. Between the years '21 and '29 he wrote sixteen romances under various pseudonyms, but without success. He lived on threepenny-worth of bread and a sausage a day. His lodging cost three sous a day. He lived the life of a Benedictine monk. He had no luxuries, no vices, no follies. His only amusements were writing and observation. "Dressed like a workman," he says, "I would mix among them in the various streets. I would listen to their conversation, and view their bargaining at shops. My power of observation seemed to be intuitive; it penetrated into the souls of others without overlooking their bodies; or rather, so quickly did it seize upon externals, that it went instantly beyond them. While listening to these people I was wedded, as it were, to their life. I felt my feet in their shoes. I felt their ragged clothes upon my back; their desires, their wants, their hopes, their fears, all passed into my soul, and my soul into theirs. This was to me a joy, a species of moral intoxication, to live the life of another, and to exercise this power at will." "Balzac," says Théophile Gautier, "like the Indian god, Vishnu, possessed the gift of *Avatar*. He could transpose himself into a marquis, a banker, a *bourgeois*, a man of the people, a woman of the world, or a courtesan. It was this

faculty which enabled him to describe so accurately. It is this faculty that gives to all great descriptive and dramatic geniuses their power of realising the feelings of others. While thus the future "Grand Balzac" laid up stores of information to be used in his future writings, he was in the depth of misery. He had written thirty volumes of *etudes*, for which he barely received the price of the paper. The publishers of Paris were at that time at the height of their power. They held the hopes of authors in their hands, and they cruelly abused the trust. Balzac felt the injustice done him, and his dearest hope was to realise enough by the sale of some of his works to print others in his own way. Urged by his friends to quit literature, he accepted a loan of 30,000 francs from his father, and established himself as a printer. Unhappily, political influences were that time adverse to the Press; he was compelled to sell his stock-in-trade at a ruinous loss, and return to his old vocation as author, poorer than ever, and more deeply in debt than before. This burden of debt increased daily, and he would have succumbed under it altogether, had not the publication of *Le Peau de Chagrin* startled publishers and readers into attention. This book was followed by the biting satire *La Physiologie du Mariage*, and Balzac at once rose to fame and fortune.

This latter work was the herald and exponent of popular feeling in France. St. Simonism and Madame George Sand were just making themselves heard, and the Revolution of July was about to work a change in the social policy of Paris. Women were on all sides exclaiming against the chains that had so long bound them. The *Lettres Parisiennes* of Madame de Girazdin were attacking all subjects, and the author of *La Femme de Trente Ans* and *La Physiologie du Mariage* was hailed at once as the apostle of the new creed. From this time his success was brilliant and rapid. He was rich, courted, and honoured; but his long struggle with ill fortune had left its mark upon him. Here is his portrait, painted by himself in *Albert Savarus*:—

"A superb head, black hair prematurely tinged with white, like the hair of St. Paul or of St. Peter in pictures, but strong and curling; a throat round and white as that of a woman; a magnificent forehead, marked between the brows with that one powerful wrinkle which great thoughts and great projects inscribe on the foreheads of great men; a complexion olive, but rosy; nostrils which dilate; eyes of fire; cheeks marked by two long lines ploughed by suffering; a mouth which smiles sardonically; eyes hollow, gleaming from beneath arched eyebrows like burning globes; a voice of penetrating sweetness, sometimes cold, and sometimes insinuating, but though thundering when used in sarcasm, soft and most incisive."

Having experienced the evils of poverty, he was now constantly engaged in preposterous schemes for the rapid accumulation of wealth. His works teem with descriptions of the miseries of poverty. Balzac-like, he made his sufferings productive. He wrote *Mercadet*, a comedy which may be termed the incarnation of debt. His own generosity impoverished him. He was constantly spending, giving, flinging away money. While silk to others, he was adamant

to himself. While working himself into a fever to repay a debt incurred to the former editor of the *Chronique de Paris*, he paid 3,000 francs for Charles Bernard to enable him to write for that journal. It seemed as though debt would never leave him. The establishment of various papers, all edited with ability, only served to impoverish him. *Le Feuilleton Litteraire*, *La Revue Parisien*, and *Le Chronique de Paris* were so much dead weight to drag him further into the mire. He was alternately between poverty and wealth, between a debtor's prison and a palace. It was with the hope of realising some of his golden dreams that he bought the little estate of the *Jardies* on the road from Sèvres to Ville d'Avray. Here he intended to plant vines, to force 500 feet of pineapples, to be sold for five francs each, to realise a profit of 500,000. On this estate he built his celebrated house, which was devised on his own principle, but which, when finished, was found to have no staircase!

