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Christmas Collection

BY

J. F. HOGAN



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AN AUSTRALIAN
CHRISTMAS COLLECTION:

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

BY

JAMES FRANCIS HOGAN.

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P R E F A C E.

CHRISTMAS being proverbially and traditionally the time for family reunions, it is only in accord with the spirit of the season that a writer should celebrate that great festival by bringing together the scattered productions of his pen, and placing them sociably side by side between the covers of one book. This volume is, for the most part, a selection from my contributions to Australian periodical and newspaper literature during the past few years. The acknowledgment of my grateful appreciation is due to the several hundred subscribers throughout the colonies, who have done me the honour of ordering copies of the book in advance of its publication.

J. F. HOGAN.

“THE ARGUS” OFFICE,

1st December, 1886.

ELLA GRAY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

FORTY years ago an Irish emigrant ship sailed into Hobson's Bay, and strengthened the infant settlement with an infusion of three hundred more souls. As she dropped anchor off Williamstown, her passengers crowded her decks, engaged in animated conversation, and surveyed the low semicircular shore with the blue-clad mountains in the distance. On some of their faces there was a look of eager expectancy, as if an inward voice was assuring them of a successful future in the boundless field for their energies that now opened up before their wondering eyes; others were calmly contemplative, as if recollections of familiar scenes in the "dear isle of the west" came thronging on their memories, and mingled with their impressions of the new sights that now surrounded them. In the crowd, too, were to be seen some in whom hope was evidently struggling with hesitation, and who were apparently conjecturing within themselves what the future had in store for them in this strange land. Standing out conspicuously from the main body of the passengers was the figure of a tall, muscular young man, who, with folded arms, was leaning against the bulwarks of the

Ocean Monarch, and looking intently in the direction of the collection of huts that then constituted the nucleus of what is now the metropolis of Victoria. He had that look of unconquerable determination in his eye, that honest, manly exterior which is the best certificate of character, a sound corporeal frame, capable of withstanding fatigue and privation, and a trustful countenance, beaming with intelligence and common-sense, that pointed him out as an exemplar of the true type of colonist for a young and undeveloped country. That striking young man of 25 was Ormond Gray, a junior member of an old Dublin family. His adventurous disposition revolted at the idea of treading slowly in the professional path that his father had marked out for him; his soul had been fired by what he had read of the newly-discovered lands in the great Southern continent, and after a protracted struggle, he had succeeded in gaining the paternal permission to emigrate to Port Phillip. What impelled him all the more to this decision was the brave desire to speedily build up a home, not so much for himself as for the beloved of his young affections, and the grief of the lovers' parting on the deck of the emigrant ship was lessened, and almost gladdened, by the thought that their separation would be but for a time; that the stalwart young Irishman was only going before to prepare the way for the amiable, attractive and graceful Irish maiden, and that she would soon be sent for, so that her presence would be as the sunshine in his Australian abode. Nor was it long before the promise was fulfilled. Spurred on

the ever-present image of the dear one at home, and by his own fixed determination to succeed, Ormond Gray, in less than a year from the day on which he sailed into Hobson's Bay, had become a pastoral settler on a splendid tract of land, stretching from the borders of the Black Forest away for many miles to the west. The homestead which he had established on a little hill, with a running stream around its base, overlooked a wide and richly-grassed area, dotted by his grazing flocks. It had just been completed in time for the reception of its young Irish mistress, and that was a day of pride and rejoicing for Ormond Gray when he escorted his newly-made bride from Melbourne, and placed her in possession of Glenmore, a pretty name he had borrowed from their native Hibernian soil to bestow on their new Australian home. For a few years the emigrant couple lived a life of almost primeval simplicity, adding to their pastoral wealth, befriending all the poor blacks in the neighbourhood, and hospitably welcoming the occasional travellers who came their way. But a great change was coming over the face of the silent land. The exciting news of the discovery of gold had been spread abroad, and crowds of travellers from every country could be seen from Glenmore hurrying on their way to the Bendigo diggings. Many of them soon returned along the same route laden with the golden treasures they had unearthed, and glad, indeed, they were, if they succeeded in getting back to Melbourne without being "bailed up" and despoiled, for the Black Forest had now become the haunt of desperate bush-rangers, who sallied forth from its darksome recesses,

carried dismay into the ranks of the returning diggers, and not unfrequently added murder to pillage.

It was Christmas Eve, 1852, and the fiery rays of the summer sun were lighting up the western face of a granite peak that ascended abruptly to a height of 500 feet from the heart of the Black Forest. This huge mass of rock has since been diligently studied by geologists, both amateur and professional, who have assured their less scientific acquaintances that it was belched forth ages ago from the crater of the adjacent Mount Macedon, when that now favourite summer resort was a volcano in full activity. But at the time of which we are now speaking, no man of science had attempted to penetrate the dark and dense Black Forest in order to solve the mystery of this solitary peak. No sign whatever of human presence was discernible there; no indication of any inquisitive visitor having attempted to scale the precipitous sides of this towering mass of granite. It was the only object that broke the blackness of the harsh and forbidding forest. The thickly-clustered box and stringy-bark trees came up to its very base, and dashed their branches against its frowning sides, as if resenting its intrusion on their domain. And yet, grim and silent as it seemed on that summer afternoon, the isolated peak in the forest was not without its inhabitants. At an angle on its northern side, if you forced your way through the tangled undergrowth that environed a giant eucalyptus, you would have discovered a rift in the granite wall sufficiently wide to admit a man of ordinary size.

Entering that previously invisible opening, you would have found yourself in an irregular-shaped natural chamber, with boulders of granite scattered about on its floor, having apparently fallen from the roof, a considerable height overhead. The farthest wall of this strange apartment had so many rocky projections that you saw at a glance the possibility of climbing to a platform situated a little more than half-way up to the roof ; and if you were adventurous enough to attempt the feat and lucky enough to perform it successfully, your intrepidity would have been rewarded with a fresh discovery. You would land on the threshold of a second and smaller cave, commanding an extensive view of the forest through a fissure in its western wall, which was now admitting a bar of golden sunlight into the lofty rocky room. This elevated natural observatory was tenanted by a man, a woman and an infant. It had evidently been used as a habitation for some time, and it was easily to be seen that a gentle hand had been at work in an effort, only moderately successful, to give a homelike aspect to this mountain cave. Walking slowly up and down the apartment, with her baby in her arms, the young but prematurely-aged mother was a picture to excite a tender sympathy. She was paying a terrible penalty for a hasty marriage. She had been aroused from a brief dream of happiness to find herself the wife of an escaped ticket-of-leave man from across the straits, but, deceived and degraded though she was, she uttered no reproach against the husband of her choice, she accepted her hard fate in silence, and, when

he was forced to fly from the haunts of men in order to avoid being re-captured and sent back to a penal colony, she devotedly clung to him, shared all his dangers and privations, and now for six months had occupied with him this unknown hiding-place in the heart of the Black Forest.

In the corner of the cave, a well-built man in the full prime and vigour of life was stooping over a "swag," whose contents he was rapidly turning out on the floor. A loaded musket was standing by his side against the wall, and the ends of two revolvers protruded from his belt. A heap of various articles of personal and domestic comfort, taken from the "swag" that he was engaged in dissecting, had been cast aside as if of no account; but suddenly he started to his feet, holding in one hand a small black bag. This he opened with some difficulty, and his eyes sparkled with delight as he gazed on the shining nuggets of gold with which it was filled.

"Ha ha," he exclaimed, "I knew I would find something like you at last. I was certain the three new chums I stuck up to-day had a nest-egg among them. Look here, Alice, a thousand pounds' worth at the very least."

"I cannot bear to see it, Henry," she replied. "Oh, do give up this dreadful life, and come away from this horrible place to some other land, where I am sure we shall be happy again."

"So we shall, my dear, and as soon as we get a few more windfalls like this lucky little bag, we will be ready to start for America."

“But, Henry, can any luck attend money got in this way. Let us leave everything here that does not belong to us, and go away as we came, and commence an honest life somewhere else. Do, for our little Ella’s sake.”

She fell weeping on his shoulder, and her ill-fated husband sadly shook his head, and looked into the laughing eyes of his infant child.

“Alice,” he said, “forgive me for having brought you to this. Your love deserved a far different reward. And yet I did my best to dissuade you, but you would insist on accompanying me in my flight to this lonely and desolate spot. Yes, I will take you out of it, and I care not if I perish so long as you and little Ella are safe.”

“Don’t talk like that, Henry, I am sure there are better days in store for us all.”

“Would that I could honestly say I think the same,” he sorrowfully replied. “Once outside this friendly forest, the human bloodhounds will be on my track, and in that race for life they have all the advantage on their side. Yet, what have I done that they should so hunt me down? It is true, I have been preying on my fellow-creatures of late, but my fellow-creatures have only themselves to blame for that. If they had let me earn an honest living as I wanted to do, they would never have had reason to describe me as a desperate bushranger. But no, they could not let an unfortunate brother alone; they must put the law in motion against him; they must have him arrested as a ticket-of-leave man illegally at large; and because Henry Cardiff would not allow himself to be taken back

to the inhuman chain-gangs of Van Diemen's Land to expiate an offence for which he had been transported, but which he never committed, he is on this Christmas Eve an outlawed fugitive in a mountain cave. Whilst all the rest of God's creation is joyfully preparing to celebrate the great festival, he and his hapless wife and innocent babe are chased into the wilderness, and confined in this cheerless rocky cell. Heavens! is there such a thing as justice in the world at all?"

As Henry Cardiff finished this recital of his wrongs he threw himself in an agony of grief on the hard floor of the cave. His faithful wife was by his side in an instant, calming, comforting, and consoling him.

"Our lot is indeed a hard one," she said, "but all will yet be well."

She had scarcely uttered these hopeful words when the piercing cry of a curlew resounded three times through the forest, and was heard distinctly in the cave aloft. Cardiff jumped to his feet, and rushed for his gun. "That's the danger signal, Alice," he cried; "courage now, it may be nothing." With blanched face and palpitating heart the poor woman clasped her infant to her breast, and cowered in a corner of the cave.

The man gently dropped on the floor, and silently worked his way along until he reached the opening in the western wall, when, shading his eyes from the fierce rays of the descending sun, he cautiously peered out and descried through the trees six armed men advancing in single file towards the peak, with a half-

naked aboriginal at their head. He saw it all at a glance. Guided by a black tracker, the police had succeeded in discovering his retreat. He knew that the sharp-sighted aboriginal would speedily reveal the entrance to the chamber below, and once there his pursuers would probably scale the wall and carry the cave by storm. Jumping to his feet, he turned to his terrified wife and whispered, "They are upon us, Alice; we have not a moment to lose." From underneath a pile of clothes he pulled out a long coil of rope with a noose at one of its ends, and placed it on the brink of the cleft in the western wall. "Come, quick, Alice," he cried, "you and the child must go down first."

"Oh, Henry," she said, with an entreating look, whilst her eyes filled with tears, "Do let me stop with you to the last?"

"No, no. It cannot be," he quickly answered. "I must see you and my child safe out of this. Come, now, place your foot in this noose. There, that's right. Now, clasp little Ella tightly with one hand, and keep a firm hold of the rope with the other, and I will lower you safely to the ground. Don't look down, it might make you giddy. When you find yourself on the earth, hurry away through the forest keeping the sun straight ahead of you, and in an hour you will strike the open country, and see Ormond Gray's homestead right in front. He and his wife are kind and good, and they will shelter you for the night. If all goes well with me, I will rejoin you in the morning. Ha! I hear them below. Come!"

He kissed his sobbing wife and the little infant. She nervously clutched the rope, and he lowered it by degrees down the face of the rock. At last it slackened, and, bending over, he saw her standing safely on the ground beneath, with her infant in her arms. She gave one wild glance upwards, and then rushed into the forest.

“Thank God, they are safe,” was the ejaculation of Henry Cardiff, as he rose to his feet. “Now to secure my own escape.”

Rapidly crossing over to the northern end of the cave, he took one of the revolvers from his belt, lay down flat, and cast one glance into the chamber beneath. One of his pursuers had climbed half-way up the wall, and the others were just commencing the ascent. Levelling his revolver he fired at the foremost. The man let go his hold, threw up his arms, and fell dead on the floor, fifty feet below, with a bullet in his brain. His comrades returned the fire but with no effect, for the bushranger had retreated into the cave and was now tying the end of the rope around a bulging piece of rock in order to descend by its means into the forest. Whilst thus engaged, he was suddenly and silently pinioned from behind. The black tracker, with the natural agility of his race, had swiftly scaled the wall from the chamber below, and his bare feet gave no indication of his approach as he entered the cave and surprised the bushranger in his preparations for escape. A life-and-death struggle ensued between the powerful white man and the strong and supple native. The latter did not relax his grip for

an instant, whilst the former strained every nerve to shake him off. As they struggled all over the cave, the blackfellow gave utterance to hideous yells, and the encouraging voices of the pursuers could be heard at intervals coming nearer and nearer. Collecting all his energies, the bushranger made one desperate effort to free himself, and succeeded in throwing his dusky assailant in a heap on the floor. He tried to draw his revolver to despatch the now-quivering native, but he was too late. Two of the police arrived at that instant on the scene of the struggle and, firing simultaneously, Henry Cardiff, the bushranger, fell to rise no more.

“Just in the nick of time,” said one of the policemen, and, turning to the blackfellow, he added, “Good boy, Tommy. You had a narrow escape, but you made a splendid fight of it. See here, Cardiff was fixing that rope around the rock, and he would have slid down the side of the mountain and got clean away into the bush if Tommy hadn’t tackled him and held him until we managed to scramble up.”

The other three pursuers now appeared ; a consultation was held ; the cave was searched in every part, and all its contents seized, including the black bag of golden nuggets that, a few minutes before, had so elated the now inanimate bushranger. Descending into the chamber beneath, they brought down the body of the outlaw with them, resolving to remain there for the night, and to return to Melbourne in the morning with the bodies of their murdered comrade and the desperate bushranger whose career they had brought to a close.

All this time, unconscious of the tragic scene that was being enacted in the place from which she had so strangely escaped, Alice, with her infant clasped in her arms, her face deadly pale, her eyes unnaturally bright, her countenance dazed with the horror of her situation, was hurrying on through the forest. She took no heed of the long rank grass which now and then impeded her steps; or the enormous boughs that shot out into the sky over her head; or the fallen monarchs of the forest that lay strewn around, grand and majestic even after their deposition; or the rustling snakes that sidled away into their holes at her approach; or the grand chorus of evensong with which the myriad birds were saluting the setting sun. On, on, she went like one in a dream, guided aright and saved from harm by that special Providence, which seems to watch over those who are temporarily bereft of a sense. The torrid sun had departed, but the whole of the western sky was still suffused with a golden glow as Alice emerged from the shades of the forest into the open ground. The change of scene apparently had the effect of arousing her from her dreamy condition, for she stopped abruptly, and looked around in a bewildered manner. Only one object could she discern through the rosy luminous haze of the early evening—a lofty building crowning the summit of a stretch of rising ground a mile or two further on. It was the hospitable homestead of Ormond Gray, and towards it the unhappy woman now bent her steps. As she came near to Glenmore, sounds of laughter and song fell on her ears. The inhabitants of the men's quarters on

the station, both regular and casual, were commencing to celebrate Christmas after their customary boisterous fashion. The young squatter and his wife were sitting on a verandah of the homestead enjoying the cool of the evening, when the sympathetic eye of Mrs. Gray was attracted by the unwonted spectacle of a solitary, dejected-looking woman, with a child in her arms, approaching the house. Alice was met by the kind-hearted lady of the homestead, conducted to a room, and carefully attended to in every way that the thoughtful consideration of the hostess could suggest. She several times expressed her grateful thanks for the tender treatment herself and her child had received from the good strangers, but she could not be induced to tell what had happened, or why she and her little one were lonely wanderers on Christmas Eve. All such questions she answered by sadly shaking her head and saying, "My name is Alice, and my baby's name is Ella, and we only want to stop here till the morning." They saw she was tired and weary, and so they left her with a hope that she would sleep well and have a good night's rest. When Alice was left alone, she lovingly put her little Ella to bed, but she did not retire to rest herself. She watched until she saw her baby fall asleep, and then she silently traversed the room from end to end for more than an hour. A variety of thoughts were surging through her tormented brain. All the incidents of that terrible day came rushing on her recollection. The mountain cave—the alarm signal—her escape down the side of the rock—her husband remaining behind. What had

become of him? Was he alive or dead. Should she wait until the morning, or should she relieve her mind by learning the truth that very night? Yes, she would. She looked out of the window. There was moonlight. She was certain she could find her way back through the forest to the granite peak, and she need have no anxiety now for the safety of her child, for little Ella is sweetly slumbering under that friendly roof. Throwing her cloak over her head and shoulders, she noiselessly opens the window and steps forth in the moonlight. She passes the station boundaries without being observed, and now she shudders as she enters once more the awful, silent, shadowy forest. But her strength of purpose is not overturned by her momentary fear. Summoning all her courage she dashes in amongst the frowning trees but never loses sight of that grey peak glistening in the moonlight five miles away, and towering over the tops of the highest eucalypts of them all. Undeterred by the grim terrors of an Australian forest at night—the indescribable sense of human solitude, the strange, unaccountable sounds that are borne to the startled ear, and the ghostly shapes which imagination sees lurking behind or passing swiftly amongst the trees, she holds on her perilous way, and now at last she is nearing the end of that awful journey. She is within the shadow of that solitary peak which had been to her and to *him* a refuge for half-a-year. What had happened during her absence? She pauses and breathes a prayer to Heaven for strength to hear and to bear the worst. Then she hastens to the spot where she

had alighted in her descent from the cave a few hours before. She looks up, listens intently, but can hear no sound from above. The hopeful thought flashes through her mind that he also has descended successfully and would rejoin her, as he had promised, in the morning. Then she remembers the lower chamber of the peak, and with beating heart she proceeds to ascertain whether there is any news in that quarter. With the utmost caution she approaches the entrance, she gives one glance into the interior, and that is all. A wild shriek echoes through the forest, and a woman falls insensible to the earth. For the lantern within had revealed to her the recumbent form of her husband rigid in death.

In addition to the bodies of the bushranger and the unfortunate man who was killed in the encounter, the police brought in to Melbourne on that Christmas morning the seemingly lifeless form of a young, sad-faced woman, whose agonising cry had so terrified them on the previous night. Under medical treatment she regained consciousness in a few days, but she was not the same Alice as before. The shock had unseated her reason; she was declared unfit to be at large; no one could be found who knew anything of her history, or who would undertake to look after her, and so she was sent to an asylum for the insane.

* * * * *

Twenty years have come and gone, and Christmas is once again at hand. In the lapse of two decades Glenmore has become a more conspicuous object than ever in the landscape, and time has but gently touched its

warm-hearted master and mistress. But there are now two additional members of the household. That well-favoured, thoughtful young man reading at his ease on the verandah is the only child of Ormond Gray, but who is his fair companion, that white-robed, nice-looking example of budding womanhood by his side? He calls her "Ella," and with perfect propriety, for she is the same little Ella whose infancy was so strange and so troubled. Great was the surprise of Ormond Gray and his wife when, on that Christmas morning long ago, they found the little infant under their roof alone, whilst the mother had disappeared without leaving a trace behind. Nor in all the long years that had since elapsed did they receive any tidings of the mysterious, sad-faced woman with the baby in her arms, who came to their homestead, from they knew not where, at the close of that hot summer's day. But they conceived an ardent affection for the lonely little innocent so unexpectedly left on their hands; they rejoiced in her growing girlhood, and in the development of her good qualities of head and heart; and she became to them as the recognised daughter of their house. And soon she was to become their daughter in a still nearer and dearer sense, for her life was about to be linked with that of their only son, Clement. When that happy event did take place in the course of a few months, the young couple received, as a wedding gift from the generous Ormond Gray, a branch station of his own, some forty miles away. One morning, not long after her marriage, Ella received an urgent message to come across to Glenmore,

and when she arrived at her old home she was met by her good foster-mother with a sympathetic smile, and told to prepare herself for a surprising piece of news. By slow degrees she was allowed to learn that her own natural mother, whom she had mourned as gone from earth for ever, was alive and under that very roof. The meeting between the long-separated Alice and Ella was a most affecting one. The white-haired but still young-featured Alice had, after many years' darkness of mind, recovered her reason, but her memory was a blank. Only two words relating to the past could she pronounce—"Ella" and "Glenmore"—and it was their association that led to her timely recognition, and her subsequent happy restoration to a daughter's arms. Well, indeed, for all that the recollection of that terrible time in the forest had been providentially erased from the tablets of her brain, and that the evening of an agitated life was not clouded by the shadows of the past.

LITTLE LOUEY.

A TEACHER'S STORY.

“BY GEORGE! it's grand. Who'd live in a city in preference to a place like this?”

And Arthur Moore, having sung an improvised melody, and given utterance to this burst of admiration, threw himself down in a shady place on the beach, and we shortly followed his example.

We were a party of four young teachers, who had taken advantage of the Christmas holidays to pay a visit to Sorrento, in order to relieve the monotony of school-life by a little innocent recreation amongst the beauties of that popular resort.

Frank Kavanagh, who suggested the trip, although a rather young man, was the head teacher of one of the principal schools of the city, and his advancement in his profession was entirely due to his own energy, zeal, and natural ability. When a mere pupil teacher, he was appointed to the charge of a distant country school; but his superior talents became so manifest that, after the lapse of a few years, he returned to Melbourne at the head of his profession. He was very popular with the little girls of his school, whom he would always treat with the utmost kindness and gentleness, a circumstance one could not avoid noticing, as his mode of dealing with the boys was usually stern and severe. He was a most genial companion, and a particular favourite of his fellow-teachers, whom he

occasionally entertained with experiences of his life in the bush.

Maurice Maguire was an assistant in a large school in Fitzroy. He prided himself on being a "ladies' man." He was good-looking, and he appeared to be aware of the fact. Every morning he came to school "dressed to kill." With hair parted in the middle, shirt-front of spotless white, rendered all the more conspicuous by a necktie of very "loud" colours, cuffs and studs displayed to the best advantage, he would walk into school with an air that would lead you to believe that he was about to attend the Governor's *levee*, or dance in the first set at a vice-regal ball. No wonder all the lady-teachers and the "big girls" who were finishing their education said that "Mr. Maguire was really a nice young man." To see him pass a copy-book to a child in his class was a study, he did it with such a refinement of manner and in so graceful an attitude; and, when he had occasion to punish a youngster for missing a lesson, you would almost imagine it a positive pleasure to be caned by him, he performed the operation in such a gentlemanly style. It may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that, when school was dismissed at four in the afternoon, it nearly always happened that the lady-teachers and Mr. Maguire would leave for home precisely at the same time, that they would meet at the door at the same instant, and then one of the ladies would be sure to propose a walk in the Fitzroy Gardens. However, a fondness for feminine admiration was Maurice Maguire's only fault; he was an excellent teacher and a general favourite.

Arthur Moore and myself were serving our apprenticeship as assistants in a large school situated in Carlton, and we were consequently close companions. Arthur was a quiet, unassuming young fellow, a diligent student, and a conscientious teacher. He had a great fondness for the theatre, and whenever a new "star" appeared, he would not give me a moment's peace until I had accompanied him to the city to see the "illustrious stranger." This enthusiasm he often carried to excess. I remember, on one occasion, when we were studying hard for an examination that was to be held in a day or two, a Signora Somebody, the "gifted *prima donna*," was announced to appear and immediately my friend forgot all about the examination in his anxiety to see and hear the Signora. Coming into my room at dusk one evening when I was preparing diligently for the approaching ordeal, he exclaimed, "Oh, hang the examination! Look here, she has a magnificent voice; you'll miss a treat if you don't see her. Come, now, leave the books for to-night!" I refused; he persisted, and the upshot of it was, that after spending an hour in argument and remonstrance, I had to go to the Opera House with him, and listen for two wearisome hours to the Signora's unintelligible screaming. However, both Arthur and myself passed the examination, and for months afterwards, our visit to the Opera House was a standing joke.

It was a great change for us, after being cooped up in that huge cage called the city for weeks together, to find ourselves breathing the pure, clear air of Sorrento.

So, when Arthur remarked, "Who'd live in a city in preference to a place like this?" we were all inclined to re-echo the sentiment, except Maurice Maguire.

"I don't know about that," said he; "it's all very well for a day or so, but to be always gazing on the waves and the gum-trees does not suit me exactly."

"Quite so, Maguire," said Arthur Moore. "What suits you exactly is gazing on the petticoats in Collins-street."

This sally was followed by a laugh at the expense of the "ladies' man."

"Well, Moore," retorted Maguire, "even that's not quite so bad as to be always gazing on the *stars*."

This sharp rejoinder, and the pun on the word "stars," evidently an allusion to Arthur's love for the theatre, turned the laugh in an opposite direction."

"Both the bush and the city have their advantages," remarked Frank Kavanagh when the laugh had subsided; "in the former you have time and opportunities for deep, close study, in the latter you can enjoy the benefits of intellectual companionship and literary association."

"Talking of the bush, Frank," said Arthur Moore, "do you remember that affecting little story you told me some time ago?" I assure you I have often thought of it since, and the mere recollection of it has brought tears to my eyes. You might repeat it if you have no objection, as we have two friends present. I'm sure they'd like to hear it!"

I was watching Frank while Arthur was uttering these words, and was astonished at the change that

came over his countenance. He suddenly became pale ; the expression of his face denoted great pain, and his eyes gradually assumed that dreamy appearance which indicates that the mind is dwelling on some sorrowful event of the past. This sudden change in the demeanour of my friend excited my curiosity ; he was not of an emotional temperament, and it must have been something very unusual indeed that could have betrayed him into exhibiting such signs of weakness. I saw that he would rather not allude to the subject that had been referred to by Arthur, but my curiosity was aroused to a very high pitch, and, heedless of the pain it would evidently cause him, I pressed him again and again. At length he consented, and proceeded to tell us the story of

LITTLE LOUEY.

“ You must have noticed, my friends,” he commenced, “ that in whatever school or class you happen to be teaching, there is always some particular pupil in whom you take a peculiar interest—one that has either engaged your affections or won your admiration and esteem—in other words, each of us has a ‘ little pet.’ At least, that has always been my experience. I have taught in many schools, and in every one of them I had a favourite. You cannot avoid it even if you wished, and the little story I shall tell you recalls an event that is inseparably associated in my mind with these unexplainable preferences ; it relates the tragic fate of one of my little favourites.

“ You remember, when I was a very young teacher, I was suddenly transferred from the city to a little

school in the country. It was called promotion, and when I grumbled I was reminded that it was 'better to be first in an Iberian village than second in Rome,' but I could not bring myself to see the matter in that light. However, all my objections were overruled, and I had to pack up, turn my back upon my beloved Melbourne, and make the best of my way to — well, it is not the real name, but I'll call it Arcadia. On arriving at the scene of my future labours, I began to feel terribly lonesome. Being so accustomed to the crowded thoroughfares of the city, the contrast with the almost primeval solitude of my new abode made me feel very uncomfortable. I naturally first turned my steps in the direction of the school, which I found to be a pretty little brick building capable of holding about fifty children. It was situated amidst romantic scenery. Immediately in front an isolated peak rose by degrees to a height of fifteen hundred feet; half-way up its sides the patient industry of the farmer had cleared and cultivated the soil, whilst the remainder of its surface up to the summit was thickly timbered. On the opposite side of this hill, I was informed, the great majority of the farmers had their selections. Behind the school was one dense mass of apparently impenetrable forest, stretching from north to south, and away to the west as far as the eye could reach. I was told that, through the forest or 'ranges,' to use the language of the bush, there was one road or 'track,' as it was more commonly called, leading to the mining township of Quartzville, which was buried in the bush about seven miles from Arcadia. There was such an

air of quietness and repose over the whole scene, so entirely different to all my experiences of city life, that the fit of homesickness gradually departed, and I said to myself, 'Well, this is not such a bad place after all ! I think I can spend a few years here very profitably, and very pleasurably too. Anyhow, it will be a change from city life.'

" On the Monday morning following my arrival, I commenced work. Before the children assembled, I was looking over the rolls and examining the books of my predecessor, when I heard a light footstep at the door, and there entered a little girl, upon whom I gazed in rapture for several minutes. I thought I never beheld such an attractive little creature before. My first feeling was one of astonishment—astonishment at beholding such a beautiful girl amidst such rude surroundings. The moment I cast my eyes upon her, I knew at once who was to be my favourite in Arcadia. She could not be more than nine years of age, and there was an aspect of guileless simplicity about her, that immediately endeared her to me. Her face was the face of an angel ; its expression was so soft and mild that it actually fascinated me ; her bright blue eyes were so transparently clear that they betrayed every emotion of her mind ; her fair hair hung in tresses down her shoulders, adding to her attractiveness, and the modest plainness of her attire lent an additional charm to her appearance.

