GARRYOWEN SKETCHES

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THE

'GARRYOWEN"

SKETCHES.

Historical, Local, and Personal.

BY

AN OLD COLONIST.
Edmund Finn.

A careful observer of passing events, who has been many years in the Colony, ay, by shaking the Kaleidoscope existent in every human mind, obtain mosaic impses of the occurrences of 'Auld Lang Syne,' which, if not always instructive, are ten amusing.—*Page* 112.

MELBOURNE:

LEX. M'KINLEY & CO., PRINTERS, QUEEN STREET.

1880.

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INTRODUCTORY.

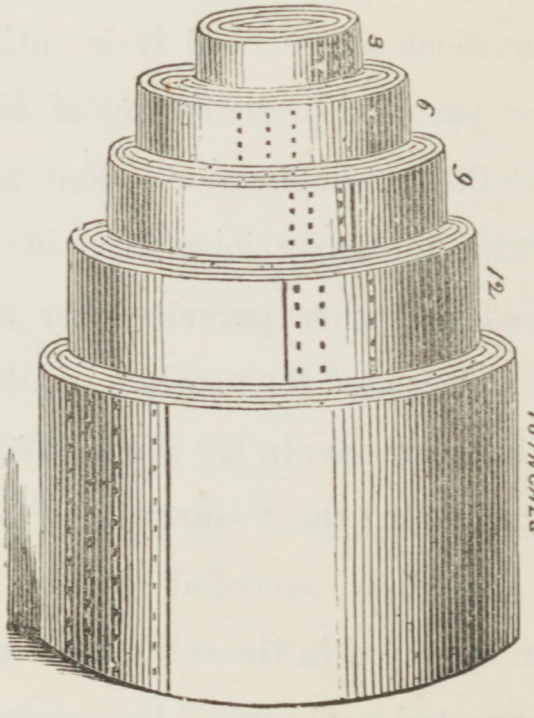
THE writer of the series of Sketches, now issued in a collected form, had little notion of their ever assuming such a pretentious shape; and it is entirely owing to the, perhaps, over-partial representations of Friends that he has consented to their re-publication. For many years he was associated with the early journalism of Melbourne, which he abandoned for other pursuits ever so long ago; and being "out of harness" for nearly a quarter of a century, it occurred to him, one day, to try if his hand were yet "in"—and hence originated the "Garryowen" lucubrations. The favourable reception accorded by the public, as each contribution appeared in the columns of a daily newspaper, was an unexpected, and agreeable surprise. They are now presented with some trifling revision, and a few emendations suggested by their re-perusal.

Melbourne, August, 1880.

D. ALTSON,

SADDLER AND TANNER,

Machine Belting, Leather Hose, Buckets, and Firemen's Accoutrements.



Contractor for the Victorian Government.

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THE GARRYOWEN SKETCHES.

No I.—THE FIRST HURLING MATCH IN MELBOURNE.

At a time when the muscular and manly Irish game of Hurling is growing in popular favor, it may be not uninteresting to fish up a waif from the river of Time, which for the last five-and-thirty-years has been embedded in one of its snags, and has long since passed over to that multitude of forgotten facts which, in their day, exercised the minds and worked upon the feelings, passions, and prejudices of contemporaneous generations. The snag is the file of the *Herald* for 1844, and the waif—the first Hurling Match that took place in Melbourne. In 1838-9, Port Phillip welcomed the first advent of Irishmen to its shores; and wherever the real "Paddy" goes, if he cannot carry the real Shamrock in his swag, he is sure to have it symbolised in his heart; for Paddy and the Shamrock, whether real or ideal, never part company. It was not, however, until 1842 that the shamrock became a regular "free selector,"—for the inauguration of the St. Patrick's Society then gave it a fixity of tenure, which it has not lost to this day. In 1843, a number of North of Ireland men, coalescing with a sprinkling of determined, though mis-led, Caledonians, decided upon founding an Orange lodge for perpetuating "the glorious, pious and immortal memory" of William the Third; and thus a regular blast and counterblast were established. The internecine feuds of the Orange and Green have often been to me a

subject of serious amusement, and some day perhaps I may contribute a short chapter demonstrating the historical incongruity and absurdity of such colors as national emblems. Suffice it for me now to declare that "the great Nassau" was no more an Orangeman than I am; that at the battle of the Boyne the Williamite army fought and won under a wholesale "wearing of the green;" whilst Sarsfield resisted the invasion under the inauspicious influence of "the white cockade." With this brief digression, I advance a year; and in 1844 the Orangemen began to feel their strength, and as some "Green" demonstrations had already taken place, it was resolved that on the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, Melbourne should witness the grand spectacular display of an Orange procession through the streets on that remarkable day. Great was the talk, and greater the preparations, and still greater the anxiety of the public as the time approached; and there were grave apprehensions that a very serious breach of the peace would be the consequence. Matters thus progressed until the morning of the 9th, when the following citation appeared in the advertising columns of the *Herald*:—

> NOTICE.—A HURLING MATCH is to take place at Batman's Hill on Friday, the 12th day of July, at ten o'clock, between the men of the County of Clare and the men of the County of Tipperary for a bet of fifty pounds. All who think well of those different counties are requested to attend to see justice done to their respective counties, and unflinching Irish boys in general are requested to convene to witness the scene.

This anonymous proclamation, which for fullness of diction and elegance of style compares not unfavorably with some of our modern *Government Gazette* notices, did its work well and rapidly; and, indeed, no "Fiery Cross" could have done better; for long before the appointed hour on the eventful morning, groups of well-

dressed, well-fed, well-developed Hibernians began to gather at the rendezvous, and the collection of sticks, staves, hurlies, and every other kind of conceivable wooden weapon, would lead an impartial observer to fancy that a slice of the far-famed wood of Shillelagh had been surreptitiously imported into the young colony. There were no Captain Standish or police inspectors (more ornamental than useful) in those primitive times to watch over the safety of the *embryo* City; and when the Kellys of that day thought proper to indulge in a little bushranging, they were ridden down and captured by a party of gentlemen-volunteers; and in public, on the greensward near the goal, hanged with short shrift. As an expiree Chief, and half-a-dozen ex-convict constables were then our peace preservers—to strengthen this limited force, a *posse* of the burgesses were sworn in as special constables on the morning of the Hurling; and though they were present in full rank and file, they had a pleasant sinecure; for beyond a few barked shins, accidentally occurring, there were no other casualties to report. Batman's Hill was a picturesque eminence—green as a leek, with a spacious *plateau* around its base; but it has long since disappeared under the combined influence of pick and shovel, and forms the site of the now Spencer street Railway Station. The Hurlers had a glorious day of it, and foot-balling was added to the sport. The attendance was very numerous between ten o'clock and noon; and the Tipperary men were Captained by a well-known colonist, who has since deservedly attained a high and titled rank. Though to other advantages years have now added a degree of corpulency, he was then as lithe and supple, as active and jolly a "boy" as ever left the Emerald Isle. But the best of the joke was that this Hurling tournament not only quelled the threatened Orange procession, but its novelty, and the cleverness of the *ruse* actually induced many of the worshippers of William and Schomberg and Caillemote to flock to the "convincing

ground," and become excited spectators of the enlivening performances enacted before them. Still it seems they only "nursed their wrath to keep it warm"—and they took so much of Oliver Cromwell's celebrated advice, as "to keep their powder dry" until the following year, when there occurred a disgraceful riot, attended with bloodshed, at an anniversary celebration in Queen street. This time, however, the Hurlers saved the young Commonwealth; and though some may condemn the morality of the convocation, many will be found to admit that in this instance, at all events, "the end justified the means." I cannot find any published report of the scoring and other *minutiæ*, of the day's proceedings; but in the *Herald* of the 16th July, I notice the following effusion on the subject, which discloses the interesting fact that the Hurlers, in true Milesian fashion, kept a Bard to versify their achievements. As it is worth reprinting for the edification of the present generation, I subjoin it :—

THE "HURLING" AT BATMAN'S HILL.

OF their own "monster" meeting the Squatters may spout,
And all their tall talking may gabble about;
But the liveliest gathering under the sky,
Was round Batman's green Hill on the 12th of July.

From the depths of Port Phillip, for many a mile,
Flocked the gay loyal sons of the Emerald Isle:
As strapping fine fellows as ever were seen,
Who would shed their hearts' blood, if required, for their Queen.

Mononia poured forth her brave Southern Sons,
With limbs full of action, and hearts full of fun;
And first in the field were the Gallant old Tips,
With strength in their arms and smiles on their lips.

Like the fast-heaving surge of their own royal stream,
The sons of the Shannon in ecstacy came;
While famed Garryowen poured its tribute along;
And Clare's sturdy peasants were mixed with the throng.

Like a brood of young eagles, from dark Galtymore,
The yeomen of Aherlow—the Sons of the Suir;
With "The boys of Kilkenny"—the Curragh of Kildare
And "Mountains of Kerry," in glory were there.

Full many a time did each light-hearted soul
Lend his hurly to hurl the ball to the goal;
And many a time might the football be seen
Careering in triumph wide over the green.

But the bigoted Shoneens who hailed from the Boyne,
With their " grand Orange" banner, were not up to time—
For Deuce take the ha'porth was there to be seen
But "Sprigs of Shillelagh and Shamrocks so Green !"

In explanation, it is as well to mention that the "Monster meeting" referred to, was a gathering of the Squatters on the Land Question held a couple of weeks previously, and the " King John " is John Batman, the founder of Melbourne, after whom the romantic hill was called. The foregoing " Lay," though not equal to Scott's " Last Minstrel," might favorably compare with some of the lucubrations of the late Stitt Jenkins. Such is my rescued account of Melbourne's first Hurling Match, with a few additions supplied from memory—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No. II.—MOORE'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE Demonstration at the Town Hall to-morrow evening, to commemorate the Centenary of the birth-day of Thomas Moore—the Bard of Erin "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," as his illustrious friend, Lord Byron, styled him—is an event creditable to its promoters, and a fitting tribute to the memory of a man whose genius has shed an unending lustre on his native land. From causes, long and actively at work, which it is unnecessary here to detail, there can be little doubt that the Lyric Muse of Ireland was in a very languishing condition towards the close of the last century, when she was galvanised into renewed life by the brilliant genius, the divine *afflatus*, and the intense patriotism of one who was born in Dublin, on the 28th May, 1779, and died in 1852.

This was Thomas Moore; and of him it is no exaggeration to say, that he raised the drooping laurels of the national lyre, wreathing around it a chaplet unfading and green as the emerald which shines through many of his beautiful effusions, and undying as the half-dozen languages into which his immortal "Melodies" have been transplanted. Moore was born three years before the glorious era of '82, and during his early youth the page of Ireland's history was reddened by one of the

"Bloodiest pictures in the book of time."

His parents were Roman Catholics, and some of the lingering disabilities of the Penal Laws closed the door of all civil distinction against him. To a sensitive mind like young Moore's, a ban of this kind must have been the source of much irritation. He felt it most

acutely, and its remembrance, rankling in his bosom in after years, found vent in this burst of impassioned feeling:—

> Unpriz'd are her sons till they've learn'd to betray:
> Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
> Whilst the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way;
> Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

In 1799 Roman Catholics were permitted to graduate at the Dublin University, a privilege Moore availed himself of, and his collegiate career was a marked success. Here he became acquainted with the enthusiastic, but unfortunate Robert Emmett (executed for High Treason in 1802), and others who played a prominent part in the revolutionary troubles which followed soon after. It was mainly owing to the watchful caution of his mother, and Moore's affection for her, that he contrived to keep clear of the "United Irishmen;" for he was one of them in spirit! and it was almost miraculous how he escaped the insurrectionary epidemic then raging through the country, attacking alike the young Irishmen of every condition and creed—Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian. Pope tells of himself, that he versified at twelve years of age, or, in fact, "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" and so with Moore, who declares that, "so far back in childhood lies the epoch of his first verse-making, that he is really unable to say at what age he first began to act, sing, and rhyme." His maiden *devoir* to the Muses was paid in a sonnet to a Mr. Samuel White, his first schoolmaster; and, smiling on the Blarney of the urchin bard, little did the poor old Dominie dream what a splendid future remained to be sketched, filled in, and beautified by the magic pen of this extraordinary boy. The period preceding the disastrous year of '98 was unsuited to the gentler wooings of the Lyric Muse; and though some of the poetry of that time is clever and vigorous, it is too saturated with the rancour of party spirit, and by no

means calculated to improve the status of Irish poetic literature. Therefore, in the language of Samuel Lover, "It was not until 1807 that the Lyric Muse of Ireland might spread her wing in a calmer atmosphere, and sing of gentler themes; and then appeared that work, not only the crowning wreath of its author, but among the glories of the land that gave him birth. I needly hardly say I mean 'Moore's Irish Melodies.' To the finest national music in the world he wrote the finest lyrics; and if Ireland never produced, nor should ever produce, another lyric poet, sufficient for her glory is the name of Thomas Moore."

Though Moore scarcely understood a word of the grand old Celtic language, he found a number of the most delightful Irish airs wandering like so many shimmering phantoms, amongst the traditions of the country; and when a stray one chanced to be picked up, it was allied by some illiterate rhymster to a miserable jingle of unmeaning slang—an unpardonable outrage on the genuine music; but he, as a true knight, came to the rescue of those priceless waifs, and, wedding them to his immortal verse, produced "Melodies" which have no parallel. It is through this work that Moore's memory has been embalmed, and, in his own country, at least, his spirit might justly exclaim, in the words of the great Roman Lyrist, "Non omnis moriar." On the hills and in the valleys of the "Green Isle" it will live as long as the Shamrock itself—for there

> The smallest rill, the largest river,
> Rolls mingling with his fame for ever.

In prose and verse alike, Moore was a writer facile, fertile, fanciful, and felicitous: and his *Lalla Rookh*, *Captain Rock*, the *Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, and his *History of Ireland*, evidence abilities and acquirements of the most special and varied character. As it is not my intention to prolong this notice by any minute or elaborate details, I shall conclude by appending, as a postscript, some

beautiful verses written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, after a lecture on Moore. There can be no more becoming tribute as an offering at the shrine of one

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

THOMAS MOORE.

SHINE soft, ye trembling tears of light
That strew the mourning skies;
Hushed in the silent dews of night
The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have past
Of Poets, Saints and Kings—
Her echoes only hear the last
That swept those golden strings.

Fling o'er his mound, ye star-lit bowers,
The balmiest wreaths ye wear,
Whose breath has lent your earth-born flowers
Heaven's own ambrosial air.

Breathe, bird of night, thy softest tone,
By shadowy grove and rill;
Thy song will soothe us while we own
That his was sweeter still.

Stay, pitying Time, thy foot for him,
Who gave thee swifter wings,
Nor let thy envious shadow dim
The light his glory flings.

If in his cheek unholy blood
Burned for one youthful hour,
'Twas but the flushing of the bud
That blooms a milk-white flower.

Take him, kind mother, to thy breast,
Who loved thy smiles so well,
And spread thy mantle o'er his rest
Of rose and asphodel.

The bark has sailed the midnight sea,
The sea without a shore,
That waved its parting sigh to thee—
"A health to thee, Tom Moore!"

And thine, long lingering on the strand,
Its bright-hued streamers furled,
Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,
To seek the silent world.

Not silent! No, the radiant stars
Still singing as they shine,
Unheard through Earth's imprisoning bars,
Have voices sweet as thine.

Wake, then, in happier realms above,
The songs of bygone years;
Till angels learn these airs of love
That ravished mortal ears!

No. III.—THE TWELFTH OF JULY; OR, IRISH COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

"Bigotry is unchangeable. I care not whether it be Roman Catholic bigotry or Protestant bigotry—its character is the same—its pursuits are the same. True to its aim, though besotted in its expectations—steady to its purpose, though blind to its interests, for bigotry time flows in vain. It is abandoned by the tides of knowledge—it is left stranded by the waters of reason, and vainly worships the figures imprinted on the sand, soon to be washed away. It is inaccessible to reason—it is irreclaimable by experience."—*Lord Plunket.*

SINCE the "Battle of the Diamond," in 1795, to the *fusillade* from the windows of the Protestant Hall, in Stephen-street, a few years ago, the celebration of Orangeism, wherever that system has been in existence, has evoked the most rancorous feelings amongst Irishmen ranging themselves under the respective colours of orange and green. This intense hatred and deadly animosity is inexplicable upon any rational grounds; and how sane and otherwise very estimable individuals could have so frequently offered human sacrifices to the Moloch of Bigotry, is one of those problems in human nature which, especially in the nineteenth century, it is almost impossible to solve. To a person calmly investigating the subject by the light of History, it presents aspects of an incongruous and ludicrous character; and only for the tragic incidents so invariably cropping up, one would be disposed to regard the whole affair as a most amusing "Comedy of Errors;" and, indeed, I am strongly disposed to think that the *dramatis personæ* figure in their periodic, ghastly masquerading through sheer ignorance of the historic *status* of the whole question. To those who do not know better (and I believe their name is legion), it may sound passing

strange to be told that the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne on the 12th July is an anachronism, as no such event ever came off on that day, but on the 1st; that the Prince of Orange on the occasion chose green as the colour under which to fight; whilst the Allied Army of French and Irish selected the white or Jacobite emblem; that golden (Orange) was the national colour of the Irish at the earliest times; and that it was, in 1690, with purple, the adopted colour of the Papal Court; that green was not the colour under which Ireland fought at the most eventful epochs of her chequered history, and that it is the colour of the dreaded standard of Mahomet, upon which no infidel dare look and live, the same that the Sultan, during the recent Russo-Turkish war, threatened to unfurl at Constantinople, and beneath whose fatal shadow the Faithful were to fight to the death. This I dare say, will be pronounced rank heresy; but it is nevertheless too true, I am sorry to confess—for I once believed otherwise, and I regret to be obliged now through a sense of duty, and in the hope that it may effect some good, to demolish the Emerald idol I once so fervently worshipped. It is needless to say that if the following *resume* can be proved to be substantially incorrect, no one will be more rejoiced than myself, or more willing to be reconciled to his first love.

William III., the hero of "the Boyne's ill-fated river," was hereditary Prince of Orange, a title which first came into the Nassau family by marriage in 1530, and it is alleged as a fact that William's expedition to England was not unfavoured by the then Pope. William, though an unflinching Calvinist and Predestinarian, was by no means intolerant, but the very opposite of the future Orangemen from whom he obtained so much Hero-worship. Describing the battle of the Boyne, Macaulay writes:—"The pavilion of James was pitched on the hill of Donore. The flags of the House of Stuart and of the House of Bourbon waved together in defiance on the walls of Drogheda.

Thousands of armed men were moving about among the tents, and every one, horse-soldier or foot-soldier, French or Irish, had a white badge in his hat; that colour had been chosen in compliment to the House of Bourbon." At this time the French National Flag was white, starred with gold (Orange) lilies; so that the Prince of Orange was virtually in arms against the lily, which was then championed by the Franco-Irish. Macaulay also tells us that William directed that "every soldier was to put a green bough in his hat." Banim, in his book on The Boyne Water, is necessarily more diffuse in his battle-picture; and in recounting the occurrences of the evening before, describes William as issuing the fighting Programme for the morning, and declares that he addressed an *aide-de-camp* in *ipsissimis verbis*:—"And hark—as we have been told that the enemy choose to distinguish themselves to-morrow by white favors in their hats, convey our pleasure to our generals, that they and every soldier of the army do assume green for their colour—a green bough or the like—so speed you." Then turning to his favourite Bentinck, he continues, "What a trick, what a farce is this fashion of choosing a colour to cut each others' throats under! Yet, as it has been used on the other side of the river, we must needs adopt it. And grammercy for their wisdom, I suppose whatever way the battle may go, James will be recollected by his white badge, and I by my green badge, to the third and fourth generations of our gracious partisans, better than by any particular knowledge of our real differences, our motives, or our principles. Oh! yes. I warrant you, long after the result of to-morrow's struggle, the children's children of the Irish among our troops will be more ready to crack a Papist's crown in honor of the colour their ancestors now happen to wear on their caps, than anxious to understand the cause of our policy in fighting at their head. 'William and the green for ever!' 'Huzzah for the loyal and Protestant green!' will

cause from time to time, more petty warfare than, perhaps, the amount of this coming battle 'of the Boyne Water.'"

It is said that a prophet has no honor in his own country, but William, having bade farewell to the phlegmatic shores of Holland, seems to have spoken with some degree of inspiration; for assuredly not only "the cracking of crowns," but the taking of lives, has been verified, though with such a complete turning of the tables as was unforeseen by the vaticinator. He little dreamed that a century after, such a colour-blindness (or Daltonism, as it is scientifically termed) would so bewilder the optics of Irishmen, north and south, that his "loyal and Protestant green" would be expectorated upon in commemoration of his "Pious and Immortal Memory," and the white flag of the Bourbons would be rifled of its lilies, as emblematic of his own Orange Princedom. He little dreamed that such a confusion of colours would occur—that the very antithesis of what he foretold would have happened—that green would infuriate the Protestant North, and orange madden the Catholic South, more intensely than a red cloth inflames a wild bull or a daft turkey-cock. It will be seen from the foregoing that, though Colonel Blacker, the Orange Laureate, in his beautiful, but party-tinged, song on the Boyne, exclaims—

"While on high our Orange banners flew,"

there was not a shred of orange displayed by the Williamites; and on the other side, Sarsfield—the most Irish of the Irish—the bravest of the brave—the Bayard of Irish Chivalry—*sans peur et sans reproche* donned the white cockade, and gallantly, but unsuccessfully, fought under it.