"For years," says Leon Gozlan, "this house was furnished only in imagination. On the bare walls were inscribed such sentences as these—'Here an image in pure Parian marble. Here a carpet of Aubusson. Here a ceiling, painted by Eugéne de la Croix. Here a mosaic inlaid floor formed of all the rare woods of the isles.'" It was in this house that he wrote the chief works of his later years. His work was murderous. Often in a morning he would be found with bare head, in dressing gown and slippers, in the Place du Carrousel, having walked in meditation all through the night. During these wanderings he would invent a story, and rush home bare-headed to make it tangible in some fifty pages of manuscript, which would be the terror of printers and the delight of romance readers. His writing was most illegible, and the numerous corrections, emendations, and revisions with which he would scrawl the proof-sheets, caused the printers to bargain with the publishers that they "were only to have so many hours a day of Balzac." He was indefatigable in correction, wonderfully painstaking in research. He would never describe any place within easy reach without first going to examine it minutely. He carried his realism to excess. At his house in the Rue des Batailles he fitted up a boudoir on the model of the one assigned by him to the heroine in his *Fille aux Yeux d'or*. "The carpet was like an Oriental shawl. A silver lustre hung from the ceiling. The furniture was white cachémire relieved with black and scarlet." A little door, however, led into a room furnished only with a table and an iron bed. This was the study of Balzac. He was careless of his dress and appearance, not from affectation, but from insensibility. He would lounge in his gorgeous rooms, or pass through the well-dressed crowd, with his coat ill-cut and worse worn, his pockets crammed with proof-sheets, and his head teeming with projects, with his trousers inky, and his linen soiled, with no hat, with eyes staring into vacancy—"a nondescript being, half Hercules, half Satyr." But yet no one presumed to take him for a common unknown. "At sight of him," says Théophile Gautier, "even the jeers of the *gamins* were hushed, and an attempted smile on the lips of serious

men died out. His character was as *outré* as his dress. Puerile and powerful, sincere to modesty, boasting to lies, very good and very foolish, cynical in chastity, drunk in drinking water, intemperate in work, and sober in all other things, positive and romantic, credulous and sceptical, he was by turns, the most opposite of his own characters.

But the terrible strain he put upon himself could not last long. His desperate struggle for fame wore him out just as he had grasped the crown. His early dreams were at length fulfilled. He was celebrated, he was loved. At Wierschowina, in Russia, he met the Countess Eveline Von Hauska, to whom he was married in 1850. To this lady he dedicated some of his finest works. *Pierette* and *Séraphita Séraphitus* were written under the influence of the passion with which she inspired him. Scarcely, however, had he brought home his bride, when envious fortunes snatched him from her, and the political rivalries which at that time convulsed Paris, were suspended for a moment over the coffin of Balzac.

The estimate which modern English readers have formed of the character of the author of the *Comédie Humaine* is a singularly unjust one. Balzac, who lived the life of a monk of La Trappe, is considered the epitome of impurity. The man who was the first advocate for the social regeneration of women, is regarded as the incarnation of Oriental sensuality. The profound satirist who attacks vice with all the weapons that genius, industry, and observation place at his command, is sneered at as a profligate ; and—acme of ignorance—the author of *Le Medicin de Campagne* is accused of inhumanity ! The style of his writings in a great measure prevents his appreciation by the generality of English readers, As we have said, the *Comedie Humaine* is more properly a Comedie Francaise. But the profound knowledge of human nature that his works display redeems all their faults. He touches both extremes of feeling. The Rabelaisan humor of *Les Contes Drolatiques* is tempered by the sad philosophy of the *Peau de Chagrin.* He painted vice in glowing colours, but he gave the reverse of the medal with equal fidelity. He was the founder of the realistic school ; and it is not going too far to assert that the pen of Balzac was the magic wand which called into existence the modern school of authors, not only in France but throughout Europe. His imitators ruined his reputation. Without his industry or genius, they copied his treatment and travestied his errors. They held up a cracked mirror, and the world took the distorted reflection for the reality. To copy Balzac's vices were easy, to copy his virtues difficult. "Pastiche !" cries Delatouche, "be Balzac if thou canst !" To be Balzac in debt, at war with duns and destiny, Yes ! To be Balzac the worker, Balzac the genius, No ! The influence of his writings upon the authors of the day is incalculable. Lammenais, Gozlan, Hugo, Gautier, Madame George Sand, and Madame Girazdin, all were, to more or less extent, his disciples, and their reverence for his genius may be known from the panegyric pronounced by the greatest of all of them—Victor Hugo—"All his books make but one book—a book living, luminous,