" On speaking to her, I found, as I expected, that she was very shy ; but I conversed with her so familiarly that her shyness soon wore off. I was not long in

discovering that she was the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and was known and beloved through the length and breadth of Arcadia. The people were never tired of speaking of and praising 'Little Louey,' as she was affectionately called. Before long I discovered that to the numerous graces of her person were added many superior qualities of the mind. She had a most astonishing memory, and could learn with singular ease and quickness. I have never known a little child who was so diligent and painstaking as 'Little Louey.' She appeared to delight in learning; I do not think that she ever missed a lesson that was marked for her. She was undoubtedly the most surprising little prodigy I have ever met with.

"As time rolled on 'Little Louey' and myself became fast friends. Every morning when she would catch sight of me coming, she would run down the road to meet me and bid me 'Good morning,' and accompany me to the school. I had become so fond of my little pet that (I dare say you will be surprised to hear it) I rarely gave the city of Melbourne a thought, and had no wish whatever to return to it. I began to delight in giving instruction to the simple little country children, they were so different from the vicious little rascals we have to deal with in the city. The charms of rustic life had completely conquered me, and I did not care what was going on in the outside world. I got a newspaper occasionally, which I would carry up to a seat beneath a favourite tree on the top of the hill facing the school, and from my lofty elevation would read with calm indifference of occurrences that were

agitating, not only the city, but the colony at large. These delights of rustic life continued for a period of two years, a period which I shall ever look back to as the happiest of my life. My fondness for 'Little Louey' increased day by day, and her affection for her teacher increased in the same proportion. She had now attained the age of eleven, but her additional years had not impaired the angelic innocence and simplicity that charmed me at the first moment I met her. She had advanced in her studies to an astonishing degree for a child of her age, and I was looking forward to a brilliant career for her, when an event occurred that dashed all my hopes to the ground, and brought sorrow and gloom on the hearts and homes of Arcadia.

"It was a bright sunny day in March. I remember the day well. Can I ever forget it? I started for school as usual that morning, and was expecting to see 'Little Louey' coming to meet me as was her wont. But, as I approached, not a glimpse of her could I see. I was amazed; such a thing had never occurred before. Was she ill? Perhaps something had detained her, and she would come in the course of the forenoon. I tried to account for her absence in this manner, but I could not shake off an uneasy feeling that something evil had happened. The forenoon appeared a year long in the absence of my little favourite; but, in the afternoon, when I saw the seat she occupied again vacant, her continued absence, and the suspense it occasioned, kept me in a state of excitement I could not control, and finding that I could not keep my attention fixed on the work of the school, I

dismissed early, with the intention of setting off at once for the house of 'Little Louey's' parents, and ascertaining the cause of her extraordinary absence. I was just locking up and preparing to start, when I saw her mother coming up the road, and, hastening to meet her, I immediately put the question—'What's become of Louey?'

"'That's the very thing I've come about,' she replied; 'she hasn't been home to dinner, and I've come to see what's kept her.'

"'Not home to dinner?' said I; 'why, she was not at school at all this morning.'

"'What's that?' And the poor woman's face became deadly pale. 'Not at school this morning! Good God! what's become of my little darling?'

"'Are you sure you sent her to school this morning?' I asked.

"'Sure! Don't you know, Mr. Kavanagh, she couldn't be kept a day from school?'

"'I do! What's to be done?'

"The startling news I had just heard threw me into a state of utter helplessness. I was powerless to think or to act.

"'Let us not waste time,' she said, bearing up with wonderful fortitude, though I thought every instant she would faint. 'Let us not waste time; she must be lost; we'll arouse the country, and commence to search at once.'

"Immediately the news spread like wild fire that 'Little Louey' was lost, and in less than an hour more than two hundred men from all parts of the district

were gathered together in the township, ready and anxious to commence a search for the little pet of Arcadia.

“Enquiries soon made it very clear that ‘Little Louey’ was lost in the bush. It appeared that, on coming to school in the morning she had been overtaken by a farmer and his wife who were journeying to the market of Quartzville. They prevailed on her to take a seat in their conveyance for a little ride, saying they would let her down not far from the school. She told them on no account must she be late for school; Mr. Kavanagh would be very angry. They laughingly said there was no fear of that, she would be at the school long before Mr. Kavanagh came. At a point of the road near the school ‘Little Louey’ got down, and no one had seen her since then. These particulars were obtained from the farmer and his wife, who returned from Quartzville about five in the afternoon, and their anguish at finding that ‘Little Louey’ was lost through their fault was pitiable to witness.

The sun was just setting, and the giant gum-trees were throwing their long shadows on the hill in front of the school, when we commenced the search for our little favourite. The farmer who had given ‘Little Louey’ the ride in the morning guided us to the place where she had got down. There we divided into four parties, so as to search the bush in every direction.

“Oh, how the events of that night are engraved on my memory! Through the long weary hours we toiled painfully through the tangled underwood, in some places forcing ourselves through intertwined

branches, searching the gullies, and clambering up the wooded heights. There was no moon to assist us in our search, and the tremulous light of a few solitary stars only made the darkness above all the more sensible. Each of us carried a torch, and the flickering lights as they now were obscured by the dense undergrowth and again shone forth, illuminating the forest, together with the constant hallooing that re-echoed through range and gully, made up a scene which can never be effaced from my memory. The hares, on whose bodies we occasionally trod, would run away and survey us from a distance, wondering, no doubt, what strange beings were those who had intruded on their domain at that unearthly hour. The glare of the torches awoke the laughing-jackasses, who on every bough saluted us with their monotonous cacchination, as if the doleful mission on which we were employed was to them a source of infinite pleasure. At intervals a solitary curlew would spring from under our feet and, uttering its prolonged melancholy wail, would fly swiftly away. Often have I lain awake and heard the plaintive note of the curlew echoing through the silence of the night like a wail from the regions of the dead; but on this particular night every time it resounded in my ears it made the blood freeze in my veins.

“Through the long hours of the night we searched the bush, waking the echoes with our shouts, but without getting the slightest trace of ‘Little Louey.’ Not even a vestige of her dress did we discover. Towards daybreak we decided on returning to Arcadia, in order to ascertain whether any of the other parties had

obtained a clue to the whereabouts of the lost one. To our dismay they all had the same sad story as ourselves to tell. Their search had been fruitless. After a brief respite all the people went forth again into the recesses of the forest, but were forced to return with sorrowing hearts to the village without having discovered a solitary footstep of the little wanderer. On the third day the search was resumed once more in every direction. Our party climbed the steepest of thickly-timbered ranges and descended into the deepest of fern-clad gullies, but all our efforts were unrewarded. Just as the daylight was departing I was walking along mechanically in a state of mind bordering upon stupefaction, when I was suddenly aroused by a piercing cry from a man who was a little in advance. I hurried forward and—good heavens!—what a spectacle met my eyes. There, lying at the foot of an immense tree, whose giant arms were extended as if to shield her from danger, her books by her side and her slate grasped in her right hand, with the same angelic smile upon her features, was the object of our search, ‘Little Louey.’ In a state of mind impossible to describe, I approached the tree beneath which she lay. All my efforts to awake her were vain, and, when I touched the cheeks that I had seen so often glowing with life and health, I realised the sad truth—‘Little Louey’ was dead. I took up her books and slate, and we carried her to the township.

“Two days afterwards she was buried in the little country cemetery. Old and young for miles around came to attend her funeral. The grief of her little

playmates was sad to witness, and, for a long time after, you could tell by their faces that some great calamity had visited them.

“One evening, about a week after the funeral, I was walking up and down thinking of the melancholy fate of my little pet, when I suddenly remembered the books and slate I had found near her body under the tree in the bush. I had put them aside, and until then had not given them a thought. On taking up the slate I thought I could detect some writing, and on scanning it more closely I saw my conjecture was correct. Though effaced in parts by the night dew, I could make out the following:—

“*‘I am so tired. I have been walking through the forest all day and I can’t get out. Oh, what will mamma say, and Mr. Kavanagh will be so angry. I will rest awhile, and then once more try to get home.*—LOUEY.’

The poor little creature had no idea of the fate that was so soon to overtake her. She lay down to rest, but it was to rest for ever.

“After this melancholy event I tried to resume work in the school, but I soon found I could not do it. Every time I glanced at the place where she used to sit, all the recollections of my little favourite would come thronging on my memory, and bring the tears to my eyes. I was, therefore in a sense, glad when I received the offer of an appointment in the city, for I was anxious to quit a place that now was so full of sorrowful associations.

“Yes, I removed to the city, and I still dwell there,

as you know ; but, despite its noise and bustle, despite the hundreds of allurements that surround me with their glittering attractions, though ‘ the tides of life go ebbing and flowing ’ around me, though success has attended my professional career and ambition beckons me onward, still, notwithstanding them all, my thoughts love to wander far away to a little country cemetery, which contains a little grave, at whose head is a little stone, on which is inscribed the name of ‘ Little Louey.’

“ Years have elapsed, my friends, since this episode occurred, but the little grave has not been forgotten or neglected by the people of Arcadia. The little children will not allow a weed to grow there, and no matter at what season of the year you visit it, you will be certain to find it decked with flowers.

“ Whenever I get an opportunity I love to revisit Arcadia, and I never do so without also paying a visit to the grave of my dearest favourite, my beloved pupil, that angel child, once on earth, but now in heaven,

‘ LITTLE LOUEY.’ ”

FLORA'S QUEST.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

IT is now some years, said the doctor, as he fixed himself comfortably in the arm-chair and glanced around on his assembled guests—it is now some years since I was one of the resident medical officers of the Melbourne Hospital. Like most young doctors who have just obtained their degree, I was desirous of gaining some experience in hospital practice before making the acquaintance of the general public; and, therefore, when I heard that a vacancy had occurred in the medical staff of the hospital, I immediately applied and received the appointment. The year I spent within the walls of that institution I have never regretted; for, although I had to work almost unceasingly and endure the innumerable petty annoyances which seem to be the common lot of hospital doctors, still I acquired a considerable amount of valuable knowledge in the practical part of my profession, and—what I particularly delight in—had many opportunities of studying the various phases of human character. You have no idea of the number of strange individuals—“curious cases,” as the faculty term them—that I examined and prescribed for during that year. If I

had time, I flatter myself I could write an entertaining book on my hospital experiences. There is not a building in this colony, I verily believe, in connection with which so many touching stories and thrilling anecdotes might be told as the Melbourne Hospital. It is a veritable land of unknown romance in the heart of the prosaic city. Thousands pass daily by that universal temple dedicated to suffering humanity, that isthmus connecting the land of the living with the world beyond the grave, and are so wrapped up in schemes of business or pleasure as never to heed the sublime lessons of charity its walls are continually teaching. How often have I had occasion to reflect on the unalloyed selfishness, the total absence of sympathy for the suffering, and the utter neglect of practical Christianity that make up the character of your average nineteenth-century Christian! Often have I looked down from a window in one of the upper wards, and seen parties of gaily-dressed, loud-laughing people on their way to admire the latest picture added to the National Gallery, and conducting themselves in a sort of careless, fashionable levity, as if sickness and sorrow had no existence in this world of ours—never bestowing a thought on the hundreds of fellow-creatures that were moaning in agony in that pile of buildings a few yards from their pompous, perfumed, and bejewelled persons. And then, when I happened to be on night duty, when the gas in the ward was turned down low, when those of my patients who were so fortunate as to have been visited by “Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” were lying in

temporary forgetfulness of their miseries ; whilst others, not so fortunate, were either painfully struggling with a pitiless cough, or tossing about in sleepless agony ; how have I been startled, long after the midnight hour, at hearing the riotous jests and ribald songs of groups of fast young men of the city, passing under the hospital windows on their way to their homes in Carlton ! How have their jovial cries and reckless behaviour contrasted with the scene presented by that dimly-lighted ward ! Ah, there is very little practical religion in the world, after all ; and the fine old adage, " Charity begins at home," is almost forgotten, or, at least, but little regarded by most of us. With what kindly solicitude are the wants of foreign heathens attended to, whilst our own brethren lying in hospital wards are treated with comparative indifference. See how hundreds of pounds sterling are annually raised to provide flannel waistcoats and moral pocket-handkerchiefs for the South Sea Islanders, whilst those Christians who are so enthusiastic in their zeal for the propagation of the gospel in distant climes cannot afford a few shillings to add to the comfort of their hapless fellow-beings in the crowded hospital ! Believe me, man's inhumanity to man is something more than a mere sentiment—it is a stern reality, and Robert Burns did not paint the picture in colours too black. But, bless me, I meant to tell you a story, and here I am, preaching a sermon which, though very proper in the mouth of a doctor of divinity, must seem rather strange coming from a doctor of medicine ; so, without further preface, I will endeavour to describe

an incident in my hospital practice that affected me deeply at the time of its occurrence.

* * * * *

It was a popular holiday, and having obtained leave of absence for the day, I went with a party of friends on a little excursion. At sunset we returned to the city as I had to go on night duty at seven o'clock. Entering the hospital at that hour, I put the usual question to the porter—"Well, Thompson, anything fresh to-day?"

"Nothing out of the common, sir; a girl brought in about an hour ago. Dr. B. ordered her into your ward. He says she's hopeless."

I immediately went up-stairs to examine my new patient. She had fallen into a troubled sleep, and one glance was sufficient to convince me that it was only the prelude to the long, silent sleep of the grave. Her case was, beyond doubt, hopeless. Those sunken and contracted features, though still retaining a faint indication of erstwhile beauty, presented unmistakable evidence of the merciless attacks of fell consumption; whilst the hectic flush on each cheek, contrasting so painfully with the deathly pallor of the rest of the face, announced the approaching end. Yet her brain was singularly active, and her mind was apparently wandering in distant scenes. At intervals she would give utterance to expressions of hope and fear for the safety of some loved one, and then her voice would die away into a melancholy cadence, until aroused again by another train of thought. Altogether, she seemed to be a rather interesting patient, and I mentally resolved to ascertain, if possible, a little of

her history. Opening the "Patients' Register," I glanced through the formal entry of her admittance, and found that her name was Flora Davis.

Well, after the lapse of an hour she awoke, and looked around her with an expression of bewilderment, as if she was trying to remember where she was. Then she gradually collected her thoughts, and her face began to assume an aspect of calm resignation; but, as I approached, she turned her eyes on me with a singularly plaintive expression, a sort of indescribable longing, as if she would die without a murmur if some overwhelming desire of her heart were satisfied. I inquired as to how she felt, and did all I possibly could to alleviate her sufferings. In a short time she told me she was a little better, and then asked me if I thought she would recover. With those mournful eyes looking up into mine with such an appealing glance, I could not tell her what I sincerely believed, and therefore evaded a direct answer by advising her to hope for the best.

"Ah!" she replied, "I am afraid I will never travel about any more."

"And have you travelled much?" I asked.

"A great deal, sir; far more than you would imagine I would be capable of doing from my present forlorn appearance."

"That was very foolish on your part," I said "Health is the best treasure, and you should have taken more care of yours."

"Ah, sir, if you knew the story of my life, you would not call me foolish."

“ Pardon me if I have hurt your feelings ; I did not mean to do so.”

“ Oh, no offence, sir ; but, if you wish, I'll try to tell you how it is that I am an inmate of the Melbourne Hospital to-night.”

And, drawing a chair to the bedside of my confiding patient, I listened with conflicting emotions to the affecting story of “ FLORA'S QUEST.”

* * * * *

“ I was born in the city of Waterford, in the south of Ireland, where my father carried on an extensive business as a merchant. Having had the misfortune to lose my mother at an early age, my girlish days were, for the most part, spent in a boarding-school. At sixteen I had finished my education, and, returning home, I desired to assume the management of my father's household, but he would hear of nothing of the kind. He besought me to remember my station, and was continually expressing his anxiety to see me take my place in society. In compliance with his wishes, though nothing could have been more contrary to my own desires, I accepted the invitations of the principal families of the neighbourhood, attended every fashionable gathering in the county, and was flattered by some, envied by others, and criticised by all, until I felt heartily sick of moving in the selfish, deceitful throng. What a hollow mockery ‘ society ’ is, to-be-sure ! To be hypocritically praised if you have money and good looks, and contemptuously ignored if you have not. Such is your certain fate in ‘ society ! ’

“ Ah, well ! in a short time I had a more worthy object than ‘society’ to occupy my thoughts. In my father’s office there was a young man holding a high position, and accident having at first brought us into contact, we afterwards met frequently, and a mutual attachment was the result. Gerald Keeley had so many superior qualities of head and heart that his companionship was delightful to me, and he was such a contrast to the fashionable fools I had met with in ‘society.’ My father did not seem to be aware of the true state of my feelings, for he was constantly urging me to select one of my numerous wealthy and distinguished suitors, and, when he was informed of the choice I had made, his anger knew no bounds. Gerald was summarily dismissed, and warned never to be seen near the place again. My liberty was almost taken from me for a time, yet I contrived to obtain one last interview with Gerald. He would listen to no proposal that might have the effect of causing me the slightest trouble or inconvenience. His mind was made up ; he would go to Australia, where, he said, men were making their fortunes on the gold-fields, and in a few years he would return with ten times the wealth of the richest of my suitors. We then arranged a plan by which we could correspond without danger of our letters being intercepted. With a final promise to be true to each other—a promise witnessed by the silent stars above, and repeated by the whispering leaves around—we parted for the last time—yes, we parted for ever !

“ Oh ! the loneliness and the heart-sickness of the

weeks that followed Gerald's departure! How I missed his genial companionship, his gladdening smile, and the fascinating music of his voice! Six months after our parting, I received his first letter, dated from Ballarat. In it he told me all the particulars of his voyage, and how he had arrived safely in Melbourne, and how he and three others had formed a party to proceed to the Ballarat diggings, and how they had just commenced their search for gold. Gerald's second letter reached me shortly afterwards, and I was overjoyed at the good news it contained. His party had come upon gold, and they were all delighted with their prospects. He said he would soon be home—much sooner than he had at first expected; and then he drew such a charming picture of our future happiness. How that letter revived my drooping spirits and animated my fading hopes! The bright picture of bliss that Gerald had conjured up filled my thoughts both night and day. Everything around seemed to participate in my joy—the song of the birds became sweeter, the hues of the flowers more brilliant, and the glorious moon illumined with a mellower light the familiar scenes on which at even I delighted to gaze. But, alas! my joy was short-lived. A third letter came; and how shall I describe the anguish with which I read it? It was very short—only a few lines; but what a world of misery those few lines contained! Gerald had met with a terrible accident when in the full tide of his success; he had fallen down the shaft and seriously injured his head; fever had supervened, and, at the time the letter was written, he was lying

in a most critical condition. Oh, what a fearful awakening from my blissful dreams! How our air-built castles were rudely overturned by this unexpected shock! Ah, we entirely forgot that 'Man proposes, but God disposes.'

"The receipt of this sad intelligence must have deprived me of my powers of reason, for in no other way can I account for my subsequent actions. I mechanically prepared to undertake the lengthiest of journeys, possessed myself of whatever money was at my command, and quitted my father's house without speaking to a single soul. I cannot remember to this day how I got to Dublin and crossed over to Liverpool, and it was only when I found myself at sea on board the *Atlas*, bound for Melbourne, that I could reason calmly and quietly. Until then, the thought of Gerald suffering in a strange land haunted my brain, and I could think of nothing but how to get to him as quickly as possible. Gradually I began to reflect on the thoughtlessness of my conduct. Months must elapse before my eyes would behold the shores of Australia, and, by that time, was it not almost certain that my presence would be utterly useless? But this feeling only lasted for a moment. Again, the picture of Gerald languishing on a sick-bed, without a friend to succour him, rose vividly before me and dispelled all doubts.

"All went well with us during the voyage. The weather was most propitious, and the many kindly words and little courtesies of my fellow-passengers helped to relieve my mind of the weight of anxiety

that was oppressing it. In due course we arrived at Melbourne, and, agitated by conflicting feelings of hope and fear, I left without delay for Ballarat. As I approached the scenes described by Gerald in his letters, the agony of suspense became almost insupportable. I tried to calm my mind and prepare myself for the worst, but the effort was unavailing, and I reached the diggings in a state of anxiety almost impossible to imagine. On inquiry, I soon found where Gerald's party was at work. The man who was employed on the surface looked at me in amazement as I approached ; and, no wonder, for my appearance must have been unaccountably strange. Very likely he thought I was mad. Unable to control my excited feelings, I immediately asked the question that was so long on my lips, and in the answer to which my whole being was bound up—' Where is Gerald ?'

" ' Gerald !' he replied ; ' do you mean Gerald Keeley ? Poor fellow ! he died—'

" I heard no more. The brightness of day suddenly changed into the darkness of midnight. A dreamy blankness overwhelmed me and I lost all consciousness. When I regained my senses, I found myself amongst strangers in the city of Melbourne. They told me I was brought from Ballarat a fortnight previously in a fever of delirium, and that my mind had been wandering ever since. I recovered by slow degrees, but, when the fever had left me, I was prostrated by a worse enemy—consumption. I was advised to embark for home at once, but my strength gradually failed, my little stock of money was soon gone ; and now you know

why I am an inmate of the Melbourne Hospital to-night."

* * * *

There was a painful silence in the room as the doctor finished his pathetic story. After a pause, he added—"She lingered for a few weeks, and her death was painless. 'A good woman gone from earth to Heaven,' were the words of Father L—— as she breathed her last, and I believe him."

THE STONE HUT.

A MINER'S STORY.

IN one of the Christmas numbers of the *Australasian Sketcher* there is a speaking dramatic picture, in three acts, of the birth, life and death of a colonial mining township. The first scene is laid in the heart of a dense forest, and discloses three adventurous prospectors engaged in washing the subterranean stuff obtained from the shaft in the background, where the windlass stands in relief against the surrounding foliage. A rude tent, almost hidden from view by the exuberant vegetation, is the only human abode to be seen. From their excited looks, as they bend over the tin-dish, and eagerly survey the results of the washing process, it is evident that the men have obtained a good prospect, that they have alighted on rich ground, and are in a fair way of making a fortune. They, no doubt, instantly determine to make a secret of their good luck, and not to breathe a word of their success to mortal ears. But the thrilling news cannot be concealed, the secret cannot be kept, and the result is that scene one is hurried off the stage, and scene two is unfolded to our view. And what a change! From the peaceful solitude of the primeval forest we are transported into the midst of a bustling scene. The wondrous intelligence has gone abroad, and a "rush" has set in. Trees

are cut down indiscriminately to make room for tents, stores and hotels; a heterogeneous mass of humanity appears on the scene—men of all nations equipped with weapons to make war on the earth and rob it of its auriferous treasures. In the foreground we observe a group of gold-seekers discussing their probable fortunes, whilst far in the distance extends a line of shafts, in which hard work and not discussion is the order of the day. Truly, one would be inclined to philosophise, here is the nucleus of a thriving, busy city! But again the scene changes! The third and last view of the goldfield is presented to our gaze, and a dismal view it is—

“All the bloomy flush of life is fled.”

The ground is worked out, its mineral deposits are exhausted, and there is no inducement for money-loving man to remain. A new rush is reported, tents are hastily taken down, mining implements packed up, and the erstwhile busy township becomes a dreary waste, with naught save a few chimneys or the frameworks of dilapidated dwellings to tell of its former existence.

Such has been the painful experience of many colonial ephemeral townships, whose names even have now faded from recollection; and though Marathon has not entirely ceased to exist, its end is approaching rapidly. At one time Marathon was one of the richest goldfields in Victoria, and had a large mining population, but its gold supply decreased year by year, and the importance of the place diminished in the same proportion. Its original name was Moonlight Creek, but as people

who rise in the world endeavour to remove all evidence of their former obscurity, so Moonlight Creek, when gold became abundant and general prosperity reigned, determined, in its short-sighted pride, to change its name. Accordingly, it was officially proclaimed that in future, Moonlight Creek would be known by the classical name of Marathon. But, after all, it must not be censured for changing its name; that is precisely what every young lady is most anxious to do when the opportunity presents itself—besides, other places have been guilty of the same offence, if such it be. Bendigo Creek, we all know, has blossomed into the city of Sandhurst; Fiery Creek has assumed the aristocratic name of Beaufort; Jim Crow has developed into the more euphonious Daylesford, and Stringer's Creek has now the romantic appellation of Walhalla. So we see that Moonlight Creek sinned in good company when it changed its name.

Marathon is a place I love to visit. One feels a sort of melancholy interest in wandering over a scene now deserted, but which was once crowded with people whose every-day dream was one of sudden wealth. Where are they now, and what has become of their gold? How many are sleeping quietly underground, and never giving a thought to that precious metal for the possession of which they were once so eager? How many more are laboriously toiling for it on distant fields, and fated never to find it? Once this now silent hamlet resounded with the incessant turmoil of men, horses and machines at work, but now the little creek runs placidly through the township, and its

waters are no longer discoloured by the irreverent hands of the digger.

In my many rambles around Marathon one relic of the past invariably arrested my attention. It seemed to be the remnant of what was once a large and extensive stone building. Standing on an elevated site on the left bank of the creek, with its remaining walls covered with overgrown ivy, the sloping garden teeming with rank luxuriance, fences broken and shattered at intervals, and empty spaces that once were windows, the place was a picture of wild and romantic desolation. Viewed from the opposite side of the creek on a clear, moonlight night, the "Stone Hut," as it was commonly termed, presented a singularly weird and ghostly appearance; and on such occasions I have often wondered what was the history of that strange structure. I felt instinctively that those decaying walls could "a tale unfold" had they but the gift of speech. All my inquiries amongst friends procured me no information, and I had given up all hope of penetrating the mystery, when, on my last visit, I made the acquaintance of an old miner, a survivor of the early days of the diggings, and from him I learnt the story of—

THE STONE HUT.

"Quiet? Well, yes, the old place certainly does look quiet enough now; but I can remember a time when it was far different. It's wonderful what changes come about in a few years. Twenty years ago I little thought that I would live to see the day when the old house yonder would be given over to the rats, and I

the only one left to tell its story. Yes, I can call to mind many a night of revelry and dissipation spent within those decaying walls, when the gold was plentiful and recklessly squandered, and when all the young fellows on the field considered it a duty to remain there till midnight, singing, drinking and dancing. Do you know, I really believe that gold makes people mad. There is a sort of delirious excitement about gold-digging that turns the heads of even the most sensible and sober individuals. Believe me, there are many grave fathers of families in Victoria who would not like to be reminded of the merry life they led in the glorious early days of Moonlight Creek.

“It was in 1855 that the first nuggets were found here, and the rush that set in was something astonishing. I arrived at the creek the day after the news was published, and imagine my surprise when I found a couple of thousand men on the ground before me. Among the first on the field was Matt Kennedy, a genial, active fellow, who, in an incredibly short space of time, had a large tent erected, and ‘General Store’ painted in big letters outside. Matt commenced business without delay, not even waiting to get the Queen’s permission to sell certain ‘strong waters’ that formed portion of his stock-in-trade. In a short time he made a small fortune, and, as the diggings began to assume a more permanent character, he determined to erect a more substantial place of business. Accordingly, he built a first-class establishment, that would be no discredit to any town in the colony, and, amidst great rejoicings, christened it the ‘Miners’ Rest.’ Well, it

may seem rather curious, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in the 'Stone Hut' yonder you see the ruins of the 'Miners' Rest.' Why was it abandoned to decay? Well, I'll come to that presently; but Matt remained in it for two years, driving a profitable trade, as the miners continued to receive splendid returns, and a large proportion of the gold, as a matter of course, found its way to the 'Rest.' Like a sensible man, Matt then sold out at a good figure, and sailed for the old country with a well-filled purse. The new proprietor of the 'Rest' was a little sour-faced Scotchman—the exact antithesis of the genial Matt—but he brought with him an attraction that served to atone for and counterbalance his unprepossessing aspect. Donald Macarthur was a widower with one daughter, a graceful, bright-eyed, fascinating charmer of eighteen, whose advent caused a general flutter all over the field. For several weeks Eva Macarthur was the sole topic of conversation. The 'Rest' became more popular than ever, everyone being anxious to obtain a glimpse of the reigning beauty—a by no means easy matter for the disagreeable old Donald kept her as much as possible out of public view. Nevertheless, her presence attracted all the young gallants to the 'Rest,' which they continued to frequent until their perseverance was rewarded by a casual sight of the fair one. But after a time the excitement began to cool down, and the number of Eva's admirers gradually diminished under the chilling influence of the severe and ever-frowning Donald. But there was one determined to conquer all obstacles and to win the prize—one of the

best-liked diggers on the creek—a tall, handsome, young Irishman named Tom O'Hara. Tom was a clever fellow, of good family and education, as many rough-clad diggers were in those days, and he succeeded in winning the affections of Eva before the old gentleman, wide-awake as he was, exactly realised the situation. You may imagine the scene that ensued when Tom, one fine morning, went up to the 'Rest' to 'ask papa.' Old Donald, it was well known, was an intolerant bigot, a most rigid Presbyterian, and hated the name of Irish Catholic with a holy hatred. He told Tom, in thundering tones, that he would never allow his name to be disgraced by allying it with that of a 'crawling Papist.' Tom's Celtic blood was fired by this cruel taunt, and various stories were circulated as to what happened afterwards, but it is enough to say that Eva was next day hurried off to Melbourne, and Tom returned to his claim a changed man. All his former gay spirits and lightheartedness had suddenly disappeared; he became silent, thoughtful, and reserved, and applied himself with greater diligence than ever to the working of his claim.