The first germ of Orangeism in Ireland was a society called the Peep o' Day Boys, whose object may be described as one of agrarian agression—a feathering of their own nests—a strict observance of the Eleventh Commandment. This fraternity very soon developed

into Orangeism, the first lodge of which was established in Armagh on 21st September, 1795—*i.e.*, 105 years after the Boyne engagement, and 93 after William's death. During all this time Orange loyalty and adoration slept in an embryotic state, if even at all in existence; but the material success of the Peep o' Days suggested an extended and more pretentious platform, and accordingly a kind of amalgam was compounded, under the more euphonious designation of Orangemen, who, by the infusion of the religious element, added the other ten commandments to the already well understood eleventh—

"Like Danäe's lover, mixing God and gold."

It would serve no good purpose to enter here into a history of Orangeism, especially as I am writing from the conjoined view of Orange and Green—though in no way affected with colour-blindness. In 1835 the question of Orange institutions was brought under the notice of the House of Commons by Mr. Finn, M.P., for Kilkenny, and a Select Committee was appointed to report thereon. This body did its work in a searching and exhaustive manner, and an analysis of the Report was published in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1836. According to this document, "Nothing can be apparently more humane, tolerant, and praiseworthy. Certain doubtful features occasionally, however, do peep through this coating of amiable profession. For instance, this Society enforced on its members an Oath of qualified allegiance: 'I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support and defend the King and his heirs so long as he, or they, support the Protestant ascendancy.' Another suspicious article (No. 5), declares: 'We are not to carry away money, goods, or anything, from any person whatever—except arms and ammunition, and those only from an enemy'—enemy, no doubt, meaning Catholic." Madden, in his History of the United Irishmen, states that the "Original oath, or

purple test of the Society" was not submitted to the Parliamentary Committee; but the existence of this diabolical test was given in "evidence before the secret committee in 1798." A perusal of *Plowden's History of Ireland*, *Barrington's Irish Sketches*, some of Grattan's Speeches, and the State Trials, preceding and during the red year of 1798, will satisfy any ordinary reader as to whether Orangeism was worked out in that loyal, disinterested, and Christian manner as would conform to those great principles of Civil and Religious liberty which its founders professed to raise as an immortal cairn to the memory of the great and good King William. Now to pass to the *per contra* side of the Ledger. I have asserted that green is not, or was not, the national colour of Ireland—*i.e.*, the banner-ground or ensign under which Irish Kings and Irish Armies fought when such Kings and Armies existed; and for the proof. Drifting down the waters of Time to the earliest ages, where everything looks dim, shadowy, and uncertain, the Irish National Escutcheon seems to have been the "Sun-Burst," or an aureoled Sun, suggested evidently by the Sun-Worship introduced into Ireland by the Phœnicians, which formed a part of the Pagan system prevalent on the arrival of St. Patrick. This emblazonry continued for ages; and in the battles of Finn-Mac-Cumhal—*Anglice*, Fingal—the Royal Standard was called the "Sunbeam;" and "to lift the sunbeam" was the synonym of "to commence battle." Recording one of the Fingal victories, the banner of the Fenian hero is thus described in one of Ossian's poems:—"We reared the Sunbeam of Battle—the Standard of the King. It was studded with gold above as the blue, wide shell of the nightly sky." According to Macpherson it was styled "the 'Sunbeam' on account of its bright color, and its being studded with gold"—(Orange). Flying over eight centuries we come to Brian Boru and the battle of Clontarf (in 1014)—a Hero and a victory as much cherished in Ireland as Sarsfield and the Boyne.

We find the Sun-Burst under an eclipse, and red the predominating colour of Irish battle-ensigns. Chroniclers of those times not infrequently designate the country as "Ireland of the Red Banners;" and the change to so sanguinary a hue is said to have been caused by the bellicose disposition ot Kings and Chiefs, whose only variety of enjoyment was from the field of the chase to the field of the battle—who gradually adopted a colour so accordant with the feuds and warfare in which they were almost incessantly embroiled. If the *Annals of the Four Masters* are to be credited, the Irish colours at Clontarf were red, blue, green, and white; the red being the favourite one. At Clontarf, the Danes fought under the symbol of a huge black raven, and some of them wore green armour. No doubt it will be asked—If green, the colour of the Emerald Isle, be not the national colour, what is it? And my reply is, that it is simply a party colour, but will undoubtedly be the national colour should Ireland ever recover her independence, take *Resurgam* as her motto, and be a Nation once again. Whether she will or will not, is one of those enigmas stored away in the womb of futurity, and the man is a vain, presumptuous fool who will try, by guessing, to unriddle it.

The Society of United Irishmen was formed in Belfast, in October, 1791, by Wolfe Tone, a young barrister of remarkable talent, who took a distinguished part in the insurrectionary movements occurring a few years after. It was constituted "for the purpose of forwarding a Brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and an union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, and thereby obtaining an impartial and adequate representation of the nation in Parliament." It will be instructive, and verify the ancient adage, "that there is nothing new under the sun," to glance over the political Manifesto put forward by this body. It provided for electoral representation in the Irish House of Commons upon the basis of population; each Electorate to return one

member; no person to vote in more than one Electorate; Manhood Suffrage; all elections to come off on the same day; no property qualification for Members; payment of Members; and Annual Parliaments. Singular to say, the voting was to be by voice, not by Ballot, and there were to be no proxies. If they included the Ballot, a Norwegian proviso, and a *plebiscitum*, we should have the Haines-*cum*-Francis-*cum*-Berry-*cum*-Reform League and *cum*-Service schemes all rolled into one. Though inaugurated for the redress of grievances by moral force and in a Constitutional manner, the Association speedily slipped from the raft of peaceable agitation into the seething waters of Revolution, and many of its members ended their lives on the scaffold and in exile. Madden, their historian, thus writes:—"The colour of the United Irishmen was the old fancy colour of nature, emblematic of the verdant soil of the Emerald Isle." This is an unmistakeable adoption of the green as a Society's colour, and it is only reasonable to assume that if it had been the national colour of Ollamh Fodhla, Dathi, Fingal, Boru, O'Neil, Sarsfield, or the other Irish heroes, who shine in song and story, that reason would be assigned for its adoption instead of the one given—*i.e.*, the colour of the country. And here it may be worth while to refer to the well-known phrase "Emerald Isle," which is, too, of comparatively modern birth. This happy epithet also springs from the United Irishmen, for it is positively asserted that it made its first appearance in some stanzas of much vigour and beauty written on "Erin," by Dr. Drennan, a United Irishman, in 1795, of which the following is the first verse:—

> "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
> God bless'd the green island, He saw it was good;
> The Emerald of Europe it sparkled, it shone,
> In the ring of this world the most precious stone!'

Tom Moore, years after, fancied that the metaphor would be the better of a little extra polishing, and being a deft rythmical lapidary, wrought it into that

happy poetic pleonasm of an "Emerald gem" which he set "in the crown of a stranger."

To sum up then.—Unless the reverse can be established by authorities as reliable as those I have quoted, I think I have shown that the Orangemen have acted with absurd inconsistency in repudiating William's chosen colour at the Boyne, and appropriating the abandoned emblem of the Milesians and the Bourbons; and that the other side are equally mistaken in the high estimate they have placed upon the supposed national colour of *Erin-Go-Bragh;* that the Orangemen, when celebrating what they declare to be a grand Protestant anniversary, insult a great name by turning it into the shibboleth of Fanaticism; and that the others are guilty of great folly in bestowing a thought upon such arrant Fetich-worship. The whole thing is one great muddle of "sweltered venom"—an Irish stew of the most irreconcileable and indigestible ingredients—a state of things almost incredible in a British community of the present day.

But so long as the world moves it will never be free from popular delusion; and the most irrational, though prevalent, delusion of all is, where a People is divided by religious animosities fomented by the designing, the interested, and the ignorant, the last the most numerous, and always the puppets of the others, who use them, like *automata,* for the furtherance of objects, sometimes of ambition, but oftener of selfishness and something worse. That such exotics as the effete and mischievous *exuviæ* of the Sectarianism of Ireland should be transplanted to, and permitted to take root in, this new country, and grow up under the shadow of the Southern Cross, is a living libel upon the good sense of the colony. I will conclude in the language of the eloquent Protestant Irishman, whom I have quoted in the prefix, and say:—"Sir, I have done—I may be in error; but I have not sacrificed to interest or to prejudice, and I have spoken my sentiments in the sincerity of my heart."

No. IV.—AN ANCIENT MAYOR OF MELBOURNE.

If my esteemed friend—the Fitzgibbon—the Champion Town Clerk of Australasia—should carry out his intention of publishing a History of Melbourne, a chapter on the early Mayors who "ruled the roost" in the Corporation, would most certainly not be the least readable part of the *magnum opus*. For those ancient magnates were a mixed lot, from Condell, the brewer, to Bob Bennett, the ex-publican, whilom squatter, and now rampant agitator for the bursting up of all squatters' runs. They were both good and bad, talented and ignorant; a fair representation of the era in which they reigned; but, taken as a whole, they would certainly not only bear, but benefit by, comparison with their modern successors. Five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. J. T. Smith put forth an amount of practical ability and common-sense readiness in disposing of public business, both in the Council Chamber and the Police Court, which certainly has not been since equalled. Henry Moor, a leading solicitor, though too much of an Oily Gammon in trying to please all parties, was a Mayor of unquestionable ability; and no man ever filled the civic chair more to the satisfaction of the public. Sir J. F. Palmer owned many acquirements, but was too self-opiniated and obstinate ever to be popular; whilst Dr. Greeves, with more cleverness and tact for public life, was too shirky, evasive, and eely. He was ever realising the old adage of "falling between two stools;" as with the exception of being the actual propagator of Oddfellowship in the colony, his whole career as Boniface, Editor, Mayor, Politician, and Commissioner of Customs was one

tissue of failures. The newspapers have recently announced the death of Mr. Peter Davis, another of the old Mayors—another "missing link" of the rapidly shortening chain binding the present to the past. Mr. Bennett is now, I believe, the only survivor of a not unremarkable race of Conscript Fathers; and though no admirer of his sayings and doings, since he vanished like a lost star from the civic sky, I hope it may be a long time before he goes under.

Early in the Forties, when my good or evil genius led me to this land of promise, Melbourne bore some resemblance to a large *kraal* of houses, huts, and tents. Stonewalls, slates, or even corrugated iron were almost unknown as building materials. The present *Herald* office was on the boundary of civilization, and the site of the Parliament Houses was far away in the bush. Stores and shanties and cribs of dwellings, composed of brick, shingle, and "wattle and daub," represented the real property of the nascent city, and the now fashionable "block" was, after a shower of rain, such a "glue-pot," that when one passed through it he might fairly claim to have matriculated in bog-trotting—though there was more sticking than trotting in the *Exam.* At such a time I was one day passing through Collins-street, when I saw a seedy-looking individual hammering away on a big bullock-bell at the entrance to a large weather-board concern, thrown up close to where the Athenæum Club used to exhibit its attractive front. It was an auction room, or mart, as then styled; and on entering it, I noticed hammering or knocking down of a different kind. A day sale of all sorts of wearing apparel was in progress, and Messrs. Forster and Davis were the auctioneers. Forster, who, I believe, has long since passed over to the majority, expatiated upon the real and imaginary merits of the wearables with the unctuousness of a church-going Stentor; and a smart, compact, low-sized, wide-awake, dapper customer, took careful note of the proceedings. In the latter, I had the pleasure, for the first time, of

seeing Mr. Peter Davis, with whom, as a public man, I had, in after years, ample opportunity of making acquaintance. The auctioneers' firm went on and prospered, and in due effluxion of time (for partnerships, whether private or political, do not last for ever), it was dissolved. Mr. Davis continued to apply himself to business, and was credited with having done well; for a cardinal principle of his worldly creed was a thorough recognition of the wisdom of the by no means neglected axiom of Lord Lytton,

> "The greatest happiness of the greatest number
> —the greatest number being NUMBER ONE."

But Mr. Davis was not the man to waste leisure in rusty isolation. He soon ambitioned for public life, such as it was then, and after the incorporation of Melbourne, the City Council was the acknowledged nursery for developing the aspirations of those who were ready and willing to devote themselves to render "Yeoman's service" to the young commonwealth. He consequently strove hard, and for a time unsuccessfully, to get returned as one of the councillors for La Trobe ward. In the early years of the Corporation a curious combination of interests was manifested at the elections. The English and Irish (save the Northerns) coalesced against the Scotch and North of Ireland burgesses—and the contested elections (then by open vote) evoked much party feeling and animosity. We are told (whether truly or untruly) that in modern times Melbourne newspapers "boss" Ministries; and if so, there is nothing novel in the coercion, for they therein only follow out olden precedent. At the time I write of there were two potent newspaper "bosses" in Melbourne; for the civic elections were not only "bossed," but threshed out to the utmost degree of intensity. Mr. George Cavenagh, the founder, and then proprietor, of the *Herald*, "bossed" the Anglican-cum-Milesian contingent; whilst Mr. William Kerr, as editor of the *Patriot*, and subsequently proprietor of the *Courier*,

stirred up the other side to their hearts' content. Mr. Peter Davis, being a Kerrite, was for some time kept out of the Council by Cavenagh's "bossing;" but finally perseverance won the day, and Kerr's "bossing" wafted him into the coveted haven. Here he remained anchored for several years, and attained the dignity of Mayor of Melbourne in the civic year 1856-7. As chief of the Council he got through his duties very creditably; for he was painstaking and punctual, though a little too particular and pragmatical. As Chairman of the City Police Court he was not quite such a success, though he was assiduous in attendance to his duties, and apparently thoroughly conscientious. But the qualities enumerated were tinged with a slight dash of Pecksniffism; and the way in which he used to orate every morning to the prisoners, whether committed or acquitted, was very amusing, and often produced a half-garrotted guffaw in court.

Shakespeare avers there are

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

but Mr. Davis took it into his head to find a text in the face of everyone — rascal or unrascal — who shaped in the dock before him, out of which to improvise a short sermon for the benefit of the accused. No one ever escaped him without more or less of an exhortation; and estimating that during his Mayoral year he performed ten operations each day, he would have sermonised *in toto* more than three thousand times—a deluge of good words absolutely thrown away; for though it produced a luxuriant crop of chaff, the grain was an unknown quantity; and so far from his preachments elucidating the "good in everything," they didn't make a single convert.

In my perusal of articles on the literature of the "Fourth Estate," and the reminiscences and adventures of Newspaper reporters and correspondents, I have not infrequently met with very amusing anecdotes; but I venture to say, if some competent scribbler could be

got at to supply a sketch of the early journalism of this city, events could be narrated, so queer and funny and almost incredible, as to eclipse some of the raciest stories told of the old country press. Take, for instance, the following occurrence in connection with Mr. Peter Davis; and I don't know if anything droller or better ever appeared in print. Its veracity is simply indisputable, for I have often heard one of the principals recount it in *propria persona.*

Many a golden year ago, a young man (who is still alive and kicking amongst us) was employed as a sort of literary factotum on the *Herald*—the Mr Cavenagh before mentioned being proprietor and nominal editor. A Latrobe Ward election was pending, and Mr. Davis was a declared candidate. Cavenagh's election "bossing" commenced, and one day some adverse canvassing reports very much riled a temper never a very good one. In black, bad, humor, he came into the office, and, without much reason, began to row his employé, whose feathers also could be easily ruffled. A "scene" ensued, the more piquant probably because, on the whole, both the individuals, as a rule, got on very well together. Cavenagh, however, left the office in great dudgeon, whilst the other kept his ground, but was unmercifully bantered by two or three clerks and others who were present. He considered for a while whether he should give up his portfolio; but, after a few minutes' thought, exclaimed, "Well, I'll not leave this time. You fellows may laugh at me now as much as you like; but the laugh will be turned on Long George before two days are over.'" He quitted the place forthwith; and strolling into Collins-street, soon hunted out Peter Davis, who was up to his ears in the election excitement. After some conversation, he hinted to Davis that he was to be regularly peppered in an early issue of the *Herald*, and Davis replied that, if so, he should take the law into his own hands, and would half murder Cavenagh! (Parenthically, I should remark that

cudgelling an editor or reporter was then an occasional pastime.) Now, it so happened that, unlike Achilles, Davis was vulnerable in other parts than the heel. There was one point (which need not be named) on which he was especially sore—one joint in his armour through which he could be easily pierced to the quick, and the nature and whereabouts of this flaw no one knew better than the irate journalist. He left Davis, determined upon giving "blow for blow," went home, and, under a pseudonym, penned such a spicy letter to the editor of the *Herald* as he thought would more than sufficiently blister Davis. Cavenagh's temper usually got down as rapidly as it got up, and next day, on meeting his employé, he was all smiles and affability, and begged of the latter to consider the occurrence of the previous day as if it had never happened. The other seemingly acquiesced, and the most friendly relations were re-established between the pair. Cavenagh then inquired about the election, when the other told him that he had met Davis going about the town abusing Cavenagh. On hearing this, Cavenagh declared he would give Davis a regular "slating" in the next morning's paper, both in the leading and other columns, and asked the other to do something that would touch up the rascal. All this time the avenger had the fatal letter in his pocket, and at a later period of the afternoon he submitted it to the editor, who dashed into ecstacies about it, protesting it was the very thing he wanted, and that it should appear, without fail. Appear it did, accordingly, next morning with a largely displayed cross-head, at the top of the original correspondence column, and gave immense satisfaction to the anti-Davisites. Mr Davis saw it as he was sitting down to breakfast, and it was bitterer than any pill he had ever swallowed. He breakfasted on it solely that day, and when done, set out, and procuring a good stick, watched for Cavenagh, met him about noon near the old Criterion Hotel (Collins-street), and, without bidding him good morning, knocked him down.

Cavenagh was thus quickly brought to his "gory bed," but not "to victory," for Davis and the stick marched triumphantly through the town, like two conquering heroes, and Cavenagh, escorted by some sympathisers, wended his way like a Martyr to the *Herald* office. The employé was there before him, apparently very much engrossed in work, and started up, with well-feigned surprise, on the bleeding man exclaiming:—"Well, you scoundrel, see what you have got me; that villain Davis has half killed me. I'd discharge you on the spot, you rascal—but I can't well do without you." This he need not have said, for the other was but too well aware of it. The sequel was that Davis was summoned for an assault, and fined £5 at the police court; that Cavenagh, after laying up for two or three days, came forth a sorer and a wiser man—for the *argumentum baculinum* had such a chastening effect upon him, that he never meddled much with Davis any more, and the latter obtained the so-much-wished-for seat in the Town Council.

With all his faults and peculiarities (from which none are free) Mr. Davis was a good citizen, did good service as such, and was well thought of by a large circle of the community.

No. V.—A DIP INTO THE OLDEST MELBOURNE NEWSPAPER.

THE *ovum*, or germ, of London Journalism is the *English Mercurie*, "published by authoritie for the prevention of false reports, imprinted by Christopher Barker, her Highness's (Queen Elizabeth's) printer." This was as early as the year 1588, and in 1838 a queerer publication was started at the Antipodes, under the following style and title:—"*The Melbourne Advertiser* Port Phillip Australia. Written for and published by Jno. P. Fawkner. Monday January the 8th 1838 Melbourne. No. 2. Price sixpence Vol. 1." It differed from its ancestor in the respect that, instead of being "imprinted," it was written in a fair legible hand, and is about the size of a sheet of foolscap; each page bi-columned, and the whole making eight columns of reading, if not very readable, matter. The "Jno. P. Fawkner" referred to, was the well-known "Johnny Fawkner" of the old colonists, who was gathered to his fathers a few years ago. Though Henty might, perhaps, claim to be the first white colonist who planted his household gods in Victoria, and Batman be the founder of Melbourne, Fawkner was *facile princeps*—the "oldest inhabitant" of our now great city; for he "nailed his colours to the mast," stuck to the Melbourne of his adoption, and never struck his flag until the arrival of the inevitable hour that compelled his unconditional surrender. "Johnny Fawkner" was, in bygone times, as well-known as the Yarra; and I knew him so well that a fit of *Cacoethes Scribendi* may some day induce me to send the *Herald* a couple of columns of anecdotal *Fawkneriana*, which certainly will not

be the least entertaining *pabulum* enjoyed by its numerous readers. "Johnny" was (as he often boasted) essentially a self-educated man; an insatiable, though, perhaps, not a very discriminating, reader. He might be said to swallow book-lore, but imperfectly digested it. He was a creature of impulses and contrasts—as variable as a weather-cock—

> "So over violent, or over civil,
> That every man with him was God or d——l."