profound, in which coming, walking, moving, real but terrible, is the whole of our contemporary civilisation,—a wonderful book! called by its author *Comédie*, but which is rather history,—a book which takes all forms, all styles; which, passing beyond Tacitus, reaches to Seutonius; which, surpassing Beaumarchais, reaches unto Rabelais,—a book which lavishly displays the true, the secret, the *bourgeois*, the trivial, the material, and which at some moments reveals all reality, at the next the most gloomy, tragic ideality. Bodily did Balzac seize modern society. From all things he plucks out something; from some illusions, from others hope; he rakes up vice, he dissects passion; he digs into the depths of man; he penetrates into the soul, the heart, the tenderness, the brain, the abyss which each man has in himself."

Like most geniuses he was misrepresented. The Paris journals were full of accounts of his political perfidy and of his domestic inhumanity. His "Vautrin" was hissed off the stage by a packed house, and condemned by a venal Government. His private character was blackened, and his memory is to this day assailed. Prejudice and ignorance go hand in hand, and the consummate and impenetrable obstinacy of Englishmen has hitherto in all ordinary cases, withstood all argument and all proof. Let us hope that with the spread of national intercourse will come the removal of national prejudice. Honoré de Balzac did much for religion and humanity. The language of Coleridge concerning Rabelais may be applied with equal force to the author of *Le Comédie Humaine*:—"There are things in him which would make the Church stare, and the conventicle groan, and yet be but the truth, and nothing more than the truth." He founded a dynasty of letters, and his throne was a tomb in the cemetery of Pére la Chaise. He shattered the chains of conventionality that bound mankind, and was reviled by the helots he had freed. Alas Balzac! As was said of Moliére.

"Tu reformas et la ville et la cour,
Mais quelle en fut le récompense?"

PART V.

VERSES—GRAVE AND GAY

VERSES—GRAVE AND GAY.

TEN YEARS AGO.

DOST thou remember the old garden, where
We used to steal,
To build our silly castles in the air,
My Pale Lucille?
I was thy Knight; and thou, my Love and Queen,
No shame didst know—
For had we not played—babies on the green—
Ten years ago!

We part. We meet. Thou statlier grown, and cold,
I gaunt and grey,
For thou art rich, and I—in sorrows old
Since childhood's day.
"Lucille! at last, my love!"—Your pale cheek flames.
"Did you not know
My husband, sir; we met—when was it, James?—"
"Ten years ago!"

Well—mine the fault was if I did not please.
You judged the best.
You feared for poverty, and longed for ease,
Comfort, and rest.
His horses stepped as high, your diamonds made
As brave a show,
For all he won them in the tallow trade
Ten years ago.

Yet that white brow, methinks, is less serene
Than in that time,
When bright birds sang, and trees and fields were green,
In youth's fair prime;
When all the world smiled rosy at our feet
In fancy's glow—
Ah, me! what wondrous dreams we dreamt, my sweet,
Ten years ago!

Now you are sadly learned, I am told
Five tongues you speak,
You sing, compose—what leaf is that you fold?
Plato in Greek!
I see—you study at all times—you fret
At progress slow;
—You had not needed Greek, dear, had we met
Ten years ago!

Nay, never blush, Lucille. I am not base
To him or you.
From my soul's cell no love must his displace
Thy whole life through.
His safeguard and thy solace lie in this—
Is it not so?—
His constant kindness since the bridal kiss
Ten years ago.

We meet. We part. If life's bright best be lost,
Much still remains;
Perhaps a higher heaven for *him*, the cost
Paid with my pains.
Good-bye, my dear, and if this tale you tell,
These verses show;
Say only, "This man fought a hard fight well
Ten years ago."