“ Well, for a few months things went on as usual, and the lady, whom everyone was so anxious to see at first, was soon almost forgotten. Queer, is it not? But it is perhaps just as well for all of us that we live in the present only, and amuse ourselves with the passing toys of the hour, never thinking of the indifference with which we will regard them twelve months hence. Eva's name was now only mentioned when someone, in conversation, would notice the

change that had come over the once cheerful Tom O'Hara. After the abrupt departure of Eva, Tom held himself aloof from all his former companions, and worked his patch of ground with the greatest assiduity—in fact, some of the old stagers remarked that his disappointment had done him a world of good by causing him to attend more closely to his business, and one of them jokingly predicted that Dame Fortune would send him a handsome present to recompense him for the loss of his darling. Well, it oftentimes happens that a joke turns out true, and so it was in Tom's case, for one morning the news was circulated all over the field that a monster nugget was unearthed, and everyone was delighted to hear that Tom was the lucky man. I saw the nugget the day after it was brought to the surface, and a splendid specimen it was. It weighed over seven hundred and fifty ounces, and Tom disposed of it for—I forget the exact amount, but it was close on £3000.

“In this world it is very difficult to distinguish between Fortune's favours and her afflictions, for it often happens that the evil she sends is really a blessing in disguise, and what we think a splendid gift of hers frequently becomes a source of disaster. Everyone congratulated Tom on his good luck, but no one imagined for a moment what that ‘good luck’ was destined to lead to. No one thought that the finding of the rich nugget would have for its sequel the tragic death of the lucky digger. But let me not anticipate. Tom's sudden elevation to wealth helped to dispel the gloom that had surrounded him for some time previous,

and, as St. Patrick's Day was near at hand, he conceived the idea of celebrating his 'lucky find' by giving all his friends a day's amusement on the national anniversary. Never thinking of being successful in the effort, but merely wishing to see how old Donald would regard his altered circumstances, he went up to the 'Rest' for the first time since Eva's departure and asked the use of the house and grounds for the occasion. The wily Caledonian received him as cordially as if nothing had happened, and so worked on his susceptible feelings that all former harsh words were mutually forgiven. They parted the best of friends, and extensive preparations for the approaching festival were commenced with great vigour. When the grand day came round, some hundreds of 'wearers of the green' assembled in the grounds yonder by the invitation of Tom O'Hara, and such a day of sport and rejoicing was never before seen on the diggings. As a fitting termination to the day's festivities, Tom had arranged a ball at the 'Rest' in the evening. When I look at those dark, ruined walls, and remember the brilliant appearance the place presented that night, it makes me thoughtful and sad. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and, when I left, Tom was enjoying a social glass with a few of his old companions. That was the last time I saw him alive. In the morning he was missing, and no one could give any information as to his whereabouts. Old Donald seemed thunderstruck when told of poor Tom's disappearance, and on being questioned he stated that Tom had left the house rather suddenly at an early hour of the morning. On the

second day an active search was instituted, but at the close of the evening the mystery of Tom's fate remained unsolved. On the third morning the suspicion that he had met with foul play became very general, and towards midday all doubts were removed by the finding of poor Tom's body in the creek, just at the foot of the garden yonder. The corpse was carried up to the 'Rest,' the scene of the festivities a few days before—but here a new surprise was revealed. The place was entirely deserted; not a trace of old Donald could be discovered; he had abruptly disappeared, and the circumstance was everywhere regarded as a positive proof of his guilty knowledge of poor Tom's death. An inquest was of course held, but, in the absence of any direct testimony, an open verdict was returned. The feeling all over the diggings was intense; work was suspended, and the tragic event excited universal regret and indignation. There was every reason to believe that poor Tom was murdered for his money, as not a fraction of the large sum he received for his nugget could afterwards be discovered. Every effort to trace old Donald in his sudden flight proved unavailing. Had the ground opened and swallowed him, he could not have vanished in a more extraordinary manner.

“Well, years passed by, and the old place was abandoned to silence and decay. No one ever attempted to re-open it after the melancholy end of Tom O'Hara; it was surrendered to the wild solitude of desolation. The diggings went down rapidly, the miners dispersed, and in me you see the last survivor of the early days.”

“ Was anything ever heard afterwards of the fate of old Donald ?”

“ Oh, yes ; a few years afterwards a successful digger returned from New Zealand and brought a strange piece of news with him. His party was working on the Otago coast, and one night, in the midst of a terrific storm, a vessel was driven on the rocks. A number of lives were saved by the exertions of those on shore, but five bodies were picked up next morning. One of the dead men had tied securely round his neck a small bag, which, on being opened, was found to contain over two thousand pounds worth of notes and gold, and my informant, who knew him when living in the ‘ Rest,’ immediately identified the body as that of old Donald Macarthur.

“ Eva, I have heard it said, was seen frequently visiting the grave of poor Tom in the cemetery there on your right ; and afterwards I was told that she had become a Catholic, and had determined on passing her life in the peaceful seclusion of a convent. And now you have the whole history of the strange building opposite that so excited your curiosity.”

As the patriarchal miner concluded his story, the sinking sun was descending below the wooded heights in the west. The crumbling walls were bathed for an instant in a flood of golden light, and the next moment were immersed in repulsive darkness—an emblem, I thought, of the brief grandeur of the “ Miners’ Rest ” and the long degradation of the “ Stone Hut.”

THE COMING AUSTRALIAN.

WE have it on the most ancient and reputable authority that the prophet has no honour in his own country, and centuries of experience have proved very satisfactorily that this Biblical proverb is more literally true than the generality of proverbs. In all ages and countries, the philanthropic gentleman, wrapped in the inspired mantle of prophecy, and warning the gay and giddy throng of certain rocks ahead, has always been badly treated. But history furnishes us with many examples of eminent men, whose predictions, founded on diligent study and close observation, were sneered and laughed at by thoughtless, short-sighted contemporaries, and yet, many of these latter had the mortification to see verified in old age what had excited their laughter in youth. It is thus quite possible that an Australian writer, who, attempting a glimpse into the future, has the assurance to draw a pen-and-ink sketch of the future inhabitant of this continent, will receive more censures than compliments in the present; but, twenty years hence, people may be wondering how he could have drawn so faithful a portrait from so shadowy a subject. The time seems opportune for such a forecast, and, even at the risk of incurring the ordinary fate of prophets, I mean to attempt it. In twenty years from this date very few of the thousands

whom the golden magnet attracted from all parts of the world to Australia will be left. Their sons and daughters, born on Australian soil, will occupy their places, and form a new type of humanity. Is it possible to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of what that type will be by studying the Australian native under his present conditions? That is the question I propose to discuss as far as a few brief pages will permit.

The three main characteristics of the native Australian appear to me to be the following :—

1. An inordinate love of field sports.
2. A very decided disinclination to recognise the authority of parents and superiors.
3. A grievous dislike to mental effort.

If the first of these characteristic features be regarded as a defect of character, there can be no doubt that climatic influences must form an important factor in determining the degree of fault. The native Australian lives in a sunny land, inhales a balmy air, and gazes on cheerful skies. His parents' conception of a genuine Christmas is far different to his. Their recollections of the great social event of the year are associated with bleak winds and wintry storms, falling snow, an immense fire in the biggest chimney, the entire family clustering round and listening to blood-curdling stories. Your native Australian cannot understand or appreciate such a Christmas. The only Christmas with which he is acquainted is one celebrated with all the joyous excitement of external freedom; an annual event signalised by delightful

reunions in the parks and gardens, healthful excursions into the country, or boating expeditions down the river. And not at Christmas alone, or any other great festival in particular, is this preference for external life, as distinguished from internal, manifested by the native Australian. It exhibits itself throughout the year, and all contemporary evidence points to the conclusion that coming generations will gradually assimilate their mode of life to that of countries in the northern hemisphere with corresponding climatic conditions. In other words, the coming Australian will transact most of the business of life in the open air. Even now, when the native element is only just beginning to assert itself, we see how easy it is to congregate fifteen or twenty thousand young persons in one of the city reserves. In England, the most important cricket or football match will not attract more than a few thousand interested spectators; but here, at the Antipodes, with an incomparably smaller population, everyone is an enthusiastic admirer of the noble games, and the mere announcement of a trial of strength between Melbourne and Jolimont in cricket, or Geelong and South Melbourne in football, will draw an immense concourse to the scene of action. The fact that in all the leading Australian journals there is now a regular department for the reporting of field sports shows very plainly what a strong hold they have acquired on the popular mind. It is no exaggeration to say that out of every ten native Australians nine spend all their leisure in the practice of

either cricket or football. Now this, I contend, is carrying things to an undesirable extreme. Field sports, after all, are only a recreation, not a business; and it is a mistake to allow them to occupy the thoughts to the exclusion of other and more important considerations. There can be no objection advanced against them as muscular exercises, but the evil is that of late years they have assumed a prominence out of all proportion to their relative place. The influence of climate, as I have already mentioned induces this ardent devotion to field sports in the breasts of Australian natives, but it is a passion that must be kept in check, and not allowed to clash with more material interests. If permitted to run riot, as at present, the inevitable consequences must necessarily ensue, and they will prejudicially affect the Australian national character. Of course, it may be argued that this inordinate devotion to muscular exercises is only the exuberance of youth; that when young Australians grow older and enter upon the serious business of life, they will be less ardent in their attachment to the sports of the field. This may be true, but, even if we admit its truth, is it not a serious matter that the spring-time of life, the vigour of early manhood, should be practically wasted by this excessive indulgence in physical pleasures at the expense of mental cultivation, for that is what it really means. In the sunny south there must ever be a sympathetic interest in all that pertains to manly sports, and so long as that interest is confined within reasonable bounds, the Australian native will be served

and improved; but if the present policy is to be permanent, if the arena of muscle is to be the only arena which the young Australian means to shine, if excellence in cricket or football is to be the summit of the Australian native's ambition, then it is pretty safe to predict that the Coming Man will suffer considerably by comparison with his ancestors.

The second head of our subject embodies a very serious defect in the young Australian's character—his decided disinclination to recognise the authority of parents and superiors. One of the most keen-sighted critics that ever sojourned in the Southern Hemisphere—Dr. Moorhouse, the late Anglican Bishop of Melbourne—was quick to discern this ugly spot, and his feelings prompted him to give utterance to some scathing remarks on what he characterised as the “want of reverence” manifested by young colonials. Whatever may be the reason, it is undoubtedly a fact that the native Australian acquires a feeling of independence at a far earlier age than is the case in older lands, and parental government in the colonies certainly does not exercise that wholesome restraining influence which should be its main ingredient. As a necessary consequence, this indifference to domestic authority inevitably leads to a similar disrespect for national authority; for, where the laws of the household are not regarded, the laws of the State, by a sure process, must come to be disregarded also. Hence it is that in the colonies, and more especially in Victoria, the percentage of juvenile crime is so abnormally large as to cause serious misgivings for the future. It has

recently been officially reported that, in the chief penal establishment of this colony, there never were so many young culprits confined as at present—that, in point of fact, they constitute the great majority of the prisoners; and one of our most experienced police magistrates, speaking from the Bench of the Melbourne City Police Court, publicly expressed his surprise and regret at seeing so many young persons brought before him day after day. “I tremble for the rising generation,” was the sorrowful remark of Dr. Perry, the first Anglican Bishop of Melbourne, and no one can doubt that the right reverend prelate’s fears were amply justified. To such an extent has youthful misconduct become an institution amongst us, that some ingenious individual coined a very expressive word as a distinguishing term for it; and this word, notwithstanding the reproach it implies on the fair fame of the colony, has been generally accepted, and is now in quite common use. Should any enterprising Australian publisher issue an English dictionary, he would be in honour bound to include in it two analogous words of native growth, viz., the noun “larrikinism” (to which I have just referred), and the verb “to stonewall,” an antipodean term that, it should delight us to know, is now freely quoted and practically exemplified in the classic halls of Westminster. This pretty general indifference to, or “want of reverence” for, authority I attribute to the defective early education of most young Australians. The State does too much for the people in the colonies. The State here, in a

measure, usurps parental rights, and insists on children being educated in accordance with Government routine. Such a military style of education may have its advantages, but it has likewise some very serious disadvantages, and not the least serious is that it engenders a feeling of apathy in regard to the noble work of home-training.

Young Australia's third defect of character I have described as "a grievous dislike to mental effort." Is it not exceedingly strange that, whilst the most eager interest is manifested in the doings of the Australian cricketers in England, the utmost indifference is shown towards the triumphs of Australian genius in other and more ennobling spheres? Not long ago, the unknown reporter of a Victorian provincial journal, confident in his own powers, proceeded to London and published a work of such sterling merit that he was immediately assigned a place in the front rank of English novelists. This gentleman—Mr. B. L. Farjeon—has won recognition as a legitimate disciple of Charles Dickens, as a writer whose name is worthy of association with that of the great master of modern fiction. Yet how many Australians have read "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," or "London's Heart?" Does one Australian native out of ten even know the name of this man of genius, who laboured unknown in their midst for years, and is now a man of mark in the world's metropolis? It is to be feared that this question must be answered in the negative. Successful cricketers and rowers, who achieve nothing more than what an ignorant South Sea Islander could do if he exercised

his muscles sufficiently, are cheered and lauded ; their portraits submitted for our admiration, and their glorious deeds enthusiastically described in the newspapers, whilst men of brains like Farjeon are treated with cold neglect. The more one thinks, the more one is convinced of the absolute truth of the Chelsea philosopher's cynical remark regarding the inhabitants of this mundane sphere—that they are “mostly fools.” Take another illustration of this Australian contempt for the triumphs of mind. Victoria had once in her midst a painter of genius, who certainly did not receive that place of honour amongst us to which his artistic merit entitled him. He, too, went to London, and is now recognised as one of the most accomplished artists of the day ; yet how many people to the south of the equator have heard of the works of Nicholas Chevalier ? Charles Summers, the sculptor, is another man who shed the light of his genius on Australian subjects, and it is only now, when he has passed away, that the Australians whom he served are beginning to do him justice. Several other similar examples might be quoted, but enough has been said to prove the truth of the assertion that whilst the heroes of sport are lionised by Australians, the far more deserving victors in the arena of literature and art receive but scant sympathy from the colonies that they once honoured by their presence. Surely this is a serious reflection on the national character of a people. To deify muscle and degrade the mind is a proceeding that does not augur well for the future ; yet, in the face of notorious

existing facts, who will be bold enough to deny that such is not the actual policy of the majority of native Australians?

A movement has been inaugurated, having for its object the formation of Australian Natives' Associations throughout the colonies; but, unfortunately, even at this early stage, these bodies have begun to assume a pronounced political character, and there is, therefore, every reason to fear that the good results that might have been anticipated, had their promoters steered clear of the whirlpool of politics, will be marred and neutralised by this grave error of judgment. In view of what I have already said regarding the evident tendency of the Australian mind to depreciate and almost ignore the achievements of literature and art, it seems to me that, instead of blindly swearing allegiance to a particular class of politicians, and indiscreetly identifying themselves with a party of whose ultimate aims they are in perfect ignorance, it would be far better for native Australians in all the large centres of population to form themselves into non-political Young Men's Mutual Improvement Societies. Such associations, if well organised, would be productive of a vast amount of good; they would admit all native Australians to share in their advantages, irrespective of political or party considerations; they would be the means of inciting the Australian mind to an active sympathy with intellectual pursuits; and by participating in debates, literary exercises, and elocutionary practice, Australian natives would be undergoing the best

possible training for the important work that will devolve upon them when the destinies of the southern continent are placed entirely in their hands. A few of these useful bodies are at present in existence, but they are confined to the principal cities, and their roll of members is the reverse of lengthy. What is urgently needed is the further extension of the principle of mutual improvement throughout the colonies so that every studious Australian native may be in a position to cultivate intellectual companionship, and learn something of the higher life of his day. Purely political Australian Natives' Associations may possibly produce some excellent specimens of the genus "democrat;" but, from their defective constitution, there is little reason to hope that they will ever add a single grain to the world's store of thought. The Australian native, under their auspices, will never contribute any lasting work to English literature, or attain to distinction in science and art. They may teach him to applaud the hollow harangues of unprincipled demagogues, but they will never teach him that best of lessons—to think for himself.

Unless, then, the young Australians of the first generation determine to pay more attention to mind and less to muscle, there is every reason to fear that the type of humanity developed at the Antipodes will display an abnormal preponderance of the animal at the expense of the intellectual faculties. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and now is the time to give the Australian national character its proper tendency and its true bias. The future depends upon

the right use of the present. If the coming Australian is to be a man of culture, of energy, and of high aspirations, the process of moulding must be performed with the existing material. With all their ardent devotion to athletics, their early-developed independence of authority, and their prevailing indisposition to mental cultivation, it is equally true that native Australians possess many good qualities that only need systematic education for their adequate development. When the occasion has arisen, they have proved themselves to be active and intelligent, frank and generous, earnest and patriotic, zealous and enthusiastic in the cause they have taken to heart. It was a native Australian, the Right Hon. W. B. Dalley, whose name is held in honour throughout the English-speaking world, that called forth the first heroic impulse on this continent, and who, by his lofty and inspiring eloquence, may be truly said to have breathed a soul into Australian nationality. If the advice and example of such teachers as he be but faithfully followed, there need be no fear for the future of the coming Australian.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IN the history of nations nothing is more illustrative of the Providence of God than the manner in which great men are found to emerge from the ranks of the multitude in the hour of their country's trial. When a people is reduced to the direst extremities, when liberty is almost crushed beneath the heel of the despot; or when, on the other hand, a nation forgets itself, and, in a fit of popular delirium, runs into the most violent excesses—then a man suddenly appears at the critical juncture, called forth by God for a special purpose, and, having effected that purpose, vanishes from the scene. The history of the world presents several such examples. When Israel was groaning under the despotism of Pharaoh, Moses received a Divine commission to effect the deliverance of God's own people. When France, that most glorious, and, at the same time, most unfortunate of countries, had almost suffered national extinction, a Joan of Arc arose to restore her country to the position from which it had fallen. Later on, when the same hapless nation trembled on the brink of ruin, to which she was brought by her own misguided sons; when a reign of terror and anarchy desolated her cities and profaned her sacred shrines—a Napoleon

appeared on the scene and rescued France from the chaos into which she was rapidly descending. But why revert to the distant ages of antiquity, or even to comparatively recent periods, in order to demonstrate this truth? Why revert to a Moses, or a Joan of Arc? Where can we find a better illustration than the career of the great Catholic Irishman of our century—the Moses who delivered the modern Israel from a captivity unparalleled in the annals of time, unexampled in its rigours, and unequalled in its duration. Truly, if ever a man was called into existence for the attainment of a noble purpose, that man was Daniel O'Connell, and that purpose was the redemption of Catholic Ireland.

Born in the memorable year of 1775—the year in which the first shout of Liberty resounded through America—Daniel O'Connell witnessed in his boyhood the closing scenes of that terrible century of gloom during which the infamous penal code desolated his native land. The warm blood of youth boiled in his veins when he heard some faithful peasant narrate how, whilst the Holy Sacrifice was being offered up by stealth in some mountain cave, the congregation was surprised by the priest-hunters, and how the faithful pastor not unfrequently expiated with his life his zeal for the glory of his Creator and the salvation of his persecuted flock. When O'Connell attained the age of manhood, he experienced in person many of the disabilities under which his religion, and that of his ancestors, laboured. He saw his fellow-countrymen denied the common rights of citizenship, and

forbidden to acquire land or any kind of property whatever; he saw his native land contaminated by the operation of laws, "framed with diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection, to foster perfidy and hypocrisy, and to perpetuate brutal ignorance." He saw and felt all this, and, in the righteous indignation of his heart, he lifted up his voice, protested against such detestable enactments, and vowed that he would never cease his efforts until he had attained their removal from the statute-book. And nobly was that vow fulfilled! To keep it, he sacrificed everything, and laboured incessantly for the cause of his religion and his country. Notwithstanding many apparent defeats, despite the opposition of his enemies at home and abroad, the *Liberator*, for the long period of seventeen years, prosecuted his sublime mission, rousing the people into enthusiasm by his eloquence, leading them into the right path by his unerring guidance, and infusing into them some of his own indomitable zeal and perseverance. He attended meetings in almost every town throughout the island, addressed his countrymen whenever the occasion presented itself, and kept the country in a state of wholesome agitation. The influence of the Irish people began at length to assert itself; the meetings had become so numerous and the attendance at them so large that the British Government found itself compelled to resort to remedial measures. But with what reluctance was the justice of the Catholic claims acknowledged! Several times was the Relief Bill rejected, and, in the course of one of the debates in the House

of Lords, the Duke of York, heir-presumptive to the throne, called upon God to witness "that he would rather see the right arm cut from his body than consent to Catholic Emancipation." But, when the memorable Clare election resulted in the triumphant return of O'Connell, it became evident that the Catholic claims could be no longer resisted with safety. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had to inform the Lords and Commons of Great Britain that, if they wished to prevent civil war in Ireland, Catholic Emancipation *must* be granted. Parliament wisely chose the lesser alternative, and the Relief Bill was immediately passed. Thus, after a hard struggle of seventeen years, did O'Connell wring from the British Government a tardy acknowledgment of Catholic rights. Thus were the portals of civil and religious liberty thrown open to the Irish Catholic. The "Man of the People" had conquered at last!

Having gained the great victory of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell next devoted his extraordinary talents to the attainment of an object secondary only to the emancipation of his Church—the repeal of the odious Act of Union. In the endeavour to secure for his country the inestimable right of self-government, he laboured for the remainder of his life. He exerted all his wonderful powers of organisation to make the agitation for a Repeal of the Union culminate in a success as glorious as that which had crowned his efforts in the cause of religious liberty. But God had not so willed it! Instead of a nation arising as one man to assert its rights, as was the case in 1829,

Ireland, during the closing years of the Repeal agitation, was the scene of angry contentions and unseemly recrimination. We may well imagine the grief of the Liberator on seeing his country in so lamentable a condition, and his grief was intensified when he saw thousands of those whom he loved so well stricken down by the merciless hand of famine. With sorrowing heart, O'Connell bade farewell to Ireland, and turned his steps to the centre of Catholicity, which he was fated never to reach. In the peaceful city of Genoa he expired, bequeathing with his dying breath "his soul to God, his heart to Rome, and his body to Ireland."

Thus ended the career of the greatest Irishman of his times—a man whose character will ever be one of the most exalted in the history of our race, and who, when the inevitable mists of bigotry and prejudice shall have been dispelled by the steady advance of truth, will one day be universally welcomed to a place amongst the most illustrious champions of civil and religious liberty. To the impartial student of modern history, the figure of Daniel O'Connell stands out in solitary, majestic proportions—a man distinguished alike for his private worth and public spirit. His name and that of Catholic Ireland are inseparably connected. His devotion to his God and his country was the leading characteristic of his career, and his name will for many a year be treasured up in the memories of his grateful countrymen as an embodiment of all that constitutes a sterling patriot and a Christian hero.

The sentiment contained in the beautiful lines written by Thomas Moore on the death of another illustrious Irishman applies with perhaps greater force and appropriateness to the "Uncrowned King" of Hibernia—

“—Not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind.”

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IT is not very difficult to understand the widespread and general interest that is evinced in the career of John Henry Newman. In the first place, he is one of the most picturesque figures in contemporary history. A man who devoted his intellectual youth and manhood to the pursuit of truth, and, when he found it, hesitated not to sacrifice everything for its sake, is somewhat of a phenomenon in this utilitarian age of ours. Born and bred in an established church, educated in an historical university, loved and admired by churchmen and students, gifted with intellectual attainments that would have raised him to the highest dignity the Anglican Church could confer—yet, in obedience to a secret voice, unheard by mundane ears, he quitted his beloved Oxford, separated himself from all the endearing associations of the past, surrendered the honourable gratification of a laudable ambition, and took a lowly place in the ranks of a church one of whose prime tenets is, “that men must faithfully and firmly believe on God’s unerring word whatever He has revealed, be it ever so incomprehensible to their finite intellects.” He knew well what a perennial accusation of wearing the badge of intellectual servitude would be invited by taking such an apparently extraordinary step, but he was conscious of an equally perennial reply in the simple words—

“My conscience is at rest ; I have found the truth at last.” Then, again, as the great living master of English prose, Cardinal Newman has a world-wide constituency, to whom he speaks in that sublimely simple and open-hearted style that converts every reader into an admirer and a distant friend. Longfellow is not more distinctly the household poet of our time than Newman is the clearest teacher of the English-speaking world. The tender story of Evangeline, as told by the sweet singer of the western world, is not more affecting than the history of a great mind in the pursuit of truth, as narrated in the graphic pages of the *Apologia pro vita Sua*. If ever out of evil came good, it was when Newman sat down to pen that literary masterpiece in reply to the brutal sneer of Kingsley, that truth was not the same thing to him that it was to other minds.

A recent publication of a biographical sketch of Cardinal Newman has had the effect of re-awakening public interest in the man and his career ; and it is matter for congratulation that the leading organs of English opinion have reviewed the work and its subject in a kindly and impartial spirit. As a specimen of a number of similar appreciative notices, reference may be made to a paper in the *Westminster Review* entitled “Ecclesiastical Migrations,” in which this genuine and sympathetic feeling is evinced, Newman being referred to in the opening paragraph as “one who, taking him altogether, may be accurately called the most remarkable man of his time.” The writer of the *Westminster* article also endorsed the

judgment of J. A. Froude, "that Newman has been the voice of the intellectual re-action of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of the ages which it had been tempted to despise." And this judgment, he thinks, "is assented to by the world generally, and will probably be the judgment of future generations." The *Apologia* is described as having "enriched English literature with the greatest of autobiographies, by which Newman's character and career were completely and permanently vindicated, and will ever remain 'precious possessions of the English people.'" But it is a significant fact that in the majority of these recent notices, complimentary and eulogistic as they are in the main, there is betrayed a lurking suspicion in the minds of the writers, that there is some mystery yet unexplained in regard to the conversion of Cardinal Newman. The wish, no doubt, is father to the thought, that, before he closes his mortal career, another radical change may come over his religious opinions, and Rome be robbed of its greatest modern triumph. This feeling was amusingly illustrated after the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, when the prevalent Protestant cry was—"Will Dr. Newman accept this doctrine?" The Infallibility of the Pope—a belief of the Universal Church, consonant with her traditions, and essential to her authoritative teaching—appeared to non-Catholic minds a bitter test-pill for Dr. Newman to swallow. But the dogma was accepted by Newman, as by every true Catholic, with acquiescent docility and

obedience. Whatever doubts might have been previously entertained as to the opportuneness of the definition, they faded away like morning mists when the decision of the Ecumenical Council was pronounced—"Rome has spoken, and the controversy is ended."

There are those who profess to believe that Dr. Newman has never yet succeeded in convincing his countrymen of the sincerity of his conversion, and that thousands of Englishmen are still unable to comprehend the reasons that induced him to sever his connection with Anglicanism, and embrace the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. This, of course, is to be regretted, if true; but Catholic opinion is pretty unanimous on one point—that many Englishmen are prevented by prejudice from doing justice to the noble character of their distinguished countryman. A man who, to quote the words of Disraeli, "gave the Established Church a blow from which she is still reeling," is not readily forgiven by his former Anglican friends. Judging from the criticisms that followed the climax of the Tractarian movement, the prevalent English opinion was that Dr. Newman had insulted the national honour by "going over to Rome." It was more than insinuated that he had been all the while a wolf in sheep's clothing, a Jesuit in disguise. So long as such feelings predominated in the national mind, there was no room for a just recognition of the self-sacrificing character of the man; of the mental struggles that preceded the final act; of the deep convictions that regulated his conduct; or of the heartfelt

regret with which he found himself compelled to part with all that was dearest in his Anglican career. Do these feelings still predominate in the minds of cultured Englishmen? Are they yet willing to acknowledge that Newman's conversion to Catholicity was due solely to the conviction that there, and there alone, he could find rest for his troubled soul?