He wrote and published innumerable lucubrations in the Melbourne journals; his contributions being usually characterised by a disregard of punctuation, and a *penchant* for using capital letters. Though petulant and hasty in all his movements, in writing he recognised only the period or full stop; so that Fawkner in type very much resembled an Act of one of the old English Parliaments. This is the more unaccountable as he liked to enjoin on others a strict observance of the literary *etiquette* of punctuation; and some years ago, as a member of our Upper House, actually tabled a motion imposing on the Clerk of the Parliaments the very responsible duty of properly punctuating every Bill after it passed both Houses and before assented to by the Governor; but the proposition was not agreed to. He professed to be a great friend of the people, and often preached "how this country could be made a Paradise for the working man;" but his preachments, like many more recent ones, were unavailing; and though for years a red-hot Radical, the last two decades of his public life passed away in the highly Conservative atmosphere of the Legislative Council. I have seen him, on an occasion of being elected a member of the City Council, hoisted on the shoulders of half-a-dozen huge fellows, and so "chaired" and cheered through Collins-street; and as a reverse to the picture, he has stood at bay in the Parliament Reserve, grinning like a wild cat, at a

hooting mob of ragamuffins, to whom, in the excitement of a political crisis, the irascible old man had rendered himself obnoxious. It was my alternate good or evil fortune to be on or off with "Johnny," according to his fitful moods. Few knew his strange nature better than myself. I could rub him both with and against the grain *ad libitum;* and it was in one of his sunshiny intervals that the spirit moved him to give me one of a very few copies of the unique publication I am writing about. The first number was—out of print I was going to say; but as that would be incorrect, I must correct myself with the phrase, "out of writing." Whether there is any copy of it extant I do not know, but No. 2 was lithographed a few years ago. Placing this *Alpha* of the metropolitan newspapers by the side of the publications of the present date—say, the *Australasian*, for instance—there is as much difference in their external garb, as if you ranged a 'possum-rugged aborigine, *tempore* Buckley, "the wild white man," by the side of the most pronounced specimen of the *beau monde*, who ogles with an eye-glass through the fashionable windows of Alston and Brown's or Buckley and Nunn's well-known establishments in Collins and Bourke-streets. It is a poor, meagre, miserable-looking sheet, and though literally an "*Advertiser*,"—on the very smallest possible scale, it has hardly a claim to be called a newspaper—and to dub it even

"An abstract and brief chronicle of the time,"

would be the veriest misnomer. Still it is an amusing curiosity, if it were only for its get up and utter emptiness; and whilst it enables us to behold, and wonder at, the now and the then—it unquestionably

"Makes former times shake hands with latter."

In looking through its advertisements one cannot find a single birth, marriage, or death—or any trace of an *accoucheur*, minister or undertaker; and it is even

doubtful if there were such a thing about as a cemetery in those primitive days.

Shipping was, however, known, for we find the "fine fast sailing ship, *Hartly*, burthen 400 tons," laid on as a wool-ship for London; and the cutter, *Jemima*, was to leave for Launceston on the 20th January. The *Lapwing*, schooner, was also a regular trader between Melbourne and Geelong, leaving the former port every tenth day. Shipping casualties had also commenced, because the *Jemima* was obliged, through loss of an anchor, to return to port. On the 7th January, the *Tamar* is reported with sheep from Launceston; and it is announced "that by this arrival came a Hobart Town Paper." On the 17th December, '37, some unlucky lady lost a handsome gold ear-drop, between Melbourne and the ford of the Saltwater River, and she advertises a liberal reward for the finder. Batman's Hill—since improved out of existence, to make room for Railway Station exigencies—was then, and for years after, covered with trees, and was the holiday resort of the towns people. There were ti-tree enclosures in its environs and along to the Salt-water River, and many a trysting spot was chosen in this quarter by those who went for a short outing, in an age when railways, 'busses, and waggonettes were unknown. Probably it was in some pedestrian excursion of the kind that the lady lost the ear-drop, and it would be interesting to know now where is the lady, and where the ear-drop. Mr W. F. Rucker, still in business in Melbourne, seems to have been the principal advertiser, though Mr Fawkner himself goes in strongly in the same line. There is only one announcement of an hotel—the first established, (Fawkner's), which, it is intimated, supplies to the travellers and sojourners all the usual requisites of a boarding house, and hotel of the very best quality; to which is added as a bait, the free use to the lodgers of a choice selection of Novels, Theology, Poetry, History, Philosophy, Chemistry, and a late Encyclopedia.

A Mr. Weatherly announces the agreeable intelligence that "he sells the best wheaten bread at the lowest possible price, and to those who wish it, he allows one month's credit." If Weatherly's bakery were in full blast now, no matter what the nominal price of the 4lb. loaf might be, he would be sure to do a roaring trade on his monthly time-payment system; but it must have been a very poor look out for him then, when there were no legal Little-goes, or fraud summonses wherewith to pull up defaulting bread-eaters;—for it was not until a year after, that the Court of Requests was established in a three-roomed, weather-board cottage, in Little Collins-street; and in this inferior judicature no less a personage than Sir Redmond Barry vegetated for some of the best years of his life, with a grandiose gravity that elicited the awe and admiration of small-debts litigants. The *nucleus* of an Australian township is said to consist of a waterhole, a groggery, a store, and a blacksmith's forge. Putting the Yarra aside, Melbourne was then blessed with waterholes in abundance; Rucker was the storekeeper; and Fawkner the nobbler-man—and a blacksmith and farrier had set up his anvil and veterinary doctoring "adjoining Fawkner's Hotel." The name of this conjoined Vulcan-*cum*-Vet history doth not record; but his advertisement tersely announces, "All work of the above branches performed quickly and neatly." Professional *etiquette*, probably, forbade any intimation as to the surgery fees, which most likely assumed the form of an *honorarium*; but the tariff of the unprofessional forge business is unmistakeably specified as "Horses shod, Cash, £0 7s. 0d; Credit, £0 9s. 0d; all other work in proportion." Mr. Fawkner was a great dabbler in books, and, as a true philanthropist, set himself thus early to work to provide other than hotel-room reading for his "gentle public," as he used in later years affectionately designate his fellow townsmen. He accordingly started a "Fawkner's Library,"

of a circulating character, it is to be supposed, for he thus appeals to his constituents to roll up and wipe out the arrears scored against them:—"Those of the subscribers who took credit when they favored this establishment (the library) with their support are most respectfully informed that it is usual to pay up all arrears at the beginning of a New Year."

The first London newspaper before quoted astounded the British public with an account of the Spanish Armada, and by a coincidence, the Fawknerian periodical recounts in true sensational style "The murder of a Constable Tomkins by a bushranger." According to the narrative, a scoundrel named Cummerford found his way to Sydney, and informed the Governor (Sir R. Bourke) that one Dugnall had murdered six bushrangers between Port Phillip and Portland Bay (a rather extensive *locus in quo*), and Cummerford was sent back to Melbourne to point out the scene of the massacre. An expedition consisting of the informer, a sergeant, a soldier, and two constables, was accordingly despatched in the direction indicated, and now I shall let the newspaper report speak for itself *verbatim et punctuatim*:—"Cummerford did guide this party to where he himself, a shoemaker (name unknown) and Dugnall had as he stated murdered in cold blood and while sleeping six human beings. The Party declare that they found from one to two Bushles of human bones calcined. Some human teeth and also Hair was found unburnt and a quantity of shoenails and buttons from the clothes of the murdered men. This was about 210 miles from Melbourne. On the way home they fell in with and bought the bone of a Horse's head said to be Mr Ebden's (who sold the bone? or was it the head of a horse or Ebden's?), which was shot by Dugnall and Cummerford on their way home. One constable and the soldier turned back for some Tea left behind and the Sergeant Tomkins and Prisoner came homewards they stopped to Cook before these men returned and

the Sergeant give his musket to Tomkins while he made a fire. Tomkins it does appear culpably left the firearms and the Prisoner seized a Muskit and shot Tomkins so that he died within 3 hours." We are further informed that the murderer plundered the packhorse and escaped, but was arrested two days after by three bush hands in the employ of Mr. Wedge, a very early settler. Cummerford is further on described as "a light well-made youth about nineteen he has rather a prepossessing look and very mild Voice, small fine Neck (it is to be hoped the Sydney hangman stretched it for him) and remarkably large Upper Head the lower part is very small and the chin recedes towards the Neck so as to make a very strange appearance when looked closely into." The Editor, as I suppose he must in courtesy be called, thus perorates:—

"We trust that the Three men who prevented the Atrocities meditated by this Brutal Wretch will receive their Free and Unconditional Pardon. For we in common with many of our fellow Colonists hold that Incentive is in such cases the best Preventive. We have omitted much for want of space."

The impartial reader will, perhaps, say that the "much omitted" is not much of a loss—judging by the foregoing specimens of a style neither elegant nor perspicuous. But Mr. Fawkner makes ample amends for this in another quarter of his interesting *nouvelliste*, where he appropriates a reserved seat for the accommodation of visitors from Parnassus. I transcribe it *in extenso*—

"POETS CORNER.

"Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, Illumining
One only Mansion with her light

"Unseen by Man's disturbing eye
The flower that blooms beneath the Sea
Too deep for sunbeams doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity."

It occurred to me that if this were original, it would have been far better if J. P. Fawkner had given the world a whole paper of such rhyme—for it would then be, of its kind, unrivalled in print or manuscript; but if I do not egregiously mistake, the extracted lines are taken bodily from Moore's beautiful story of the "Fire-Worshippers," and dissected into stanzas to suit J. P. F.'s refined fancy. It may be suggested that Moore plagiarized them from Fawkner, but as *Lalla Rookh* was published in 1817, chronology is dead against "Johnny."

As the sting of the bee is not in its head; as the marrow of a lady's letter is the Postscript; as a Dublin Jarvey-driver always keeps a gallop in his old "screw" for the end of the journey, so the most pithy paragraph of the *Melbourne Advertiser* is its last, *i. e.*, the following abrupt announcement:—"A wretch named Mooney has been committed for attempting to murder his wife She lies in a dangerous state." If this "wretch" were the identical Mooney I once knew, I may say that on the occasion referred to, the wife was neither killed nor murdered, but died, many years after, peacefully in her bed; and Mooney himself did not leave the world "dancing on nothing."

Such is a brief notice of Melbourne's first newspaper, and one or two reminiscences of its founder. As the father of our "Fourth Estate," and a colonist of pluck and perseverance, who during his life must have been looked upon as a "part and parcel" of this daily increasing city, John Pascoe Fawkner was a man who cannot soon be forgotten. His faults were many, but his good qualities were not few; and though he always contrived to keep himself in "hot water" of some kind or other, and made for himself many enemies, he was never without "troops of friends." Many a good turn he did, and often gave a helping hand to him who needed it.

No. VI.—A LAY FROM AN OLD GAOL JOURNAL.

One of the brightest pages in the early History of Victoria is the determined opposition offered to every attempt made to turn the colony into a cesspool of British convictism. To be sure, in the commencement of the struggle, many of the squatters, anxious to benefit by the profits of unpaid station labor, were only too ready and willing to welcome Transportation to these shores, though a few remarkable exceptions were to be found *ab initio* amongst the ranks of the Anti-Transportationists; and at length public feeling grew so intense, and such an extraordinary unanimity prevailed, that the Home Government reluctantly desisted from all further attempts to make Port Phillip a penal colony in the ordinary sense of the phrase. It occurred, however, to some would-be philanthropist in Downing-street, to try an experiment on what was deemed to be an improved scale, *i. e.*, to ship out here some cargoes of conditionally pardoned prisoners from Pentonville, and these fallen angels ("Pentonvillains"), when "leaving their country for their country's good," were to be known, not as prisoners, but by the euphuistic designation of "Exiles," and as such, some batches of them found their way here. On arriving in Victoria they were to be free of the country—to do as they liked the same as ordinary immigrants—to sink or swim in the new community according to their deserts; and whilst a few of them became tolerably reputable denizens, many relapsed into their old evil ways, and turned out thorough scoundrels. One of them was hanged for a very atrocious murder committed at Stony Creek, between Footscray and Williamstown; whilst another made money as an apothecary and found his way into that receptacle of the good, the bad, and

the indifferent—the City Council. In the year 1847, the most considerable consignment of such precious imports arrived, duty free, per the good ship *Thomas Arbuthnot*, from London, and during the voyage the rascals manifested such an active literary taste that they actually started a manuscript newspaper on board, under the awfully grandiloquent title of the *Neptune Thunderbolt*, which was published periodically during the ship's passage. Some short time ago I contributed to the *Herald* a notice of No. 2 of Johnny Fawkner's M.S. Journal; and, by a singular coincidence, I have now before me No. 2 of the *Thunderbolt*. Poor Johnny's little sixpenny rag is a miserable affair—a mere *brutum fulmen* compared with the other, which certainly does possess literary merit, for some scintillations of ability do flash through its pages. It contains a leading article on "Our Position and Prospects" (of "the Exiles") which, though never realised, is very ably written; but the "Poet's Corner" is something to be not only read, but remembered. It contains the following effusion under the head of "Original Poetry," which, though lengthy, seems worthy of re-publication at this distant day. It is in every sense a remarkable production, and I certainly prefer it to the *Sydney Herald* Exhibition Prize Poem, which was telegraphed to your columns on the late eventful opening day.

"THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN."

THE EXILE'S AUSTRALIAN ANTICIPATIONS.

"The test of all our hopes will be
The days of far futurity."

Our bark is bounding o'er the main
Before the joyous gale,
That pipes his gay and gladdening strain
Like music in her sail;

The dancing waves through which she flies,
Exult in her array,
And lend their beauteous rainbow dyes
To glorify her way.

The sun-burst's full meridian glow
Lights up her snowy wings,
While whispering cordage, soft and low,
Its pensive ditty sings :—
Like murmurs of a hidden brook
At eve's unclouded noon,
Sweet warbling in a leafy nook,
To serenade the Moon.

And Retrospection's tearful mist
Is gathering to the eye,
As beating hearts are hushed to list
That simple melody ;
For, oh ! it wakens, far at sea,
The memories of yore,
And breathes of sounds and sights, that we
Shall see and hear no more.

But Faith awakes her Prophet lays
To chase the spirit's gloom,
As down the track of future days
She steers her seraph plume;
And hails with rapt ecstatic eye
The dawn of coming years,
Bright with the glorious destiny
Of Freedom's Pioneers !

We leave, behind the billowy foam,
Our own heroic Isle,
To seek a new and distant home
Where Southern summers smile ;
For still the soul that led our sires
To deeds of deathless fame,
With all its unabated fires,
Glows in our hearts the same.

And to the outposts of the Earth,
Beyond the rising Sun,
We bear the rights that vouch our birth—
The rights our fathers won :
To plant them on the sunny strand
Of our adopted clime,
Whose balmy Zephyrs clothe the land
In bloom of Eden's prime.

There British Liberty shall woo
From that Ionian sky
Its morning showers and evening dew,
And bourgeon broad and high ;
Till every fair, secluded dell,
Beneath its giant stem,
Sees Japhet's generations dwell
Within the tents of Shem.

And there, in every vale and mead,
Our bleating flocks shall stray,
And blithesome shepherds tune the reed
To soft Arcadian lay ;
While morning beauties breathing o'er
The smiling wood and wold,
To Fancy's raptured eye restore
Her fabled Age of Gold.

And soon, Australia ! o'er thy plains
Shall wave the blooming groves
That guard Religion's hallowed fanes
Within their dim alcoves—
Where Sabbath breeze shall pause to bear
Our orisons along,
Or list, in calm of twilight air,
Our solemn evening song.

And Art shall lift her trophied brow
In temple, tower, and town,
As when Athena's olive bough
Was brightest in her crown ;
While Commerce all thy coast around
His golden task shall ply,
And Mirth and Revelry resound
In triumph to thy sky.

Oh ! fair as gorgeous Eastern gleam
Of morning's dawning light,
The glories of thine empire beam
Upon the visioned sight :
When thronged with millions of the Free,
Thy flag shall rule the waves
Which, through a drear eternity,
Have washed the shores of slaves.

And bloodless conquests, won by Truth,
Adorn thy every page,
From hopeful infancy to youth—
From youth to latest age :

When Judgment shall unseal thy roll
Of History sublime,
Nor trace upon the virgin scroll
One record of a crime.

Then on ! we will not vainly weep
The homes we leave behind,
But all their noblest virtues, deep
Within our hearts enshrined,—
We'll rear them on our destined shore
With energies increased,
And make our chosen land the more
Than Britain of the East.

In some of the foregoing stanzas there is the ring of the true poet commingling with vaticinal inspiration. The bard was one of the "Exiles," and his name was Stratton. But, unfortunately for him, though he could preach in mellifluous strains, he found practice a difficult and different lesson to learn. Restored to *terra firma*, the "Memories of Yore," the aspirations after British Liberty, and "Religion's Hallowed Fanes," were speedily wiped out of his mind, for he was not very long in Melbourne when he fell into trouble, and thence passed into the Melbourne Gaol under a sentence for felony. He was a smart, natty, intelligent, talkative, little fellow, of very youthful appearance, and was employed as clerk in the prison office during the reign of the late Mr. Wintle, Mr. Castieau's immediate predecessor. The office was a kind of corridor not far from the (then) front gate; and the more effectually to keep Master Stratton from trying any chance attempt at escape, he was accommodated with a light pair of fetters, which he took to rather kindly, and seemed really fond of them. At all events, he was as careful of them as if they were babies, and whenever he had a moment to spare was ever polishing up their twin faces. Casting himself into the "Governor's" big wooden chair, and throwing up his feet, he would exhibit the shining anklets with much self-satisfaction, and exclaim: "Look Mr.——, they are like small circular mirrors; why

a cat could shave himself in them." My business often led me to an interview with this Secretary of State, and I always found him in the best of humour, good-tempered, in high spirits and ever hopeful of some great future. His motto, he used to say, was, "a light heart, and an elastic conscience," and there could be no doubt that he acted faithfully up to the rule. During the gold revolution he regained his liberty, took an *alias*, and was lost in the whirligig of time for some years. I believe he managed to keep straight ever after, for I heard he had amassed money, married well, and was the father of an interesting family. He even attained a prominent position in a Shire Council, and once "ran," unsuccessfully, an election for the Legislative Assembly. I have no intention of disrespecting his present *incognito*, for I am glad he has become a wiser and a better man; and for all I know, I may yet hear of him as a star in our Parliamentary firmament. I have witnessed stranger vicissitudes, and am now a thorough disciple of the *Nil admirari* school. Should he happen to read this notice, it may recall some of the times and events of long ago, and I trust he will not think unkindly of me for fishing in old waters, and bringing up a waif worthy of preservation.

No. VII.—MELBOURNE'S FIRST MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Corporations cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.—*Sir Edward Coke.*

If there be any truth in this epigraph—the *dictum* of a great lawyer—it can only apply partially to the Corporation of which I am about to treat; for whether the Melbourne City Council be regarded as a corporeal or incorporeal entity, or has a soul or not, it has, from its creation, been accounted a *corpus* capable occasionally of committing any enormity, from High Treason downwards; and though neither outlawed nor excommunicated, has been often metaphorically kicked and cursed in a manner that would lead people to believe that it possessed neither body nor soul, and was a thing utterly devoid of feeling, either spiritual or corporal. It has always been the best-abused institution in the colony, and though I do not intend to poach upon the manor of the great and voluble Fitzgibbon, its *cap-a-pie* Champion, it is only common justice for one who knows something about it to declare that, though it has never been free from many faults and some abuses, like "Old Nick," it was never as bad as it has been painted. On the contrary, considering that it had often to contend with difficulties of no ordinary character, it has rendered much enduring service to our City, and has fulfilled its mission in a manner which, if not securing general approbation, can at least compare favourably with the doings of another Body of later birth, greater opportunities, and immensely greater pretensions.