And ever fights! For if, as churchmen say,
In skies above
Soul mates with soul, as ray melts into ray,
And Heaven is Love,
He will be there, and—if he still loves *thee*—
Must never know
That thou on earth hadst e'er a thought for me,
Ten years ago.

ALBUM VERSES.

WHAT can I write in the, O dainty book?
About whose daintiness faint perfume lingers,
Into whose pages dainty ladies look,
And turn thy dainty leaves with daintier fingers?

Fitter my ruder muse for ruder song;
My scrawling quill to coarser paper matches;
My voice, in laughter raised too loud and long,
Is hoarse and cracked with shouting tavern catches

No melodies have I for ladies' ear,
No roundelays for jocund lads or lasses;
But only brawlings born of bitter beer,
And chorused with the clink and clash of glasses.

Go tell thy mistress pretty friend for me
I cannot do her 'hest for all her frowning;
While dust and ink are but polluting thee,
And vile tobacco-smoke thy leaves embrowning.

Thou breathest purity and homely worth—
The simple jest, the light laugh following after,
I will not jar upon thy modest mirth
By harsher jest, or by less gentler laughter.

So, some poor tavern haunter, steeped in wine,
With staggering footsteps thro' the streets returning,
Seeing thro' gath'ring glooms a bright light shine
From household lamp in happy window burning,

May pause an instant in the wind and rain
To gaze on that sweet scene of love and duty,
But turns into the wild wet night again
Lest his sad presence mar its holy beauty.

THE SOUTHERLY BUSTER.

WITH naked spars the lugger lay
In the dull and deadly calm ;
But Phil the Fisherman scanned the bay,
With his hand on his comrade's arm.
"See ! away to the South'ard, that cloud so black,
And that rolling line of foam ;
It's stand by the fores'le halyards, Jack,
We shall have to run for home."

CHORUS :

"Ho cheerily, steadily, hearts afloat !"
Is ever the fisherman's cry ;
"The Southerly Buster may buffet my boat,
But I'll beach her high and dry !"

A curtain of clouds trails over the sea,
And the sky grows dark as night ;
And a terrible wave comes hissing a lee—
A wall of water white.
"Haul fores'le halyards ! Haul ! with a will !"
She rides like a gull on the foam.
"Keep her dead away, Jack !" says Fisherman Phil.
We're bound to fetch her home."

CHORUS : "Ho cheerily, steadily," &c.

Now the mate of Fisherman Phil had a wife,
And she watched on the distant strand ;
And she whispered a prayer for her husband's life,
As she stood with her boy in her hand.
But the bonny boy as he watched the boat,
He lisped his father's cry—
"Ho cheerily, steadily, heart's afloat,
And we'll beach her high and dry."

CHORUS : "Ho cheerily, steadily," &c.

THE SONG OF TIGILAU.

Tigilau le alo o Tui Viti.
Tigilau the son of Tui Viti.

[The following is an attempt to paraphrase a legend of Samoa, remarkable inasmuch as it gives evidence of direct intercourse between Samoa and Fiji, and shows by the use of the term "Tui Viti," that a king once reigned over *all* Fiji. The singularly poetic and rythmical original will be found in a paper contributed by Mr. Pritchard, F.A.S.L., &c., to the Anthropological Society of London.]

THE song of Tigilau the brave,
Sina's wild lover,
Who across the heaving wave
From Samoa came over :
Came over, Sina, at the setting moon !

The moon shines round and bright ;
She, with her dark-eyed maidens at her side,
Watches the rising tide.
While balmy breathes the starry southern night,
While languid heaves the lazy southern tide ;
The rising tide, O Sina, and the setting moon !

The night is past, is past and gone,
The moon sinks to the west,
The sea-heart beats opprest,
And Sina's passionate breast
Heaves like the sea, when the pale moon has gone,
Heaves like the passionate sea, Sina, left by the moon alone !

Silver on silver sands, the rippling waters meet—
Will he come soon ?
The rippling waters kiss her delicate feet,
The rippling waters, lisping low and sweet,
Ripple with the tide,
The rising tide,
The rising tide, O Sina, and the setting moon !