It is at times asserted that for a lengthened period Newman was regarded with distrust by the authorities of that Church for which he sacrificed so much. For this gratuitous assumption there is not the slightest foundation in fact. Cardinal Newman is loved and venerated by the Catholic world. No doubt it is the opinion of many honest but superficial observers, that Dr. Newman should have earlier received an ecclesiastical title, but it is a well-known fact that the author of the *Apologia* is a man of singular humility, and utterly averse to anything in the nature of parade or ostentation. To live a retired life in his oratory, perform a regular course of spiritual exercises, and dispense the rich treasures of his mind to a group of young students, is all that he desires. He assimilates his life as closely as possible to that of the ages of faith. What to him are the titles and dignities, the conferring of which is watched with such jealous interest by the outer world? No, the apparent neglect of the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, was due solely to a wise consideration of the peculiar character of the illustrious English convert. From the highest dignitary in the Catholic Church to the lowliest worshipper in the Australian bush, the

name of Newman is ever mentioned in terms of admiration and respect. That Englishmen will once again return to the faith of their fathers, and be reunited to the centre of Catholicity, is the belief of every child of the Church; and, when that happy period shall arrive, we may rest assured that the splendid services of John Henry Newman will not be forgotten. He it was who, in an age of bigotry and intolerance, had the courage of his convictions, and did not fear to preach, despite a nation's frown, that true happiness could only be found within the pale of the one true church.

It would be an interesting speculation to ascertain how many thousands have been converted by a perusal of the *Apologia*, a work that has been accurately described as "one of the classics of our language." The number of those who have had their religious doubts solved through its instrumentality is large within every Catholic's experience; and the affection they entertain for the work and its author is something unique in the history of literature. For it must be borne in mind that in the *Apologia* Newman has described, in incomparable English, the doubts and difficulties of many an honest mind in the pursuit of truth. Therefore it is that almost every reader sees therein a reflection of his own mind at some stage of his existence; and, as he follows the vivid narrative to the close, and grasps the chain link by link, he must, if he is an honest man, admit that sincerity is here.

What, then, is the moral of Cardinal Newman's

exceptional life? As a far-off student of his beneficent works, an humble admirer of his superlative genius, and a fellow-worshipper at the same world-wide altar of a common Catholicity, his remarkable career seems to me a providential protest against the cold and repulsive materialism of the day. To see that glorious intellect sitting in modest humility at the foot of the chair of St. Peter, believing with a child-like faith, and worshipping with a devoted ardour, whilst his puny intellectual contemporaries are noisily proclaiming their independence of all spiritual authority on earth, is a pathetic and instructive picture for our contemplation. Whilst thousands are seen closing their eyes to the rays of Divine truth, and pusillanimously shrinking into the Adullamite cave of agnosticism, Newman is seen advancing courageously and hopefully from point to point, singing his own beautiful hymn:—

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!”

And to his true “home” he was eventually and happily led; the home from which his fathers had strayed, the home that dispels, as by a magic wand, all the doubts and fears of the human mind, and in which rest and peace can alone be found for the troubled and weary soul. Secure within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, and assured of the stability of his position, Dr. Newman can afford to be magnanimous in dealing with critics from the external world, for all that they can say now is powerless to

influence or affect him. The goal of a life's struggles has been attained. He stands before the world the greatest of living witnesses to the power and permanency of the oldest of Christian faiths, a memorable example of a noble mind unable to find nutriment in the cold shades of heresy, and advancing, by slow degrees, into the bright warm light of Catholic truth. He is now far advanced in the evening of life, and surely his declining years will be comforted by the reflection that his character and career have been permanently vindicated in the eyes of his countrymen, and the unfairness of the aspersions cast upon the most memorable event of his life, candidly and gracefully acknowledged.

The re-action of public opinion in his favour is now, as we have seen, making itself manifest, and may it be hoped that the vindication will be so thorough and complete as to justify the application of the beautiful simile of Goldsmith :—

“ As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale, and midway meets the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

CONCERNING CARDINALS.*

As Sydney is soon to become the residential seat of the first Australian Cardinal, the occasion seems opportune for a few observations on the history and growth of the Sacred College, and the important part played by that body in the government of the Roman Catholic Church. Reference to one remarkable and pertinent fact may be made at the outset, and that is the improved common-sense view which all British communities now adopt towards titles conferred by the Pope. Such an outburst of fury as accompanied the enthronement of Cardinal Wiseman in the see of Westminster, 35 years ago, would be next to impossible in the England of to-day, so great a change has come over the nation. A distinguished French journalist, M. John Lemoine, writing in the *Journal des Debats* 10 years ago, remarks:—

“We remember having seen some years ago Cardinal Wiseman burnt in effigy in the streets of London on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Passions have calmed down since then, and we have no fear of any demonstration of that kind against Cardinal Manning, who is universally respected for his labours and for the asceticism of his life.”

And the *Standard*, at the same period, gave utterance to precisely similar sentiments:—

“They are very much shocked in Germany that Englishmen should talk and write thus calmly, not to say indifferently,

* This paper was contributed to the *Sydney Morning Herald* on the occasion of the elevation of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, to the dignity of the Cardinalate, and was published in the issue of that journal for September 26, 1885.

concerning the elevation of Cardinal Manning and his expected return amongst us. They cannot understand how it is that we are not highly indignant with the Pope, with Cardinal Manning, and with all our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen for what they stigmatise as a piece of intolerable impertinence. We, on the other hand, can hardly comprehend their touchiness. We think we may safely assert that whilst the enrolment of Dr. Manning amongst the members of the Sacred College has given pleasure to the Englishmen who belong to his Church, there are no Englishmen who are annoyed, offended, alarmed, or in any way unpleasantly affected by the incident."

It may be taken for granted that the people of New South Wales regard the elevation of the Archbishop of Sydney to the highest dignity of his Church from the same reasonable standpoint, that they see nothing in the nature of "Papal aggression" in this new antipodean development, but rather that they recognise in the action of Pope Leo XIII. a testimony to the rapid progress of the colonies, and to the right of Sydney to rank as a national capital. At the same time, a number of old colonists may be excused if they rub their eyes and wonder if they are really awake, when they call to mind what "consternation and excitement" (to quote the words of Mr. Bonwick) were occasioned in Sydney in March, 1843, by the late Dr. Polding describing himself, for the first time, as "John Bede, by the grace of God and favour of the Holy Apostolic See, Archbishop of Sydney and Vicar-Apostolic of New Holland." The contrast between then and now is certainly both marked and instructive. So far from publicly protesting against "ecclesiastical titles being conferred within the Queen's dominions by a foreign potentate," as his predecessor did, Dr. Barry, it may be presumed, will be one of

the first to send a congratulatory note to Cardinal Moran on his arrival in Sydney a few weeks hence. The principle that has found expression in this radical change of public opinion is a sound and incontestable one: that every religious denomination should be at perfect liberty to confer what titles it pleased within the limits of its own jurisdiction.

All the authorities seem to be unanimous in deriving the word Cardinal from *cardo*, a hinge, and, according to the "Catholic Dictionary," the meaning of the metaphor is, that a cardinal bears the same intimate and necessary relation to the church as the hinge does to the door. The term seems to have been first applied to the fixed permanent clergy of a church as distinguished from unattached ecclesiastics. As an institution the cardinalate appears to have assumed its first concrete shape in the year 304, when Pope Marcellus constituted parish churches with distinctive titles in Rome, and committed them to the charge of "cardinal priests." A second stage of development was reached when the bishops in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome were permitted at times to sit in synod with the reigning Pope. There were six of these bishoprics, and in the course of time the prelates who occupied them came to be recognised as cardinal bishops, and to receive their appointments directly from the Pope. One of the decrees of a council held in Rome in 1059, under Pope Nicholas II., was that the Pope should in future be elected "on the judgment of the six cardinal bishops, with the assent of the Roman clergy, the applause of the people, and

the ratification of the Emperor." Under this system the nomination made by the cardinal bishops was, as a rule, acquiesced in, and thus it gradually came about that the election of the Sovereign Pontiff was vested in the cardinals exclusively, as it continues to be to this day. In the 12th century the Sacred College numbered six cardinal bishops, twenty-eight cardinal priests, and fourteen cardinal deacons. Leo X. increased the number to sixty-five, and Sixtus V., in 1586, proclaimed the constitution which has continued in operation ever since, and by which the maximum number of cardinals was fixed at seventy, six of whom must be cardinal bishops, governing the suburban sees around Rome, fifty cardinal priests (of whom the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney is one) holding titles of churches in Rome, and fourteen cardinal deacons. The reigning Pontiff has the sole appointment of cardinals, and whilst all the great Christian nations of Europe have representatives in the Sacred College, the Italian cardinals are always in the majority. They form, as it were, the Pope's privy council, and His Holiness, whilst under no obligation whatever to accept their recommendations, rarely takes any important step without seeking their counsel. For the effective governing of a world-wide organisation like the Roman Catholic Church, an elaborate and complex system is needed at headquarters—hence the division of the body of cardinals into sectional committees or "congregations," as they are technically termed. These master the details of all business in connection with their respective departments and report to the

Sovereign Pontiff, who generally approves and endorses their recommendations. The Pope is believed by many to be the most absolute of monarchs, but, in practice, it will be seen that he acts precisely like a constitutional sovereign.

The "congregations" of cardinals are eleven in number. The first is that of the consistory, whose chief duty it is to prepare all business relating to the establishment of churches and the appointment of bishops throughout the Catholic world. The second is styled the Congregation of the Holy Office of the Inquisition—words which may bring before many minds appalling visions of Torquemada, the rack, the dungeon, and the stake. Without going into the delicate question whether the Inquisition of the past deserved all that has been said or written about it, one thing is certain, that the Inquisition, as at present constituted, only claims to exercise jurisdiction over the souls, and never over the bodies, of heretics. Excommunication is the most severe punishment that can be inflicted on the persistent heretic now-a-days. The Congregation of the Index has the busiest time of any. The cardinals who constitute it must keep themselves *au courant* with the literature of all nations, and enter in the *Index Expurgatorius* the names of all books that, from their nature and subject matter, should be prohibited to good Catholics. In this herculean work they have the assistance of a number of eminent theologians called consultors. The Congregation of Rites is a sort of supreme court of appeal on all questions affecting the ceremonies of

religion and the uniformity of church worship. Matters relating to ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the civil power come under the notice of the Congregation of Immunities, and there is a Congregation of the Council for the interpretation of disciplinary decrees. One congregation has special charge of the Vatican basilica, and another composes any differences arising between bishops and religious communities in their dioceses. There is a congregation on discipline, to regulate the internal affairs of monastic houses, and one on indulgences, to superintend the examination of relics and inquire into their authenticity, besides suppressing any abuses with regard to the granting of indulgences. Last of all is the congregation in official charge of Catholic interests in the Australian colonies, viz., the Propaganda, whose members are entrusted with the directing and promoting of missionary work in new countries and distant lands. It is the prefect of this congregation who is the official medium of communication between the Pope and the bishops of these colonies, and for that reason his name—Cardinal Simeoni—is most familiar to newspaper readers by reason of its appearance from time to time at the end of all letters of importance affecting the Catholic Church in Australia.

The Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly thus describes the elaborate ceremonial that accompanies the creation of a number of cardinals:—

“On a Monday morning the Pope summons the Sacred College, and reads an allocution declaring the names of those whom he wishes to create. ‘*Quid vobis videtur?*’ he asks the cardinals. They stand forth, take off their skull-caps, and bow their heads in assent.

When the consistory is over, one of the masters of ceremonies carries to each newly-elected cardinal a letter from the Cardinal-Nephew—in this case from the Cardinal-Brother, since Leo XIII. has no Cardinal-Nephew—notifying him of his election. To those who live away from Rome the news of the election is carried by one of the Pope's Guard of Nobles, along with the skull-cap, or *zucchetto*. The *berretta* is carried by an ablegate. Sometimes the cardinal's hat is sent, but very seldom, that being a mark of great distinction, granted only to the relatives of sovereigns. The cardinals-elect who are present in Rome go in the afternoon to visit the Cardinal-Brother of the Pope, and at his house they assume the cardinal's habits, but not the *mozzetta* and *berretta*, which are laid upon them by the Pope himself, when they go to see him a little later, introduced by his brother, Cardinal Pecci. On leaving the Pope's ante-chamber each new cardinal gets his *zucchetto*, which is presented to him on a silver tray by one of the servants of His Holiness. If any sovereigns happen to be sojourning in Rome at the time, the new cardinals go to pay them a visit, starting in a body from the Apostolic Palace. On the following Friday a second consistory takes place, to which the new cardinals are admitted. At the second consistory some business is done, generally the appointment of bishops for vacant churches or dioceses. Before nominating the bishops, the Pope closes the mouth (*Clauditus*) of each new cardinal, and at the end of the session opens their mouths again, giving them the right to express their opinion in the meeting, to vote, and also to receive their *piatto Cardinalizio*, or income. This is 4000 scudi, nearly £800. Their mouths being opened, the new cardinals receive from the Pope the hat, the cardinal's ring, and the title of their respective church or deanery."

There is one very important function of his office which Cardinal Moran will find it impossible to discharge, unless, indeed, the dream of some enthusiasts is realised, and it will be possible, by some marvellous application of electricity as a motive power, to travel from Sydney to Rome in less than a fortnight. The *Dublin Review*, in referring to the elevation of Dr. M'Closkey, Archbishop of New York, to the cardinalate a few years ago, said :—

"It was probably on account of the great distance from Rome, and the impossibility of arriving there in time for a conclave, that

no American has ever before been created a cardinal, but this objection has of course been to a great extent removed by the increased facilities of locomotion."

If the objection has been removed in the case of America, it certainly continues to apply in the case of Australia, and Cardinal Moran's only chance of voting in the election of a Pope will be the lucky accident of his happening to be on a visit to Europe at the time. When a Pope dies, all the cardinals are summoned to the conclave by one of the secretaries to the Sacred College, and the election of a successor must begin on the tenth day after the decease of the late Pope. To constitute a valid election, the new Pontiff must have a two-thirds majority of the votes of the Sacred College.

Sydney being now the cardinalatial city of Greater Britain, a brief glance backwards at some of the wearers of the red hat in the parent country may fittingly be taken. It appears from Mr. Folkestone Williams' two volumes of "Lives of the English Cardinals" that there have been altogether some 40 cardinals of English birth. First mention is due to Nicolas Breakspeare, Abbot of St. Albans, created Cardinal-Bishop of Albano by Pope Eugenius III. in 1146. Two years afterwards he was appointed Papal Legate in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and in November, 1154, he was elected Pope—the only Englishman who has yet sat in the chair of Peter. He is known in history as Pope Adrian IV., Herbert of Bosham, the name of a monastery four miles from Chichester, was created a cardinal in 1178 by Pope Alexander III. He is the author of a biography of his friend, St. Thomas of Canterbury. Stephen Langton, the great English political churchman

of the Magna Charta era, became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1206, and a few years afterwards was created a cardinal by Innocent III. Later on in the same century another Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Kilwardby, was similarly honoured by Nicholas III. Thomas Joyce, a fellow-student of St. Thomas Aquinas, and afterwards confessor to Edward II., was raised to the cardinalate by Clement V. in 1305. After the lapse of more than half-a-century, Simon Langham, who was Abbot of Westminster, Bishop of Ely, and Archbishop of Canterbury in succession, was made a cardinal priest in 1368 by Urban V. Ten years later Adam Eston, Bishop of London, was presented with a red hat by Urban VI., and this seems to have been the first occasion on which the English metropolis was thus complimented by the Popes. Philip Repingdon, Abbot of Leicester, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1400, was made a cardinal by Gregory XII. in 1408. He was also the Bishop of Lincoln, and the founder of Lincoln College, Oxford. Robert Hallam, another Chancellor of Oxford University, became Bishop of Salisbury in 1407, and was elevated to the cardinalate in four years' time. He died whilst in attendance at the Council of Constance. Henry Beaufort, the second son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was successively Bishop of Lincoln, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Pope Martin V. made him a cardinal in 1418. John Kempe, who was in turn Bishop of Rochester, Chichester, and London, an ambassador to France and Scotland, Archbishop of

York and Canterbury, and twice Lord Chancellor, was created a cardinal bishop in 1452. His two immediate successors in the See of Canterbury, Thomas Bouchier and John Morton, were also promoted to the cardinalate. Christopher Bainbridge, Archbishop of York in 1508, and an ambassador of Henry VIII., was made a cardinal by Julius II. in 1511. Thomas Wolsey, who has been immortalised by the genius of Shakespeare, was bishop of Lincoln in 1514, and afterwards Archbishop of York and Lord High Chancellor of England. Pope Leo X. created him a cardinal in 1516. John Fisher, the only cardinal who was martyred for the Catholic faith in England, was professor of theology in the University of Cambridge and Bishop of Rochester. Refusing to adopt the principles of the Reformation, he was imprisoned in 1534, and executed on June 22 of the following year. His body was buried in the Chapel of the Tower of London. Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury and Papal Legate to England in 1554, was called to the Sacred College by Pope Paul III.; and William Allen, the founder of the English College at Douay, in France, which gave to the world the well-known Catholic version of the Sacred Scriptures, received the red hat from Sixtus V., in 1587. Philip Howard, third son of Lord Mowbray, was one of the chaplains to Queen Catherine of Braganza, but he left England through an outbreak of persecution, and founded a Dominican monastery in Flanders. Clement X. made him a cardinal in 1675. One of the last survivors of the ill-fated Royal House of Stuart was Henry Benedict

Clement Stuart, Cardinal of York, who became Bishop of Frascati in 1760, and dean of the Sacred College. He lived until the seventh year of the present century. After his decease the only representatives of England in the Sacred College were Cardinals Weld and Acton, until in 1850 Pope Pius IX. restored the hierarchy in England, and placed Cardinal Wiseman at its head. His successor in the see of Westminster is Cardinal Manning, and there is another English member of the Sacred College in the person of Cardinal Howard, once an officer in the Queen's Life Guards, and now an erudite bishop in the vicinity of Rome. But the most distinguished Englishman wearing the red hat is Cardinal John Henry Newman. He is the oldest member of the Sacred College, being now in his 85th year. Sydney honoured itself in honouring him with a gift fashioned out of Australian gold when he was called to be a Prince of his Church.

CATHOLICITY IN AUSTRALIA.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN AUSTRALIA, BY THE VERY REV. DEAN KENNY.
Sydney: F. Cunninghame and Co. 1886.

THIS is a book that will be warmly welcomed by the Catholics of the colonies. It is the first systematic effort that has been made to arrange in regular chronological order the striking scenes and incidents that make up the early history of the Church on this continent. In simple and studiously unadorned language, without a particle of that picturesque writing in which too many historians indulge at the expense of truth and justice, its author has produced a narrative that will be highly useful and instructive in the days to come. Dean Kenny possesses some special qualifications for the office of historian of his Church in these lands. As a young student he accompanied the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Australia (Dr. Polding) to Sydney in the year 1835, and he appears to have been a close observer of the events transpiring around him during his residence of half-a-century in the parent colony. He has also been a diligent seeker after information in old newspapers, books, and periodicals, and some of the incidents he has thus brought to light will be of value for future reference.

For instance, it is not generally known that oratorio music was heard for the first time in Australia on 21st September, 1836, in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Sydney, which had an audience of 1000 on the occasion. The conductor was the afterwards celebrated Vincent Wallace, the composer of one of the most popular of English operas, "Maritana." The principal selections were from Handel's "Messiah" and Haydn's "Creation." No mention of this interesting historical incident is made in Mr. Henniker-Heaton's "Australian Dictionary of Dates," that compiler commencing his record of Australian music with the entry—"Vincent Wallace left Sydney, 14th February, 1838." This first volume of Dean Kenny's History is very properly dedicated to Dr. Ullathorne, the present octogenarian Bishop of Birmingham, in England, and the man who, by his fiery zeal and energy, succeeded in firmly establishing Catholicity on this continent 54 years ago. "By your writings," says Dean Kenny, addressing Dr. Ullathorne, "you informed Europe of the restraints of the Catholics in this far-distant land and their spiritual destitution. You travelled in all parts to obtain an abundant supply of priests. You brought from the colleges and the universities of Ireland and the continent bands of zealous and enlightened missionaries, who spread the faith everywhere and covered the land with churches. You exposed the inhuman treatment of your fellow-man by those who were in power, and greatly contributed to the amelioration of his unfortunate condition." This last sentence is an allusion to Dr.

Ullathorne's book, entitled "The Horrors of Transportation," to which Marcus Clarke has acknowledged his indebtedness for some of the realistic incidents of "His Natural Life." Dean Kenny concludes the dedication of his book to Dr. Ullathorne in these words:—"Many years have passed since you bade farewell to the Australian shores, but never ought the Catholic Church of Australia to forget those days when, in all the vigour of your great intellect, you laboured so earnestly and incessantly for her welfare." The historian informs us that there is very little on record concerning the Catholics in the early days of the parent colony, save that one-third of the prisoners belonged to that denomination. Some statistics, he says, were kept, but they did not show the relative numbers of the various denominations, and the entire population was practically regarded as belonging to the Church of England. A French priest, Pêre Receveur, accompanied the expedition of La Perouse in the capacity of naturalist, but he died on 17th February 1788, in Sydney Harbour, from wounds received during an encounter with the natives of the Navigator Islands. Five years afterwards, in March, 1793, another visiting priest, who was chaplain on board a Spanish vessel, was astonished to find that no Catholic church existed in Sydney, and declared that, "had a settlement been made by his nation, a house for the service of God would have been erected before any habitation for man." It was not until 1799 that the first resident Roman Catholic clergymen came to Sydney. In that year three priests—Fathers Dixon,

Harold and O'Neil—and one Protestant clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Fulton—were transported as political prisoners to New South Wales for their alleged connection with the Irish rebellion of 1798. Father O'Neil's innocence having been proved to the satisfaction of the Imperial authorities, he was liberated, and returned to Ireland in 1802. Father Dixon remained in Sydney, and received the sanction of the colonial Government, as well as the approbation of his ecclesiastical superiors, to minister to the spiritual requirements of the Catholics of the colony. Father Harold was simultaneously stationed at Norfolk Island where he officiated for some time. In his proclamation on the subject, Governor King states that he has, “judged it expedient and admissible, in consequence of a communication from His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies and the War Department, to grant unto the Rev. John Dixon a conditional emancipation, to enable him to discharge his clerical functions as a Roman Catholic priest, which he has qualified himself for by the regular and exemplary conduct he has manifested since his residence in the colony, and his having taken the oath of allegiance, abjuration, and declaration prescribed by law.” The emancipated priest continued his ministrations until a report reached the Government that his congregations were in reality gatherings of traitors and would-be rebels, and, without any proper enquiry being instituted, the permission to hold Catholic services was withdrawn by an order in the *Gazette*. A convict outbreak did occur soon afterwards, and Fr. Dixon, according to our

historian, "accompanied the commanding officer, and exerted himself nobly on the side of order and humanity." After this occurrence, Fr. Dixon was so hampered in the performance of his clerical functions by Governmental restrictions that he resolved to leave the colony, which he did in the year 1808. Fr. Harold left Norfolk Island to fill the vacancy in Sydney, but in less than a year the hostility of the Government compelled him to follow the example of his predecessor. During the interval between his departure, in 1808, and the arrival of Archpriest O'Flynn, in 1817, there was no Catholic clergyman on this continent. Archpriest O'Flynn was the first Catholic ecclesiastic to come to Australia with a direct commission from Rome, but he either forgot or failed to appreciate the importance of bringing with him some credentials from the Home Government. This was a fatal omission in the then circumstances of the colony. He was arrested, imprisoned, and deported to England by the first ship. This harsh treatment caused a sensation on his arrival in the home country, and the action of Governor Macquarie in the matter was brought before the House of Lords by Lord Bathurst, and severely censured in the House of Commons by Lord Donoughmore. However, out of evil came good, and the result of the parliamentary discussion was the appointment of two priests, with fixed Government salaries, to proceed to New South Wales and attend to the religious wants of the Roman Catholics. These were the Revs. J. J. Therry and P. Connelly. The former had just been ordained in Carlow College, after a distinguished

academic career. He had a conversation with the banished Archpriest O'Flynn, and learning from him the spiritual destitution of distant Australia, at once volunteered for missionary work amongst its neglected Catholic inhabitants. Bearing credentials from the Home Government, and with assured salaries of £100 per annum, Fr. Therry and his comrade arrived in Sydney about the middle of 1820. They obtained an interview with Governor Macquarie, to whom they presented their official letters of introduction. It was agreed that Fr. Therry should remain in Sydney; whilst his colleague made the settlement at Hobart Town, the scene of his future labours. In less than two months after his landing, Fr. Therry had organised a meeting to take steps for the erection of a church and on 29th October, 1821, Governor Macquarie laid the foundation stone of the old St. Mary's Cathedral of Sydney. The Governor said to Fr. Therry on that occasion: "I receive from your hands with much pleasure, in your own name and that of your Roman Catholic brethren of New South Wales, the very handsome silver trowel now presented to me, and I feel myself very much honoured in having been thus selected to make use of this instrument in laying the first stone of the first Roman Catholic chapel to be erected in Australia." It is somewhat curious that the gentleman who uttered this sentiment was the same gentleman who, a few years previously, had ordered the arbitrary proceedings against the luckless Archpriest O'Flynn. Our historian, Dean Kenny, warmly eulogises the general administration of