Few persons now amongst us can imagine the sort of place Melbourne was at the period of its incorporation. It had just passed out of the chrysalis state of a mongrel

weather-board and wattle and daub settlement, where the inhabitants were hutted in utter disorder and discomfort. It was shaking itself up and gathering itself together, as if in preparation for the future, with but a very dim notion of what that future was to be. Brick houses—few and far between—were making their appearance, the streets from Latrobe to Flinders, from Spring to Spencer-streets, the then Town Boundaries, were aligned by the Government surveyors, and the scattered shops were falling into a very uneven rank in portions of Collins, Elizabeth, and Bourke-streets. Here and there some improving publican, storekeeper, or slop-seller was enterprising enough to invest a trifle, in rendering the footway entrance to his place of business partially passable for his customers; but the convenience of the general public was utterly uncared for. Boulders and the stumps and roots of trees cropped up wherever you went. Elizabeth-street was either a mad-mountain-torrent or a huge dust-bed (there was not then too much traffic to stir up the dust Fiend); whilst Queen, Latrobe, and Lonsdale-streets were regular ravines, impassable in winter, and difficult to traverse in summer. The central part of Collins-street was something better, as it was (from Queen to Elizabeth-streets) the principal trade thoroughfare. After heavy rain, and when the floods subsided, the township was converted into one immense "glue-pot"— every inch of low land being buried in a kind of viscous compound, into which, if you once got, you would find yourself the victim of an unwelcome attachment not easily got rid of. I would defy Mr. Mathew Burnett, or his great Teetotal Master, the late Father Matthew, to pass through Melbourne at this time without being often mud-dled; and as the approaches to the groggeries were, as a rule, kept in the best repair, the more one tried to dodge the public-houses the more mud-dled one was likely to become. Those "glue-pots" also were, in places, of considerable depth, and amongst the traditions of the time, said to

be founded on fact, is that of a team of bullocks, with dray and other appurtenances, having disappeared in a glue-chasm near the corner of Lonsdale and Elizabeth-streets, and not a trace of the swallowed up *impedimenta* was ever afterwards discovered. The greater beast—the drunken bullock-driver—had a hair-breadth escape : and as a Coroner's inquest was thus avoided, the bullocks remained undragged for, and continue in their resting-place to this day. It is also recorded that a newly-arrived Immigrant-swell was doing the present famous "Block" one day, close by the now fashionable establishments of Messrs. Alston and Moubray, and some opossum-rugged black women happening to pass close by, he was so shocked by the proximity of the under-dressed ladies, that he slipped into a layer of "glue," and got so bird-limed there, that he could be extricated only by the sacrifice of a pair of patent leather Wellingtons and the extremities of a garment that must be unmentionable. In fact, the instruments of his rescue were a couple of pair of stout arms and the scissors of a neighbouring tailor, and by pulling and snipping he regained *terra firma.* The Adonis, however, was consoled by the reflection that, though conquered by the mud, it was, at all events, a *drawn* battle between them.

Melbourne at length could boast of a few thousands of population, and was ruled by a Market Commission created under the New South Wales Markets Act—a body of very limited and uniform powers, quite inadequate to the growing importance of the daily increasing community. It was in this state of affairs that on the 12th August, 1842, the New South Wales Legislature passed an Act of Council "for the better protection care and management of the local interests of the inhabitants of the town of Melbourne and for the improvement thereof," and this is the original Charter of the Corporation of Melbourne. Though the actual boundaries of the Town were then limited, as before stated, the Act extended the jurisdiction of the

corporation from Batman's Hill—a picturesque eminence, since swept away to enlarge the stables of the iron-horse at Spencer-street—to Hoddle street, in Collingwood; and by it in a straight line to St. Kilda; and from the Sandridge beach to the Merri Creek, near Northcote; thence along Northward to correspond with the limit from Spencer-street.—So that the early Melbourne Municipality included the now Boroughs of Sandridge, Emerald Hill, part of St. Kilda and Hotham, and the now Cities of Fitzroy and Collingwood. This concession of Local Government gave much satisfaction, and great were the preparations made in the way of canvassing and otherwise for the first election of Town Councillors, which came off on 1st December, 1842—this day, 37 years, a day worthy of being enrolled amongst the *memorabilia* of the Colony, a day to be red-lettered in its History.

Strange as it may seem to put it as amongst the things not generally known, I venture to say that there are not now a score of people in Melbourne, and probably only one person (the Town Clerk, who, as a matter of course, ought to be a civic encyclopedist), connected with the Council, who could name the first Mayor and the first Town Clerk. The almost universal answer to the question would be—of course, who but Condell and King; and yet it is not so, for Condell was not the first, but the first elected Mayor; and King was only the first Council-appointed Town Clerk.

As the Ancients could not make unburnt bricks without straw, neither could Melbourne make a Town Council without a Burgess or Electoral Roll; and in order to see to its proper compilation and revision, and to perform other preliminary essentials, the Governor at Sydney was empowered by a clause of the Act to nominate a Mayor, Town Clerk, Aldermen, and Assessors, who would become *functi officio* after the election; consequently Captain Lonsdale, the then sub-treasurer (long since dead), was the first Mayor, and Mr. Gurner, then Clerk of the Peace, and now

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Crown Solicitor, was the first Town Clerk. The other original officials will be noticed further on. The qualification for a Burgess was a £25 annual rating; and candidates for election as Councillors required a qualification of real or personal estate, or both, to the amount of one thousand pounds of his own or his wife's money, or being rated on an annual value of £50. The Town was sub-divided into four Wards, i.e., Lonsdale, Latrobe, Bourke, and Gipps, so-called after the two first Deputy-governors of Port Phillip, and two Governors of the paramount settlement of New South Wales. Each Ward was to return three Councillors, the latter subsequently to elect four Aldermen from their own body—and such was to be the Council. Being thus on the threshold of Responsible Government, a storm of excitement swept over the town, and continued blowing from every direction for weeks and weeks. There were then three newspapers, the *Herald*, the *Patriot*, and the *Gazette;* and, depend upon it, they kept the spirit moving with a will, and, like so many unceasing bellows'-blowers, labored hard to prevent any calm in the electioneering atmosphere. Candidates announced themselves in batches, and the embryotic place-hunters (a biped so thoroughly developed in later years) crawled forth from the recesses of private life—and, of course for nothing else but *pro bono publico*, threw themselves into the canvassing arena, vowing that the best man (no doubt their own nominee) should win the day at all hazards. There were two breweries in full blast—Murphy's, in Flinders-street, and Condell's, in Little Bourke-street. Murphy's brew was the favorite tipple with the "publics;" but Condell's, from its greater pungency, was much relished by a large circle of topers, and came to be known as Condell's "entire." These Beer factories were powerful engines in working this first election, because the candidates bled freely, anti-bribery and treating clauses were unknown quantities, and the number of "whistles"

to be "wetted" was from the then state of the population brought within something like reasonable limits. Taverns were opened nightly for the benefit of the free and independent. Candidates addressed large Tavern audiences every evening, and when the oratorical spouting was ended, spouting of another, though scarcely more frothy, kind commenced, and did not often wind up until the "wee short hour ayont the 'twal." Three or four Printing Offices also were actively called into requisition for placards of every possible colour, dimension and typical arrangement, which were plastered up on every fence, hoarding, or tree-trunk imaginable (for such a thing as a dead-wall was not known). As the longest day will have an end, so the most longed for day will assuredly arrive in its allotted time, and we accordingly find the *Herald* thus chronicling the advent of the momentous epoch: "The morning of Thursday, the day big with the fate of Melbourne, was ushered in with fresh showers of hand-bills and placards of all colours and dimensions occupying the places of those which had been exhibited the previous night." Lonsdale Ward, from its centrical position and commercial importance, was deemed the premier one, and the election was held at the Royal Hotel, Collins-street. The "Royal" was "the Scott's" of the day, and was for many years kept by a Mr. Cowell, who patronised the turf in a quiet way, amassed a good deal of money, and then quietly slipped out of the world, leaving a considerable fortune for the benefit of his family. In an early stage of the gold discoveries an American, named Moss, became its proprietor, large additions were made, and the name changed into that of the "Criterion," which it maintained, under many lessee-ships, and with varying luck, for a number of years; until some short time ago the Union Bank Proprietary purchased the place, and a money-making Palace of a very different kind is now being raised on its

ruins. The Acting-Alderman was Major St. John, a Commissioner of Crown Lands, afterwards Police Magistrate of Melbourne, who left the colony years after, under a cloud, and died at Boulogne; and the Assessors were Mr. A. Cunninghame, an equity barrister—who was despatched, at the expense of the Squatters, as an ambassador to London, to procure an alteration in certain Crown Land orders in Council, rendered little or no value for his allowance, never returned, and died some years ago in Scotland—and Mr. J. Sealy Griffin, a very tall man, with a head very bald, where it was not very red, who was the Registrar of the Small Debts Court, and has dropped out of the struggle for existence ever so long ago. The candidates in nomination were the well-known John P. Fawkner, then proprietor of the *Patriot*; John Orr, of the firm of Turnbull, Orr, and Co., Merchants; H. W. Mortimer, who kept a butcher's shop at the corner of Collins and William-streets; and Thomas Clarke, a jolly, fat, sandy-haired Irishman, who plied the vocation of an Innkeeper, in Flinders-lane, and afterwards died in harness of a similar make at Violet Town, on the North-Eastern line of railway *route*. The polling commenced at 8 a.m., closing at 4 p.m. The voting was open; each voter handing in a marked card to the Returning Officer, when its contents were read aloud, and the voter cheered or hissed, cursed or cuffed, according to the numerical strength of the backers of the respective Candidates crushing round the polling places. The crowds abroad on this day were such that one would think Melbourne had turned out every human being of its inhabitants—man, woman and child. In fact, everyone might be said to be on the streets; and for the *Plebs* of the time there was a very potent inducement to take an outing. For instance, it is recorded that Fawkner and Mortimer had clubbed together, and engaged a house nearly opposite the Royal, "recently vacated by Lazarus, a Jew, where the most substantial fare was

provided, and full justice done to it." The reporter might have spared himself the trouble of indicating the effects likely to result from such a cause, for I bet that even in our own enlightened day the same love of "justice" would be found to prevail as in the days of yore. Clarke shouted everything eatable and drinkable at the Royal Exchange, a hostelry just on the opposite side of the street; whilst Orr, who belonged to the then "Upper Ten," adopted the more dignified course of having his refreshment head-quarters at the Royal. The result of the poll was—Orr, 136; Mortimer, 96; Fawkner, 95; Clarke, 34; and Clarke was distanced accordingly. Of the three returned Councillors Messrs. Orr and Mortimer were afterwards appointed Aldermen. Orr was a very gentlemanly man, and a great favorite with all, but he was too quiet for public life. He, in course of years, seceded from the Firm of which he was a member, and I don't know whether he is amongst the living or the dead; but, I believe, the latter. Mortimer, who was well-meaning, crotchety, and obstinate, gave up the butcher's shop, and was for some time a kind of manager of the *Patriot* newspaper, which was subsequently transformed into the *Daily News*. He remained for years an active and painstaking member of the Council; but time bringing him reverses, he passed into the post of Registrar of Births and Deaths for Collingwood, and holding this office, died. As for "Johnny Fawkner," the Council was never out of trouble while he was in it, and finally got too small to hold him, little as he was—yet he ultimately blossomed into a full-blown Senator, after the Colony acquired its independence, and died a few years ago an Honorable, as representing the Central Province. Since the day when he planted the first wheat at the other side of the Yarra, until he shuffled off his mortal coil, "Johnny" was a part and parcel of the City which he founded. With all his faults and innumerable failings, full justice has never been done to his memory, and

the way in which his early rival, Batman, has been forgotten, is anything but creditable to the colony.

The Election for Latrobe Ward was held at the Eagle Inn, Bourke-street, between the Bull and Mouth and Swanston-street, whence it has long since vanished. The Alderman was Mr. J. D. Pinnock, then Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, who for some years sat in the Legislative Council for the Eastern Province—from whom much was expected as a Legislator—an expectation not realised. After retiring from public life he died, regretted by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. The Assessors were Dr. Wilmot, the first Coroner, and Mr. Airey, a Commissioner of Crown Lands, and the three seats were contested by six candidates, viz., Messrs Russell, James, Campbell and Heape (merchants), Cumming (a landowner), and Peers, a species of musical carpenter and contractor, who had much to do in connection with the early Philharmonics of the Borough, and stuck to them up to his death. Opposite the Inn, Campbell, James and Russell jointly took possession of an untenanted house and made of it a "full and plenty" one for their friends; whilst Heape and Peers entertained in a house adjoining the Eagle, and Cumming held his electioneering "at home" in one of the Eagle's rooms, next the Court room. The numbers polled were—Russell, 99; Campbell, 87; James, 76; Cumming, 71; Peers, 47; Heape, 40. The three first-named were returned. Heape, known as "Benjy," was a smart, perky, undersized man, and, as a partner of the firm of Heape and Grice, then reputedly one of the safest of mercantile houses, would have been returned, only he was too late in the field. Russell, as often happens, though never popular, headed the poll in consequenee of splitting and cross-voting. Campbell, brother to the present Dr. W. H. Campbell, was a very great favorite with most people, in after years represented Richmond in the Legislative Assembly,

and when he died was much regretted. Russell afterwards succeeded in attaining the Mayoral chair, and was a Nominee member of the first Legislative Council. Cumming has disappeared I know not whither; Heape and James re-emigrated to England.

Passing round to Gipps Ward, we find that the election was held at the Caledonian Hotel at the south side of Lonsdale-street, three or four doors from Swanston-street, and this too is *non est.* Mr. Raymond (the Deputy-Sheriff) was Alderman, and Mr. Webb (Collector of Customs) and Dr. Cussen (Colonial Surgeon) Assessors. The two latter have been long dead; but the first-named gentleman may be, for all I know, still alive in New South Wales, whence he departed before Separation. Four candidates offered for the three vacancies, and the close of the poll showed — Condell, 69; Dixon, 65; Beaver, 64; Dobson, 39. Here the Candidates evidenced an unusual amount of good and kindly feeling, for in a tent pitched in front of the scene of conflict, they opened a Co-operative Restaurant, where free grass and free selection before survey, free fist and every other kind of freedom except, may be, freedom of conscience, or freedom of speech, was allowed with full swing and nothing to pay. But possibly conscience had very little to do in the matter, or if "the still small voice" did endeavour to edge in a word now and then during the day, it was very likely swallowed up in the medley of the eatables and drinkables which not only cheered, but certainly inebriated, on the occasion. Condell's brewery was within a stone's throw of the polling place, and the brewer must have put forth the full strength of all his vats for the time, for the *Herald* reporter coolly informs us "that about noon Condell's ale grew too strong, and caused much confusion at the polling; but the confusion was caused principally by those who were not voters, as all were invited to partake and make welcome." He continues:—"Some of Dobson's voters could not come

up through the ruffianly conduct of a blackguard named Byrne." It is pretty certain from this that the *Herald* must have been a Dobsonite; and as for poor maligned Byrne, I wonder where is that "blackguard" now? As might be expected, the proceedings terminated "amidst riot and confusion." Dobson, the beaten horse, was, as a matter of course, much chagrined at the result, especially after paying his whack of the score that made Gipps Ward "a Paradise for the working man," at least for that day. Sleeping on his defeat did not seem to restore his good humor, for we find him publishing in the newspapers this characteristic address:—

"The Worthy Burgesses of Gipps Ward:

"To those voters who were enabled by personal strength to proceed to the table and record their votes in my favor, I return my most sincere thanks.

"To those who were prevented and brutally kept back by a faction, the existence of which I was as ignorant of as I now despise it, I offer my deepest regret that they should have suffered injury or inconvenience on my behalf."

This Dobson was a very decent kind of individual, and was the founder of the now popular Albion Hotel in Bourke-street, which in his time was a cleanly-kept, well-conducted, and spruce-looking little tavern. He is dead; but I fancy there are some young or middle-aged Dobsons still in the land of the living. Condell, who was a native of Madeira, and of Scotch parentage, was elected the first Mayor of Melbourne, and in 1843 was returned as first member for Melbourne in the Legislature of New South Wales, beating the late Edward Curr, the father of Separation, and one of the ablest men in the colony. The religious element entered largely into the contest, and Mr. Curr owed his defeat mainly to the Sectarian intolerance of the time, which hid his opponent's demerits in a kind of fanatical

glamour. Condell's single ability was the sometimes rare talent of not only making money, but knowing how to keep it. He died in Scotland, and is now never thought of unless in connection with the clock which his son presented to the Town Hall as an *In Memoriam* of his father's Mayoralty. Beaver was a builder, a not inappropriate calling in connection with his short career in the Council, where he was simply nothing more nor less than an old "stick." This did not preclude him from being a reputable, worthy townsman, much respected during his life. Some of his descendants are engaged in mercantile pursuits in the Colony. Councillor Dixon was a red-headed Physician in limited practice, who, during the election struggle, made a couple of eloquent speeches far above Corporation specification, did not hold his seat long, went to Sydney, and never came to the surface anywhere since. The last, though not least, of the districts—Bourke Ward—next comes under review. Much interest was excited here. It was a kind of small Scotch settlement, and Mr. William Kerr, one of the greatest partizans of the day, and editor of the *Patriot*, offered himself for election. The other Candidates were Messrs J. T. Smith, Dr. Patterson, the Immigration Agent (since dead), and a Mr. Horatio Nelson Carrington, an attorney in very good business, but mixed up in some very shaky financial transactions, which soon after "bust him up." Great efforts were made to defeat Kerr; but as the matter finally ended in a virtual "walk-over," he, of course, secured a seat, though lowest on the poll. The election was held at the Crown Hotel, corner of Queen and Lonsdale-streets—the only scene of all those early contests which still remains where it, or the original of it, was then. The presiding Alderman was Mr. Robert Hoddle, the first Surveyor-General of Port Phillip, who is still alive, and has been in the enjoyment of a thousand a year pension for a quarter of a century. As he has earned his retiring allowance

much better than others who have since been pensioned, I have no objection that he should continue to pocket it for the next half century to come. The Assessors were Captain Bunbury (the Water Police Magistrate, long since gone to his account), and Mr. R. Barry. This is no less a person than the Sir Redmond of the present day. He was then plain "Mr." and Commissioner of the Court of Requests—a rising member of a Bar, which consisted of only himself and two or three others—the *homo factus ad unguem* of the time, but little dreaming of "all the pomp and circumstance" with which after years would surround him. He is still amongst us, and as thousands in the colony now know more about him than I do, to say more is unnecessary. After the commencement of the proceedings, Mr. Candidate Carrington appeared before the Aldermanic Court and announced his withdrawal, "as he had just received notice of the dishonour of bills amounting to £10,000; and such unexpected reverses would necessarily deprive him of the opportunity of performing his duty to his constituents." There could not be a doubt of it; and such a handicap was quite sufficient to "scratch" a far gamer animal than Carrington was. The polling, according to law, the resignation not being in time, was continued during the day, and one of the Candidates at least, who had made the most elaborate preparations for the campaign, was resolved to see it out in real style, altogether regardless of expense. This generous individual was no other than the one popularly known in after time as "John Thomas;" and owning a public house in the vicinage (the St. John's Tavern), he threw it open for the day, and one of the then "recording angels" reports, "that before the hotel was placed a tent, occupied by an excellent band, who played heart-stirring and enlivening tunes to the assembled multitude." Many men had less knowledge of human nature than Mr. Smith. He was a pretty good hand at taking stock of individuals, or making

capital out of national prejudices. He knew and believed that

> Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak ;

and he knew well the species of philtre that would go down "in a pleasant, easy, and accessible manner," with the "savages" he had to deal with. He had to storm a Scotch garrison, and with either English, Irish, or Scotch, he was well aware that other things besides "rocks" and "oaks" could be softened by "the stormy music of the drum," toned down by copious potations of beer and two ales, with unstinted dashes of rum and whisky by way of variation. The success of Mr. Smith's tactical skill was most pronounced, for he polled nearly double as many votes as Mr. Kerr ; and the result was—Smith, 97 ; Patterson, 63 ; and Kerr, 56. The *trio* were, of course, declared duly returned. John Thomas Smith's public career, dating from this period to the day of his death, was, from a certain point of view, more remarkable and successful than that of any other of our public men ; but having very little more space at my disposal for the present I shall defer to a more opportune time, some remarks I had intended to make with reference to him and Mr. Kerr, and proceed to wind up a sketch which has already much outgrown the length originally designed for it.

The whole four Ward Elections terminated at four o'clock, and the several Declarations of the Poll were "loudly cheered by the assembled multitudes." In Lonsdale Ward, Orr was "forcibly placed in a chair, and carried up Collins-street to his house." Smith was paid a greater, though less comfortable, compliment ; for in lieu of "chairing," he was "carried from the Crown Hotel on the shoulders of his supporters." Russell, Campbell and James, the elect of Latrobe Ward, pursued the more respectable course of "retiring with their friends to the Commercial Hotel, where they dealt out refreshments all round ;" but the feelings

of the populace could not quietly stomach so much good treatment, and the Triumvirate was "triumphantly chaired to Messrs. Campbell and Woolley's stores, amid the cheers of hundreds." These stores then occupied the site of the Colonial Bank, and as there were lots of grog upon the premises, though the Newspapers do not say so, we may be sure the liquoring-up was repeated. Amidst such a general jollification, one person (and not the least important) seems not to have approved of all the goings-on. This was the Clerk of the Weather, who caused "during the day an occasional sprinkling of rain to fall," probably as an exterior counterblast to the miscellaneous "innings," so promiscuously indulged in. The "Gentlemen of the Press" on duty for the occasion, seem to have entered pretty freely into the enthusiasm; for whether owing to Smith's music or Condell's swipes, or some more potent inspiration, they are unusually florid, occasionally ungrammatical, and sometimes inconsequential, in their descriptions. According to one of these scribes, "The breast of each candidate was decorated with ribbons of particular colour, or his body encased in a handsome scarf. All the voters, on being brought to the poll, wearing in their button-holes or hats ribbons, the colours of which indicated the candidate of his choice." Next, "All the committee houses were surmounted by flags of variegated and enticing colours. Those in La Trobe ward were particularly conspicuous from being placed opposite each other, as if held out as a gage of defiance." They are especially complimentary to Smith's grand trump card, the effects of whose mellifluous influence is thus portrayed:— "Bourke ward was the scene of the greatest attention through Smith's most excellent band, who played lively and appropriate airs during the day, and thus kept the crowd in cheerfulness and good humour." Yet, in the face of the above true and correct particulars, another—the victim possibly of some strong Spiritual manifestation—thus winds up what he no

doubt considered to be a stunning leader :—" The whole business passed off in such a cool and rational manner as reflected great credit on the burgesses of Melbourne, and inhabitants generally, scenes of riot and disorder being less frequent than we have witnessed in a town at home whose constituency was numerically greater."