He comes ! —her lover !
Tigilau, the son of Tui Viti.
Her maidens round her hover,
The rising waves her white feet cover.
O Tigilau, son of Tui Viti,
Through the mellow dusk thy proas glide.
So soon !
So soon by the rising tide,
The rising tide, my Sina, and the setting moon

The mooring-poles are left,
The whitening waves are cleft,
By the prows of Tui Viti!
By the sharp keels of Tui Viti
Broad is the sea, and deep,
The yellow Samoans sleep,
But they will wake and weep—
Weep in their luxurious odorous vales,
While the land breeze swells the sails
Of Tui Viti!
Tui Viti—far upon the rising tide,
The rising tide—
The rising tide, my Sina, beneath the setting moon!

She leaps to meet him!
Her mouth to greet him
Burns at his own.
Away! To the canoes,
To the yoked war canoes!
The sea in murmurous tone
Whispers the story of their loves,
Re-echoes the story of their loves—
The story of Tui Viti,
Of Sina and Tui Viti,
By the rising tide,
By the rising tide, Sina, beneath the setting moon!

She has gone!
She has fled!
Sina!
Sina, for whom the warriors decked their shining hair,
Wreathing with pearls their bosoms brown and bare,
Flinging beneath her dainty feet
Mats crimson with the feathers of the parroqueet.
Ho, Samoans! rouse your warriors full soon,
For Sina is across the rippling wave,
With Tigilau, the bold and brave.
Far, far upon the rising tide!
Far upon the rising tide!
Far upon the rising tide, Sina, beneath the setting moon!

THE MIND'S KINGDOM.

("*My minde to me a kingdome is.*—BYRD.")

"THY mind to thee a kingdom is!'
Take heed to rule it well,
For in it thou shalt find, I wis,
Thy Heaven or thy Hell.
Thou art the monarch of the land,
None can dispute thy sway;
For good or ill do thou command,
Thy subjects straight obey.

Say!—Would'st thou win Heroic fame,
And play the Patriot's part?
In Youth's fierce sun thy banners flame,
And Hope drums in thine heart.
Give onset, and against Life's foes
Thy legioned thoughts advance,
While Poesy the trumpet blows
And Satire shakes the lance!

But when the fiery fight is done,
When sinks the drawbridge down,
When thou Fame's citadel hast won,
And glowing grasped the crown,
Thy shattered hosts wail forth thy fate,
And bid thee homeward haste
To find thy Hearth left desolate
And all thy Kingdom waste.

Would'st Joy and Pleasure entertain,
And sport with lusty Love?
Thy fields are fair with April rain,
The sky bends blue above.
Pavilioned in thy bowry Spring
Clip close thy Beauty bright,
While wanton birds about thee sing
Of Dalliance and Delight.

But when thou plucked red Passion's flowers,
And drained Life's Chalice dry,
Unbidden to thy fading bowers
Comes foul Satiety—
Joy droops and dies, Love shuddering flies,
And bids thee homeward fare
To find grim winter in the skies
And all thy kingdom bare.

Ah! Would'st thou rule thy realm aright,
Let foolish Fame pass on,
Bid fond Ambition quit thy sight,
And Passion wild begone.
With Health and Labour till thy fields.
Then, when thy Spring is spent,
Thou'lt reap—nor Fame nor passion yields—
The Harvest of Content.

Let Poesy have welcome's dole—
Yet ever as she sings—
Fast to thy Duty bind thy soul
With Wisdom's golden strings,
So shalt thou in its prime possess
Thy kingdom fair and free,
And crown in all her loveliness
Thy Queen—Tranquility!

THE SPHINX-RIDDLE.

(From the German of Heine.)

THE fabled fairy wood at night's high noon;
From bloomy lindens clouds of perfume roll,
The wonderful white splendour of the moon
Enchants my soul!

What mystic music through the forest rings,
As pressing onward through the shade I go?
'Tis the lone nightingale who sobs and sings
Of Love, and of love's woe.

She sings her sad refrain of lovers' wiles
In sweetest tones that all of sadness take,
She sings of love and woe, of tears and smiles;
Ah me! what dreams awake!

Onward I press, and lo! a lawn spreads wide,
Where, in embattled might, a castle stands,
With shafted pinnacles on either side,
Built not with hands.

Behind blank windows Mystery doth roam,
O'er all the house the hush of silence falls,
It seems as though sad Death himself had home
In those deserted walls.