Macquarie, whilst finding fault with his policy towards the religious denominations other than the Church of England. Fr. Therry laboured devotedly for five years in the settled districts of New South Wales without clerical assistance until Fr. Power came to his help in 1826. The Rev. John M'Encroe was the next to arrive, and in 1832 came the energetic young Yorkshire priest, who is now Bishop Ullathorne of Birmingham. At that time, ludicrous as it looks in the light of after events, the whole of Australia was only an ecclesiastical appanage of the small island of Mauritius, and Dr. Ullathorne arrived in Sydney in the capacity of Vicar-General under the jurisdiction of Dr. Slater, the then Bishop of Mauritius. With characteristic zeal and earnestness he buckled to the work of organising his Church in Australia and building it on a sure foundation. His efforts were so continuous and successful that the new Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, wrote to the home authorities that "Fr. Ullathorne was giving every satisfaction, and had secured the confidence of the Catholic population." Thanks to Dr. Ullathorne's abounding energy, much of the rough work of organisation was accomplished by the time that Dr. Polding, the first Catholic Bishop of Australia, arrived in Sydney on 13th September, 1835, in company with three additional priests and four ecclesiastical students, of whom the author of the history under notice was one. Dr. Polding was installed on the Sunday after his arrival. His diocese embraced the whole eastern half of Australia, as well as the island of Tasmania. The year after his arrival

a census was taken, which showed the Catholic population of New South Wales to be 21,898, and Tasmania 7000. Our author gives a not very pleasing picture of the state of society in Sydney at that time. "Like a true missionary, the first object of the bishop was to reform the morals of his people, and enforce the discipline of the Church. Vice was to be removed; many were at variance with the laws of God and His Church; intemperance was very prevalent, with all its attendant evils; the marriage bond was not respected, and licentiousness of manners was general; there was much fraudulency and over-reaching in business; yet there were those—not a few in the Catholic community—whose conduct was most exemplary and who flourished in faith and virtue." In his first report to the Propaganda in Rome Dr. Polding said:—"From week to week we have been employed in hearing the general confessions of individuals, who, on account of their circumstances, or through negligence, have remained immersed in sin for 40 or 50 years, and even a longer time. In the course of a few months there was a visible change in the entire population, it being impossible that a reform such as this could take place in one-third of the population without producing a certain effect on the remainder. In consequence the public authorities acknowledged that there was an amelioration, judging from the general tranquillity throughout the colony, and from the diminution of public crime." The bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation for the first time on Sunday, 28th February, 1836, and it

is a notable circumstance that amongst those who received the rite were sixty or seventy soldiers of the 17th Regiment, which was then stationed in Sydney. His first ordination service was on the 8th of May in the same year, when the Revs. T. C. Sumner and H. G. Gregory were raised to the order of deacon. Next day Fr. Sumner was ordained a priest, and he was thus the first Roman Catholic clergyman ordained on Australian soil. The day after this ordination, Dr. Ullathorne set sail for Europe in order to procure more priests to labour on the Australian mission. He secured two who were destined to play an important part in the future history of the Church in Australia, viz., the Rev. James A. Goold, the late Archbishop of Melbourne, and the Rev. John Brady, who became the first Bishop of Perth in Western Australia. They arrived in Sydney on 24th February, 1838, having, as their fellow-voyager from the old land, the new Governor, Sir George Gipps. A few months afterwards, on 15th July, 1838, a second contingent landed from the barque *Cecilia*. It consisted of the Revs. F. Murphy (afterwards first Bishop of Adelaide), M. O'Reilly, J. Fitzpatrick, E. Mahoney, J. Lynch, J. Rigney, M. Brennan and Thomas Slattery, who was for many years Dean of Warrnambool in this colony. Of this pioneer band of young missionaries, two alone survive—Dr. Fitzpatrick, the venerable and respected Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Melbourne, and the Ven. Archdeacon Rigney, of Parramatta, New South Wales. After an absence of two years and a half, during which he published in London his book

on "The Catholic Mission in Australia," Dr. Ullathorne returned to New South Wales at the end of 1838, bringing with him three more priests, three ecclesiastical students, and five Sisters of Charity, the latter being the first nuns to land in Australia. One of the priests he brought with him was the Rev. P. B. Geoghegan, the first resident Roman Catholic clergyman in Melbourne, and a gentleman who was for years very popular amongst all denominations in this city. Dr. Geoghegan's last Victorian charge was at Williamstown, whence he was promoted to the bishopric of Adelaide on 8th September, 1859. Owing to the energy, ability, and persuasive powers of Dr. Ullathorne in the home country, the Australian Church was now fairly well officered, and in a position to start satisfactorily on its career of progress. Dr. Polding proudly announced to his congregation in Sydney:—"The mission of our beloved Vicar-General, Dr. Ullathorne, has been attended with the most beneficial results. His zeal, activity, and piety have created an extensive sympathy in our favour. Zealous, active, and pious labourers in the Lord's vineyard have beheld our wants, and have hastened to come to our succour. Our people are no longer as sheep gone astray in the absence of pastors. The cry of our little ones for bread—the bread of eternal life—will not be in vain, for there are those now who will break it unto them. The spirit of God hath filled with courage, not belonging to their sex, excellent ladies, who, deeming all things of small account in comparison to gaining souls to Christ, have, fearlessly traversing the ocean,

come amongst us to consummate their sacrifice of charity on these shores in the abodes of sorrow and guilt." At the close of the year 1840, where Dean Kenny's History ends for the present, the Catholic population of New South Wales numbered 35,690 souls, whose spiritual requirements were attended to by twenty-four priests. Nine churches were completed, six were in course of erection, and there were ten small chapels in various parts of the colony. There is an appendix to the present volume, giving a short account of the aborigines of Australia, and an interesting narrative of the efforts made by the Roman Catholic Church to evangelise them. The most remarkable and successful movement in this direction has been achieved by a community of Benedictine monks, established by the Right Rev. Dr. Salvado, about 20 years ago at New Norsia, on the Victoria Plains, fifty miles from Perth, the capital of Western Australia. This evangelising agency continues to flourish, and to reclaim the natives of both sexes from barbarism. Lady Barker, who recently visited the institution, gives a glowing and appreciative description of the place in her recently-published "Letters to Guy." And another very competent judge, Miss Florence Nightingale, did not hesitate to say that "in no part of the world have they succeeded in educating and civilising the savage races except in the Benedictine monastery of New Norsia." This unique monastery is still ruled by its venerable founder, Dr. Salvado, and no less than sixty monks and lay brothers are associated under its roof in the noble

work of evangelisation. On the average, 300 blacks are living at the establishment, gaining rudimentary knowledge, learning the principal points of Catholic doctrine, and making themselves proficient in their favourite trades. The place may be best described as a monastic colony, comprising a beautiful church, separate schools for the native boys and girls, houses and workshops for the adult aborigines, a fully-equipped hospital, and a number of granaries to store the produce of the hundreds of acres that are regularly cultivated by the monks and their little army of black helpers. But the most striking and gratifying feature in connection with the New Norsia mission is the fact, testified to by unimpeachable witnesses, that the natives educated and christianised there never return to a state of savagery, but pursue with success the trades they have learned from the good Benedictine monks. An experience like this stands out with exceptional prominence against the dark background of failure which is presented by the great majority of missions to the heathen. By reason of the remoteness and the inaccessibility of New Norsia, and the quiet, unostentatious manner in which Dr. Salvado and his coadjutors have achieved such unparalleled results, a great many Australian Catholics are in absolute ignorance of the existence of an institution that is perhaps the greatest triumph of Catholicity in these colonies. It is something to be proud of that, during an ordinary lifetime, the ecclesiastical scene was changed from the solitary archpriest, hiding in Sydney to escape the persecution

of the governing authorities, to the brilliant ceremonial which the same city witnessed at the close of last year, when a Cardinal Archbishop and fifteen Australian prelates assembled in Plenary Council. But, to the reflecting mind, that truly majestic monastery on the distant plains of Western Australia, silently and steadily doing a work that numbers in many lands have tried and failed to accomplish, is something to be still more proud of.

AN AUSTRALIAN LITERARY TRIO.

THE MARCUS CLARKE MEMORIAL VOLUME. *Melbourne: Cameron, Laing and Co. 1884.*

A FORGOTTEN GENIUS, BY H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. *62 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.: Elliot Stock. 1884.*

THE LIFE, SPEECHES, AND WRITINGS OF DANIEL HENRY DENIEHY, BY E. A. MARTIN. *Melbourne and Sydney: George Robertson and Co. 1884.*

THE Legislative Assembly of Victoria recently discussed a motion in favour of a national grant of £1000 to the widow and children of Marcus Clarke, the author of the only colonial work of fiction that has attained a world-wide celebrity. On the first division, the motion was carried at the close of a generally sympathetic debate, but at a subsequent stage the friends of the proposal were unfortunately not present in their full strength, the consequence being that it was left in a minority of three. But despite this accidental decision, it cannot be denied that the whole tenor of the discussion showed clearly that Parliament is being educated up to the importance of encouraging the growth of a native literature, and the day is not far distant when a national grant to the surviving representatives of Marcus Clarke will be carried without a dissentient voice. Hitherto, such grants have been the reward of political services exclusively, and it is matter for congratulation that the discovery has at length been made that a man of genius may serve his country as faithfully and as well by the exercise of a

luminous pen as by the use of a voluminous tongue. Indeed, as regards the power and the permanency of their work, there is no comparison between the two. The successful politician in these southern lands does not contribute a tithe of the benefits that are bestowed by the gifted *litterateur* who gains the ear of the reading world at home and abroad, and who presents in an irresistibly attractive form to the crowded peoples of northern nations the historical growth, the inherent strength, the marvellous progress, the abounding resources, and the promising future of the new world at the antipodes. But this fact has never yet been adequately recognised, and, as a consequence, Australian authors have received but scant encouragement from the people amongst whom they dwelt, and for whom they expended all their energies. Perhaps this was not a studied or intentional neglect. The first half-century of every people's existence is usually a period of toil and trouble, of clearing away and building up, with but little time to devote to intellectual recreations. It is hard for a native literature to flourish under such unfavourable conditions. But now that the colonies are entering on their career as consolidated communities, more leisure will be available for leading the higher intellectual life of civilised nations, and it may be hoped that such a reproach as this, uttered by the hon. member for West Melbourne, will be speedily removed:—"Everything in this country is protected with the solitary exception of brains. Parliament has never done anything to encourage literature or talent." That many members

of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria are sincerely anxious to remove this reproach was evidenced by the applause that greeted the incidental allusions to the desirability of giving every encouragement to the development of colonial literary talent. Mr. Reid, the member for Fitzroy, made this consideration one of his chief arguments in support of his motion for a State grant of £1000 to the widow and children of Marcus Clarke. Such a recognition of departed worth, he maintained, "would help to foster a love of literary work among the young people of the colony, when they knew that, if great literary services were rendered by them, a grateful country would not forget them, but would see that the wives and children they might leave were provided for." As Professor Pearson pointed out in the same debate, it is not likely that another Marcus Clarke will arise in the colonies for many a day. Nevertheless, there can be no two opinions as to the wisdom of holding out every legitimate inducement to the development of a native school of Australian literature.

The three books whose titles are given at the head of this paper, and which were issued almost simultaneously from the press, are intended to commemorate the careers of three of the ill-fated founders of the republic of letters in the dominion of Australasia. They are the posthumous tribute of praise to a luckless literary trio. Marcus Clarke, Charles Whitehead, and Daniel Henry Deniehy were pioneers of the pen, and they suffered the hard fate that apparently

befalls the majority of pioneers in every department of life. They wrote for unappreciative eyes; their talents went unrewarded in life, and they dropped into premature graves. It is only now when they are gone for ever that they are estimated at their true value, and that elaborate literary monuments are being erected to perpetuate their memories. No doubt, they each and all hastened their end by their own indiscretions, but it should be remembered that their indiscretions were aggravated and intensified by the isolation and the indifference of which they were the centre. With happier surroundings, with a wider appreciation, with an income proportionate to the work they accomplished, with an ampler field for the exercise of their great abilities, how different their fate might have been!

The selections that comprise the major portion of the "Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume" leave no room to doubt the wonderful versatility of Australia's only novelist. In depicting, with photographic accuracy of detail, the pathetic and humorous incidents that diversify the lonely life of the Australian bush, in keenly satirising the Melbourne follies of his time, in presenting to the mind's eye an appalling panorama of the dismal horrors of the early convict era, in throwing a halo of absorbing interest around the scenes and events incidental to the colonising epoch, and in anticipating Hugh Conway by the dexterous introduction of psychological problems into the realms of fiction, Marcus Clarke is equally at home, equally successful, and equally powerful. The

authorship of "His Natural Life"—that thrilling and tragic romance of a buried Australian past—will of course be his chief claim to the admiration of posterity, but at the same time it will be little less than a national calamity if those shorter stories and sketches of his, founded on brighter and pleasanter themes, are allowed to escape observation and to fall into oblivion. They can in no sense be regarded as literature of the ordinary ephemeral cast. As precious pen-portraits of characteristic types of Australian humanity of the first generation, and as faithful transcripts of phases of bush life that are being obliterated by the effacing fingers of time and the onward march of progress, they will be of the highest historical value to colonial students of the days to come. Casting a retrospective glance at Marcus Clarke's Melbourne literary career of thirteen years' duration, and the amount of sterling work that he accomplished during so comparatively brief a period, the universal feeling will be one of poignant regret at Australia having been bereft of the full fruits of the maturity of his genius, and that fate should have decreed his descent into the grave at the early age of thirty-five.

The career of Charles Whitehead, the "forgotten genius" whom Mr. Mackenzie Bell has resurrected from the literary tomb, is a sad, a strange, and a striking one. Once a London author of high repute, the intimate friend of Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, and Douglas Jerrold, he unfortunately injured his prospects and alienated his

acquaintances in the old land by a too-ready recourse to stimulants. His temperament was apparently akin to that of Edgar Allan Poe—high-wrought, sensitive, and nervous—and impelled him in moments of despondency to seek courage and confidence from the most treacherous of all allies. With the hope and intent of conquering this weakness of his nature, and making a fresh start in life in a new world, he emigrated to Australia during the goldfields era, and recommenced his literary career in Melbourne. But there was no opening in the Melbourne of that time for a man of his lofty original genius; his great abilities found no encouragement or scope for their exercise; he suffered in consequence all the miseries of poverty and neglect, until one morning he fell down exhausted in a street of the Victorian capital, was carried to the Melbourne Hospital, where he soon died, and from which his lonely remains were taken to a pauper's grave in the Melbourne Cemetery, where they have remained unmarked for well-nigh a quarter of a century. Young as colonial cities are, they already have their life tragedies, and this is one of the most remarkable of them. Of the thousands who annually walk through the Melbourne Cemetery, how many are aware that within its enclosure lies all that is mortal of the gifted man who wrote "Richard Savage," one of the cleverest of modern novels; "The Solitary," a noble specimen of Spenserian verse; "The Cavalier," one of the most successful dramas of its day; "Jasper Brooke," a metrical romance of striking power and intensity; "The Memoirs of Grimaldi" and "The

Earl of Essex," an historical story of a high order of excellence? These are works that fully justify the dictum of the London *Athenæum*, that Charles Whitehead "is deserving of resurrection," and the compliment of the *Contemporary Review*, that Mr. Mackenzie Bell "has done a real service in introducing to us a man of true genius."

It was likewise the sad fate of Daniel Henry Deniehy—the last of this luckless literary trio, and perhaps the most brilliant of them all—to end the battle of life in the streets of an Australian city, and to die in the nearest hospital. No one could have foreseen that a career which opened under such exceptionally happy and promising conditions was destined to so melancholy and premature a close. A native of the mother city of the colonies, Deniehy spent the early years of his budding manhood on the Continent, eagerly drinking at the fountains of knowledge in the historic capitals of the old world, and gathering up those stores of classical, artistic, and linguistic lore which he afterwards dispensed to the most enlightened and appreciative audiences that ever assembled in his native Australian metropolis by the blue waters of Port Jackson. Embracing the law as a profession, he speedily developed an oratorical talent that naturally caused him to be regarded as a man who would assuredly achieve eminence in the political sphere, and, though he resisted the solicitations of his friends for some time, he at length acted on their advice, and in his twenty-eighth year entered the Parliament of New South Wales as member for

Argyle. With the wisdom that invariably comes after the event, it was subsequently discovered that if these pertinacious friends had only allowed the rising young lawyer to establish himself firmly in his profession before prompting him to the service of his country, some of the disasters that eventually overwhelmed the object of their admiration would, in all human probability, have been averted. And it is in a great measure due to his having spent the best years of his life in barren political warfare that his literary achievements bear so small a proportion to the extent of his natural gifts and the variety of his acquired attainments. "His genius has developed itself in no adequate degree, and in no work commensurate with its power," was the phrase he employed in reviewing the life-work of Edward Whitty, the author of the "Friends of Bohemia," and it is no less true of Deniehy himself. Still, if we have not quantity in the literary relics of Deniehy, we have quality rich and rare. Australian literature will be searched in vain for critical essays of the calibre of several that are enshrined in his memorial volume. He is unquestionably the Macaulay of the antipodes. His well-balanced estimates of the place in the literary firmament of De Quincey, Washington Irving, Leigh Hunt, George Sand, and other luminaries of the first half of our century, are distinguished alike for their analytical insight, scholarly taste, and discerning judgment. His versatile genius and the studious application of his early years enabled him to write lucidly and learnedly on a variety of European

literatures, and to interpret to the less-instructed mind with surprising clearness and effect the poetic languages of music, painting, architecture, and sculpture. It is saddening to reflect on the unrealised possibilities of such a richly-endowed intellect. A man whose fugitive writings earned the warm commendation of so capable a critic and author as the first Lord Lytton, was surely qualified to bequeath to future generations of Australian natives a series of works that they would not willingly let die. And who knows but that if Deniehy had accepted the generous invitation of the author of "Pelham" to come to London, where, "I am satisfied," wrote Lord Lytton, "a splendid future awaits you,"—he would have shaken himself free from the despotism of drink—a terrible tyranny that had been largely induced by the cruel kindness of his early worshippers, and would have built up for himself a national instead of a provincial reputation? Well and truly does his biographer say that "judging from the few evidences that he has left behind, and from the testimony of contemporaries, men of keen critical skill and worldly shrewdness, I think that, with all his follies and failings, his shortcomings and his grievous falling away from the promise of early days, as a scholar, a philosopher, an orator, and a *litterateur*, this 'New Britannia' has not yet given birth to his equal."

Remembering that the literature of every land has to pass through a critical and chrysalis stage, when its professors must struggle as best they can against all the adverse influences arrayed against them,

Australians generally will need no reminder of the debt of honour they owe to the memories of a Marcus Clarke, a Lindsay Gordon, a Henry Kendall, a Charles Whitehead, and a Daniel Henry Deniehy. Now that colonial literature is gradually emerging into the sunlight, it would be the height of ingratitude if we, as a nation, forgot the services of the men who, despite their personal failings and periodical stumbles, succeeded in this one thing at least—in keeping the torch alight through the dark and dreary past. Australian natives have their faults, but ingratitude is not one of them.

MELBOURNE'S EARLY RIVAL.

SIR HENRY PARKES has admittedly achieved some distinction as a politician; but, as a prophet, he has not been particularly successful. Time has taken a mischievous delight in falsifying almost every one of his elaborately-oracular and high-sounding predictions of the future greatness of Geelong, uttered 36 years ago in his juvenile poetical indiscretion entitled "Murmurs of the Stream."

A passing stranger in thy streets,
A self-willed vagrant 'midst thy throng,
Whom none will bless of all he meets,
His blessing pours on thee, Geelong;
Mayst thou wax great—each age more strong
In mind and heart.

Oh, spots more beautiful there are,
For home's sweet sake, for heroes' deeds;
Where woman has been true as fair—
Where men have died for trampled creeds—
Spots lovelier far for all that pleads
With man's proud heart.

But thou art as a destined queen,
Yet parted from her certain throne;
Grand cities of the past have been,
But future ages thee shall own,
As of earth's empress cities one—
A nation's heart.

The poet, penetrating with seer-like vision the veil of futurity, proceeds to contemplate the days when—

"Men of generous thought and iron nerve
Will win a world-wide fame for thee."

Possibly Sir Henry may claim that he has scored a point in this particular part of his prophecy, inasmuch

as Sir Graham Berry, Geelong's chosen political chief for many years, was known as the "man with the iron frame," but, unfortunately, it is matter of notoriety that the late leader of the Liberal party in Victoria did not exert himself very much to "win a world-wide fame" for his constituency. The majority of the Geelongese make no secret of their belief that Sir Graham did very little indeed to advance the town into prominence, considering the large opportunities he had as the head of several powerful Governments. Far be it from us to doubt that "maidens rivalling Eden's blooms" are to be met with in the streets of Geelong, but we are prepared to make an affidavit that the most diligent search would fail to reveal the existence of any poets there who sing—

"In strains which Shakspeare's soul would own."

Neither would the most telescopic gaze discover the "zone of villages" encircling "fair Corio's Bay," which Sir Henry Parkes saw in that remarkable dream of his; and, as for finding "Trade's mighty heart" in the Geelong of to-day, and seeing "commerce on her palaced shore," the Victorian citizen who would set out on such a mission would be unanimously regarded as in pressing need of close watching by his friends. Sir Henry concludes his versified epistle to Melbourne's early rival—as he commenced it—with a benediction—

A stranger's blessing rest on thee,
 Thou embryo city of Geelong;
 Thy green and sloping shores will be,
 Not emblem'd by this worthless song,
 But a true joy remember'd long
 Within my heart.

But, after all, Sir Henry might very fairly plead that it was not his fault, but the fault of the first generation of Geelongese, that his prophecies were not verified to some extent at least. Had the inhabitants of Geelong, at the time of the gold discoveries played their cards properly, they would unquestionably have succeeded in placing their town in the proud position of the capital of Victoria. They had on their side natural advantages in which Melbourne was woefully deficient—a capacious harbour at their very doors, delightful scenery all around, and a large extent of rich agricultural and pastoral country in the background. Besides, their town was the nearest to the greatest of goldfields (Ballarat), and the starting-point from which thousands of adventurous young fellows of every nationality set off to try their luck. To make her temporary supremacy permanent, Geelong, in these her early days of pride and power, should have vigorously accomplished two objects—built a railway to Ballarat, and improved the entrance to her commodious harbour by cutting a deep, navigable channel through a somewhat dangerous bar which obstructed its mouth. But in her short-sightedness Geelong did neither of those necessary things, and thereby lost her golden opportunity. Instead of connecting herself by railway with Ballarat, she constructed a line to Melbourne and, in so doing, committed a suicidal act; for, when this line was soon after carried on to Ballarat, she had the mortification of seeing the extensive goods and passenger traffic from the goldfields whirled past her doors *en route* to

Melbourne. Her failure to open up a safe and reliable channel into her picturesque bay of Corio similarly operated to her disadvantage, and was a potent factor in transferring the bulk of her shipping to the more safe, if less roomy and attractive, Hobson's Bay, the harbour of Melbourne.

All the contemporary accounts go to show that Geelong led a very gay life during her few years of fleeting pre-eminence that followed the discovery of gold in 1851. This was the period during which her citizens were wont to loudly boast and prophesy that Geelong was destined to be "The Pivot" around which the future progress of Victoria would revolve. In after years, when the stern logic of events had falsified this prediction, the injudicious boast was remembered, and the ironical title of "The Pivot" has been the *sobriquet* of Geelong ever since. Returned lucky diggers noisily perambulated the streets, scattering their easily-won wealth as rapidly as they had acquired it; proprietors of public-houses were kept busy day and night taking money across their bars as fast as they could handle it and give something liquid by way of equivalent; local teamsters made fortunes by carrying supplies of all sorts to the diggers at Ballarat; there was a general prodigality and recklessness of expenditure; public buildings were projected on a colossal scale, and they remain unfinished to this day—standing memorials of the madness of the hour. When, in less than half-a-decade, the supply of gold near the surface at Ballarat became exhausted, and the light-hearted diggers could not obtain the

precious metal as readily as before, Geelong woke up from her brief dream of splendour to find herself the victim of the reaction and of her own neglect to look after her best interests in the hey-day of her prosperity. Land and property suddenly fell from the extraordinarily high valuations they had reached in the days of glittering glory ; population diminished ; a period of depression ensued ; and Geelong had reluctantly to surrender supremacy to her more fortunate rival, Melbourne.

There is a curious dramatic incident connected with the early rivalry between Melbourne and Geelong. It occurred towards the close of the pre-separation epoch. The Port Phillip District had only six representatives in the distant legislature at Sydney, and these found themselves utterly unable to prevent the misappropriation of the provincial revenues, or to achieve anything substantial for the benefit of the district they were supposed to represent. So disgusted and disheartened did they become at the hostile attitude of a remote and unsympathetic legislature that when their term of office expired in 1848, only one of them—Mr. J. F. L. Foster—sought re-election, but no candidates came forward for the other five seats. The great majority of the people of Melbourne were equally disgusted and indignant at the treatment meted out to the district by the New South Wales legislature, and they hit on a humorous device of striking novelty to bring the agitation for separation to a crisis, and compel the attention of the Imperial authorities to the grievances of the

province. Instead of sending Mr. Foster back to represent them in Sydney, they elected Earl Grey, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, as their member by a large majority. They could not have more wittily or effectively exposed the sham representation allowed them by the existing law than in making this comical choice. But it was no laughing matter to the Sydney Legislature, for that body could not be legally constituted, and could not proceed with business until duly-qualified representatives of the Port Phillip District were returned. It was, therefore, ordered that the election for the remaining five seats should be held without delay, and Geelong was flattered with the compliment of being chosen as the place of nomination. The Sydney Government, no doubt, reckoned on the rivalry between the two places resulting in Geelong's reversing the verdict pronounced by Melbourne. And the event proved that the surmise was correct. When this second electoral writ was received, a public meeting was held in Melbourne, at which representation in the Sydney Legislature was denounced as an utter mockery, and it was resolved to nominate five more British Cabinet Ministers for the vacant seats. The meeting also appointed a deputation of three to proceed to Geelong in support of this platform, and these gentlemen addressed a crowded meeting in the local Theatre Royal. Their sentiments and advice, however, were not palatable to the majority of those present, and the meeting dispersed in riot and confusion. Next day the nomination took place. The Duke of Wellington, Lord

Palmerston, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel were duly proposed and seconded by the advanced party, whilst the advocates of *bona-fide* election nominated Dr. Dixon, Dr. Palmer, Mr. Lauchlan Mackinnon, Mr. Edward Curr, and Mr. James Williamson. Whether it was that the people of Geelong did not believe in carrying a joke too far, or whether they wished to show their independence of Melbourne ideas, or whether they were conscientiously of opinion that separation from New South Wales would not be secured by indulging in this burlesque business, it is certain that at the poll they rejected the five Imperial celebrities and elected the five local nominees by a large majority. Nevertheless, the original election of Earl Grey achieved all that was desired, and considerably more than was expected, when the droll suggestion was first conceived and acted upon. Fervid speeches delivered at one end of the world might be unheard at the other, and indignant correspondence might accumulate unread in the Colonial Office in London; but there was no ignoring such an irreverent and gratuitous use of the name of a noble Lord by a forward little community of discontented colonists. When the queer news of the Melbourne election reached England, it naturally provoked a great deal of merriment in official and Parliamentary circles, and Earl Grey had to submit to so much good-humoured banter on the subject, that he was forced to give the antipodean situation more serious attention than he had previously deigned to bestow upon it. The result was the speedy triumph

of the ingenious practical jokers, and the elevation of the Port Phillip dependency of New South Wales into the independent colony of Victoria.

The Geelong of to-day is a quiet town of 20,000 inhabitants, who for the most part take life leisurely and fulfil their worldly vocations with a sort of mechanical regularity. They have settled down to a secondary position, but still cling tenaciously to the surviving honour of being the only corporate town in the colony outside the city of Melbourne. Melbourne and Geelong were both incorporated under an Act of William IV. passed by the Sydney Legislature before Victoria became an independent colony, and whilst Ballarat and Sandhurst were yet unborn. This historical recognition gives Geelong a right of precedence over all other Victorian towns, to which it would not be entitled on grounds of population or revenue. And with respect to revenue, Geelong has been a severe sufferer from the visitation of the *phylloxera*, which necessitated the destruction of the numerous vineyards with which the surrounding district was once picturesquely dotted, but which are no longer sources of pleasure, or of profit either, to the individual or the community. Her manufacturing industries, too, are not so prosperous as they were. The river Barwon, a fine stream forming the southern boundary of the town, is fringed with woollen mills, tanneries, fellmongeries, &c., which until recently gave constant employment to hundreds of hands. Now, however, they are comparatively idle, but it is hoped that the wave of depression will be of but

brief duration. Overlooking the river are several pretty villas and mansions, whose well-kept gardens run down almost to the water's edge. One of them is noteworthy as having been for many years the residence of Geelong's chief worthy and Victoria's honest and high-minded statesman, Sir Charles Sladen. Of the value and importance of his public services it is needless to speak. They are admitted and eulogised by men of all parties and political professions. At those critical periods of our history as a colony, when the majority of men seemed to have lost their heads in the political madness of the hour and were ready to embrace any scheme, however wild, propounded by the reigning demagogue, Sir Charles Sladen was the still strong man for whom the emergency called; his was the cool and clear-thinking brain; he was the Conservative force that acted as a bulwark against the raging passions of the moment, and preserved the constitution from violation. His portrait is in the Victorian National Gallery and the Geelong Town Hall, and in both places it should perpetuate his memory for many a year. One of the last of his local services was the establishment, in conjunction with Mrs. Austin, a philanthropic lady who was identified with the early history of Geelong, of a free library and reading-room for the benefit of the youths of the district in which he lived, and in whose welfare he always manifested the deepest interest. A mansion on the southern side of the river, fronting the late residence of Sir Charles Sladen, is a prominent feature of the landscape. Its name is Kardinia, and

that name was bestowed upon it by its builder, Dr. Alexander Thomson, who may be justly styled the father of Geelong. A friend and confidant of John Batman, he followed the pioneer across the straits and aided him in the foundation of a new settlement around Port Phillip. Unlike Batman, however, he did not settle down near the Yarra, but determined to go further afield. Attracted by the natural beauties of the country around Geelong, he purchased largely at the first land sales, and established his permanent home on the banks of the Barwon. He was the first Mayor of Geelong, one of its first Parliamentary representatives, and, what he was much more proud of, was the first man to drive a bullock-dray from Melbourne to Geelong. His own driver became scared at the stories of the fierceness of the blacks at the Werribee, and suddenly deserted him when they were a few miles out of town. Instead of returning to Melbourne for assistance, the plucky doctor took the bullocks in hand himself and succeeded in piloting them safely to Geelong. About a mile further up the river is the residence of another departed celebrity, Captain Foster Fyans, the first police magistrate of the Western District, a title that meant during his time the supervision of the whole of the country stretching from Geelong to the South Australian border. A man of military determination of character, he took a much wider view of the responsibilities and the functions of his office than would be recognised or accepted now-a-days, and many stories of the uncompromising vigour with which he was accustomed to personally

suppress lawlessness of every description, are related. After him has been named the village of Fyansford, three miles from Geelong, near the meeting-place of the Moorabool and the Barwon. Not far from this prettily-situated little hamlet are Buckley's Falls, once the favourite show spot to visitors, but which has been in a great measure robbed of its picturesqueness since the erection of a huge obtrusive paper-mill—another instance of commercial considerations elbowing the beautiful aside. For the purposes of this paper mill, the river has been diverted into a race some distance above the falls, and the result is that for the greater part of the year there are now no falls at all. The tiers of rugged rocks over which nature intended the water to tumble are there, and so is the wide basin that has been hollowed out of the contiguous hills by the rushing torrents of successive ages—but the rocks are disagreeably naked, and the basin is a monotonous pool. Once the roaring of these falls could be heard a considerable distance away, but it is only during flood-time that they now become audible. The high hills that look down upon them from the east and the west were frequently trodden by the feet of Buckley, the "Wild White Man," during his 32 years' association with the aborigines, and tradition still points to a cave in one of the hill sides as having been a favourite retreat of the runaway convict.