And so ends my story of a time of long ago—of the first Municipal Election, held in what might be almost deemed a Melbourne of the past; and by permission of the *Herald,* I hope in the course of a few days, to add as a sequel a few remarks and reminiscences arising out of what now appears in print.

No. VIII.—MELBOURNE MUNICIPAL REMINISCENCES.

Like fitful phantasms through the mind,
They pass in flickering show—
The half-forgotten odds and ends
Of dreamy long ago.

THE agitation of the Municipal waters in 1842, brought to the surface William Kerr and John Thomas Smith, two somewhat remarkable men, one of whom turned out a failure, and the other a very considerable success. Mr. Kerr arrived in Sydney as one of the Scotch "following" of the late Rev. Dr. Lang, a Church Militant of the A1 Firebrand Order; but, nevertheless, a man who rendered invaluable political service to Port Phillip in its early struggles to terminate the connection with New South Wales. When Mr. George Cavenagh left Sydney in the latter part of 1839, to establish the *Herald* in Melbourne in 1840, he secured the services of Mr. Kerr to edit the new journal; but they did not get on very well together, and Kerr soon passed over to the *Patriot*, Fawkner's opposition journal. Thence commenced a mutual and life-long animosity between Cavenagh and Kerr; and a war of unrelenting wrath was waged between the two journals, which was kept up in the *Courier*—a paper started by Kerr, upon a rumpus with Fawkner. Kerr was not a man of much journalistic ability, but, like most of his countrymen, was shrewd and long-headed; yet, unlike many of them, free-handed and generous to a fault, and the consequence was that the bawbees never remained long with him—they came in by one hand, and like Moore's "Fairy gifts" quickly "faded away" through the other. He exercised considerable influence over the Scotch section of the population; and, ingratiating him-

self with the North of Irelanders, Orangeism was soon introduced. Thus, by keeping up a certain kind of Brotherhood, fostered by national prejudices and fanaticism, he quickly became a power among the Commonwealth, but lacked the tact of "feathering his own nest" out of it. What Kerr sowed others reaped; he was never tired of plotting and counter-plotting against his opponents—a species of English and South Irish alliance; and the consequence was a manifestation of the most acrid animosity on both sides. The Town Council and its Elections were the occasions on which the corked-up passions of the public burst forth; and the bitterness with which the Civic battles were fought out was of the blackest kind. Kerr was a man who stood stoutly to his guns in backing up a friend; but he never spared an enemy either up or down. *Væ victis* was a tenet of his public creed, which he observed most religiously. He was also in the habit of speaking his mind rather freely; he not only called a "spade a spade," but often something worse; and it was not to be wondered at if the spade sometimes turned on him and pummelled him with its handle. Take the following as an instance: A Council Election was coming off, in which a pugnacious Limerick man took a very active part on the Anglo-cum-Hibernico side, and he so aggravated Kerr, that the latter denounced him in his newspaper as "a half-hanged ruffian." The Munster blood instantaneously leapt up to white heat, and the "Boherbuoy boy," arming himself with a cudgel, watched Kerr as he was returning to his house in Lonsdale-street, and felled him as he would a bullock. Kerr was rather tough, no bones were broken, and when taken up, the only injuries sustained were, a severe shock, a pair of shivered spectacles, and both eyes —to borrow the Byronic description:—

Baptized in molten gold and swathed in dun.

The leveller was summoned to the police court and fined £5. A modified species of Lynch law was in

those primitive times exercised upon newspaper offenders, and, considering the provocation so frequently given, such summary proceedings had a salutary effect. A penalty tariff was also in vogue; for whilst the thrashing of an Editor brought a five pound note to the public Exchequer, such small fry as a Reporter might be hammered at the reduced rate of forty shillings; but the Reporter was often adroit enough to take the punishment by proxy, by shifting the responsibility to the Editor. It was creditable to the Editorial branch of the profession that its members never resorted to the use of the Bowie knife or revolver; though Mr. Kerr in the end was said to carry a dagger for his protection, yet he never used it upon any one. In three or four years, the "half-hanged ruffian" obtained a seat in the Council, and he and Kerr got on tolerably well together. Mr Kerr was elected one of the first Aldermen, and more than one cast a wistful eye upon the Mayoral chair; but his financial position did not warrant his proceeding beyond the wishing stage. The great mistake of his life was the acceptance of the Town Clerkship, for the minutiæ of which office he was altogether unfitted, and after some time he allowed the business to get into such a muddle that his retirement became a necessity, when he was succeeded by the present incumbent (Mr. Fitzgibbon), who has from that day to this, performed the daily-increasing duties of the office with an ability, integrity, and independence which mark him as a model for other Town Clerks to work by. After meeting with some reverses, Kerr, in 1857, obtained the post of railway station-master at Sunbury, through the good offices of Sir John O'Shanassy, the then Premier—a kindly and generous act, which returned good for evil; for no man in the community had more cause than Sir John, to complain of the newspaper malice and misrepresentations of the individual who who was now down in the world. Kerr died soon after, and with all his enmities and shortcomings, he had many friends, and rendered the State good service

especially during the anti-Transportation Struggle and the Home Rule Agitation.

John Thomas Smith was the antithesis of Mr. Kerr in various ways. A native of Sydney, he threw in his lot with the new Settlement at an early period, and figured in consecutive characters on the Victorian stage as schoolmaster to the Blacks, timber-dealer, publican, theatrical proprictor, manager, and prompter, councillor, alderman, mayor, trustee of half-a-dozen Espiscopalian churches, Masonic Grand-Master, Member of Parliament, Minister of Mines, with divers and sundry other minor engagements. His education was rather restricted, but he was gifted with a remarkably good memory, could dabble fairly well in the "three Rs," was by turns very religiously disposed, and, sometimes, the reverse. A small volume of very mediocre hymns was printed about twenty years ago, of which he was the reputed author, but they did not reach a second edition. He was possessed of much shrewdness, a knowledge of the strong and weak points of the human character, and a certain kind of brusque diplomacy, which, added to much business aptitude, carried him successfully through many a difficulty. He used to ride a grey horse, affected a clerical costume—but always wore a white bell-topper, was never without a frilled shirt-front and choker of snowy whiteness—displaying the artistic skill of the gofferer and the laundress to perfection: and was hardly ever seen without a cigar in his mouth. I am now writing of the John Thomas of the ancients, as he used to bustle about the town, and was known to everybody; but I have been told that John Thomas the later had undergone considerable modification of character, apparel and habit. He was seven times elected Mayor, and as Mayor and Chief Magistrate, acquitted himself with an efficiency and liberality worthy of imitation; and it is said of him, what cannot be said of others in the same position, that he never pocketed a penny of his civic allowance. Indeed,

some years the balance must have been the other way, for the amounts disbursed by him in private benefactions at the Town Hall and Police Office were considerable. From the day of the first election till the day of his death (1842-1878), six-and-thirty years, he continued a member of the Council, a tenure of office accorded to but few individuals. As a politician his career cannot be said to redound so much to his credit. Elected a member of the old Legislative Council in 1851, he remained so until 1856, when the Bicameral System of legislation was introduced by an Amended Constitution Act, and he then got returned to the Legislative Assembly, of which he was a member until his death, *i. e.*, twenty-seven years in Parliament; and at the period of his demise, though not a very old man, he enjoyed the venerable distinction of being "Father" of the Corporation, and "Father" of the Parliaments. He was what might be styled a Conservative-Liberal at his entry into political life; and when the question of vote by Ballot was being debated in St. Patrick's Hall, he went so far as to declare that if the Ballot ever became the law of the land, Victoria should know him no more—a threat which he subsequently found it convenient to forget. For several years, as a member of the Assembly, he was almost invariably found sitting on the Government benches, no matter what Administration might be in power. But time coming when Governments discontinued the leasing of premises for Departmental Offices, he abandoned the *role* of a "Vicar of Bray," and thenceforth went in strong on the extreme Democratic ticket. I do not, for a moment, mean to say that this change of front was not the result of conscientious convictions; I simply record it as a coincidence, and there I leave it. It must also be said, in justice to Mr. Smith, that he was the only person who ever went on an accredited Delegation from the colony to England at his own expense; but this he did most assuredly.

And here, perhaps, it may not be altogether out of place to introduce, episodically, a short *resume* of the several public Missions (or Embassies, as they were grandiloquently termed) despatched from Victoria to the Home country. The first paid Ambassador of the kind was a Mr. Archibald Cunninghame, who left on a sort of joint mission connected with the Separation and early Squatting questions. He was made a liberal allowance from funds provided by public subscriptions, but all the return the colony ever received from him was half-a-dozen long-winded, so-called despatches; after which, to use a slang term, he "mizzled," and was never publicly heard of till the period of his death, a few years ago. The second Ambassador was Mr. J. C. King, who gave up the office of Town Clerk to accept a commission to be the mouth-piece in London of a very powerful League, formed to resist by every lawful means the introduction of Convictism. This body was well up in funds, and Mr. King was rather liberally provided for. He went; he saw; but didn't conquer; for Port Phillip was saved from "penal servitude"—not by King's exertions, but through the stand taken by the Colonists to a man, backed up powerfully by the representations of the then Lieutenant-Governor (Latrobe). King accordingly returned with nothing but his own sweet self. The next Ambassador was Mr. J. T. Smith, who, when Mayor of Melbourne in 1858, went home as the Ambassador of the City Council, with an Address of Congratulation to the Queen, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal. He did go solely at his own expense, and he is the only person who so served the colony gratuitously. It was certainly said at the time that he expected a Knighthood, and, on arriving in London, he fancied that some small demonstration of Church and State would add *eclat* to his proceedings. He accordingly *improvised* the services of a certain "Perky" ecclesiastic from Melbourne, then happening to be at hand; consequently

"John Thomas," and the Address, and the Chaplain, created a kind of sensation at St. James's; but it was only a sort of fizz, for the Mayor of Melbourne returned to the Antipodes a wiser and a sadder man; and if he did not find his heart lighter on the return trip, as much could not be said of his pocket. He did not, however, return empty-handed, for he brought a donkey with him, doubtless thinking that as there were no asses in the colony, "Jack" was an animal that might very properly be acclimatised. As for the last and greatest "Embassy" of all, it is of too recent a date to justify the pronouncement of a thoroughly dispassionate opinion as to its success or otherwise, especially after the manner in which our genial townsman, Mr. *Punch*, has "illustrated" its sayings and doings. It is as yet a moot point whether the Envoys did or did not, bring back what they went for; but it is certain they were not quite so patriotic as "John Thomas," for they brought back no donkey. Possibly, they considered such a shipmate an unnecessary addition to the population of the colony; or, may be, they believed in the adage, that "Two are company, and three are not."

The original twelve Conscript Fathers of the Corporation were a very creditable representation of the then Commercial and Industrial interests of the community, as will be seen by the annexed classification of their pursuits or avocations, viz:—

Merchants	3
Doctors	2
Brewer	1
Editor	1
Newspaper Proprietor	1
Master-builder	1
Landowner	1
Publican	1
Butcher	1

And it is a singular circumstance that only one Knight

of the Cleaver has ever been elected to the Council. I believe I am also correct in stating that no Barrister was ever returned, though the secondary branch of the legal profession, after the first three or four years, was scarcely ever absent, for there was usually one (often more) Solicitor there. The Doctors, too, sometimes stuck like leeches to it, and three of them (Palmer, Greeves, and Eades) became Mayors. As time passed on the whole gamut of occupations was pretty well played through, and we have had members of the Council shaken up from almost every *stratum* of mental or manual industry, from the M. D. to the tinsmith, from the civil engineer to the *ex-vidangeur*. The Corporation, though disregarding the proverbial place-hunting proclivities of "the sisters, the uncles, and the aunts," were not forgetful of the wants and wishes of another class of poor relations, for, in an official sense at least, they recognised the maxim, "that blood is thicker than water;" or, as the poet more prettily puts it :—

> Blood, as some old proverbs deem,
> Is warmer than the mountain stream ;

and on the principle by which some furnaces are made to consume their own smoke, and as there was no Officials in Council Act in existence interposing a six months' ostracism before a fellow could grab at the flesh-pots of Egypt, the fat billets of the Council were generally reserved for the used-up Aldermen. One of them was thrust into the Town Clerk-ship, another metamorphosed into City Treasurer, a third made head of the quill-driving branch of the Town Clerk's Office, a fourth billetted as Health Officer, and, if I mistake not, I was more than once edified by the sight of a fifth putting in his day "knapping stanes" on the public roads (not of the colony but) testing the metallic currency, of which not only roads but streets are made. For impecunious ex-Councillors, the Abattoirs and the Meat Markets seemed a kind of harbour of refuge, where the tempest-tossed barque of a worn out corpo-

rator found comfortable anchorage. And here let me say that I read, with much gratification, a letter in a late *Herald*, communicating the fact that Mr. Mortimer, of whom I wrote a few days back, is still in the land of the living, a hale old man, though *ætate* 85, comfortably domiciled in the vicinity of Geelong. He is, I believe, the sole survivor of the Councillors of '42; and now that his name has again got into print, it would be a graceful act on the part of the Melbourne City Council to tender to him some official recognition as a memento of "Auld Lang Syne." Illuminated Addresses have been presented to civic worthies who deserved them not half as much as this "Last of the Mohicans," this *Ultimus Romanorum*, this "Last Man," ex-Alderman Henry William Mortimer.

Numerous anecdotal incidents of the sayings and doings of the early days of the Corporation might be recounted, if time and space permitted. Take the following, never before printed, and I venture to say, it has never been surpassed. There may be some slight exaggeration about it, but although not recorded in any of the archives of the Town Hall, it is substantially correct. Once upon a time there was a Mayor in Melbourne, whose deficiency in some of the branches of primary education were of so pronounced a character as to give him very little chance of ever taking a prize at a "Spelling-Bee." He wrote a very passable hand, could speak fluently, read tolerably, but could not manage to spell "City." This was a *Pons Asinorum* he often tried to cross; but somehow or other he invariably came to grief. The story goes that Mr. Town Clerk Kerr finally took him in hand, and vowed he would pull him through or perish in the attempt. The task, though not quite a Herculean one, was still arduous enough; but Kerr possessed indomitable perseverance—or rather obstinacy. The Mayor's original orthography of the word was "S-i-t-t-y," and at the close of the first day's coaching he was able to dispense with one of the "t's," and the

term stood as "Sity." At the end of the second day, the "S" was cut in the middle, one half of it thrown away, and the other moulded into a "C;" but the "t," extruded on the first day, mutinied, and so recovered its position that the word was worked out as "C-i-t-t-y." The coach declared he should not give up the job until after a third day's work, when success crowned his efforts. "City" was the order of the day, and so remained with the Right Worshipful ever after. An honorarium of £50 was said to be the recompense, and who will say that, under the circumstances, the labourer was not worthy of his hire? I fancy I see some of our political *litterateurs* sneer and pretend to be shocked at such a revelation; but they need not be in such a hurry; for I knew a Chief Secretary who could not spell "Parliament," and I assert it as a fact, that members have been elected to the popular Chamber of legislation who positively could not spell "Assembly."

In 1848 the plain Town of Melbourne was advanced to the dignity of a City. Not one of your matter-of-fact-twenty-thousand-a-year creations of the Local Government Act, but a City regularly accredited according to pristine usage—both Episcopally and Civilly; and abreast with the current of time the Corporation began to develop and attain increased importance. They became legally endowed with the right to borrow money, what is known as the Gabrielli Loan was negotiated, and the streets got gradually to take the shape of passable public thoroughfares. The Goldfield discoveries in 1851, which put all our institutions for a time out of joint, told in the same way on the Corporation, and there was a deterioration in that body for a time, caused by the preponderance of the Publican influence, but this soon righted itself. It has grown into a habit to decry the Council on every possible occasion, and indeed, as a rule, Corporations are in most places looked upon as an "Aunt Sally," at which everyone may have a shy for nothing, whether

there be reason or not. Of the Melbourne Corporation and its Mayors for the last twenty years I know little, and care less; but of the Civic Body anterior to that time I knew a good deal, and will maintain, contrary to a now generally accepted opinion, that, as a whole, it was as efficient and as well-behaved as it has been since, and might compare not disadvantageously with even "another place," about which we so frequently hear a good deal. For instance, in the old times, the Mayors were, as a rule, treated with no discourtesy, and no one of them ever flung away his robe of office and bolted from the room. The Councillors used to be sometimes noisy, but they never "stonewalled;" and if one of them appeared "tight" in his place he was never without the use of his legs. The lie direct was never bandied across the table. I never heard a Councillor ask another fellow to come outside and he would take it out of him; and I knew of no instance where one Councillor ever gave another a "hiding" in one of the lobbies; and it never happened to a leader of any party in the Council to threaten one of the other side that if he had him out of doors he would "give him a taste of the toe of his boot"—yet that such things have occurred at other times and in other places is simply undeniable. Then the old Councillors were collectively as respectable and as reputable as the new generation, and more of its members came to the front as politicians of the first rank Three of the ancients, Messrs. Nicholson and Heales, and Sir John O'Shanassy, were Chief Secretaries, Greeves a Commissioner of Trade and Customs; and where can you find four of what I call the modern Mayors to compare in ability and general attainments with Sir James Palmer, Henry Moor, William Nicholson, and Dr. Greeves? *Magna est veritas et prevalebit,* and as I have neither personal nor political purpose in putting pen to paper, "the truth I speak despise it whoso list." Crack up our existing institutions as you like, but not at the expense of those pioneer small

beginnings, the layers of those foundations upon which the larger and more imposing, but not more useful, superstructures have been raised. And now, having roughly pennagraphed Old Melbourne, let me indulge in a few observations upon Melbourne of the new generation, and consider the relative positions of now and then.

An early writer, prone to indulge in great expectations, described the infant Melbourne as the "Southern City of the Seven Hills." These eminences were the hills of East and West Melbourne, Batman's Hill, and the other hills of Emerald, South Yarra, St. Kilda and Richmond. Batman's has disappeared as if "by the touch of an enchanter's wand;" the others remain. Emerald Hill was a sheep-walk much affected by the *aborigines,* who used to corroboree there; whilst St. Kilda, South Yarra and Richmond afforded luxuriant pasturage for the country cattle brought to market and the cows of the town-herds, which supplied that now almost unattainable luxury—pure, waterless, milk. The City of Prahran was a little-known, unfrequented, sandy flat, whilst the now densely-peopled low-lands of Fitzroy and Collingwood were dreary-looking, desolate, wind-beaten, muddy, or sun-baked swamps. In the commencement of 1843, according to the then assessment, there were just one thousand and ninety-five tenements, most of them of a very small and inferior description, in Melbourne and all its suburbs; but what an extraordinary transformation has Melbourne undergone in less than forty years! Like a monster whose limbs have grown too large for its body, she has been gradually dismembered, and some of the dissevered portions will soon become as large as the trunk from which they separated. At the present time what is now known as Melbourne Proper, *i.e.*, the City, *minus* Hotham, Fitzroy, Collingwood, Richmond, most of South Yarra, Emerald Hill and St. Kilda, has seven public Markets, is divided into seven Wards, and has an area of seven square miles. It has about 100 miles

of streets thoroughly made, and much more than that extent of curbed and permanently formed footways. It is lighted every night by one thousand nine hundred and fifty gas lamps, for which the City Council pays £15,600 per annum. The annual value of the Corporation assessment is £953,202, upon which an annual rate of £63,546 is levied from the citizens, consisting of Town Rate £47,660, and Lighting Rate, £15,886. The present total annual revenue of the Melbourne Corporation from all sources is no less than the munificent income of £123,774. It is rather difficult to ascertain the capital value of the entire real property of the City. At ten years' purchase, the annual assessment comes to £9,532,020; but ten years' purchase would be much too small a price for a great deal of the City property; and the Corporate valuators do, I believe, as a rule, undervalue. If to the assessment be added the value of all Government and Corporation buildings, Churches, State schools, and Charitable Institutions that are not rateable, a very considerable addition might be put on. Then there is the trifling item of cost to be incurred by the erection of the International Exhibition Palace—that Apotheosis of Folly now raising its dome in the Carlton Gardens—that Mausoleum in which, they say, about half a million of the people's money is to be buried. Putting all these *extras* with the other, I fancy the gross total might be brought up to something like twenty millions. And such is the great fact, the truth stranger than fiction, that can now be told of the City of Melbourne, whose site was approved, and name given only in March, 1837, by Sir Richard Bourke, the then Governor of New South Wales. Two-and-forty years have passed, and such marvels have been wrought in our generation as have not been effected elsewhere in centuries. At the end of another two-and-forty years, the Melbourne man of the period will behold a state of things it is now utterly impossible, even vaguely, to conjecture; but he most certainly will not be able to bear testimony to a progression commensurate with that which I have endeavored so imperfectly to indicate.