A carven Sphinx in doorway lies at length
Ah! beauteous terror, neither beast nor human,
While claws and body boast a lion's strength,
Thy breast is Woman!

O Woman! Woman terrible and fair!
Whose eyes unwinking shine with passion's fire,
Those silent lips are curved—half as in prayer,
Half as in wild desire!

Dost hear the nightingale? She sings, she sings
Of love and woe, of agony and bliss.
Passion her veil upon my spirit flings,
The stony lips I kiss.

I kiss! The marble glows! O Love! O Death!
Her lips on mine my kisses quick return!
Fiercely she drinks my kisses! drinks my breath!
I suffocate! I swoon! I burn!

She clasps me closer in her lion's paws,
My body bleeds, my spirit swims in bliss;
O keen sweet torture of those tearing claws!
O keener rapture of that murderous kiss!

The nightingale sings on: "The mystery show,
"O beauteous Sphinx thy riddle dark explain—
"Why, amid all the raptures mortals know
"Thou minglest pain?

"O wise one, why in human history
"Does sweetest love aye mix with saltest tears?
"I've tried in vain to solve the mystery
"A thousand years!"

THE MYSTIC.

(From the Greek of Æschylus.)

WHEN sick men turn and lights are low,
When wailing winds through forests go,
When half the world is hushed in sleep,
And ghosts about old houses creep,
When ebbing tides reveal again
The bodies of unburied men,
When dreamers sweat with pricking flesh,
And murdered corpses bleed afresh,
When the white Moon in horror hides,
As o'er the heath the hag troop glides,
And Death upon the pale horse rides,
What time the Werewolf casts his skin,
And to his grave returning in
The Vampire stalks with bloody chin;
That hour when blessed Night is done
And healthful Morning not begun—
That hour when God is Selfwithdrawn—
That pause between His dark and dawn.
In that unwholesome eèrie hour,
When Sin and Death have double power,
Let me on lofty tower be set,
Like muezzin on minaret,
And far from all sane sense holds dear,
Drink deadly deep delight of Fear!

Priest of the rite of spirit-birth,
Dread ruler of the under-earth—
Those who from deepest Hell can'st rise
And clutch the keys of Paradise!—
In every passion's ebb and flood,
Thou rul'st the current of our blood;
Thou lurkest in the Hermit's cell,
In desert Chapels thou dost dwell,
And breathest in the organ-swell
When swings the Minster vesper-bell.
Thou crown'dst great Alexander's bowl,
Thou sigh'dst in Rousseau's sickly soul,
Tasso fell smitten at thy gaze,
And Dante took from thee his bays,
The virgin-Saint's ecstatic prayer
Shivered her soul and found thee there

O, Master of the beating brain !
Lord of the Dark-house and the Chain !
Great Monarch of the Terrible !
In what form wilt be visible ?

Wilt write upon the palace wall ?
Wilt show the awful face which Saul
Saw ere the witch the lamp let fall ?
Wilt come in storm, in wind, in fire ?
As, Love, Ambition, or Desire ?
Or wilt—more subtle still—disguise
In baby smiles that mother's prize ?
Or be the "still, small Voice" that crept,
And stung the prophet as he slept ?

The mystic Lamps are duly lit,
The Pillars twain in order sit,
The Circle and the Pentagon
Proclaim the seat of Solomon.
A yellow twilight fills the Heaven,
Enveloping the Pleiads seven,
And sole of all his fateful clan
Glows the red star Aldebaran.
The Seven Vowels barely spoken
Have syllabled the dreadful token,
The Seven Powers now may claim
The speaker of the Awful Name,
"Tremendous THOU ! Great Ever-being !
Burst—if thou blindest—on my seeing !"

The gloaming green is filled with eyes,
There is a murmur in the skies,
A shadow o'er my spirit slips,
I feel a finger on my lips,
My fell of hair uprises slow,
My freezing blood forgets to flow,
My brow a burning cincture sears,
The roar of torrents fills mine ears,
I feel the earth beneath me float,
The Thrill upshudders to my throat.
Now—by the Death I dare not die—
Great Enemy I know thee nigh !

TO POSTHUMUS.

(From the Latin of Horace.)