At the northern end of Geelong, abutting on Corio Bay, the commercial interests of the town are chiefly concentrated. Several massive wool and grain stores in

the vicinity of the wharves assure the spectator that there is still a certain amount of solid prosperity at the Pivot. It is, indeed, during the wool season that Geelong is seen at its best. From October to February its wharves are lined with ships destined for the London market, and the work of compressing the huge bales of wool into the smallest possible space is carried on at high-pressure speed. Prior to the construction of the Colac and Camperdown railway, the wool from the stations in the Western District was brought by road to Geelong on immense drays drawn by dozens of bullocks, and the arrival of these formidable teams made the town very lively for the nonce. But now the wool is decorously carried in swift-travelling goods-trains, and a considerable proportion of it is taken on to Melbourne for shipment—a practice which is naturally strongly deprecated by the Geelongese, and regarded as a substantial grievance from their standpoint, which is that Geelong is the geographical port of the Western District, and squatters have no right to fly in the face of Providence. Still, old associations are not easily shaken off, and a good percentage of the Western squatters continue to make the Pivot their port of shipment. Not only that, but not a few of them have taken up their residence there, preferring its peaceful seclusion and its salubrious air to the perennial bustle and smoke-infected atmosphere of the metropolis. The heights of the suburb of Newtown are crowned with their mansions, and the terraces over-looking the bay are favoured spots of theirs.

Ashby, or Geelong West, the name by which it is officially known, presents more striking evidences of a vanished golden past than any other part of the town. The number of large houses of accommodation now abandoned and falling into decay, and of places of business from which, in Disraelian phrase, business has long since retired, tell their silent tale of a little day of splendour succeeded by a long night of gloom. A dilapidated public-house, whose licence has been allowed to lapse, is pointed out in this locality, for which no less a sum than £90,000 was offered and refused in the good old times. Its owner lived to lament his folly in not closing with that offer, whilst the would-be purchaser had afterwards every reason to rejoice at the refusal he had received. It was from this suburb of Ashby that the main road to Ballarat branched off towards Bellpost Hill, and thus Ashby became a sort of general head-quarters or common meeting-ground for returning successful diggers and departing hopeful ones. The army of carriers who had been called into existence by the circumstances of the time, who kept up regular communication between Ballarat and the seaboard, and who provided the diggers with all necessary supplies, also found that Ashby was their most convenient rendezvous. With such a miscellaneous gathering of humanity revelling in the possession of rapidly-acquired wealth, it is needless to say that money was made to fly in every direction, and, if the memories of the surviving old identities are to be trusted, this now silent suburb of a placid town was then the scene

of countless extravagances, and as near an approach to an earthly pandemonium as can well be conceived. One of these old identities has recently and deservedly been brought into prominence in the columns of the *Argus*. Thomas Russell is his name, and he is the solitary survivor of the little band of pioneers who, half-a-century ago, witnessed the baptism of Melbourne at the hands of Sir Richard Bourke. In its later history, Ashby, or Geelong West, has been chiefly conspicuous for its unswerving adherence to the political fortunes of the present Agent-General, Sir Graham Berry, during his long career as a parliamentary representative of Geelong. Whilst all the other electoral divisions of the town were wont to leave the Radical leader in a minority, the Geelong West return invariably reversed the verdict and secured him his seat. One reason, and the principal one, perhaps, for this continuous popularity was the hard and successful battle which he fought for the separation of the district from the town proper, and its erection into an independent municipality.

While the close proximity of Geelong to Melbourne operates to its disadvantage, inasmuch as a great many of its young men are drawn away by the larger opportunities and the superior attractions that the metropolis presents, there is no reason why the oldest of Victorian towns should not progress steadily in the future. Its capacious harbour has never yet been properly utilised, and when the new channel through the bar is completed, it should open up Corio Bay to

the shipping community and make that western arm of Port Phillip a serviceable auxiliary to the occasionally overcrowded harbour of Melbourne. The replanting of the Geelong vineyards will doubtless be permitted before long, and thereby will the restrictions be removed from a long-closed avenue of prosperity. With improved appliances and careful management the local woollen manufacturers should be able to surmount their little difficulties of the present, and successfully compete in a fair field against the world. Thus, even if the ambitious dream of Sir Henry Parkes, with respect to the future destiny of Geelong, is not realised in full, a later generation may see it verified in part.

CONTEMPORARY IRELAND.

THE PARNELL MOVEMENT, WITH A SKETCH OF IRISH PARTIES FROM 1843, BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. *1 Paternoster Square, London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 1886.*

THE gifted member for the Scotland division of Liverpool has rendered a very important service to our literature, as well as to political science, by writing his brilliant historical review of the remarkable contemporary movement headed by Charles Stewart Parnell, and in which he himself has been honoured with a high command. For, apart from its purely political aspect, this well-timed volume is rich in passages of bright and picturesque description that recall the best parts of Mr. O'Connor's previous success, "The Life of Lord Beaconsfield." At the outset he declares with perfect truth that the Irish movement of our day cannot be fully comprehended without some acquaintance with previous movements "of which it is the child and the successor," and he therefore takes up the thread of Irish history at the epoch of the abortive agitation for the repeal of the Union, when the star of the once-powerful Tribune, Daniel O'Connell, was slowly and sadly sinking beneath the horizon.

It is now very generally known, and even candidly confessed, that the so-called legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland is one of the most

abominable transactions that darken the pages of modern history. No honest man, acquainted with the historical facts of the era, would attempt to stand up in the face of day and defend the foul, iniquitous means by which the Parliament of Ireland was blotted out of existence at the beginning of this century. Sir Jonah Barrington, who was a sorrowful eye-witness of the whole deplorable drama, has pilloried the chief conspirators for all time in that enthralling work of his on "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." He there submits to a merciless exposure the wholesale bribery, the diabolical intrigue, the revolting treachery, and the unscrupulous fraud, which were the principal agencies utilised for the commission of this great national crime. A "union" formed after a fashion so unnatural, so incongruous, and so disgraceful, could not but develop into what Mr. T. P. O'Connor correctly characterises as a "fatal heritage alike to the peoples of England and Ireland." In point of fact, the history of Ireland has ever since been one long, perpetual protest against that vile and but too successful conspiracy against her legislative independence. Whether taking the form of an armed uprising, or a peaceful constitutional agitation; whether bursting forth with volcanic energy, or smouldering unseen beneath the surface of events; this protest against a monstrous injustice has been ever present for 86 years—an unerring barometer of national discontent, and a standing reminder that a country, any more than a citizen, cannot do a flagrant wrong to a weaker neighbour without incurring a

troublesome penalty. To us in Australia, who rejoice in the practically limitless freedom extended to British colonies, upon whom local self-government has been lavished to the extent of half-a-dozen separate independent legislatures for the making of laws for three millions of people, and who are so accustomed to see the errors of departed statesmen unceremoniously swept away, the wonder is that England should have so long perpetuated her make-believe union with Ireland, that she has not ere this honestly acknowledged that Ireland was most unrighteously robbed of a local legislature, and that restitution of an unquestionable national right should have been delayed for so many exasperating years. To England the Act of Union has been the source of perpetual worry and of national degradation; whilst to unfortunate Ireland it has been the remorseless engine of death and destruction. Our author summarises its dreadful consequences in these accusing words:—"To the Act of Union must be attributed the three famines since 1800, with their million and a-half of deaths, the exile of nearly three millions of Irishmen; and that Act in eighty-five years has produced from the Irish three rebellions and from the British Parliament eighty-four Coercion Bills. To any Englishman, whatever his party, such a record against any system of government by any other people but his own, and in any other country but in Ireland, would bring prompt condemnation and swift resolve." Mr. O'Connor devotes his early chapters to a detailed account of the unparalleled horrors of the great famine of 1846-47

and though the ghastly particulars he has collated from a variety of authoritative sources are somewhat repulsive reading, it is well that they should be so set down, for they constitute the most condemnatory indictment against the Act of Union and the inhuman land system which that Act was the means of engendering. It makes the blood boil in one's veins to read of the blundering incompetency of the British Government at this grave national crisis, and to think how hundreds of thousands of the brave Irish people would have been saved from frightful death by starvation had there been a domestic legislature in Dublin to take immediate and sympathetic action.

When the decimated and sorely-afflicted people of Ireland rose to their feet after the terrible prostration of the famine era, they found themselves face to face with another appalling scourge. Heartless landlords, actuated by a pitiless refinement of cruelty, took advantage of the weakness and the helplessness of the unfortunate peasantry, and organised a system of wholesale evictions, which Earl Grey indignantly characterised as "a disgrace to a civilised country," and which, Mr. O'Connor truly remarks, "in the opinion of most men, remain as one of the blackest records in all history of man's inhumanity to man." No less than half-a-million of hapless human beings were thus driven to death or into exile from their humble family homes under circumstances of the most barbarous cruelty, and it was in the hope of stopping this devilish work, and of throwing some shield of protection over the remaining tenants of Ireland,

that the "league of North and South," whose history has recently been written by the graphic pen of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, was launched under the happiest omens of success. For Presbyterian Ulster and Catholic Ireland made common cause for the first time, and leading representatives of both denominational divisions of the country stood together side by side on the same platform, unitedly demanding fixity of tenure and fair rents for the Irish peasantry. But, as ill-luck would have it, a disturbing element unexpectedly appeared in the shape of a "Papal aggression" scare in Great Britain, and it is matter of notoriety how this promising national movement was disgracefully wrecked by the treachery of Sadleir and Keogh, "two of the most sinister figures in Irish history." This pair of accomplished adventurers posed for a season as belligerent Catholic champions, then sold themselves and their country with a cynical contempt for their voluntary oath-bound obligations, and finally effected the destruction of that unique organisation which, in the words of our author, "might have succeeded in all its purposes; might have won fixity of tenure and free sale and fair rent; and might have saved Ireland a quarter of a century of the darkest and most bitter events in her history." The collapse of the Tenant League was followed by another flood of evictions, the conscienceless landlords revenging themselves in this characteristic fashion on their persecuted tenants for having organised in a perfectly legitimate manner to obtain their just rights. The next organisation that arose on Irish soil was not

legitimate in the technical sense of the term, for it was a secret conspiracy to overthrow British rule in Ireland by force of arms. It had its starting-point in the ranks of the thousands of evicted Irish, who, while establishing new homes for themselves and their families in hospitable America, treasured up the memory of the bitter wrongs they were forced to suffer in the land of their birth. Its name was Fenianism; it was speedily transplanted to Ireland; it spread into England itself; and for several years its violent manifestations kept the three kingdoms in a state of nervous excitement and alarm. When Fenianism fell, as England's foremost statesman, Mr. Gladstone, has not hesitated to publicly testify, it brought along with it to the ground that State-supported alien Irish Church, which the great majority of the Irish people had previously been compelled by law and against their consciences to support. The disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church was speedily followed by the inauguration of a movement that was destined to play a very important part in succeeding years, and on which the curtain has not yet been rung down. Its organiser was Isaac Butt, who in his younger days had been the rising hope of the little circle of Irish Tories, but who in his later years saw good reason for espousing the national cause with all the ardour and ability of which he was capable at that advanced period of his life. He was, in a word, the father of Home Rule, and it was not long before he became the leader of a party of sixty Irish representatives in the House of Commons pledged

to the principle "that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish Parliament with full control over domestic affairs." Butt, however, kept rigorously to the time-honoured orthodox methods of genteel parliamentary warfare, with the result that all his efforts at legislating for the correction of Irish grievances proved of no avail. A young member of his party, "eager for practical results," could not brook this exasperating state of things, and Charles Stewart Parnell—for that was his name—brought into play that active policy of systematic obstruction to Government business which compelled the attention of the House of Commons to the legislative requirements of Ireland. How that daring policy was conceived and developed; how the cool, determined fearlessness of Parnell in throwing down the gage of defiance on the floor of the House of Commons re-acted on and re-animated the Irish at home and abroad; how, when in 1879 the grim spectre of famine once again hovered over the nation, the menaced people hung on the words of their leader, and put into practice the advice he gave them to "hold a firm grip of their homesteads and their lands;" and how the Land League, founded by Michael Davitt, to uphold the doctrine of "the land for the people," sprang into an organisation of mighty strength and widespread influence when Mr. Parnell became its president—is all told by Mr. O'Connor with dramatic power and thorough comprehensiveness. The old weapon of coercion was employed with more brutality than ever in the attempt to suppress the

Land League agitation. Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, crammed the gaols with suspects, and even went the length of arresting and imprisoning Mr. Parnell himself. But the nation was unanimous in endorsing the principles of the Land League, and this bloodthirsty member of the Society of Friends was forced by the pressure of public opinion in England to abandon the military despotism he had most unwarrantably erected in Ireland, to sever his connection with the Cabinet, to liberate the suspects whom he had incarcerated after the fashion of a French dictator, and to publicly confess himself beaten. "If all England cannot govern the hon. member for Cork (Mr. Parnell), then let us acknowledge that he is the greatest power in Ireland to-day," was Mr. Forster's candid confession in the House of Commons at the close of the contest. Summarising the history of the Land League in a sentence, it achieved two momentous results—it organised and consolidated the country in a manner that had never before been approached, and it secured the passing of the Land Act of 1881, a measure which, though not satisfying the national aspirations in full, was an immense stride towards the goal which the Irish people had always kept steadily in view.

And this consolidation of the national strength through the instrumentality of the Land League, followed, as it speedily was, by a large extension of the franchise, soon placed Mr. Parnell at the head of nine-tenths of the representatives of Irish constituencies. Not only was he the chosen chief of the

East, the West, and the South, but the "Black North" itself voluntarily enlisted under his banner. Protestant Ulster rejoiced in the novel sensation of returning a majority of Nationalists to the House of Commons. It was now no longer possible to misunderstand or to misinterpret what the nation desired. The demand for a domestic Parliament was made with a unanimity and a potency that brooked no contradiction. Mr. Gladstone, who years before in one of his Lancashire speeches expressed his conviction that Ireland should be governed in accordance with Irish ideas, now felt that the hour had come to translate this statesmanlike sentiment into action. With that intent, he drafted his Government of Ireland Bill, and the eyes of the world were upon the veteran Liberal leader as he lately rose in the House of Commons to make a gallant effort to repair the injustice of the past, to give an affirmative answer to a nation's request for self-government, and to re-establish a native Parliament in Dublin. He has most unfortunately been checked in the realisation of this generous desire, but it is only a momentary check; and, aged though he be, it is well within the bounds of probability that he will live to see the ripening of the harvest from the good seed he has sown. But, under any circumstances, the battle is practically won. Home Rule is a logical necessity of the near future. It would be just as reasonable to attempt to postpone the rising of to-morrow's sun as to try to put back the Irish question to the position it occupied before Mr. Gladstone took it up and placed it in the foreground

of practical politics. There can be no retreating in such a case. "Advance" must be the word of command. And in no part of the world will the attainment of Ireland's legislative independence be welcomed with greater cordiality and fraternal sympathy than in these free Australian colonies, that have prospered so remarkably under local self-government, and are sincerely desirous to see every section of the Empire in possession of the privileges that they enjoy.

To the general reader, perhaps the most interesting portion of Mr. O'Connor's book will be his realistic pen-portraits of the more prominent members of the Parnellite party in the House of Commons. They are the work of a literary artist who is thoroughly acquainted and familiarised with his subjects, and who never exceeds the limits of good taste in his portraiture. Of Mr. Parnell himself an admirable sketch is given, nor does our author forget to make mention of those inspiring family traditions which the leader of the Irish people has so worthily upheld, and which must have been potent influences in the moulding of his public life. For instance, his ancestor, Sir John Parnell, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Irish Parliament, did not hesitate to sacrifice the office on the altar of his patriotism, and to oppose the Union from first to last. "Incorruptible"—most honourable of adjectives—is the term employed by the author of "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation" to embody and to delineate his character. Mr. Justin M'Carthy, who is next in

authority to Mr. Parnell, is widely known as the popular novelist and the painstaking compiler of "The History of Our Own Times," but it will be a surprise to many to learn that he has a political record as well, dating back to the stormy days of '48 Thomas Sexton, the orator *par excellence* of the Irish party, and, next to Mr. Gladstone, admittedly the ablest speaker in the House of Commons; T. D. Sullivan, the poet and Nestor of the Parnellites; J. G. Biggar, the rough diamond and general favourite; James O'Kelly, the dashing soldier and adventurous war correspondent in many lands; Arthur O'Connor, keen and controversial critic; John Dillon, trenchant speaker, and inheritor of an honoured name; E. Dwyer Gray, clear-thinking and practical counsellor; William O'Brien, most fearless and determined of National journalists; and last, but far from least, T. M. Healy, the indefatigable worker and walking encyclopædia of parliamentary information—are each the subjects of biographical paragraphs written in Mr. O'Connor's happiest vein. "What," asks the *Academy*, "does this able book teach us? One point must strike the most superficial reader—the immense superiority, in material as well as in organisation, of the Parnellite party over all its predecessors. Man for man, its members may not have the talents of the Young Irelanders, but they are disciplined under a careful leader. Above all, the nation has been educated up to something like real union and united action." These concise words express the conclusions that every unprejudiced reader will arrive at, and it

may be hoped that Mr. T. P. O'Connor's lucid narrative will find many unprejudiced readers in the Australian colonies, and will be the means of dissipating some, at least, of the misunderstandings and misapprehensions that evidently exist around us with respect to the Parnell movement.

DOWN IN A GOLD MINE.

ALTHOUGH Melbourne is the capital of Victoria, it is by no means the most historically interesting city of the colony. As a rule, the most interesting historical associations cluster around the capital city of every country in Europe, but such is not the case at the antipodes. We identify London with the history of England, and Paris with the progress of France, but we do not identify Melbourne with the progress of Victoria. On the contrary, our metropolis has had comparatively little influence in making Victoria what it is—the premier colony of the South. That honour may fairly be claimed by our mining centres in general, and Ballarat in particular. Thirty-five years ago, the magic word “Ballarat” acted as a magnet to draw population in thousands from Europe and America, and to start this colony on its career of prosperity. Melbourne, that before the gold discoveries was a mere village, was almost instantaneously transformed into a city populous with arriving and departing diggers. Eye-witnesses tell us that hundreds of ships were lying in Hobson’s Bay without a sailor to man them, all having been seized with the gold fever and absconded to the diggings. Many of the men who worked in the mines of Ballarat in the early days have since attained to some of the highest positions in the colony, and it would be difficult to recognise in the Cabinet Ministers, the members of

Parliament, the County Court judges, the police magistrates, the eminent barristers, the newspaper editors, and the successful merchants of to-day, the rough, uncouth, red-shirted miners of '52, '53, and '54. Thus Ballarat, to the majority of the Victorian people, is, perhaps, the most interesting place in the colony; and, though the abounding life and bustle of former days are no longer visible, still the city contains many objects of interest and is well worthy of a visit.

Ballarat East was the battle-ground of Victorian liberty. There the site of the Eureka Stockade is still to be seen, where, 32 years ago, a brief engagement was fought that ended the reign of despotic authority in this colony. It is true that the brave-hearted diggers, righteously resisting an unjust and oppressive tax and the tyranny of unscrupulous officials, were defeated by the combined forces of the military and the police; but the defeat was in reality a victory, for the detestable system against which they took up arms was doomed to destruction by the courageous stand they had made. It could not survive so emphatic a protest, and it fell, never to be revived. Free institutions arose on its ruins, and, whilst the people of Victoria are enjoying these privileges to-day, they should not forget the men who fought and bled for freedom in '54. The Hon. Peter Lalor, who led the diggers on that memorable occasion, and lost an arm in the struggle, has lived to become the first commoner of the land.

Ballarat has a decidedly prepossessing appearance. It is approached in a delightful manner. A

gradual ascent through lovely, well-wooded and picturesque country, until the heights of Warrenheip are reached, when on looking through the carriage windows you see the golden city nestling in the valley below, and then the train glides down the declivity, and you are landed at an exceptionally superior railway station, massive, roomy, and well-lighted. Then you are escorted up Lydiard-street and through Sturt-street to that celebrated sheet of water—Wendouree—the possession of which is the pride and the boast of Ballarat. Originally a shallow, unpromising swamp, by the expenditure of a large amount of local capital and energy it has been transformed into a delightful little lake about three miles in circumference, on which yachts and pleasure-boats are to be seen disporting themselves on summer days. Surrounding the lake are many pretty mansions and villas, and on its western shore are the carefully-kept and perennially-attractive Botanical Gardens, which are famed throughout the colony.

But the great attraction of Ballarat is not to be found on the surface. To see the source of the wondrous prosperity reigning all around, and diffusing wealth in every direction, one must go down into the bowels of the earth, and contemplate the miners at work. The first mine with which I had any actual acquaintance was that of the Victoria United Company in Ballarat East. With two friends, I accepted the invitation of its courteous manager to view the underground works. We were first told that we must divest ourselves of our clothes to prevent their

being irretrievably spoiled, and encase ourselves in spare suits of miners' clothes. Arrayed in this novel garb, we presented a very singular appearance in each other's eyes. Thus equipped we made our way to the mouth of the shaft, and, having lit our candles, we took our places on the "cage." The cage is the vehicle of communication with the mine below; it resembles the upper portion of a wool-press not in motion, but, unlike a wool-press, it is made of solid iron. It is about seven feet in height from top to bottom, and an iron bar runs from side to side about one foot from the top. We receive instructions to hold on to this bar with one hand, and keep our candles alight in the other. The cage is suspended from a very thick, intertwisted, flat rope, which is connected with the engine-house at a little distance to the right. In this manner it hangs over the mouth of the shaft. It may be well to explain that the shaft is divided by a boarded partition into two equal portions, so that when one cage is descending, another is ascending, and *vice versa*.

We take our places on the cage, there being just sufficient standing room for the party of three, the foreman of the works having climbed to the top, and perched himself on the roof. He is a rather corpulent gentleman, a burly outside passenger, and we inwardly express a hope that the rope will be equal to the heavy demands made upon it.

The brief interval between taking a position on the cage and the giving of the order to "lower," is a period of suspense in a double sense, and seems longer than

it really is. You shiver and feel a peculiar inward sensation when the thought flashes through your mind that below you is a clear unbroken fall of five hundred feet, and that should anything go wrong with the cage or the rope you will be cast down that tremendous distance, and instantaneously sent into eternity. But this period of suspense is soon over, you hear the foreman cry out "lower," and immediately you feel yourself gently gliding down the shaft. The motion of the cage is so well regulated that, when you are a short distance down, it becomes almost imperceptible; and, were you to close your eyes you would imagine yourself standing still. By the light of our candles we are enabled to discern the openings into old and worked-out "drives" (branches from the main shaft), that have been abandoned for deeper workings. As we descend, we can estimate the enormous amount of capital that must be expended before gold-mining can be profitably carried on. The four sides of the shaft are timbered almost as closely as the walls of a weatherboard house, so that the item of timber alone must be a very heavy annual outlay.

Down, down we go, until we imagine ourselves following in the wake of Jules Verne in his "Journey to the Centre of the Earth." Suddenly we emerge from almost total darkness into comparative light, the cage stops, and we find ourselves in a room about 12 feet square, hollowed out of the earth. This subterranean apartment is lighted by a lamp of gasoline, suspended from a pole in the centre. Gasoline

we were told, is used in preference to kerosene, as being less dangerous and less liable to explosion. From this chamber various drives run in different directions, and along each of them a little railway has been constructed, similar to those laid down in large warehouses. The rails are about two feet apart, and curious little trucks full of quartz are pushed along them with the greatest facility. We are not very long below before we see the wisdom of divesting ourselves of our excursion clothes, for the water percolates through the interstices of the boards above our heads and makes a continual dripping sound. Now and then a drop would fall right into the flame of our candles with a spluttering noise.

Having surveyed this subterranean centre of operations, we are handed over to the care of the worthy overseer, a very affable and entertaining gentleman, who initiates us into all the mysteries of the mine. He leads the way into the drive where the men are working. It is very narrow and very low; we have to walk in single file and to stoop lest we strike our heads against the roof. We find it very toilsome and disagreeable to be plodding along in this Esquimaux fashion, and are, therefore, glad when we hear the sound of the miners' picks and shovels. The drive is about two hundred yards in length, and is boarded overhead for about two-thirds of its length, the remaining distance being without such protection. Of course this is dangerous, the earth being liable to cave in at any moment, but miners cannot be continually boarding, and, even when every possible precaution is

taken, gold-seeking will ever be a risky undertaking.

At length we arrived at the end of the drive, where the men were working at the reef and procuring the golden stone. There they were, filling the trucks with the auriferous quartz, which would be hoisted to the surface, crushed, and the precious metal extracted. The earth all around us was glittering with a shining yellowish substance, and when I innocently inquired, "Is that gold?" one of the miners, winking at another, answered, "Oh, yes! new chum gold!" He afterwards explained that nearly all strangers naturally imagine that this shining substance is the precious metal, and, therefore, the miners had christened it "new chum" gold, but it was in reality a mineral called "mundic," which, though not auriferous itself, was always one of the indications of gold. Another sure sign of the proximity of gold was a substance called by the miners "black-jack." This, of course, is a colloquial and not a scientific term. As its name denotes, it is of a blackish colour, and is found attached to the quartz; its abundance, we were told, is always regarded as a sure indication of the existence of rich gold in the neighbourhood. The miners were meeting with large quantities of it at the time of our visit, and were expecting every moment to strike a richer reef than any they had yet worked. A few weeks afterwards, we were pleased to learn that their expectations had been realised, and that they had come upon splendid ground. The reef on which they

were working at the time of our visit, though comparatively rich, was narrow. The miners collected some pieces of quartz that contained specks of gold and presented them to us as mementoes of our visit to Ballarat.

A pipe running down the whole length of the shaft and along the drive conveys pure air from above to the miners at work below. Still, we found the atmosphere very oppressive, and experienced some difficulty at first in breathing freely. On remarking this to the overseer, he informed us that such was always the case with visitors who came below for the first time, but that the miners did not experience the least discomfort.

Having acquainted ourselves with the whole process of gold-getting, we retraced our steps along the drive, and arrived safely in the little apartment at the foot of the shaft. There the ascending cage was awaiting us, and, having taken our places on it, the overseer signalled the engine-house to "pull up," and immediately we commenced our upward journey. Before starting, we looked up the shaft to see whether we could discern the daylight at a distance of five hundred feet above. In the pitchy darkness we could just see a single gleam or ray of light that indicated the position of the mouth of the shaft. From our station below it presented the same appearance as a solitary star shining at midnight, when all the heavens around were overspread with dark and gloomy clouds. In the upward journey the movement of the cage was as gentle and imperceptible as in our descent, and

we were ushered into daylight with remarkable abruptness. Having divested ourselves of our underground apparel, we resumed our proper clothes, and conveyed our acknowledgments to the manager and overseer for their courtesy.

Despite many doleful predictions to the contrary, Ballarat continues to be a large producer of mineral wealth, and recent discoveries point to the probability of the existence of many yet untouched golden areas awaiting the miner's penetrating pick. That this pleasing anticipation will be fully realised will be the earnest hope of thousands who have sojourned for a season in the hospitable city of Ballarat.

A VICTORIAN AIR TOWN.

AN air town, it need hardly be said, is a phrase of American coinage. It implies a town that has sprung up under the influence of some temporary excitement, a place that has a brief and brilliant existence, and then vanishes like the "castles in the air" of childhood's days. For a time the scene of life and activity; afterwards a lonely and abandoned waste; now glittering in the ornaments of suddenly-acquired wealth; anon unpeopled and left to desolation and decay. In the Western States of America many of such "air towns" have lived their little day and then retired into oblivion. A rich find of gold in a particular spot attracts adventurers in thousands, and the primeval solitudes are invaded by hosts of diggers. A little town makes its appearance; business is very brisk for a time; then the supply of the precious metal gives out; the miners make a rapid retreat to some other "rush," and the little bantling of a town is unfeelingly deserted by its unnatural parents. Such has been a frequent experience on the other side of the Pacific, and we have had a few isolated instances of the kind on our own side. Matlock, a once-flourishing Gippsland mining town, now a deserted village, is an "air town," whose rise, progress, and decay have been graphically described by Mr. George

Sutherland in his interesting "Tales of the Goldfields." Greytown is another place that did not long survive its birth; but the particular locality I propose to describe is probably the most remarkable of the Victorian mining towns that have almost faded out of existence.