No. IX.—GARRYOWEN: WHAT IT MEANS, AND WHO HE IS.

THE fugitive sketches which the *Herald* has enabled me to place before a Melbourne public, have been received with a degree of favor far above any special or general interest they possessed, and my gratification at such a result is only equalled by amusement at the curiosity excited as to the meaning of the term "Garryowen," and the identity of the writer. Of course no true son of the Emerald Isle need ever ask what "Garryowen" means, though there may be some facts connected with it, of which many of them may not be aware; but it is mainly to satisfy the inquiring minds of some English and Scotch friends (whose Polyglot mode of pronouncing the homely polysyllable is extremely diverting), that I jot down a few random particulars, which, perhaps, may not be altogether uninteresting to the thousands of *Herald* readers.

On the banks of the Shannon, the Premier River of Ireland, stands an old City, renowned in song and story; for Limerick, though second to Cork in commercial importance, is unquestionably the historic capital of Munster. It was the last stronghold of the Irish Nation, aided by a French Contingent in the campaign of 1689-91, the City of Sarsfield, which withstood two determined sieges by the Williamite army, and finally capitulated under circumstances which make it known to this day as "The City of the Violated Treaty." The first besieging force was commanded by the Prince of Orange in person; and though the French General (Lauzun), when he saw the defences, declared the place could be taken with "roasted apples," the invaders were compelled to raise

the siege, but not before the Women of Limerick volunteered to aid the defenders, and *improvised* a novel species of Lady artillery, *i.e.*, a fusillade of broken bottles, which they plied with much effect. In one of the then picturesque suburbs of Limerick, an old fellow named Owen, who had great taste in horticulture, established a sort of tea-garden, which very soon became a favorite place of recreation on Sundays and holidays; for in addition to the flowers and the tea, another kind of home-made fluid, which never paid any excise duty, was surreptitiously introduced; so, with junkettings, dancing, fiddling and bag-piping, Master Owen succeeded in rendering his little territory such a pleasure-ground as made it a very popular resort for the light-hearted and fun-loving folk of both sexes, so characteristic of the Limerick of the time. It was called "Garryowen," which means simply "Owen's Garden;" and after old Owen was gathered to his fathers, the "garden" in process of years began to decay, and ultimately succumbed to the influence of other and later sources of attraction. But there was something so taking and pleasant in the name, that Limerick could not permit it to be sponged out of existence, and so it got transferred to the street or suburb which, in the lapse of years, grew rather loose and boisterous in its habits, and "Garryowen" remains to this day, and will so for ever. Gerald Griffin did something to perpetuate the name by making "Garryowen" the birth-place of his never-to-be-forgotten "Colleen Bawn," the heroine of his beautiful novel, *The Collegians*. What was often a very rowdy quarter, however, owes its immortality to the singular fact that a miserable "Larrikin" doggrel, mis-named an English comic song, has, under the style and title of "Garryowen," been written to one of those thrilling Irish airs—so many of which have been wandering wordless for centuries through the music and traditions of the Irish people, until Moore and other bards,

coming to the rescue, wedded some of them to melodies which will live as long as the English language. The air is as old as the hills, and it was only about the middle of the last century that it was provided with an accompaniment—as grotesque and incompatible a kind of union, as if a blue-blooded, spiritualised, young lady were to be married to a rude, rough, drinking, boisterous rake-hell. A very laughable anomaly has, for a long time, existed in Ireland in connection with this song. It possesses no literary merit whatever, contains not a single political or party allusion, but is simply a noisy tavern lilt of the most Bacchanalian dye; yet, in periods of Party Warfare in Ireland, through the feuds of the Orange and Green, and on more than one occasion in the Imperial Parliament, it has been denounced as an ultra-Rebel tune of the Catholic party of the South; whilst, at the same time, and through one of those inconsistencies for which it is occasionally impossible to account, the Southerns have raised similar denunciations against the North of Ireland Protestant ditty, known by the anything but elegant designation of "Kick the Pope before us," an Orange March, which is nothing more nor less than "Garryowen" under another name—the same air without the change of a single note! If ever a poor, innocent piece of music were condemned to suffer for its sins in this world, it must be this; for no Purgatory on earth, or anywhere else, could equal the sufferings of being knocked about from every point of the compass—the Pæan, or the byeword respectively, of the fanaticism of both Orange and Green. This lyric (lie-ric, a Connemarra countryman of mine always pronounces it) is now almost out of print; and as I don't think it has ever yet graced the Poet's Corner of any Victorian newspaper, I will ask you to append it to this notice, certainly not as a literary, but an illiterate relic—the words of a tune which has become an universal favorite with Military Bands of the old country, which has been

played on every battle-field where Irishmen have helped to conquer, and which has acquired a popularity simply indestructible.

So much for "Garryowen" the song; and now for "Garryowen" the man. He is an Old Colonist. The period of his arrival in Port Phillip is so remote that when he was put ashore at Sandridge there was no landing place, and only two houses there. The Yarra was un-bridged, and you had the choice of two crossings—by a shaky old punt, or a shakier old ferry boat. Where the *Argus* Office is now, was then outside the town; St. Francis' Church was on the confines of the Bush; and the site of the Parliament Houses a good stretch into the country. The streets were quagmires, and the only beacons to guide the way-farer's sliddering course at night, were the dingy, spluttering, oil lamps, one of which every publican was supposed to keep alight in front of his Groggery. Tytherleigh "coffee" was then one shilling a cup—and vile value for the money, too; and in addition to the "tap" prescribed by law, usage introduced the humane *addendum* of a "dead-house" to most of the premises—not the kind of *morgue* over which that most amiable, and kindly-looking of coroners, Dr. "Dicky" Youl, now presides; but a comfortable, water-tight, darkened room, bedded down with straw, like a stable; so that after getting "lambed down" in the bar, the customer was quietly turned off and "littered down" until his debauch was slept away. To modern ears this may sound a rough-and-ready way of winding up accounts; but there is much more good nature in it than now prevails, when a poor, cleaned-out, drunken devil is led to the hotel door, and, with a hand and foot, chucked into the streets, to be found dead in the morning; or if picked up by some Bobby, taken with a broken rib or fractured skull, to the lock-up or the hospital. There was then no Hospital, no Benevolent Asylum, no Immigrant's Home, no Orphanages, no beggars, and no Lunatic Asylums; but there

was a gaol, a stocks, and instead of "Black Maria," the sombre hearse-like police van now in requisition, a huge chain officiated as an assistant Pacificator at races and sports, to which refractory individuals used to be manacled, and a very unwholesome string of rascals might, at times, be so seen escorted through the streets by the nondescript expiree constables of the period. The whole aspect of things gradually changed—the colony prospered; settlement extended; first Local Government, and then Responsible Administrations were acclimatised, and the old colonist was more, or less, a "part and parcel" of everything that went on around him. He witnessed with wonder the incipient symptoms of the great gold fever in 1851, and the marvellous, material and social revolution that was effected as the epidemic progressed and calmed down after a few years. In 1852 and 1853 there was an almost universal *stampede* to the "Diggings," and he was one of the few who never adventured his luck with pick, or shovel, or cradle-rocking, at Mount Alexander, Bendigo, or Ballarat—and never put a shilling in a gold mining company, or a Chinese lottery. He was never stuck-up at night in Melbourne when robbers prowled about every right-of-way and street-corner; never kept a public; never was thrown out of a cab, or abused, or overcharged by a cabby; never sat in the City Council or the Assembly, or had his pockets picked—though the latter operation would never have turned out a good *spec.* He travelled more than once over all the Victorian Railways without incivility from stationmaster, guard, or porter. He never filed his Schedule when insolvencies were fashionable, nor compromised with his creditors; and though he never "made a pile," he always paid his way—a rule, in all modern times, more often "honored in the breach than the observance." He never backed a bill, though he must confess he often gave money away, no doubt a very laudable, but—as he well knows—a very thankless thing to do; and as for *Ca*

Re's, Ca Sa's, Fi Fa's, and all such refined instruments of torture as Civilisation finds needful to screw out its own great ends, he knows as much about them as he does of the picture-writing of the Aztecs. He saw George Coppin on his first appearance on the Melbourne stage, and many a year after he listened to his ponderous eloquence in the Senate; but he always deemed the "Artful Dodger" more at home before the foot-lights, and would sooner see him blubbering as Perkyn Middlewick (the butterman), than *posing* as Lycurgus (the lawgiver). For twenty years no public proceeding occurred in the colony, from laying the foundation stone of a church to a prize fight, from the opening of a Parliament to an execution, without his forming a unit of those present.

He is proud to hail from that country which has been justly, though poetically, described as

The Emerald gem of the Western World!

and believes his native land to be, notwithstanding all its feuds and factions, its misfortunes and misgovernment—

The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea.

He is Irish of the most pronounced type—not only in "the back-bone and spinal marrow," but longitudinally, latitudinally, diametrically, diagonally, literally or figuratively, or any other way it is capable of being described; is in fine—Irish from top to toe; but, despite all this, now that he has planted his standard beneath the stars of the Southern Cross, he clings to the land of his adoption, and his motto is, "Victoria first, every other place after." He believes in the exhaustless resources, the great recuperative powers, and the vast industrial forces at the command of his new country to ensure her a great future, if wisdom and coolness, sagacity and patriotism, actuate the public men who may be chosen as her administrators; and he now writes in a

spirit altogether irrespective of any particular political party.

In conclusion, "Garryowen" mentions that his lucubrations would never have seen the light of an Editorial *sanctum*, but that he is subject to an affliction unknown to the Pharmacopœia, and incurable by the medical Faculty. He has tried Allopathy, Homœopathy, Hydropathy, and half-a-dozen other kinds of Opathies, but all to no purpose. He has one consolation in his trouble, viz, the disease is not an epidemic, and he has no fear of communicating contagion. The fact is —intermittent fits of *Cacöethes Scribendi* affect him, and, after trying every conceivable remedy, he has made the discovery that the only specific to which it will yield is the application of the process which the auditors of financial institutions resort to for the cure of bad debts, and "write it off;" and so it is written off accordingly. Like the gout, however, there is no such happy thing as a perfect cure—the *virus* remains in the blood—the spells of painlessness are long or short, according to constitutional conditions; and when the twinge returns all one has to do is to steer the same course as that taken by Bob Acres' courage, and work or write it out through the fingers' ends. A sufferer not able to do so may look out for bad times of it.

"Garryowen" now makes his bow. He has lifted the veil of anonymity a little, but would deem it imprudent and, indeed, almost unbecoming, to throw it aside altogether. His re-appearance in the *Herald* will depend, to a great extent, upon the caprices, and good, or bad, humor of his malady; but whether he do or not, he cannot do better than say *Au revoir*—let the period of the re-union be soon or—never.

GARRYOWEN.

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade ;
Come booze, and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus ;—

Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to gaol,
From Garryowen in glory.

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting.
Through the streets like sporters fighting !
And tearing all before us.
Instead, etc.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours ;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up their bruises.
Instead, etc.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run ;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead, etc.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came ;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead, etc.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete ;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Larry O'Brien leapt over the dock
And knocked down three of the Soldiers.
Instead, etc.

No. X.—THE IRISH FAMINE IN 1846.

FIRST IRISH RELIEF MOVEMENT IN MELBOURNE.

ABOUT the middle of the year 1846, every European mail to Australia brought the most harrowing accounts of the devastating progress of the Black Famine in Ireland; and appeals for help for a starving people were going forth to all parts of the civilised world. America was nobly doing her duty, in the cause of humanity, by sending her treasures and her food-ships to the prostrate Green Isle; and in such a crisis it was not to be supposed that the inhabitants of Port Phillip, then a mere adjunct of New South Wales, could coolly look on with idle hands and buttoned pockets. Whilst people hesitated as to the more judicious mode of initiating a movement of help, the difficulty was soon solved by the dash and readiness evinced by the then well-known and universally liked Father Geoghegan, in issuing placards "requesting a meeting of the friends of Ireland on the evening of the 12th August, at 6 p.m., in the Catholic Rooms, to adopt prompt measures towards the relief of the frightful famine and disease, at present afflicting the Irish people." The Catholic Rooms indicated were a boarded structure erected on a portion of the Church grounds of St. Francis. The meeting was held, and the attendance was so large that the place was almost crowded to suffocation. The speakers were Father Geoghegan, Sir (then Mr.) J. O'Shanassy, Dr. Patterson (the Immigration Agent), and others of lesser note; and what was considered a very extraordinary presage of success, £250, was subscribed in the room, the largest sums being from Messrs. J. R. and J. Murphy, brewers, £20; the St. Patrick's Society, £20; Father Geoghegan, £10; and Dr. Cussen (the Colonial Surgeon), £5. When

starting in his good work, Father Geoghegan thought that if the District could raise £1000 it would be a splendid success; but when the accounts were closed three months after, the total amount sent home was £1362 17s 3d, a marvellous effort of philanthropy, when the state, conditions and resources of the people of the small settlement came to be taken into consideration. On the 19th August an adjourned meeting took place, and the enthusiasm and practical results of the first, if not exceeded, were certainly equalled. Edward Curr, Esq., J.P. (father of our chief inspector of stock), presided, and the most notable speakers were the Rev. Father Therry, Mr. T. C. Riddle (a well-meaning, eccentric wine-merchant, who is at present quietly domiciled in Geelong, a more than Mirams as a Banking Authority, and who nourishes the harmless delusion, that he has matured a scheme for extinguishing the English National Debt), Mr. J. P. (Johnny) Fawkner, and Mr. J. C. King, Melbourne's first Town Clerk. As a resolution passed at the original meeting formed the basis of the whole movement, it may be interesting to give it *in extenso*:—"We (the meeting) disclaim the remotest connection with Sectarianism of any sort; and, consequently, unanimously resolve that all remittances of the Relief Fund shall be forwarded to the Protestant, and Roman Catholic, Archbishops of Dublin (Murray and Whately) with special instructions to adopt such steps as shall secure their equitable appropriation in the relief of all sufferers in all parts of Ireland." Now at this meeting there was an individual who presented one of the greatest anomalies in himself. It was Father Therry, who was about, temporarily, to succeed in the Catholic Pastorate, the general favorite (Father Geoghegan) who contemplated a visit to Europe. Perhaps no priest ever ministered so much amongst the convict class as he did, for it was his lot to be brought into religious intercourse with the most atrocious hanged and unhanged villains

that ever reddened the criminal annals of New South Wales. For forty years he was amongst them, and laboured with a singleness of purpose and devotion without a parallel; yet, with all his criminal experience, and his knowledge of the inner wickedness of human nature in its very worst phases, of him it might be truly said that he was "in simplicity a child;" and when he died, a few years ago, in Sydney, no colonist could be more widely or universally regretted. In the course of his speech, in advocating the cause which all had so much at heart, Mr. Therry compared "benevolence to the pure water of the Yarra, contributing its streams to the sea, therefrom to emerge to Heaven in vapours which would, in turn, pour forth their blessings in fertilizing the country." At that time the Yarra water was pure enough, unless when an influx of salt-water made it so brackish as frequently not to be very palatable, and but little progress was made in the art of filtering. But then there were no Local Industries, no wool-washing concerns, or the thousand and one abominable *exuviæ* of filthy suburbs to transform a healthy water-way into a polluted sewer; and no orator could now resort to the Yarra water for a "pure" metaphor in the sight or smell of the pestiferous issues with which the once romantic river is constantly befouled.

Professedly (but as many people thought injudiciously), to help the movement so auspiciously commenced, a requisition was presented to the Mayor (then Dr. but subsequently Sir James Palmer), by virtue of which another public meeting was held, on the 21st of August, at Cowell's Royal Hotel, in Collins-street. The attendance was small, and what some deemed a kind of *fiasco* ended in a failure. The clerk of the police court attended to announce that the Mayor was absent through indisposition: but an impression prevailed that the Worshipful, who was never popular, was indulging in a little gentle malin-

gering. He made an *amende* for his absence after by subscribing a £5 note. Mr. Edward Curr was voted to the chair, and the speakers were Messrs. O'Shanassy, D. G. Macarthur, T. M'Combie, and J. A. Marsden. Mr. M'Combie was a well-known citizen, and then proprietor of the *Port Phillip Gazette*. He was possessed of a good deal of general information, which he was a poor hand at utilizing, though he managed (how I could hardly ever tell) to write a tolerably readable history of the colony. In after-time he represented the South Province in the Legislative Council, and died some ten years ago in Scotland. One of the reports of this meeting declared that Mr. Marsden, "in an extremely witty speech, contended that the great *arcana* of raising subscriptions were good humour and perseverance." I transcribe this *recipe* for the benefit of the present generation, though it would be more complete if he added "promptitude" as a third ingredient in the prescription — for, from my experience in public money-hunting, there is nothing like "striking whilst the iron is hot." But Mr. Marsden (who I am happy to know is still amongst us) may claim to speak with the authority of an expert in all modes of "raising the wind"—for no man in the colony ever worked with more assiduity and success in fund-fishing for the early Charities. For such a feat as "running" a Bazaar, or working the other little "pious frauds," the ends whereof might be said to justify the means, he was without a rival near the throne; and his eminence in this respect was mainly owing to the good humour and perseverance which he not only preached, but was ever ready and willing to practise. It is a singular coincidence that Mr. King, the then Town Clerk, was appointed Convener to this movement, as Mr. Fitzgibbon, the now Town Clerk, is Convener to the present one—a black Northern and a solemn Southern, each holding the highest official position in the Melbourne Corporation, appearing at two such distant periods, co-operating

in the same capacity in the furtherance of two such laudable and necessary undertakings. The Mayoral gathering was adjourned for a fortnight, ultimately fell through, and £20, the sum gathered by it, was transferred to the original fund, of which I should have said Father Geoghegan and Mr. O'Shanassy (then a City Councillor) were the joint Treasurers. The Ladies of the period were also not backward in coming forward in the good work; for a Ladies' Meeting was held at the Catholic school-rooms on the 30th August. History doth not say (and I do not recollect) the name of the chairman or chairwoman who presided; but the speech of the evening was made by a Mr. James Wallace, a schoolmaster of that era, who re-emigrated to Geelong in future years; he still survives amongst the Geelongese, and employs his green old age in writing a book on his "Life and Times," but which is not to be shown to the world until the author's "Life and Times" shall have passed away. Hear, however, how he spoke to the ladies on the day in question:—"Ladies, don't think I am going to flatter you—for I am not—flattery is not my *forte*. Surely I am not flattering the fair sex when I assimilate them to angels, only they have got no wings. (Roars of laughter, in which the ladies heartily joined.) But the fact of Nature having formed them *minus* wings is a matter of rejoicement more than anything else, for, if they had been gifted with the wings of angels, they would immediately put their wings in motion, and speed their way to the pure etherial realms, which are better adapted for their virtues than this earthly sphere." (Laughter.)

After this eloquent outburst, one must admit that, if Wallace had never kissed the famed "Blarney stone," he must have been smelling a good deal about Blarney Castle. He certainly "worked the oracle" with the ladies to some good purpose—for they "dubbed up" to the extent of nearly £100. Of the fair sex assembled on the occasion, I notice the names of two, who, I am pleased to say, are still amongst us—

mother and daughter—Lady O'Shanassy and Mrs. Nicholas Fitzgerald.

Whatever might have been the shortcomings of the late Mr. John Thomas Smith, a want of public spirit could never be attributed to him. I speak of the "John Thomas" of old days, and not of the modernised Smith. In the old times, the few survivors of which would be so glad to see back again, I knew him well, and never found him unwilling to help on any good work, charitable or otherwise. He was then proprietor of the old Queen's Theatre in Queen-street, and, unsolicited, tendered a benefit to the Irish Relief Fund. Theatrical benefits were then very different things to what they are now. The commercial element did not enter into them, and though the takings of the evening were necessarily small, as compared with present times, the *beneficiare* did actually benefit in a tangible way. Benefits now, as a rule, are simply *specs* to put money into the treasury of the Proprietary of the theatre, and I have heard of one of these undertakings, worked up some time ago, with any amount of ticket-touting, placarding, and advertising, and when the balance was struck, the nett result was that the object intended to be benefitted had to advance forty shillings to make up the *deficit*. Of the event I am treating of, a journal of the day records "that about seven o'clock the brass band of the Father Matthew Society commenced to enliven the streets with its thrilling strains, and proceeded by Bourke and Queen-streets to the Queen's Theatre, which instantly began to fill." The total proceeds amounted to £46 6s., from which Mr. Smith deducted £6 4s. 6d. as expenses, and in forwarding a cheque for the balance (£40 1s. 6d.) to Mr. O'Shanassy, he thanks his company "for the ready and cheerful manner in which they rendered their services on the occasion."