ALAS ! how swift the flying, flying years
Slip past, my Posthumus ! Our pious cares
Delay not wrinkled age, nor imminent white hairs,
Nor Death, unconquered Death, who never mortal spares

No, comrade mine, not though thine altars blaze
With thrice a hundred bulls, as many as the days
Which mark the year—canst thou charm Pluto's ears.
Pluto, who Tityon
And thrice huge Geryon
Captive enchains beside this stream of fears—
Pluto, remorseless god, not to be moved by tears.

It must be sailed, that stream—it must be sailed
By every each whom earth's broad bosom feeds,
The hind by biting poverty assailed,
The prince with store of wealth beyond his needs,
All munchers of earth's fruits, whoe'er they be,
Great kings or clowns unriched of destiny.

In vain we wrap our bodies from the breeze,
What time the sickly South blows through autumnal trees,
In vain, safe-lodged, bid bloody war go past,
In vain when Hadria's raucous surges cast
Their splintered spray on high, we shun the giddy mast.

It must be seen, it must, that dismal stream
Cocytus, oozing in thick tide along,
And all the race accursed, for so we deem
The Danaids, and Sisyphus the strong,
Great Æolus's fierce son, condemned to labours long.

They must be left, they must—that fair estate,
That mansion, and that pleasant wife of thine,
Nor of those trees which rank their lordly line
In cultured state,
Shall any save the cypress by thine eyes abhorred,
Follow to dust, that dust so late its little lord.

Thine heir—more worthy of his age—shall waste
That Cæcuban which thy old-fashioned taste
Judged fitter 'neath a hundred padlocks placed.
Thine heir!—Upon the puddled marble see he slips,
Puddled with wine full fit for feasting pontiffs' lips.

CUI BONO.

(From the Greek of Bion.)

I CANNOT rhyme on unexperienced things,
Nor do I hold it meet to strive to rhyme.
If aught of sweetness to my ditty clings
'Tis what the muse has taught me of old time.
This praise I claim; yet if the world agrees not,
Why should I sing, whose songs the hearer please not?

If God, or many-fortuned fate had given
A double lifetime, twinned in bliss or woe,
That men might joy one term in kindly heaven
And sweat the other in the clods below ;
Then might it to the worker's hand be granted
To pluck in peace the fruit with pain he planted.

But since the Will Divine commands to man
One little mete for all his many measures—
For all his eager course, how short a span !—
Why should he waste in groping after treasures ?
Fond wretch !—in mucky earth his pure soul soiling,
For leave to lie at ease, uneasy ever toiling !

Why spend the Spirit's wealth on Body's gain ?
Or Works or Arts to make that gain seem fair ?
Pursuing pleasure with eternal pain,—
We that must fade and pass we know not where,—
Surely we do forget our leave to live
Is that we die when fate doth warrant give.

AN AUSTRALIAN PÆAN—1876.

THE English air is fresh and fair,
The Irish fields are green ;
The bright light gleams o'er Scotland's streams,
And glows her hills between.
The hawthorn is in blossom,
And birds from every bough
Make musical the dewy spring
In April England now.

Our April bears no blossoms,
No promises of spring ;
Her gifts are rain and storm and stain,
And surges lash and swing.
No budded wreath doth she bequeath,
Her tempests toss the trees ;
No balmy gales—but shivered sails,
And desolated seas.

Yet still we love our April,
For it aids us to bequeath
A gift more fair than blossoms rare,
More sweet than budded wreath.
Our children's tend'rest memories
Round Austral April grow ;
'Twas the month we won their freedom, boys,
Just twenty years ago.

Though Scotland has her forests,
Though Erin has her vales,
Though plentiful her harvests,
In England's sunny dales ;

Yet foul amidst the fairness,
The factory chimneys smoke,
And the murmurs of the many
In their burdened bosoms choke.

We hear the children's voices
'Mid the rattle of its looms,
Crying, "Wherefore shut God's heaven
All our golden afternoons?"
Though here the English April
Nor song nor sun imparts,
Its Spring is on our children's lips,
Its summer in their hearts!

We've left the land that bore us,
Its castles and its shrines;
We've changed the cornfields and the rye
For the olives and the vines.
Yet still we have our castles,
Yet still we bow the knee;
We each enshrine a saint divine,
And her name is Liberty.