Some time ago there appeared in the *Government Gazette* an announcement that the Governor-in-Council had been pleased to grant the prayer of a petition from the residents of Steiglitz, requesting permission to amalgamate with the adjacent shire of Meredith. Steiglitz is (was would be more correct) situated in the centre of the county of Grant, about twenty-six miles north-west of Geelong, and seven to the east of Meredith. The entire district is densely wooded and mountainous, the late borough being itself 1400 feet above the level of the sea. A branch of Sutherland's Creek, which is a tributary of the Moorabool, runs through the now almost deserted township, and on the banks of this stream were unearthed some rich specimens that caused the first great rush to Steiglitz in November, 1855. Rich quartz reefs were soon discovered, and the place rapidly became one of the busiest centres of mining industry. Companies were formed to develop the auriferous resources of the district, and some of these, such as the Albion, Malakoff, Steiglitz, and Working Miners', met with splendid returns. In the pride of its golden treasures, Steiglitz severed itself from the Meredith municipal district, of which it had previously formed a part, and blossomed into a full-blown

borough, with a mayor, town clerk, and nine councillors. Building operations were vigorously carried on, and several hotels were erected that would be no discredit to any city or town in the colony. In fact the residents seemed to have every confidence in the permanence and stability of the place; and that their faith in the future was amply justified by appearances seems evident from the following prediction made by Mr. Brough Smyth in his "Goldfields and Mineral Districts of Victoria":—

"Within the small area known as the Steiglitz goldfields," he says, "there lie reefs which would give profitable employment to thousands of skilled miners; and when capitalists give their undivided attention to mining, and themselves superintend the ventures in which they have their money, the Steiglitz division will rank high amongst the goldfields of Victoria."

Alas for the prophet! Steiglitz is now almost extinguished!

My acquaintance with the then bustling borough commenced when it was in the full noon of its prosperity. My first visit to the place was on a Sunday morning, when, accompanied by some friends, I rode into the township to church. Emerging from the dark shadows of a bush track we entered New Chum, a sort of suburb about a mile to the north of the main township. A well-constructed road, winding between high woody banks, and crossing the creek by a lofty wooden bridge, brought us into Steiglitz proper. The principal street we found full of life from the number of people on their way to church,

for at that time the borough rejoiced in several churches and resident clergymen. Evidences of material prosperity were abundant; everyone you met had that look of contented self-satisfaction which is synonymous with good times and remunerative work. Naturally the ladies were "louder" in proclaiming the general prosperity than the gentlemen. The church I attended was crowded, and the rustling of silks and display of jewellery were such as to astonish me, fresh as I was from town life. I attended the same church a few weeks ago, and the contrast was startling. The congregation was very limited, their appearance very subdued, and the few ladies present were very modest indeed in their attire. After this first visit I had frequent opportunities of seeing Steiglitz in its working-day clothes, and was very much impressed with the activity and energy of its people. A considerable amount of capital had been sunk in buildings, some of which were erected on a very extensive scale, and would answer the requirements of a town of many thousand inhabitants. To commemorate the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the Alfred Hall was erected, and here the Steiglitz Amateur Choristers were wont to delight the miners and their wives. Here, also, the rival candidates for the representation of South Grant expatiated on matters political, each endeavouring to prove himself the miner's true friend. A public library had been instituted for the benefit of the seniors; nor was the rising generation forgotten, for two schools were established by the State, and were

largely attended. With its County Court, Court of Mines and Court of Petty Sessions, a resident Police Magistrate and Warden, a Post and Money Order Office, numerous mining companies in active operation, and a population approaching several thousands, Steiglitz, one would suppose, had a very good start in the race.

After several years' absence, I recently revisited the place, and the collapse observable in every quarter was something painful to witness. All signs of life had disappeared; the companies had ceased working, and the only outward and visible evidence to remind one of the existence of a goldfield in the locality was the presence of two Chinamen fossicking in the bed of the creek. The shutters on most of the shops told their silent tale of departed business; but two or three public-houses still remained to furnish food and drink to man and beast. All semblance of local government had vanished, for it was found impossible to constitute the borough council, a sufficient number of qualified ratepayers not being available. On inquiry, I ascertained that a few years ago the yield of gold began to sensibly decline, and the returns had since then been growing less and less, until they are now almost *nil*. As a matter of necessity the miners left the place *en masse*, the result being that the population dwindled down to a couple of hundred and these live in the main by their connection with the surrounding farming district, so that Steiglitz as a mining locality may now be erased from the map. Yet, notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of affairs,

there are some enthusiasts who will not surrender their hopes in the future of the Steiglitz reefs. Gold, I was assured by several of the survivors of former days, remained embedded in the quartz, and capital was the only thing required for its extraction. One gentleman, who seems to believe implicitly in Mr. Brough Smyth's prophecy that Steiglitz would one day rank high amongst the goldfields of Victoria informed me confidentially that bright days would dawn before long. The grounds on which he based this hopeful view were not fully disclosed; but I gathered from his remarks that Melbourne capitalists had had their attention drawn to the richness of the Steiglitz reefs, which would soon be developed in a scientific manner, and then, of course, glorious results would be revealed. It may be so. There may yet be a brilliant future in store for Steiglitz, notwithstanding its present nebulous aspect. Air town as it is, it may one day re-acquire solidity and substantiality, and proudly take its old place amongst Victorian towns that are qualified to print their names on the map in large capitals. Such surprises are to be expected in young countries. Air towns may develop into cities, and cities degenerate into air towns. A philosophical resident of the original Melbourne, a little English village, speaking of the new Melbourne at the antipodes to the author of "The Australian Abroad," remarked:—"Our Melbourne was in existence centuries before yours, and it will exist long after yours has passed away. Such mushroom cities as yours are not lasting." This plain

prophecy of the simple Derby villager should keep our colonial pride a little in check. When we feel inclined to boast of the grandeur and permanency of our achievements, when we seek to impress the stranger with the marvellous growth of this "city of one generation," when some new triumph prompts us to a still louder blast of the trumpet, our transports may be moderated by the thought of a traveller from Iceland one day taking his stand, in the midst of a vast solitude, on a broken arch of Prince's Bridge to sketch the ruins of our colonial St. Paul's.

AN AUSTRALASIAN FESTIVAL.

IN other lands national festivals are the outcome of the prevailing popular desire to commemorate some great deed of the historical past, to do honour to the memory of a departed hero, to celebrate a signal victory in the battle for freedom, or to rejoice anew at the overthrow of a hated despotism. But our young continent has no such heroic memories of sufficient magnitude to secure a spontaneous national recognition and, therefore, a motive for an Australasian festival had to be sought on lower ground. Strangely enough, though quite in keeping with many other antipodean eccentricities, the excuse for a national Australasian festival has been found in the worship of the horse, and the first week of each recurring November is now tacitly consecrated to the apotheosis of that interesting quadruped. For these seven days Melbourne is the focus of thousands of equine worshippers from every division of Australasia, and it does not need a very powerful stretch of the imagination to picture Flemington on Cup Day as a huge modern Pagan out-door celebration in honour of the divinity of the hour. Viewing the spectacle in that light, Australians cannot well afford to belittle their dusky brethren, who, in less civilised lands, select their deities from the animal creation. However regrettable it may be that the national holiday of Australasia should have

become associated with the Spring Meeting of the Victoria Racing Club, it is unquestionable that the two are now very intimately related. The time may possibly come when the Melbourne Cup will be superseded in popular estimation by some higher and more befitting occasion of national festivity—by something that will appeal to the nobler impulses of humanity, and be more worthy in itself of collecting together a vast assemblage of Australian citizens. But there are no perceptible signs of any such heroic event varying the monotony of our colonial history, and the probability is that the natural amphitheatre at Flemington will be Australasia's holiday-ground for many a year to come.

What has largely contributed to making the Melbourne Cup one of the institutions of the continent is the general understanding that "everybody will be there." Man is gregarious in his instincts, and he will follow in the wake of his fellows. He feels a peculiar satisfaction in that glow of personal magnetism which results from contact with so many thousands of his own species, and he smiles serenely when he reflects that he is an essential unit of a great living mass, comprising all sorts and conditions of people, from the representatives of royalty down to the pertinacious little sellers of the "correct card of the races." Many confess that their sole object in going out to Flemington on Cup Day is "to see the crowd," and certainly it is a crowd worth travelling some distance to see. A unique crowd, in which every possible colonial element is to be discerned—professional men and prosperous city

merchants; a whole army of legal and mercantile clerks; mirthful sailors enjoying themselves with characteristic freedom; sturdy miners, from famous goldfields; comfortable-looking selectors from the Wimmera Plains and the Gippsland Forests; tradesmen of every branch of industry, along with their wives and families; a host of eager visitors from the other colonies, and scores of aggressive bookmakers, crying out the odds and perpetually pocketing the money of the guileless public. It is the presence of these latter gentry that suggests the most painful reflections in connection with Cup Day. They are the personification of the gambling spirit which is so rife, and sometimes so ruinous in our midst, and which has been a potent factor in elevating the Melbourne Cup to the position of prominence it now holds. For it cannot be concealed that the vast majority of the 100,000 people congregated on the course have a monetary interest in the race for the Cup. Each has his favourite horse, and each hopes that he will return in the evening a much richer man than when he came out in the morning; but ninety-nine out of every hundred will be doomed to disappointment, and, as a rule, the fortunate hundredth does not benefit very much by his lucky wager. Yet "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and the people who are always expecting to get £1000 for their £20 will persist to the end of the chapter in backing their favourite horses in spite of repeated disappointments. The gambling spirit has taken possession of their souls and they cannot rest until it is satisfied. It is the same spirit—that perpetual prompting of the demon within

to "try again"—that supplies the Chinese lotteries of this city with numerous regular patrons all the year round, notwithstanding the manifold lessons of a sad experience that the chances of winning are of the remotest. Fortunately, everyone who likes to work is so prosperous in this favoured land of ours that the losses by gambling rarely crush the losers to the earth. By increased industry and steady application to their business pursuits, they are enabled to retrieve themselves by degrees, and it is only now and then that the community is startled by a tragedy resulting from some poor fellow in a position of trust finding himself immersed in a shoreless sea of gambling debts.

But these are after-reflections. Neither the aristocratic occupants of the grand stand and the lawn, nor the thickly-wedged mass of middle-class citizens on the hill, nor the democratic thousands on the flat, have any thought of the morrow. Though social distinctions separate these three estates, they are all one in faithfully reflecting the predominant passion of the moment. They are all filled with an eager expectancy as four o'clock approaches. The indescribable tumult of the afternoon is stilled as the great event is about to be decided. The twenty-eight contesting horses wheel into line, and are sent off to an excellent start. A hundred thousand pair of eyes endeavour to follow the varied combinations of colour which the changing positions of the jockeys present, but it is only when the animals enter the straight running for home that their relative places are clearly perceived. Then excited shouts are raised by way of encouraging

the favourites, but unavailingly, for Arsenal, an animal unknown to the great bulk of the spectators, has the lead, and maintains it to the winning-post. His victory is received with an impressive silence by the people in general, and with unconcealed demonstrations of joy by the bookmakers, into whose collective pockets it is the means of diverting a million of money. There is nothing more worth waiting for, and the general exodus from the course commences. The few depart rejoicing in their lucky anticipations of the winner, whilst the many leave saying nothing, but thinking a great deal of the folly of placing faith in the confident predictions of professional tipsters, of believing dreamers who saw the colours of the winning jockey in visions of the night, and of acting on strictly confidential information from the stables. But, knowing the weakness of human nature, they have at the same time a sort of floating suspicion that they will repeat these follies on the first opportunity, and so they resolve to bear their losses with philosophical resignation, and to hope for better luck next time.

One gratifying feature of this and recent Cup festivals is the absence of that excessive "loudness" of dress in which the lady visitors were once wont to indulge. Time was when would-be leaders of fashion vied with one another in publicly exhibiting themselves on the lawn in front of the grand stand, bedecked in the most gorgeous apparel that ill-regulated wealth could procure. A Cup dress was an object of anxious solicitude for many months, and all the resources of the *modiste's* art were ransacked in the hope of discovering

more new and striking combinations of colour. It would not be correct to say that this abuse is altogether a thing of the past, but it certainly has been corrected to a very considerable degree. Vulgar display is now the exception rather than the rule, and the ambitious female who arrays herself in garish garb so as to attract universal attention generally finds that she has overshot the mark, and feels herself unpleasantly isolated and uneasy. There has been a commendable re-action towards simplicity in style and quietness of colour. On several grounds this change for the better is to be cordially welcomed. Needless extravagance, always to be deprecated, is particularly reprehensible when deliberately practised by women of social position who should be models for the imitation of their sex, but who, too often, take a wilful pleasure in flaunting their finery in the faces of their humbler sisters. Thoughtless imprudence of that sort on the part of the rich and the haughty has bred riot and revolution in the world before now, and, in these days of active socialistic propaganda it is far from wise to obtrude the possession of wealth by the fortunate few in so objectionable a fashion before the eyes of the producers of wealth—the hard-working many. Instead of being puffed up with the pitiful ambition of being objects of feminine envy, and of seeing their names in the newspapers as the wearers of the queerest and most expensive of costumes, women of station would best fulfil their mission in life by earning the distinction of honourable recognition in a legitimate and ladylike manner. In the quiet fields of philanthropy, charity,

and Christianity, the true lady will find herself much more at home than on the populous, feverish race-course.

At night the city is given over to pleasures of every description — some rational, some senseless. The unlucky backers of anticipated “certainties” conceive that they might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and so they still further deplete their purses by plunging into a variety of unlawful excesses. The theatres are thronged to suffocation, and Bourke-street is a moving mass of humanity, for thousands of rural and intercolonial visitors find their principal delight in walking aimlessly up and down the main artery of the Victorian metropolis. A percentage of sufferers from alcoholic exhilaration is perceivable, but the cosmopolitan crowd is, on the whole, remarkably decorous and well-behaved. The majority will, in all likelihood, not revisit Melbourne for another year, and they are making the most of their time in viewing sights and gathering impressions. A considerable section of them will be travelling homewards on the morrow, and, by the end of the week, comparatively few of them will be sojourners in the city. Does their annual Cup excursion make them better or otherwise? It is difficult to determine. On the principle that “Where ignorance is bliss ’tis folly to be wise” one might have wished that “along the cool, sequestered vale of life” they had “kept the noiseless tenor of their way,” undisturbed by the distracting thought of the great racing spectacle of the Southern Hemisphere, and unfamiliar with its demoralising accessories. But,

on the other hand, their lives may be appreciably brightened by this periodical oasis in a monotonous existence, this un wonted pleasure of mixing with so many thousands of humankind under a cheerful Australian sun, of revivifying old associations, of meeting with long-separated friends, and of inhaling all the inspiriting influences of the scene. Shakespeare assures us that "The web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," and it may be hoped that the good constituents of the Cup Carnival are, after all, more potent than the attendant ills, and that, when the sum total is added up, there will be a satisfactory balance to the credit of our Australasian festival.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

NEVER before in the history of the world has the circulation of works of fiction been so astonishingly large, or the craving for light literature evinced by the public so intense, as in this nineteenth century of ours. The producing power of the typical novelist of our day would, a century ago, have been regarded as something marvellous; but your popular author is now a systematic business man, who allots himself a certain period of time for the production of a particular work, and carries out his programme to the letter. It is this plan of labouring by hard-and-fast methodic rules, such as Anthony Trollope has formulated in his "Autobiography," that enables the majority of contemporary novelists to gratify their host of admirers with a regular and unbroken series of works of fiction. Novels meet our gaze everywhere—on the parlour-table, at the railway-station, in the daily newspaper, the weekly journal, and the monthly magazine. They crowd the shelves of the booksellers' shops by the thousand, and form the largest department of our private and public libraries. They are procurable at prices varying from a guinea to threepence, and are thus adapted to the circumstances of all, the schoolboy purchasing his Indian tale with the same facility that the man of wealth obtains a superfine edition of Thackeray or Scott.

We often hear it remarked by enthusiastic admirers of the novelist's art that a work of fiction is a vehicle for conveying instruction in a pleasing manner, in a manner calculated to leave a more lasting impression on the mind of the reader than would be produced by the closest study. We are told that Sir Walter Scott's novels have been the means of imparting a more extensive knowledge of Caledonian history than was effected by the labours of such indefatigable historians as Robertson, Wilson, and Tytler. We are also reminded that Captain Mayne Reid's popular tales of adventure have been instrumental in communicating a wider knowledge of natural history than was supplied by the standard manuals and appointed text-books on that subject. Many other similar examples are adduced by admirers of fiction with the object of proving that the novel-reader is being instructed whilst, at the same time, he is being entertained. Now, as this opinion seems to be very generally accepted, it may not be wholly without profit to inquire briefly into its accuracy. In the first place, does the novelist recognise it as one of the duties of his vocation to impart instruction? Or, rather, does he not regard it as his province to entertain, and not to teach? Most assuredly he does. Experience will most likely have taught him that to allow the element of instruction to predominate over that of pleasure is far from being a good method for obtaining an extensive sale for his productions. If such be the case (and that it is so is beyond a doubt), it obviously follows that the imparting of instruction must be secondary, in the author's

estimation, to the entertaining of the reader, and that whatever facts, historical or otherwise, are embodied in his work are inserted solely to subserve the principal object. To prove this we have only to revert to the examples previously cited. The reason why facts pertaining to Scottish history are introduced into the Waverley novels is that a certain amount of historical knowledge is absolutely necessary to the thorough comprehension of the plot. Similarly, in regard to Captain Mayne Reid's tales of adventure, to enable his readers to form an adequate conception of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of his heroes, he finds it necessary to digress, as it were, in order to briefly describe the natural history of the country in which the scenes of his story are laid. It is, therefore, evident that the comparatively little practical information found in the generality of works of fiction is not primarily intended by the author for the instruction of the reader, but merely to assist him in comprehending the narrative. And, if it is not the intention of the author to instruct the reader, why should the reader regard the author in the light of an instructor? Why should he seek for instruction where instruction, in the true sense of the word, is not obtainable? He cannot gain more than a superficial knowledge of Scottish history by reading Waverley, and can acquire but a smattering of natural history by perusing tales of adventure, however attractively written. And yet it is this fallacious argument, this widespread delusion that the reading of fiction is accompanied with the acquisition of sound knowledge, that is adduced to justify the excessive and indis-

criminate novel-reading of our times. A misconception fraught with a greater amount of danger it would be difficult to conceive. The reader who labours under it will gradually but certainly fall below the intellectual standard of his day, and his mind will become so enervated by irrational indulgence in light literature as to be ultimately incapable of applying itself with effect to anything of practical moment. Such a reader is as unable to discriminate between the use and the abuse of fiction as the opium-eater is between the use and the abuse of the narcotic drug. An excessive indulgence in opium operates most perniciously on the body, and it is no less certain that as evil effects are produced on the mind by the immoderate and injudicious reading of works of fiction. The whole subject may, in fact, be summarised in one sentence—*fiction should be read judiciously and moderately.* With respect to the former, Lord Roscommon condenses a great deal into a small compass when, in his essay on “Translated Verse,” he advises us to “choose an author as you would choose a friend.” This is an excellent rule, and one that should be observed by every reader, particularly the reader of fiction. If we exercise the same care in the selection of our authors that we evince in the choice of our friends, our reading will most certainly be productive of good results. And then, as regards the moderate reading of fiction, a constant remembrance of the well-known proverb, “A time for everything, and everything at its proper time,” will be found exceedingly profitable. Let us ever remember that there is a time for

profound reading and study, and after that a time for mental relaxation, but never must we allow the latter to encroach on the former. If we only keep steadily before our eyes these two limitations, we shall be able to walk with safety through the extensive garden of fiction—a garden which, whilst containing many choice flowers, is at the same time “tempting with forbidden fruit.”

And now to leave generalities and come to details. There was recently published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a record of the professional experiences and observations of Mr. Stoneham, of London, the greatest providore of popular literature in the world. From the facts and figures supplied by Mr. Stoneham we are able to gauge with almost absolute accuracy the literary tastes of the age. He is the proprietor of seven immense literary warehouses, planted in various parts of London, the world's metropolis, and is, therefore, entitled to speak with authority on the question we have been discussing. And what is the lesson that his extensive experience has taught him? Simply that most people prefer novels and light literature to any other description of reading. “Education,” he remarks, “has not improved their tastes, if you judge by the demand for serious books.” It is frequently stated that the novels of Sir Walter Scott, which were the favourite literary food of a former generation, are altogether too slow for our fast-moving age, and are, in consequence, but rarely read now-a-days. But this prevalent impression does not accord with the practical experience of our great London bookseller, who assures

us that "all editions of Scott's novels sell by tens of thousands." At the same time, it is equally true that "the translations of the naturalistic school of French novelists have always a big sale." This latter confession is somewhat disquieting, inasmuch as it means the diversion of a considerable quantity of the morbid literature of the Parisian gutters into English-speaking homes. Seeing that "Ouida" is declared to rank amongst the most popular authors of the day, one might have thought that there was quite enough of this nauseous stuff compounded at home to save the necessity of resorting to M. Zola and his followers for a supply at secondhand. By way of antidote to the dissemination of all this poisonous refuse, it is gratifying to learn that George Eliot enjoys a large and steady sale, "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" being naturally the best liked of her works. The gilt has already been rubbed off the late Lord Beaconsfield's ginger-bread novels. An essentially theatrical personage throughout his whole career, the artificial sentimentality of his writings, which delighted his manifold admirers when he was a striking figure in the public life of the nation, now strangely resembles the unilluminated scenery of the stage—a succession of promiscuous daubs and thick patches of lifeless colour. The place of Lord Beaconsfield in the literary market now is designated in the expressive monosyllable "slow." Charles Dickens retains his widespread popularity, in spite of many confident predictions that his works would prove of but temporary interest, and would cease to attract with the triumph of the social

reforms which they were a powerful means of effecting. He may at times have written with a single eye to the tastes of his own generation, and his types of humanity may not be exact transcripts from nature; nevertheless, there are appreciable elements of perpetuity in almost all of that brilliant series of fictions which claim Charles Dickens as their author. Thackeray, too, than whom no writer since Shakspeare has made a more complete study of human nature in all its changing aspects, continues to be eagerly sought after, "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians" having a constant succession of readers. Bulwer Lytton is apparently receding in popular estimation and Captain Mayne Reid has also been somewhat eclipsed in the arena where he once reigned supreme by such novel and striking stories of adventure as Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and Mr. H. R. Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines." Wilkie Collins, by reason of his marvellous ingenuity in the conception and development of complicated and fascinating plots, will command a host of readers for many a day; and no one will be surprised to hear that "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone" enjoy a perennial popularity. Neither will any one be astonished to hear that those weird, unearthly tales which the vivid imagination of Edgar Allan Poe has bequeathed to the world, are read with avidity by that large class of people who delight in feasting on horrors. These persons are also the principal patrons of Gaboriau, whose thrilling stories of crime are said to be the favourite reading of Prince Bismarck, and to

have an enormous annual circulation in England. Miss Braddon and Mrs. Henry Wood receive the suffrages of a considerable section of the novel-reading public ; but the great London bookseller unhesitatingly pronounces the works written in collaboration by Mr. Walter Besant and the late Mr. James Rice to have achieved the widest popularity within his experience. "The Golden Butterfly" and "Ready-Money Mortiboy" are certainly cleverly-constructed stories, but few were aware that they had attained to this distinction. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe, and "It is Never Too Late to Mend," by Charles Reade, are two impressive sermon-stories that will be never in want of audiences as long as sympathy with suffering and oppressed humanity survives in the world. Lord Macaulay's "Essays," Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" are classics which, it is pleasing to learn, receive a patronage proportionate to their exalted merits. The fact that Sheridan's "Plays" are included in Mr. Stoneham's list of the best hundred books—meaning best from a trade standpoint—may be taken as evidence that popular appreciation of genuine humour has not been entirely extinguished, despite the demoralising and depressing influences of the so-called "comic" stage in these latter days. Judging from Mr. Stoneham's list, Charles Lever and Samuel Lover are regarded by the reading public as the two representative novelists of Ireland. That such should be the case is matter for grave regret. Lever's rollicking stories and Lover's farcical creations, however amusing they

may be to the general reader, are open to this very serious objection, that they are calculated to perpetuate and to intensify a stupid and mischievous conception of Irishmen in general, which already prevails too widely, and has produced more unpleasant consequences than have appeared on the surface. Beyond all question William Carleton is pre-eminently the popular novelist of Ireland. It is true that at times he has the bad taste to sneer at the religious practices of his countrymen, but, apart from this ugly blot, which occasionally mars his otherwise excellent work, his writings are in the main distinctively national in their character, and faithfully reproduce the lights and shades of Irish life. It is somewhat surprising that the name and the fame of Gerald Griffin are not better known to his countrymen and to the reading world at large. Several of Griffin's Irish stories are entitled to rank in literary finish far above Carleton at his best; but it may possibly be that this very superiority of style is actually a barrier to their general popularity. Certainly, comparatively few of the thousands in this city of Melbourne who not long ago applauded the veteran Dion Boucicault in his well-known drama "The Colleen Bawn," were aware that this favourite play is only an acted version of Gerald Griffin's powerful story of "The Collegians." On this same story Sir Julius Benedict built an opera, "The Lily of Killarney," which has become well-nigh as world-renowned as the play. Both the dramatist and the composer were the recipients of money and fame, but the original author, from whom they drew their

inspiration, went unrewarded, during his brief lifetime, either by empty praise or solid pudding.

In this colony we have every reason to rejoice at the intelligent foresight which dedicated a central block of our capital to the purposes of a national collection of popular literature. There is no pile of buildings to which the people of Victoria can point with a greater amount of laudable pride than that situated in Swanston-street, and comprising the National Gallery, Public Library, and Art Museum. Collins and Bourke streets are adorned with many triumphs of architectural skill, which invariably strike with astonishment the visitor from the old world, who cannot reconcile such an advanced state of progress with the fact that fifty years ago a forest of gum-trees occupied the site on which the bustling city now stands. But his astonishment is changed into amazement when, leaving the two busiest thoroughfares of the city, he enters the comparatively quiet Swanston-street, and has his attention at once arrested by the noble block of buildings to which reference has just been made. He is astonished to find a collection of books which will bear favourable comparison with many of the world-famed libraries of older countries; a gallery of paintings, as yet only in its infancy, but full of promise in the future; a museum of arts in which the industrial resources of the colony are displayed in the most complete and interesting manner; and a gallery of statuary, in which are exhibited many excellent copies of those embodiments of classical mythology which throw a halo round the names of

ancient Greece and Rome, and won for them the high title of "the homes of the arts." Yes, this is what surprises every visitor from the home country. The average European conception of Victoria is a place where everyone is so busily engaged in gold-mining and wool-growing that no time is available for the cultivation of the refinements of civilisation. But the first visit to the Public Library, Art Museum, and National Gallery effectually removes that misconception, and the visitor departs with the conviction that the colonists fully subscribe to the belief of Wordsworth :—

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

COMING TOGETHER.

THAT is what our Australasian colonies are slowly but surely engaged in, and what they are certain to achieve in good time. But some rashly importunate people are not satisfied with the rate of progress, and are excessively anxious to accelerate the general advance towards the wished-for goal of federation. "The more haste the less speed" is a maxim that applies with particular force in this connection, and such headstrong people should remember that a homogeneous nation is the growth of years, and not the result of the forcing process of a day. Owing to this ill-advised precipitancy we have now a Federal Council only partially representative of the colonies, the mother of the group declining to occupy a seat in the family circle; whereas, had we possessed our souls in patience, and allowed the situation to develop in its natural course, it would not have been long before mother and sisters came together of their own accord and formed a happy federated family. But it is much to be feared that this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation has been somewhat retarded through the impolitic eagerness to clutch the apple before it was thoroughly ripe.

It is now more than thirty years since a select committee of the Legislative Council of New South Wales first reported in favour of the formation of a General Assembly to deal with questions affecting

Australian interests, as distinguished from the local concerns of each individual colony. Ever since, the idea of an Australasian federation has been a sort of floating sentiment in the public mind. There was a prevailing natural desire to constitute a body empowered to speak for and on behalf of the colonies at large, to regulate all matters of national moment, and to be a visible emblem of the unity of the race at the antipodes. But the difficulty was to crystallise this floating sentiment into action. The obstacles for a long time were very discouraging, but they are all gradually being removed. One of the greatest of them was the distance intervening between the various colonies and capitals, which induced and intensified isolation, and obscured the conception of the higher national life. But now, the rapid extension of railways in every direction has placed the metropolitan cities of Australia in the position of next-door neighbours, and the result has been a facility of personal intercommunication and a constant interchange of ideas, that have very appreciably promoted the process of national consolidation. By coming together in this fraternal spirit, colonists learned that they had a community of aspirations and of interests, and, without any surrender of local independence, they could combine when necessary for the general good. In short, they began to realise the advantages of a commonwealth, and that in itself was a great stride towards practical federation. Some of them, it is true, have not yet quite made up their minds to overturn those artificial barriers which they once considered it prudent to erect

in self-defence, but which have now survived their usefulness, if they ever had any. But the complete removal of such useless barriers between our colonial countrymen is only a question of time, and the day cannot be far distant when all unnecessary restrictions on intercolonial trade and commerce will be summarily swept away. A policy of mutual trust will take the place of the system of suspicious vigilance that formerly prevailed, and the colonies will interchange their natural products without any of the friction arising from irritating imposts and inconveniences.