The meetings were kept up weekly every Sunday afternoon, until the 3rd November, when the proceedings closed, and the final remittance was made.

Except Geelong, Portland, Belfast, and Warrnambool, there could not be said to be any other townships then in the colony; but communications were opened up with various Squatting stations, the proprietors of which, much to their credit, caused subscriptions to be made among their *employés*, and amounts from all parts of the country came rolling in. It is worth remarking that in less than a fortnight the first instalment of £500 was sent home through the Bank of Australasia (which remitted the exchange), *via* Sydney, in the absence of immediate direct intercommunication; and the packet that conveyed it was, singularly enough, named the *Emerald Isle.*

In one sense the period of the movement was inopportune, for it was commenced only a month after the occurrence of a serious Orange Riot, arising out of a 12th of July celebration. Some members of an Orange Lodge were keeping up the Williamite anniversary in the Pastoral Hotel (now by a strange freak of nomenclature known as "The Harp of Erin") in Queen-street, and a crowd collected in the street to compel them to take in their offensive Orange banners. Shots were fired out of the windows, and one of the musketeers, whom I passed the other day in Bourke-street, aimed, but miss-fired, at Father Geoghegan, who was exerting himself to disperse the assembled people. The priest had a narrow escape, but if he had been shot that evening, the Pastoral would have been burned to the ground, and the celebrants within would have had plenty of a redder kind of beverage than Boyne water wherewith to wind up their orgies amongst the ruins. *Sed Diis aliter visum.* The bad blood excited by this unfortunate *fracas* had not yet got cool, and the bitterness was still seething when the Relief Movement was inaugurated. The respectable portion of the community, luckily, had no sympathy with the Yellow incendiaries. Some of the largest subscriptions were received from persons differing in religious belief

from those of the Roman Catholic Communion; and Protestant, Presbyterian, and other dissenting Ministers sent in contributions. There was one Firebrand journalist, however, who, through the newspaper controlled by him, endeavoured to damage the holy work, and I find the *Herald* thus charitably alluding to him:—"Should it unfortunately ever come to his turn to call forth a public subscription to keep him and his family from destitution, withered be the heart that should whisper aught to his disparagement." And it seemed a signal retribution that subscriptions were a few years after made for that man. I have often seen him doing the streets, in a state but little removed from pauperism, and only too glad of a chance of "liquoring up" with anyone foolish enough to "shout" a shilling on him, which, through sheer pity for the poor devil, I must confess, I sometimes did.

To one who had a personal acquaintance with the circumstances now referred to, a painful interest is imparted by a perusal of the old Subscription Lists—whole columns of names—and but an odd one, here and there, the name of a person now alive. If ever there was a stern, unfaltering, preacher upon the mutability of human affairs, it is the inspection of a Subscription list, or Electoral Requisition, or some such moving and living manifestation of the times, in a newspaper 30 or 40 years old. It is like visiting a community with which you had been formerly in daily, living, intercourse, after a lapse of years; and to your dismay you find it changed into a cemetery, with a living inhabitant standing near every twentieth tombstone, as an indicator of what has happened in the interval. Truly hath the greatest of the world's Poets sung:—

> Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
> Another race the following spring supplies,
> They fall successive, and successive rise.

But there is another and a more encouraging aspect in which to view the old Irish Relief lists; and nothing can

be more amazingly contrasting, certainly to the advantage of modern times, than the scale of subscriptions ruling at the two periods. The highest subscription in 1846 was £20 from the then principal Brewing Firm of the Murphys, and Mr. John Robert Murphy, the worthy head of the then co-partnery, now personally gives one hundred guineas. The half-sovereign, and pound and two pound donors of the past, can now afford to sport £10, £20 and £50 cheques ; and such a state of things is the strongest possible proof of the great material advancement of the colony, and the financial changes which have come to very many of the old settlers. Perhaps the queerest illustration I can produce of the " now" and the "then" is the following incident. Amongst the country sums received in 1846, I find noted £26 as collected at the Buninyong station of W. J. T. Clarke, Esq. ; and this included £2, Mr. Clarke's own subscription. In 1880, for a similar object, one of his sons gives £500, and a second one £50 !

Now for a few words about the five hundred pounds donor—the Honorable W. J. Clarke. Whilst the world lasts and human nature remains unchanged, Mammon will be apotheosized, and Gold be the real Hero-worship; but to exalt a rich man into an idol, and bow before him, because he may be the owner of millions, betrays a want of self-respect which is humiliating in an individual as in a community. There is, however, a something— a happy and discriminating method in the mode in which Mr Clarke distributes his liberality, which places him in an altogether exceptional position. Providence has endowed him with an abundance of this world's wealth ; and he has within himself that inherent goodness of heart which, with a knowledge of how and when to do the right thing at the right time, enables him to transmute his sovereigns into blessings, and accomplish an extent of good which is simply incalculable. Mr. Clarke's good acts will ever render his name a household word in the colony.

They will confer upon him a Patent of Nobility which will vastly outshine any titled distinction to which he may yet succeed. The land of his adoption has no worthier son, and he is constituting himself pre-eminently its Public Benefactor.

I cannot conclude without expressing extreme gratification at the noble response which the colony is now giving to the appeal for relief to the poor, starving, Irish. The large sums contributed, and the munificence displayed by many of the subscribers, unconnected by ties of country with Ireland, are such as to make a person proud of Victoria ; and I sincerely hope that this great movement will, after its immediate purpose shall have been attained, produce one good result that will outlive it, *i.e.*, the preservation of kindly feelings amongst all classes, and a desire on the part of every-one, rich and poor, high and low, to think well and kindly of everyone else.

No. XI.—THE SECOND HURLING MATCH IN MELBOURNE.

THE Munster Clans from far and near,
All thoughts of danger scorning,
With hands and hearts that knew no fear,
Came mustering fast that morning.
A warning voice had speeded forth,
That brooked of no delay;
And East and West, and South and North,
Were at their posts that day.

The sturdy sons of grassy Clare,
The Kerrymen so cheery;
The youths from Garryowen were there,
And rollicking Tipperary.
The Waterfordians like red deer,
So active, lithe and airy;
And Cork's untiring mountaineers,
With Sprigs of "black" Shillelagh.

Oh! often by dark Galtee's brakes,
Or near grim Slieve-na-Mann—
Or by Killarney's magic lakes—
Or Limerick's Treaty Stone—
The Lads now turning out to play,
Played, danced, and sang, *galore*;
Ready alike for fun or fray,
In revel or row to score.

The match is made, the numbers told,
The "Tips" have won the toss,
When J.O.S., their Captain bold,
Led off,—

BUT here I must pull up, or my unbroken screw of a Pegasus—like the Pooka of Irish Fairy mythology—will bolt and bring me to grief. The *Cacöethes Scribendi* is bad enough when it drives one into a prosy fit; but let it once assume the symptoms of a rhyming eruption, and the patient may hoist the danger signal; for unless he is of clear head and firm hand, the chances are ten to one that he will find himself

billeted in that reverse of a "Fools' Paradise," the hugh stone prison-barrack at Kew, which the public, in their credulity, believe to be an Asylum. My poetic stilts are, therefore, thrown aside, and I proceed in plain, unadorned, and unmeasured language to narrate the incidents connected with the second great Hurling Match that took place in the colony ever so many years ago.

In the July of 1844 the first match (*vide* No. I.), was inaugurated as a kind of self-defence movement to prevent the outrageous spectacle of an Orange Procession defiling through the streets of Melbourne. It was a complete success, and the threatened Party display was abandoned, with the mental reservation, however, that on the following anniversary—Hurling or no Hurling—a procession should, and would, take place, when the watchword of the faction, "No surrender," would be rigidly adhered to. In the early part of July, 1845, public expectation began to be aroused in consequence of the whisperings that cautiously crept forth. They were of a very muffled kind; for the Orangemen of those times, like the moles, always worked in the dark, as the more effective mode of attaining any purpose they might have in view. Sufficient, however, had leaked out to justify a belief that mischief was brewing, and prompt and active steps were taken to avert the evil. The Hurling experiment of the previous year had so acted as a specific that a repetition of the dose was determined upon; for Hurling possessed this double advantage, that though mechanically a display of physical skill, there was also a large solution of the oil of "moral suasion" mixed up with it. The Head-quarters of the Orange Lodge was an obscure Tavern in Flinders Lane, known by the very unpretentious designation of The Bird in Hand, and for a week before the eventful 12th (the anniversary, not of the Battle of the Boyne, but of Aughrim) nocturnal conclaves were held, an imposing programme approved,

and a couple of banners and five score of Orange and blue sashes stored away until they should be required. The townspeople took the matter very quietly, especially after the *Parturiunt montes* abortion of the previous occasion; but the "straight" Oppositionists, though to all appearances in a state of quietude, had their preparations in much forwardness, and all their "means and appliances" only waiting until the signal was given. This was done accordingly, by the publication of the following "Call to Arms" in the *Herald* of the 10th, thus giving a fair two days' notice to the country contingents to make their appearance:—

"THE GREATEST SPORT
UNDER THE SUN!!

The grandest Hurling Match ever witnessed, even in 'Old Ireland,' will come off on
Saturday next, at 12 o'clock noon, on

BATMAN'S HILL,

Between all the Munster men in the Province,—The Tipperary, Clare, and Limerick boys on one side, and the sons of Waterford, Cork, and Kerry on the other.

All strapping young fellows are requested to attend, and to be sure and bring good Shillelagh—Hurlies &c., &c., with them.

☞ Mononia expects every man to be early in the field."

The issue of this Proclamation was like a thunder-peal to the other side, and an almost continuous Council of War was held with closed doors, pass-words, inside and outside tylers, and other prescribed *formulæ* of mysterious rubbish. The Mayor and the magistrates were appealed to, but in vain, as they could not see how they could, with any appearance of propriety, interfere, for the colony was not under Martial Law; Batman's Hill was not a proclaimed

district; Hurling was not illegal, and hurlies and shillelaghs were, of themselves, as harmless as a child's playthings. The editor of the *Patriot*—a cool, cunning, phlegmatic Scotchman, who used Orangeism just as a thirsty person would an orange on a hot day—suck it well and throw it away—to please his patrons, worked himself into an assumed fit of virtuous indignation, and gave expression to his wrathful feelings in the following "death's head and cross-bones" howlings, which appeared in his paper on the 11th :—

"RIOTS.—We call the attention of his Worship the Mayor to an advertisement of the most inflammatory nature, which appears in the columns of the *Herald* of yesterday, through which riots followed by bloodshed and death will most probably ensue. It is surprising that any editor could have given insertion to an advertisement of such an injurious tendency, more especially when it is borne in mind that the editor is himself a native of the *Emerald Isle*, and cannot consequently be ignorant of the dangerous tendency and blood-exciting effect of the notice which purports to be a hurling match to take place to-morrow on Batsman's Hill. The cloven foot, however, peeps out when it is remembered that to-morrow is the 12th July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne; and, further, that all strapping young fellows from the south to the south-west portions of Ireland are invited to attend armed with bludgeons! There can be no doubt that this is a challenge to the Orangemen, who, should they accept it, the consequences must be fearful. It must be known to all that no Catholic Irishman would think of celebrating the battle of the Boyne; the inference is obvious—let them remember that they have thrown the first stone. To prostitute the press for a few shillings by inserting such inflammatory notices is too bad. We warn the Mayor that he cannot be too much on the alert. Let every special constable be sworn in for the occasion,

the military be brought within a convenient distance of the hurling match, and the Riot Act at hand to be read at a moment's notice. Without these precautions the consequences may be awful, the Yarra tinged with the purple gore of the combatants, and the romantic site of Batman's Hill become the field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls. We would ask, has not the Mayor the power to forbid such meetings within the limits of his jurisdiction? We opine that he has, and think that this would be the safer course; and everyone refusing to obey might be visited with a few months in gaol, which would be found an effective sedative. We again call upon his Worship to be on his guard—he little surmises what is brewing!!! And we do trust that our friend of the *Herald* will not again suffer any of his hirelings (for we cannot believe he was cognisant of this firebrand advertisement, *without a name*) to pollute his pages with any such vile announcements. We had hoped that as the Orange remained quiet, the Green would rest quiescent. Should the reverse occur, the editor of the *Herald* incurs a *fearful responsibility.*"

The Town read and the Town laughed at such raving. When Cassandra went about Troy wailing, and predicting the downfall of the old Phrygian City, she was discredited, though she was a true prophetess; but the Patriotic soothsayer was both disbelieved and ridiculed, and his vaticination eventuated in as great a fib as the champion-liar of the world could concoct. No special constables were sworn in, no military called out, no repressive measures taken (as they legally could not), and the Hurlers had everything their own way, to run and shout, and hurl and goal, to their heart's content.

Saturday, the 12th July, was one of our brightest Winter days, Batman's Hill and its surroundings seemed like a fine old English park, and the genial sunshine looked smilingly down, and appeared to wink at the boys—as much as to say, "Go it, my lads; hurl

away ; I have brought you a fine day, and when you are tired you can stop."

Melbourne might be said to have turned out *en masse*, except, of course, the malcontents, who were growling and nobblerizing at The Bird in Hand—all anxious to witness the great " Isthmian Game " of old Ireland. The spectators could be reckoned by thousands, and about four hundred of as fine specimens of an adult population as could be picked out of Ireland, entered the lists, threw off their coats, and set to work in true Hibernian style. I am sorry no muster-roll of this Irish Brigade has been preserved ; and I certainly should have supplied the omission, if I thought for a moment it would ever be my lot, after a lapse of nearly forty years, to write a notice of the day's doings for the very paper that then championed the Shillelaghites. Though I have not a bad memory, I might just as well attempt to recite Homer's famous Catalogue of the Ships (which I could once do) as recount the Irish Septs, and Clans, and Tribes, whose representatives " stood to their guns" on this occasion. There were O'Shanassys, O'Connells, O'Donnells, O'Gormans, O'Gradys, O'Learys, O'Loughlins, O'Connors, O'Briens, O'Tooles, O'Ryans, and O'Dwyers intermingling with MacMahons, M'Graths, M'Carthys, M'Sweeneys, M'Nalleys, M'Inerneys ; and Barrys, Dillons, Duffys, Donnegans, Hennessys, Murphys, Morrises, Leahys, Bourkes, Healeys, Heffernans, Maddens, Moores, Monaghans, Meehans, Finns, Donovans, and so on, &c., &c.

The circumstance of Emerald Hill having, from the earliest period, been transformed from an Aboriginal pleasure-ground into a sheep-walk might account for the growth thereon of a sort of clover, which passed off as a tolerably fair proxy for a shamrock; and these trefolia were in great requisition to-day. The fellows, also, many of them, sported some fern or wattle tree branches in their hats or head-gear ; and their appearance reminded me of the coincidence of their mode

of "wearing the green" with that of King William's soldiers at the Boyne, who were directed by His Orange Majesty to display as an emblem a branch, or sprig, or bough of green, his "Protestant green" as he was pleased to term it. During the day, many of those amusing incidents inseparable from a gathering of Irishmen occurred, and in fact the whole affair was not unlike one of the Irish "Patterns," as I used to see them; only there was nothing of the "for love knock me down" amusement anywhere. There were also no refreshment, or gambling, or music tents; but, no doubt, from the Irishman's proverbial gallantry to the fair sex, many of them had a pocket-pistol primed with the "crayter," as a *viaticum*, which he kissed, or nipped, or shared, occasionally with his neighbour. An Orange scout was now and then to be seen prowling about—and when so, was treated with as much respect as if the bearer of a flag of Truce. After two or three hours of thorough enjoyment, no less a personage than the Mayor himself made his appearance; and was received with a salvo of cheering, which made the welkin ring, a greeting which was acknowledged by a brief complimentary speech, in which the Hurlers were cordially thanked for their good humour and good order, and congratulated on their numbers and the manner in which they conducted the proceedings. The afternoon was now far advanced, and at the Mayor's request the assemblage dispersed. This Mayor was Melbourne's second Chief Magistrate—Henry Moor, an Englishman, in large practice as a Solicitor, and by clients much trusted for his professional integrity and ability. He had a very pleasant kind of way about him, and was touched with that kind of "blarney" which sometimes comes to the English tongue; but he had not the *real* blarney "lick." Blarney is essentially an Irish "gift of the gab," and had nothing whatever to do originally with the old castled ruin of the Desmonds or its inaccessible "Stone." Blarney is derived from the Irish word "*bladh*," a blossom; and Blarney Castle

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was so called from the "blossoms" and picturesque beauty of its surroundings. "*Bladh*" in Irish also signifies flattery, and by this means the two meanings got to be so mixed that in the lapse of time the term—which is now a recognised word of the English language—clung like its ivy to the old castle, but will endure when both castle and ivy are forgotten. There are parts of the South and West of Ireland, especially in the counties of Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, Dublin and Galway, where the proverbial "*bladh*" is said to be exhaled from the soil, and becomes incorporated with such of the people as have descended from some of the most ancient of the Celtic Tribes. Of course by intermarriage with, or migration to, other parts of the country, the germs are transmitted and perpetuated. Blarney, to be perfect, must be accompanied by a soft musical *brogue;* for they have certain affinities in common which make them go well together; so that Blarney without brogue is like bread without butter; S. without B.; beef without mustard; or rum without milk. Under the necessary conditions, Blarney imparts a mellow persuasiveness to the Irish tongue; and there is just as much difference between the real and simulated Blarney as there is between honey fresh from the comb and the common treacle vended in a grocer's shop. Moor's Blarney was of the treacly kind—it passed for a time, but its effect was very transient. He was the most popular man in Melbourne during his first Mayoralty (1844 5), but his popularity was waning in his second Mayoralty in 1846-7. He fancied himself too clever, and in trying to please all, ended his career as an object of indifference to all—a fate equally shared for the same reason, by the late Dr. Greeves, who was immeasurably Mr. Moor's superior in general ability and varied attainments. Mr. Moor made a large fortune, and left Melbourne, respected and regretted by an extensive circle of acquaintance. He sat for some years for an English constituency in the House of Commons, and died two or three years ago.

The result of the Hurling and of the day's proceedings was such as to shame the harbinger of evil, who had croaked so lugubriously through the columns of the *Patriot* on the previous morning; and, as was only to be expected, the *Herald* took good care not to forget it —for it honors the Hurling Tournament with a leader on the 15th, from which I thus extract:—"Well, the 12th of July has passed. The Hurling Match, in pursuance of the 'absurd but audacious advertisement,' has taken place, and yet no *fearful responsibility* has been incurred, no 'riots followed by bloodshed and death' have ensued; the Yarra, instead of being 'tinged with the purple gore of combatants, never flowed so bluely placid as on that day; and at sunset, stranger than all, there was not one 'dead man's skull' to be seen! So far have all the hobgoblin predictions of the *Patriot* been falsified."

The Orangemen took their beating with resignation, and made up for their failure with the procession, by making good use of the night, to which there could have been no objection. Accordingly the Bird in Hand was in great requisition until morning. The Lodge turned in in their full strength; the yellow and blue scarves were displayed in excusable variety, and below the waving of a "pious and immortal banner," the grand Charter-toast of Orangeism was pledged amidst loud discharges of "Kentish fire."

Sir Jonah Barrington, no mean authority, in his "Recollections of his own Times," declares that the Orange Societies adopted as their Charter-toast the sentiment originated by the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, in Dublin; and if so, such a profane and obscene production that to reprint it would be to sully your paper and shock your readers. Such, at all events, was the nature of the carousal at the Bird in Hand on this occasion, that the *Herald*, a couple of days after, urged upon the magistrates the cancelling of the license for the house; but it is harder to cancel Groggery licenses than Theatrical ones; and the

authorities had the good sense to do just what the excitement of the time required, *i.e.*, simply nothing; and *ergo*, King William, with all his age-hallowed remembrances, was very soon forgotten.

And so for the second year did the Hurling Match score a victory of a very marked character, and a bloodless one too; and so the Orange Procession was prevented, and an inconsiderable section of the Community debarred from offering the grossest insult conceivable to more than a third of the whole population. No third Hurling Match was ever required; for from that day to this, no Orange procession was ever meditated or threatened. I am glad to find that within the last few years, Hurling, on its own merits, is becoming acclimated as an accredited Colonial Sport; and it is one that, in the proper season, ought to be encouraged. I believe it to be a more thoroughly manly and muscular game than the so much-lauded Cricket; and it has nothing of the shoving, shin-kicking viciousness of Football. It is an Athletic exercise in every way calculated to train and develop the muscular powers of a young man; and its benefits require only to be more generally known to be more appreciated. The admirers of Hurleyism will, when they read of the Matches of the Times of Old, think kindly of their predecessors in the field, as they turned out, as men ought, to meet an emergency, which, thanks to the progression of the Colony and the enlightened public opinion of to-day, could not possibly now arise; for the period has passed by when the good feeling and harmony of a people may be jeopardized by the antics of a Fanaticism as bigotted and pernicious a delusion as any recorded in the pages of History.