Liberty! name of warning!
Did'st thou feel our pulses beat
As we marching, moved this morning
All adown the cheering street?
In our federated freedom,
In our manliness allied,
While the badges of our labour
Were the banners of our pride.

Did our fancies speak prophetic
Of a larger league than this—
With higher aims and nobler claims
To grasp the good we miss;
When in freer federation
In a future yet to be,
Australia stands a nation
From the centre to the sea.

Cheer for Australia, comrades,
And cheer for Britain, too;
Who loves them both will not be loth
To give each land its due.
So cheer for Britain, comrades;
Our fathers loved the soil,
And the grandeur of her greatness
Is the measure of their toil.

But never let our sons forget,
Till mem'ry's self be dead,
If Britain gave us birth, my lads,
Australia gave us bread!
Then cheer for young Australia,
The empire of the Free,
Where yet a Greater Britain
The Southern Cross shall see!

BILL JINKS.

[It may be stated that "Bill Jinks" was written by the author owing to a challenge that he could not produce similar verse to the author of "Tim Bludso"—Colonel John Hay of America—whose art Clarke held was a literary trick, the secret being the mixing up of incongruities, and climaxing them at the conclusion in eccentric bathos.—ED.]

BILL JINKS was a miner on Ballarat,
A most tremenjious bloke,
He lived in a cabin in Murderer's Flat,
And did nothing but swear and smoke;
And when he'd got on his "whisky hot,"
"My word," says Parson Parr,
"When Bill Jinks drinks, I always thinks,
The gate o' hell's ajar!"

There was a report that Bill was brought
From the Island of Cockatoo,
Where the cheerful wretch had got fifteen stretch,
With five still left to do.
'Twas Porky Clarke made that remark,
As a sort of amusin' rumor;
But Jinks let drive with a bowie-knife,
And spoiled his sense of humor!

Now, drinking one night at the old Napier,
Where Bill would oft retire.
There comes in a horror upon us there
Of someone crying "Fire!"
We rushed the door, and Bill before
A blessed soul could speak,
Cries, "By the hoky, it's Kinder's store,
My mate on Gaffney's Creek!"

The flames ran roaring like the sea,
All yellow, blue, and green—
"It's all along," says Bill to me,
"O' that blasted kerosene.
Serves Kinder right for being an ass,
An' storing the cussed stuff;
Say, let's go back for another glass,
I guess we've seen enough."

I thought the same, when the roar o' the flame
Was split by a woman's shriek
That cleft, all quivering clear and keen,
The rolling fire reek.
The place was two-story high, and wood,
And there at the garret winder
Old Maggie Dodd, the cripple, stood—
She as minded the kids for Kinder.

Out jumps our Bill—I feels a thrill
When I think o' the figger he made.
(Just then came thunderin' over the hill
The Ballarat Fire Brigade.)
"That woman," says he, "is a frizzlin' Brown,"
But the crowd said never a word;
"Who'll come with me to help her down?"
But never a man of 'em stirred.

"You curs," he says, "if that bag o' bones
Was a woman plump and young,
A callin' for help in her fresh young tones,
There'd be all of ye givin' tongue;
But because she's nought but a rum old sort,
A virgin of eighty-three,
You'll—well, you'll see her d—d, in short,
Ere you'll burn for such as she."

Now how he did it no one knows,
It has always been a puzzle,
But he seized the end of the engine-hose
And seated himself on the muzzle.
"Now pump like furies, my boys," he cries,
"And pump me up to glory!"
They pumped! and Bill on the steam jet flies,
Borne straight to the upper story.

He gripped a hold o' the window ledge
(Old Maggie was turning brown),
And waited hanging on by the edge
For the jet to take him down.
They pumped! And Bill on the sinking stream
With Meg in arms descended,
When something got wrong with the engine beam,
And the water suddenly ended!

An awful thud—a splash of blood—
A silence, then a roar,
As through the crowd the one that lived
The cheering fireman bore.
'Twas Meg survived,—This smoke I guess
Just makes my eyelids smart;
But Bill was just an unpleasant mess,
Like a trod-upon raspberry tart!

Perhaps in heaven there ain't no bars,
Where friends can meet each other
(I haven't made out this world yet,
Lord, let alone the other);
But if there be, I'll there meet him—
For God is just, I thinks—
And liquorin' up with the Seraphim
Sits the soul of William Jinks.

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