Foreign aggression in Australasian waters has proved a potent factor in drawing the colonies closer together. It gave them a forcible illustration of the old story of the bundle of sticks, and taught them the salutary lesson of the strength that resides in union. When they saw an island on their coast, which they had every reason to regard as their own, coolly partitioned between themselves and a possible enemy in the future, they realised, as they never did before, the supreme necessity of standing shoulder to shoulder and presenting a united front to the world. The loss of a section of New Guinea was distinctly traceable to two causes—the want of united action on the part of the Australias, and the want of a backbone on the part of the Imperial Secretary of State for the Colonies. Of the two, the former was unquestionably the more disastrous in its results, for, had the colonies declared their will in the matter unanimously, emphatically and unmistakeably, no one can doubt for a moment that New Guinea would to-day be an Australian dependency,

whole and entire. United Australia would have spoken with a voice that would be simply irresistible, and no British Minister, however weak and flabby in composition, could possibly have surrendered with that strong voice ringing in his ears. On the principle of "once bit, twice shy," and in view of the ever-present possibility of a recurrence of this painful episode in our colonial history, it is not surprising that the Australian native population should have banded themselves together to resist with determination any further foreign aggression in their waters, and thus to prepare the way for the sturdy all-embracing Australian Federation that cannot much longer be delayed. It has also to be remembered that Australian trade and commerce have now assumed proportions that are calculated to attract undesirable attentions in times of European conflict, and this consideration is a powerful argument for the maintenance of a central federal authority, capable of directing and controlling a well-planned scheme of intercolonial defence.

The influence of a Federated Australia would extend far beyond its geographical boundaries. Within, it would elevate and dignify; without, it would solidify and strengthen. Colonial federation must necessarily precede that larger and wider Imperial Federation which it is the great aim of the highest statesmanship of our time to secure. The foundation must be laid before the superstructure can be commenced. With each division of the empire organised and federated within its own lines the idea of a really Imperial

Parliament, representative alike of the Great Britain at home and the Greater Britain abroad, would come down from the cloud-land of airy speculation in which it has dwelt so long, gather form and substance, and rapidly acquire a tangible existence. It would supply the long-needed link to connect the scattered settlements of our race the whole world over, and show them that Imperial unity was something beyond a mere high-sounding sentiment. Canada, Australia, South Africa, India and Ireland, each would have its local legislature, and each would be relatively represented in that great National Assembly of the British race, whose province it would be to deal with Imperial affairs. They would all have their proportionate voices in discussing and determining the broad general policy of the empire, of which they form integral parts. The present nominally Imperial Parliament would doubtless strongly object to efface itself and its time-honoured traditional privileges, in order to make room for a National Assembly in the true sense of the term—but it is vain to fight with the inevitable, and we have now arrived at a period when no institution, however venerable and historic, can be allowed to block the path of truth and progress. The evil of the existing state of things has been forcibly pointed out by a far seeing statesman, Lord Carnarvon. "Elections," he says, "are not to be won, or votes gained, or House of Commons divisions turned, by a careful understanding of colonial questions; and it is small wonder that Bills and contentions which affect the fate of parties should outweigh the consideration of

measures which involve the distribution and adjustment of Imperial forces, but which are thrown by their geographical distance into comparative obscurity. There is always great risk that in popular estimation things small and present may overshadow things great and remote." Experience has abundantly proved the truth of these weighty words, and would amply justify a radical alteration in a system that continually subordinates the higher interests of the empire at large to the domestic concerns of a part.

The federation of the colonies is, therefore, eminently desirable, both for its inherent advantages and as a stepping-stone to something greater and loftier still. As Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the father of Australian federation, remarked many years ago, "the interest and honour of these growing states would be promoted by the establishment of a system of mutual action and co-operation among them." In material interests they would be great gainers by the adoption of a uniform tariff, a complete plan of intercolonial defence, a general scheme of ocean postage, and a colonial supreme court of appeal, to take the place of the present cumbrous and unsatisfactory method of carrying cases in the last resort to the Privy Council in England. In honour, Australia would be raised in the estimation of the world by emerging from the chrysalis stage of provincial existence into the fulness and freedom of national life. But this crowning triumph can only be the outcome of the spontaneous free-will of the Australias, and nothing is gained by premature pressure. Such movements, as Mr. Murray Smith told the Royal

Colonial Institute in London, "require popular support and cannot be galvanised into existence. If they are not inspirations, they are anachronisms." A great occasion may arise to call a United Australia into existence with magical suddenness, but the likelier probability is that the colonies will continue to come closer and closer together, and be unified almost before they are conscious of the fact—that is to say, actual federation will precede the proclamation of the formal act of federation. It is the wiser and the safer course to let this preparatory process proceed without interruption, to allow the colonies to become still better acquainted with each other, and to educate the public opinion of the Australasian group up to an adequate conception of the coming event. Then will the colonies have a correct appreciation of the step they are about to take, and be prepared to enter on the duties and responsibilities of a new-born nation.

A PLEA FOR A BETTER MELBOURNE.

OF late we have heard a great deal concerning the relative importance of the two metropolitan Australian cities—Melbourne and Sydney. Critics have been instituting invidious comparisons between the two capitals, and with prophetic presumption have undertaken to award the palm of future supremacy to the metropolis of the parent colony. That the time will come when Melbourne will cease to be the commercial emporium of the Southern Hemisphere, and Sydney will be recognised as the chief of the Australian cities, no loyal Victorian believes; at the same time it must be confessed that our Sydney neighbours are working more systematically and energetically towards the attainment of the goal of supremacy than the dwellers on the banks of the Yarra. For example, they are doing their utmost to improve the external aspect of their city, by eradicating the hovels and rookeries that served the purposes of habitation in bygone and less civilised days. With commendable zeal and determination the Mayors of Sydney have personally inspected the by-streets, and whenever they came across an old and dilapidated domicile, ordered its immediate removal and the erection of a more substantial building in its stead. In Melbourne, though the necessity is quite as urgent on grounds of health, cleanliness and order, no such laudable effort of municipal zeal is to be noticed. Not to

mention the pestilential alleys and by-streets that make the north-eastern section of the city proper a sort of human warren and festering hot-bed of disease, we see still standing in our two leading thoroughfares—in Collins-street, the haunt of the fashionable, and Bourke-street, the home of business—miserable ginger-bread buildings, repulsive in their unsightliness, dangerous in their dilapidation, unhealthy in their circumscribed limits, and utterly incongruous in their surroundings. Under a vigorous and active municipal *regime* these dismal and unwholesome relics of the early days would long since have disappeared, and edifices symbolising the industrial and commercial progress of the colony would be occupying the valuable sites they now disgrace and encumber. To the artistic eye the aspect of Collins and Bourke streets at the present time is most revolting, by reason of violent contrast. A splendid banking edifice, or lofty business establishment, is seen side by side with a weatherboard abomination that might have been transplanted from a Wimmera township in the chrysalis stage of existence. There is just and reasonable ground for complaint against the city corporation for so long tacitly permitting this degradation of our street architecture. It may be pleaded on their behalf that they have no right or authority to interfere with vested interests, or compel the individual to improve his surroundings for the benefit and the reputation of the community. But, as custodians of the city, solicitous for its progress, jealous of its privileges, and desirous of its supremacy, they should exercise the

power so usefully and efficaciously wielded by their Sydney municipal friends—the power of condemning and destroying unsuitable buildings within their jurisdiction, of insisting on street uniformity, and awakening metropolitan Rip Van Winkles to the fact that the Melbourne of to-day is more exacting in its requirements than the Melbourne of '52.

Passing from the material to the moral Melbourne, we come to one of the great social problems of the hour—how to deal with larrikinism and secure the preservation of order in the city and suburbs. No one will deny that a “better Melbourne” would ensue if the larrikin element of the population could be eliminated. But how to eliminate that element is the difficulty. The metropolitan and suburban magistrates in meeting assembled saw no other course open than the employment of the lash. No doubt many of the cowardly assailants of defenceless men, women and children, richly deserve a public flogging, but the proposal to invest police or honorary magistrates with such a power is open to grave objection. The larrikin, it must be remembered, is formed and fostered by social customs and surroundings. A community that revels in brutalising sports must be prepared for a crop of brutes in due season, and it so happens that the most popular of Melbourne sports—football—is the most brutalising in its tendency. Many thousand persons, including a large percentage of ladies, have been known to assemble in this city on the occasion of a great football match, and vehemently applaud the team with the superior muscle. The player who succeeds in

giving an opponent a clever fall is rewarded by a round of applause, and there is enthusiastic cheering when a man makes a brilliant run and overturns five or six who unsuccessfully contest his progress. All this is perfectly right within an enclosure surrounded by thousands of excited partisans, but when precisely the same tactics are pursued elsewhere, when a Collingwood policeman gets a "clever fall," or a well-known civilian gets "overturned," oh! then it is a privilege no longer—it becomes an outrageous attack by larrikins, and repressive measures are loudly demanded. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," was the reply given by the Saviour on a memorable occasion, and to-day it may be said, "Let him who never witnessed or applauded a brutalising game be the first to threaten the larrikin with the lash." If the elders of a community patronise ignoble sports, if they lend their presence to degrading pastimes, if they unblushingly rejoice in the triumph of muscle over mind, they may feel certain that their chickens will soon come home to roost, or, in other words, the growing youths will better the instruction and develop into full-fledged larrikins.

Another element in the formation of the larrikin's character is the prejudicial influence of the theatre. Here in Melbourne, we have had enacted, in the presence of hundreds of youthful spectators, plays which, if not avowedly criminal in their tendency, were certainly not written in the interests of law and order. There is no censorship of the theatre in Victoria as in England, and every manager is practically

at liberty to produce what he pleases. True, the Chief Secretary has authority to cancel theatrical licences, but the authority is never exercised on the grounds of public morality and virtue, and managers know well that, so long as they refrain from satirising on the stage the little foibles of the reigning Ministry, they have nothing to fear from official censorship. If it were otherwise, a drama founded on the cowardly misdeeds of a gang of outlaws, a drama in which the guardians of the public peace were held up to laughter and ridicule, a drama depicting crime in attractive colours and suggesting the "romance of the road," would never have found a place on the boards of a respectable Melbourne theatre. Plays of the "Pink Dominoes" and "New Babylon" type, that have had lengthy and remunerative runs in this city, are equally reprehensible for their vicious tendency. And yet, with all these patent facts staring them in the face, people pretend, with hypocritical surprise, to wonder at the disorderly behaviour of young Australia. They go to a football match and vigorously applaud a public exhibition of brute force, and then, with unpardonable inconsistency, lift up their voices and write to the newspapers when they hear of a similar exhibition somewhere else to which no admission fee is charged. Or they visit a theatre and support a play which is a panegyric of lawless ruffianism, and are then astonished to hear of a diabolical assault on the city constables. From dress-circle and stalls they gaze with rapture on the liberally displayed charms of a gay adventuress, or revel in the

thinly-veiled indecency of the current comic opera, and then ask how it is that they cannot take their wives and daughters through Collins-street after dark. Oh, yes! legalise the lash by all means, but in the name of common sense let it be distributed with even-handed justice; and if so, clergymen who, instead of "going about doing good" like their Master, spend the most of their time in splitting theological hairs; magistrates who place characterless women in charge of public-houses, notwithstanding the openly-expressed objections of the police; theatrical managers who are guided in what they produce by the sole consideration, will it pay; and the thousands of regular patrons of so-called "manly sports," these and many others will be amongst the first to take their stand at the triangles.

If we are to have a better moral Melbourne, let us set to work at once, and remove the causes that have induced the present disorder. So long as they exist a regular periodical growth of larrikins may be safely predicted. Our social conditions must be improved, popular tastes corrected, and public abuses remedied. The larrikin, 'it must not be forgotten, is the product of his social surroundings, and these latter must be altered if he is to be reformed. The agencies that make him what he is must be eliminated without delay. Above all, as the best precaution for the future the moral and religious training of the young should be insisted on by the State, instead of being utterly ignored, as at present. A community that, by express legislative enactment, has done what no other portion

of the Queen's dominions has dared to do, viz., to practically prohibit the utterance of the name of God in its schools, should not be surprised at its children evincing but little respect for law and order. Victoria has received the congratulations of continental revolutionists on her having taken this leap in the dark, but happily she has become conscious of the danger of the situation, and is now beginning to retrace her steps. The awakening, it is to be hoped, will be productive of permanent good.

A COUNTRY POLITICIAN.

YOU see it was this way. John was about the quietest man you could find for miles around the little township of Arcadia. He was the local storekeeper, minded nothing but his own business, and when the village gossips commenced to talk politics after making their purchases, John never put in a word, or paid the least attention to their diverse criticisms on Service and Berry. In fact, he did not seem to understand what politics meant; he was one of those philosophical easy-going individuals who never care a cent. what party is in power so long as they are able to pay current expenses. And John was able to do far more than that; he was the only storekeeper in the township; there were a good many comfortable farmers in the surrounding district; so John, by all accounts, was "well in," to use a bucolic expression equivalent to the more orthodox commercial phrase, "having a handsome balance to your credit." John was frequently urged to accept a seat in the Arcadia Shire Council; but to all these overtures he offered a steadfast resistance. He even declined to become a member of the Board of Advice, although assured of the fact that there were no public duties attached to the office, as most of these bodies never met from one year's end to the other. Revival meetings, temperance meetings,

indignation meetings, agricultural meetings, tea-meetings—all could not tempt John Snupkins from his blissful retirement. He kept on weighing his tea and sugar, and taking cash over the counter in solemn silence, with never a thought or ambition of appearing in public.

But “what dire events from little causes spring!” Every man makes a big blunder at some period of his life, and when the mischief is done, and cannot be repaired, he then begins to wonder what on earth induced him to act so stupidly. So it was with John Snupkins. A few of the advanced Radicals of the village put their heads together, and determined to establish a branch of the Reform League in Arcadia. One of them casually remarked that the Hon. Graham Berry, if written to, might accept an invitation to be present on the auspicious occasion, and, as a matter of course, address the meeting. The idea was received with unanimous approval. Mr. Berry was accordingly communicated with; and on the receipt of his reply, the whole township was thrown into a state of unprecedented excitement by the intelligence that the “great leader of the Liberal party” was actually coming to the distant village of Arcadia. Even John Snupkins caught the prevailing infection; and when the rumour was circulated that John Snupkins, who had never attended a meeting during the lifetime of the oldest inhabitant; John Snupkins, who had faithfully resisted all previous attempts to induce him to take a part in local affairs; John Snupkins, the shrewd, the stern, the reserved—when it was

rumoured that John Snupkins had actually told a man in the shop that he was going to the Reform League meeting, the excitement increased tenfold. On the eventful day the Reform Leaguers, thirteen strong, went five miles up the road to meet the "Liberal leader," and escorted him into the township. In the evening the Temperance Hall, capable of holding 57 persons, was crowded to its utmost capacity; and, in the front seat, immediately under the platform, was visible the well-known form of John Snupkins, the observed of all observers, after Mr. Berry. Well, the preliminaries were all duly carried out, the league was formally inaugurated, and then Mr. Berry rose to address the assemblage. He was in splendid form that night; he never orated in more brilliant style, never denounced the enemies of the people with greater vigour, never deprecated the existence of large estates with finer fervour, never extolled Protection in more glowing periods, and never murdered the letter H with more supreme self-satisfaction. But the effect of the night's proceedings on John Snupkins was something astonishing. He went home a changed man; he was under the spell of native eloquence; and Mr. Berry's visit was a turning point in his life. His wife, an honest simple old soul, said, "She couldn't make out at all, at all, what had come over John since Mr. Berry visited the place. Before that unlucky Reform meeting John was always attentive to his business; but now he couldn't be kept within doors, and even at night she could hear him in his sleep mumbling such words as 'the great heart of the people,'

‘ unscrupulous oligarchy,’ ‘ consolidated revenue,’ ‘ curled darlings of the aristocracy,’ ‘ Hupper ’Ouse,’ ‘ the grinding down of the masses,’ and many other expressions that she could not make head or tail of. She firmly believed that Berry had bewitched her poor old man ; and, if she only had him for five minutes she would give him a lesson he would not soon forget. She’d teach him to come gallivanting about the country, turning the heads of honest men, and destroying the happiness of peaceful families.” But it was of no avail ; Berry had come and gone ; but he had left the sting of his visit behind him. Poor John Snupkins could no longer apply himself to business after hearing that speech. Instead of minding his shop, as in days of yore, he left the shop to mind itself. A deputation from the newly-formed branch of the Reform League waited upon him, and respectfully requested his acceptance of the office of president. In a very lengthy speech, resembling in style and construction that delivered by Mr. Berry on the ever-to-be-remembered inauguration night, John Snupkins returned thanks for the compliment paid him by the members, said he had at last been awakened to the duty he owed his country, intimated his desire to lead a more active public life in the future, and would do his utmost to promote the interests of the Liberal party in the honourable position to which they had called him. Well, after this, John Snupkins took the chair regularly at the league meetings, became recognised as a leading local politician, and was rarely seen behind the counter. Even the establishment of

a second and rival store in the township could not arouse poor John to the necessity of watching his business interests better; and it was only after the lapse of several months, during which the tide of custom had set in towards the new shop, that he began to see the error of his ways. Then poor John threw up politics, resigned his position in the Reform League, and resolved to give his whole mind and soul to business once more. But it was too late, and John Snupkins, ex-president of the Reform League, found to his dismay that the great majority of his customers had withdrawn their patronage on account of his sacrificing their interests to his political ambition. He staved off the inevitable as long as he possibly could, but had to succumb to the force of circumstances at last, and on the first anniversary of the "great Liberal leader's" visit to Arcadia, the following announcement was made public:—

"NEW INSOLVENT.

John Snupkins, Arcadia, storekeeper. Causes of insolvency:—Berry blight, political insanity, and misdirected zeal for the public good. Liabilities, £475 13s. 7d.; assets, £1; deficiency, £474 13s. 7d. Moses Zimmerman, official assignee."

What became of him? Well, the ex-president of the Reform League is now breaking stones on a shire contract, and if you have any care for your life, never mention the name of "Graham Berry" in his presence.

MORAL.

Mind your own business, and let politics severely alone.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

NOT the Abyssinian one in which Prince Rasselas was confined, and of which Dr. Johnson has given us a glowing description, but an Antipodean vale of felicity a few miles distant from an old and important centre, and yet but little known to its routine-living, commercial-minded people. Some of them, it is true, do occasionally stumble upon the beauteous scene by accident, and their good-luck is abundantly rewarded. They are at first overcome with astonishment at the delightful spectacle a thousand feet below, and are amazed to think that they have dwelt so long near this fairy spot, and yet were wholly unaware of its existence. But once they make this most pleasurable discovery, the radiant vision never fades from their memories, and ever afterwards an excursion to the Happy Valley becomes a favourite Sunday and holiday recreation.

The valley is approached by an ordinary unfrequented road that gives no premonition of the palace of natural delights to which it conducts the wayfarer. It is like that metaphorical path, mentioned in Holy Writ, which leads to celestial bliss, but "few there are who find it." After walking along this rough and lonely way for half-an-hour, the pedestrian suddenly stands still in amazement, for the whole character of the scene has changed as if by a magician's wand. The

transformation could not have been more rapid or surprising if it were a complete vivification of a page from the "Arabian Nights." The spectator who the moment before was traversing an uninteresting and monotonous road now sees a lovely luxuriant dell opening at his very feet. He finds himself standing on the eastern verge of a deep semicircular valley about a mile across, bounded on its farther side by a river sparkling in the sunlight, and enclosed in other directions by thinly-wooded uplands. Hundreds of bright-hued native Australian birds are seen flitting about from tree to tree, making the valley musical with their unpremeditated concert, and kaleidoscopic by the continuous changes of their wealth of colour. A few cattle and horses may be discerned grazing on the nutritious grass produced by the rich alluvial of the valley, and an occasional peal of merry laughter denotes the presence of an unseen children's party below, for an orphan asylum is not very far away, and nothing pleases the homeless little ones better than to be allowed to visit the Happy Valley, and enjoy themselves at will in its quiet retreats. No doubt there is something pathetically suggestive to the impressionable child-mind in the name that has been so appropriately affixed to the place—a reminiscence of a happiness that lingers in the memory, but is now no more, when paternal solicitude and maternal tenderness guided the footsteps of the growing infant.

Only two habitations are visible in this sequestered spot. The one built on a little space hollowed out of the side of a precipitous declivity is a rude hut, which

commands a glorious view of the valley beneath, and is tenanted by a mysterious personage known to the outside world as "The Hermit." He is a strange-looking being—a seeming reincarnation of an anchorite of old, a venerable gentleman of misanthropical tendencies. His principal garment is a forcible reminder of the penitential shirt that was worn in the early days of Christianity, and possibly the actuating impulse of his secluded life may be found in a sincere desire to imitate the strict rule of living and rigorous self-denial that were once regarded as the highest ideal of human existence. Or, in the poetical language of Parnell, it may be that—

" Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

But in these suspicious times few people who go out of the ordinary groove of existence get credit for good intentions, and, therefore, it is not surprising that our hermit is generally regarded less as a singular exemplar of religious fervour than as a sort of harmless lunatic whose eccentric mode of living need not be disturbed. Others there are who will have it that he suffered some grievous disappointment in early life and retired from the world in consequence, whilst some who take a romantic view of the situation make him the central figure in some dark deed of the distant past. But whatever may be the value of these gratuitous speculations, certain it is that our hermit has kept guard over the Happy Valley for many a year. Nobody, in fact, is in a position to say that he was not its original discoverer. At first he dwelt in truly

patriarchal fashion in a cave on the hillside, but he afterwards constructed for himself that primeval hut, and so added to its natural isolation as to render it almost unapproachable to strangers. In selecting a site for his humble abode he evinced the possession of an artistic eye, for he fixed on a lofty position that constituted him monarch of all he surveyed in the way of scenery, and from which the best panoramic view of the valley was to be had. Rarely, however, was he seen outside his elevated retreat, and when he did appear for a few moments on the little ledge at a giddy height aloft, the laughing children in the valley below would simultaneously pause in their play and gaze in silence and awe on the mysterious being above.

A winding path from the vantage-point from which we have been viewing this unexpected scene, leads us down into the verdant valley, and conducts us to the only other visible habitation, a pretty little cottage on the bank of the shining river. It is occupied by a genial elderly man, evidently at peace with himself, with the world, and with all mankind; his pleasant-faced, sweet-voiced, and warm-hearted wife, and their family of joyous, healthy boys and girls, all engaged in a judicious mixture of business pursuits with the pleasures of residence in the Happy Valley. They cultivate a few acres of the rich soil around them, and attend to their cattle and horses, revelling in the luxuriance of good things that the valley affords. What a contrast between this happy family group at one end of the valley, and the silent, secluded hermit at the other! By day the former are

seen alert and vivacious and good-humoured, whilst the latter, if seen at all, is stern, speechless, and repellent. And at night when the cottage is illuminated, and sounds of laughter and of music are borne on the breeze, a solitary candle-light far away up on the hillside is the sole indicator of the hermit's abode. But the comfortable cottage labours under a serious disadvantage from which the hermit's hut is free, for there are times when the now gently-flowing river is swollen by storm waters, and rushes and rages in a torrent, and inundates the whole of the Happy Valley, and even succeeds in climbing some distance up the hill-sides, but never yet has it placed the hermit's hut in jeopardy, though it has overwhelmed and destroyed all the animal life in the valley that did not escape in time. Well is it for the light-hearted residents of the cottage that they know when the flood is coming, and are able to remove themselves and all their belongings to a place of safety, leaving nothing behind them but the substantial framework of their house, which they always find standing steadily in its old position after the storm-waters have ceased to cover it, after they have expended their forces and have sullenly receded from the valley. The surging waters came to curse, but were compelled to bless, and to leave the valley brighter and fresher than when they intruded on its fair domain.

It is on a Sunday afternoon in summer that the valley looks its loveliest. For then the brilliant splendour of an Australian sun illuminates its depths, and brings out in distinctness of detail all its

variegated beauties. On such an afternoon the few hundreds who have learned the secret of the Happy Valley become eager pilgrims to its incorruptible shrine, and practise the universal devotion of "looking through nature up to nature's God." Old folks are seen walking along gravely until they reach an eminence which commands a full view of the sun-clad scene in the valley below. Then they seat themselves, and with brightened eye and animated face, follow with sympathetic pleasure every movement of the youth and loveliness that are dispersed beneath. Too old to descend into the valley themselves, they find their greatest satisfaction in contemplating the enjoyment of their juniors. Middle-aged people, too, are discernible. Their habit is to go about half way down the winding road and take possession of some convenient nook on the hillsides, where they alternate for the afternoon between spasmodic reading, cheerful conversation, and silent admiration of the wealth of natural charms around them. But it is the young people who take possession of the valley itself, and ramble at will over its verdant area, strong in the self-asserted rights of youth, energy, ambition and glowing hope. Viewed from the eminence above, where the aged ones are sitting, they are like butterflies sipping the sweets of the valley. During the afternoon they may be seen coming down the winding road in pairs, and pausing at intervals to look around and exchange words of surprise and admiration at each unfolding beauty of the landscape. When the descent is accomplished they scatter themselves amongst the trees or

linger by the sparkling river, evidently engaged in weaving plans for a blissful future that many of them are destined never to see, and enjoying in anticipation a number of prospective but improbable pleasures suggested by their present happy but short-lived surroundings. Short-lived! Yes, for see, the sun is sinking in the west, and already a lengthening shadow is creeping over the Happy Valley. Soon one-half is in thick shade, whilst the other is resplendent in golden sunshine. Alike the philosophic old on the heights, the contented middle-aged on the hill sides, and the ardent young in the valley, recognise the signal and prepare to depart. As they are quitting the darkening scene the venerable hermit appears on his rocky ledge, and with thoughtful mien gazes on the retreating procession. They are returning to that world from which he is banished, and leaving him once more for a season in charge of the vale of happiness. Simultaneously from the cottage at the farther end of the valley come sweet sounds of choral music, the harmonious echoes of family worship. And now every visitor has vanished, and the sun himself has gone down in the midst of a brilliant golden haze. "It is night, and the landscape is lovely no more," an all-pervading stillness supervenes on the moving spectacle of this Sabbath afternoon, and the Happy Valley fades from our longing sight. But not for ever,

"For morn is approaching its charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring with dew."

And can we not learn something from the scene on which we have been gazing, something that will be a

permanent memorial of the feelings of the hour? Whether we be lonely hermits working silently on the hill-sides of life, or companionable toilers in the open space below, can we not create a Happy Valley all around us? Can we not so perform our daily avocations as to confer the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of pain, and not permit the personal element in our nature to ride roughshod over the collective good? Were we only to recognise in all its sublime fulness the grand Christian ideal of the brotherhood of humanity, the sum total of earthly happiness would be immensely increased by our daily contributions. And it is just because that great cardinal doctrine is practically ignored by the majority of professing Christians, that so much virulent class-hatred and so many appalling social contrasts abound. It is because the individual forgets his responsibility to the mass, and, in the pompous pride of the passing hour, thinks that he is the whole machine and not a part. He never reflects that the well-being and stability of the social fabric are dependent on the mutual voluntary cohesion of its component parts, and, when these do not act in unison, or are in a condition of incessant chafing, disputes and disturbances in the body politic must ensue. A wide fraternal sympathy is the certain cure for all such social ills, the best of all peace-makers between contending interests, and the only court of conciliation whose decrees will win enduring respect. And there is cause for general gratification that this wholesome truth is beginning to be realised and acted on, that erstwhile separated classes

are drawing nearer by degrees, and discovering that after all their interests are alike. Such welding process will give a new and loftier reading to the sententious couplet of Pope :—

“ In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind’s concern is charity.”

When charity shall become thus sublimated, reduced to practice in the work-a-day world, and intertwined with all social relationships, it will not be long before all men shall be seen frequenting the Happy Valley of life.

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