No. XII.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MELBOURNE.

REMARKS AND REMINISCENCES.

WHEN laws prevent the blades of grass,
From growing as they grow ;
Or when the leaves in summer time,
Their colour dare not show ;
Then I will change the colour too,
I wear in my caubeen—
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick
To wearing of the Green.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

THE Shamrock is derived by certain fanciful philologists from the Celtic words, *Sam*, the sun, and *rockora*, the best or chosen, *i.e.*, the Sun-flower or the favourite of the Sun ; but its more correct Etymology is evidently *Scamaroge*—three-leaved grass—*trifolium repens*—the emblem by means of which St. Patrick explained to the Pagan Irish the existence of God as a Trinity in Unity. At first they could not comprehend the drift of his preaching, when the Saint plucked a trefoil or shamrock from the ground, and holding it out to the wondering assemblage, exclaimed, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be one and the same, as it is for these three leaves to grow upon a single stalk ?" The happy illustration carried such conviction to the simple minds of his hearers that their doubts vanished, and they were converted to Christianity. In most pictorial representations of the Saint, he appears in the Canonicals of a Bishop of the Church, crozier in one hand, and a sprig of shamrock in the other. This leafy triplet may be regarded as his Heraldic Badge ; and it is remarkable that it became associated with the Architecture of the 12th and 13th Centuries, and as one of

its decorative figures so continued through the successive changes and beauties of all that was resplendent in the Gothic style. There exists a notion —sustained, in some degree, by Botanical authority— that the shamrock will not bear transplanting; or, if transferred to other than Irish soil, will either wither away, stricken by a *Nostalgia* peculiar to itself, or develop into a *lusus naturæ*—a something abnormal, and far and away differing from the genuine article— the real true

> Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief
> Old Erin's Native Shamrock.

This is a question upon which a large diversity of opinion exists; and, no doubt, many persons in Victoria will be found to declare that, like the Irishman himself, the shamrock is a thorough cosmopolitan, and will bloom wherever a Patlander flourishes, all the world over. Furthermore, I am prepared to hear my allegation denounced as a rank Heresy, and my attachment to "my own, my native land" even doubted by the mere making it. Indeed, I have already heard the questioned ubiquity of the shamrock "sat upon" by a stern rebuke; and I have been more than once shown, as grown in gardens near Melbourne, a species of clover, averred, without the slightest misgiving, to be the identical shamrock—an identity of which I had strong suspicions. Some time ago I was on a visit in a neighbouring colony, and spending a day with as worthy a "Soggarth Aroon" as ever said a *Pater Noster*. The conversation turning upon Ireland and her shamrocks, I hinted my belief that there were no real shamrocks in Australia, when my entertainer looked at me with as much astonishment as if my head had been suddenly transformed into a huge four-leaved one. He was as sure of their existence there as he was of the Murray, and, forthwith, proceeded to submit me to the test of ocular demonstration. Now, if the true shamrock could grow anywhere from home, one would certainly fancy that a Priest's garden

was just the spot where it would acclimatize. He led me to a small patch of clover, in full verdure, and there were certainly some trifolia, but they assuredly did not appear to me to be the congeners of the shamrocks I had gathered long ago, at the foot of grey old Slieve-na-Man, or on the hills of "Gallant Tipperary." There was a small purple tint or spot on the leaves, which I adverted to; but the good "Padre" quieted my conscience by asserting that his shamrock-seed had been procured from the vicinity of the far-famed hill of Tara, and there was a tradition in that part of Ireland, that the reddish stain symbolised a drop of the Saint's blood—a line of argument which, of course, at once silenced me. If I should ever have the pleasure of meeting my worthy host again, I shall be prepared to supplement my former opinions with the suggestion, that the spotted leaf does not belong to the real shamrock, but to a species of sorrel to be found in Ireland, very similar in shape to the real trefoil, and, in fact, as indigenous to the Emerald Isle. It is very like in name, too, for old Celtic writers call it *shamrog* or sour; and it possesses this useful peculiarity over the real shamrock, that, whereas cattle only eat the latter, the sorrel-plant may be used like water-cress, tomatoes, or radishes, for human food, and makes a palatable relish too, when one gets used to it. The theory is, however, a fairly arguable one, and presuming there to be any truth in it, a remarkable contrast is offered between the idiosyncrasy of the shamrock and Scotch thistle. There is a proverb that "a Scotchman is nowhere so much at home as when he is abroad;" and, verily, his national flower follows his example; because, wherever its seed is cast, either by design or accident, there it grows and grows, and increases and multiplies, until it culminates into a nuisance too plentiful and pungent even for the patriotism of the most esurient colony of donkeys ever supposed to have had an existence. But of one thing there cannot be the slightest doubt, viz., that whether

the shamrock can, or cannot be, propagated in exile, the Irishman, if he cannot carry the true triple-leaf as an amulet with him, has it photographed upon his heart. Wherever he goes, it accompanies him, like one of those good *Genii* which, according to old Egyptian belief, watched over every human being from the moment he entered the world until he left it; and until he goes under the green sod himself, its influence is never dissociated from his existence. It is to this sort of electric affinity that exists between the Irishman and the shamrock—the magnetism through which he yearns for the country of his birth, must be attributed those celebrations of St. Patrick's Day, which have become the special characteristic of Irishmen in every quarter of the globe. With the exception, perhaps, of the Queen's Birthday, there is no Anniversary in ancient or modern times, so honored in every country throughout the wide world, from the grand semi-military Ovations in that greater Ireland (the Irland it Mikla of the Ancients,) at the other side of the Atlantic, America—a country not discovered by Columbus, but by the Kerryman, St. Brendan—to the "spree" of some half a dozen rollicking Irishmen, in some backwoods log hut; a party of light-hearted diggers round an Australian camp fire; or some hopeful, though poverty-stricken, group in the dear old country, who could not tear themselves away from the old hills, the old wells, or the old graveyards, with which all their remembrances and sympathies were affectionately intertwined. The great American Orator, Webster, when once testifying to the power of England, as having dotted the surface of the globe with her possessions, described the beat of her morning drum as following the Sun and keeping company with the Hours circling the Earth; and so may it be said, without a particle of exaggeration, that from noon on Patrick's morning to noon on Patrick's night, the Sun is followed, the Hours accompanied, and the Earth circled by Hibernian Celebrations—from the Mid-night Mass to

the mid-night carousal; for the Irish element has penetrated to every part of the universe, with an omni-presence so marvellous as to amply warrant this exclamation of a modern Irish Bard:—

> As the great Sun sets in glory furled,
> Oh! 'tis grand, I think, to watch his face—
> If he never sets on the English world,
> He never, lads, sets on the Irish Race,
> In the West, in the South, new Irelands still—
> Grow up in his light——

There is an amusing inconsistency as to the date of the Celebration of St. Patrick. As a rule, Anniversaries count from the birth of the individual, and birth-day commemorations are consequently the correct thing; but from the uncertainty, or rather ignorance, of the precise period of the Saint's nativity, the date of his obituary (17th March, A.D. 465), is substituted, and so continues from that day to this.*

His conversion of Ireland was accomplished as if by miracle, for, as Moore in his History remarks:—"By the influence of one humble but zealous missionary, and with but little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of Apostolic light, and, with the sudden ripeness of a Northern Summer, at once covered the whole land. . . . . Unexampled, indeed, in the whole History of the Church, there was not a single drop of blood shed on account of Religion through the entire course of this mild Christian Revolution, by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the dominion of the Gospel." There was much dispute amongst the early Hagiographers as to the Saint's country, some declaring him to have been a Scot, and others a Gaul; but it is now a

* This is a misconception of mine which I take the earliest opportunity of correcting.. The death-day of Saints is authoritatively declared to be their proper anniversary. The Rev. Alban Butler in his Life of St John the Baptist, thus writes:—"St Austin observes that the Church usually celebrates the Festivals of Saints, on the day of their death, which is, in the true estimate of things, their great birth-day, their birth-day to eternal life."—G.

generally-accepted fact, that France can claim him as her son, as he was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer. His father held the office of Decurio or Municipal Senator —so that if the City Councillors of that remote era were anything like the notables who are now elected as members of Municipal Corporations, there can be little doubt of the historical veracity of the famous Cork doggrel that—

> St. Patrick was a gentleman,
> Who came of decent people.

But here the veracity ceases; for all the fine rigmarole about

> Giving the snakes and toads a twist,
> And banishing them for ever,

is one of those time-honored fables, which, often without rhyme or reason, become wound up within the traditions of every people; and, nestling amongst the nursery-yarns and old Folk-lore, are strengthened by repetition, and, cannot be eradicated. There is, therefore, about as much credence to be attached to the old Irish "Snake" story as to some of the snake stories of our own colony, Jack the Giant-Killer, or the Leprechaun; and indeed only one writer of antiquity ever ventured to treat it otherwise than as the veriest joke. Probably it was an Allegory that gradually unfolded itself, like a hugh snake, out of the success of the imagined super-human efforts of St. Patrick, and intended to give figurative expression to the conquest so obtained over the serpents, snakes and toads of Infidelity, Paganism and Intolerance. St. Patrick's labours were not, however, unattended with much peril or danger; and after escaping several attempts at assassination, he lived to see his great bloodless victory consummated, and died in his seventy-eighth year. In pondering over the extraordinary fact of the conversion of a whole people being achieved without the shedding of a drop of human blood, one cannot but wonder at the religious and political persecutions to which Ireland was, in after years, subjected for clinging

loyally to the old faith, and the many bloody pages—brightened by occasional illuminated inter-leaves—which make up that history of stern reality that the great author, Time, writes of every country, with cold, unpitying, pen.

There is one remarkable peculiarity about St. Patrick, distinguishing him from those other Champions of Christendom whose existence is Apocryphal, and who float in that *aureole* of Romance which shines only to mystify. He has a personality—a reality which can be traced with as much Chronological accuracy as that of any of the Anglo-Saxon Kings; whereas the individuality of other National Saints—and notably the great St. George of England—is simply an historical *Ignis Fatuus*—the flash of the Romancist, without either "local habitation or name;" or rather a kind of Spirit-waif floating through the legendary firmament of Antiquity. For instance—the tradition of St. George and the Dragon is to be found cropping up like an apparition in the early Mythology of half-a-dozen countries. In Norse legend it assumes the shape of Sigurd and the dragon Fafnir; in Greek, as Apollo and the Python snake; in Hindu as Indra and the dragon Vitra; whilst with the Romans it resolved itself into the combat between Hercules and the triple-headed monster, Cacus. The English St. George and the Dragon is, therefore, purely an Aryan Sun-myth—like William Tell, the Appleshooter, the Wolf-killing dog Gellert, Cinderella and the glass slipper, the Little Red Riding-Hood, and other brilliant fictions which so began to weave their spells around us in the nursery, and so fascinated our early years, that it is a pity the cold, merciless, disenchanter, History, should in recent times, have demolished such cherished idols. St. George, according to English tradition, is said to have been born in that old city of Coventry—that place of banishment to which social "black sheep" are conventionally relegated—so well known in ancient chronicle for the prying indiscretion that brought the

inquisitive rascal "Peeping Tom" to grief, and immortalised the fair Godiva—

The woman of a thousand summers back.

But it is nothing more than the vaguest surmise where he came from, whether from Coventry or Cappadocia; and it is even positively alleged that the much-talked-of St. George was not the original Champion Saint of England at all—that until 1220, St. Edward was white Albion's Patron; but the Synod of Oxford in that year, deposing him from his pride of place, put his martlets aside, and substituted the Red Cross of St. George. One great advantage, however, St. George has had in modern times over his canonised brethren, and that is in the pleasant yellow *souvenirs* amongst the current coin of the realm, on the reverse of which himself and his dragon present themselves so pleasantly. Whilst you possess one of them you cannot possibly help feeling a "sovereign" regard for it; and though it is as liable to "change" as the most capricious young lady just out of her teens, it never fails, at least for a time, in winning the "golden" opinion of every one with whom it may shake hands.

But to quit the shadowy confines of conjecture, and rest on the *terra firma* of reality; it is a fact that, almost contemporaneous with the settlement of Port Phillip, the keeping up of the Anniversaries of National Saints became a weakness with the colonists; with the exception that the English, Scotch, and Welsh, though enthusiastic, were spasmodic in their hero-worship. It blazed up one year, flickered a little the next, died out then for two or three or more, and was then revived. But, to the lasting honor of the Irish, be it said, their love for the memory of their Apostle, as the impersonation of their native land, never expired from 1840 to 1880. The electric battery of annual enthusiasm has never been disconnected for even a single occasion,—and the green flag which has metaphorically "braved the battle and the breeze" for forty years has never

been struck, but still flies at the mast-head, as fresh, as blooming, and as unflagging as on the day when first unfurled, so long and merry ago.

A careful observer of passing events, who has been many years in the colony, may, by shaking the kaleidoscope existent in every human mind, obtain mosaic glimpses of the occurrences of "Auld Lang Syne," which, if not always instructive, are often amusing; and as it has fallen to my lot to have as extended a personal knowledge of the early "sayings and doings" of Melbourne as, may be, anyone now living, I may be excused for working my kaleidoscope, to recall a few events not irrelevant to the subject of this paper.

Of all the men now amongst us, there are, perhaps, no two who had more to do with the olden St. Patrick's Day Celebrations, than John O'Shanassy and Edmund Finn. The very opposite of each other in many respects, but always in unison in any movement initiated for the purpose of cherishing the memory of the old Mother-land, from which they both hailed, they invariably worked together; and when side by side at a Procession, or Dinner, or any other National Demonstration (as they usually were), the one being very tall, and the other very small, when people saw them they in fact saw all—for there they were, in truth, the "long" and the "short" of it. If O'Shanassy looked down upon his colleague, it certainly was not with the contempt with which he would now, possibly, regard a "little Mirams;" and if Finn looked upwards at his "Joss," it was, probably, through admiration of his leader, and a desire to thoroughly co-operate with him. Another very remarkable Irishman was the Rev. T. H. Osborne, a North of Ireland Presbyterian minister who abandoned the pulpit for the more congenial platform of the Press. For years he edited the *Herald*, subsequently the *Melbourne Times* and, ultimately moving to the Westward, established the *Belfast Gazette*, represented that district in the old Legislative Council, and died at Geelong. He was the

first Secretary to the Melbourne Mechanics' Institute (now Athenæum), and was a rather prosy though logical writer; but his *forte* was an after-dinner speech at a Hibernian Festival—and in this line I never heard him excelled. Then there was the Rev. P. B. Geoghegan —the "Father" known and liked by every man, woman, and child—as great a favourite with the Melbourne Club as in the humblest home of any of his flock, which he was not above visiting at any hour of day or night when the aid of the "Ministering Angel" was needful. A friend of mine once summed up his characteristics "as the first and best Priest in Victoria —a true friend and a good Irishman"; and no truer words were ever produced by pen and ink. Arriving in May, 1839, as the Pioneer of the Roman Catholic Mission, he celebrated his first Mass in a small weather-board store, on the site of the recently dismantled Colonial Bank (St. Patrick's first mass in Ireland was said in a barn); he ought to have been Bishop of Melbourne, and would have been, but for a "fluke"—for "flukes," I am sorry to say, sometimes prevail in holy, as well as unholy, places. He was eventually appointed to the See of Adelaide, and died in Dublin some thirteen years ago. In those old times the then plain John O'Shanassy was the great bulwark of the Irish—a kind of Ajax and Ulysses rolled into one, as ready to defend them with his strong right arm, as to counsel them in words of wisdom. No person could have rendered more valuable services to the Irish cause than he did, and his name should be treasured with a gratitude, green and unfading, as the shamrock itself. In more recent years the late much regretted Michael O'Grady came to the front, and took a very prominent part in Irish affairs. Emigrating, when a little boy, from the Green Isle to the World's Capital—he fought his way to a respectable position. Coming to Australia, this Irish-Londoner brought with him an ardent love of the native sod, and no Irish movement in Melbourne ever lacked the aid of his cool head and free

hand. For the last quarter of a century Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was always in the Irish breach; and his speeches at St. Patrick's Demonstrations were specimens of scholarly and sparkling eloquence.

Something in Milesian style, the "Old Irelanders" used to keep a bard, or *fileadh*—a species of Poet Laureate—to supply Irish odes and melodies for special occasions. A Mr. J. R. M'Laughlin held this office by general acclaim for many years; and some of the effusions of his Muse had the true Parnassian ring, and possessed no little merit. He was a school-master by profession, and, before the late T. P. Hill was heard of, sometimes prepared "young Orators" for elocutionary displays. The great fault of him was that he was too much of an Irishman; for, not content with drowning the shamrock on St. Patrick's night, he kept drowning it every night in the year, until both himself and his shamrock were drowned together. Like too many of his countrymen everywhere, he was too thirsty a soul. He was a disciple of that easy-going, De'il-may-careish creed of modern Epicureanism propounded by another "Mac"—the well-known Irish gin-bibber, Dr. Maginn—in the following "nipping" verse:—

Who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?
A glass of good stingo is better, by jingo,
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom, or lore.
What's gruff Aristotle to a well-plenished bottle?
With whisky can Socrates ever compare?
If grief should attack us we'll call upon Bacchus,
Renowned for his hatred to sorrow and care.

Poor "J.R.M." was a man of much culture and rare gifts; he was an excellent teacher, but free-hearted and convivial to a fault. He settled in the Old Cemetery full twenty years before his time, like scores of others who prematurely cut themselves off as the too willing victims of "one bottle more."

There were also a few other Irishmen who were specially useful and very efficient hands in superintending, marshalling, and conducting all operations connected

with the proper ordering of the National Festival, whose names ought to be temporarily rescued from the Lethe into which they have sunk. One of them was a wiry, bustling, talkative old gentleman, William O'Farrell, who started in colonial life as a butcher, then an auctioneer, next a Corporation rate-collector, and finally a wealthy commission agent. He was always at his post, and very energetic at feeds and processions. Next there figured Michael M'Namara, a mercurial tailor, who, though not of tall stature, was a very "tall" talker; and though very ready in pushing his fist up to any man's nose who contradicted him, very seldom went so far as blows—though he once thrashed Kerr, the editor of the *Courier*, for libelling him. He was from Limerick, and such a gushing Irishman, that when he opened a Hotel in Queen-street he made quite an Irish curio of it. The establishment itself he called the "Brian Boru," after the great King of Munster; the bar door was lettered "Tara Hall;" the parlour "Kincora;" and the passage to the yard rearward, "Clontarf." The last was not as inappropriate as the other designations, for some small pitched battles were occasionally fought there; not between Danes and Irishmen, but such customers as had imbibed too much of "Mac's" doubtful tipple, as was not seldom the case. He made a good deal of money in Melbourne, but he spent it as it came; represented Gipps Ward for a short space in the City Council; ultimately flitted to that Paradise for Run-aways—California, and died there many years ago. He had some very good points, and was unsparing in cash or trouble, in promoting every Irish movement. The next that occurs to me is a worthy who I apprehend is still "alive and kicking" amongst us, for I saw him the other day, philosophising near the "Clare Castle" in Stephen-street,—no doubt ruminating upon the good old times when this Hostelry and its serious-looking Boniface were much affected by the Irishry. He is a Mr. Christopher Collins, who

generally officiated as the whipper-in of the "boys;" and no Scotch collie ever rounded up his flock more adroitly than he did his recruits when any gathering was at hand—either a Procession or a Hurling match, or any other little affair, got up for amusement. He was one of the deftist painters and house decorators in old Melbourne; besides which, he had a knack of "painting" without a brush whenever he got into a scrimmage, some rare instances of which talent he exhibited in the Queen-street Orange row, on the 12th July, 1846. "Christy" was also one of the best shillelagh-men out, an instrument he played on to such perfection that his admirers used to declare, in the hyperbolic language of their country, that with his bit of stick he could "draw blood out of a turnip." A no less remarkable individual was "Paddy" Reardon (lately dead), who was always to the fore in the gone-away days. This worthy's understanding was so much impaired that his locomotion was effected only by means of a wicked-looking crutch, which proved a very dangerous "crux" to anyone opposed to "Paddy" in a row. With only a leg and a half to stand upon, the excitement of a fight had the effect of magic in fixing him firmly on his pins; and he utilised the crutch in two-handed fashion, as a Scotchman would a claymore, spreading dismay around him. The following laughable incident is a fact:—In 1860, what is known as "The Battle of the Picture," was fought one night in St. Patrick's Hall. The question under discussion was whether a portrait of the then Mr. Gavan Duffy should be procured for the St. Patrick's Society and much difference of opinion existed; language "more Pagan than Parliamentary" (though the phrase has been latterly a good deal reversed) was bandied about, words passed to blows, and a general free-fight was the result. The late Mr. Patrick Brogan used to wear on one of his right hand fingers, a gold ring as big as the iron hoop round the top of a shillelagh, thus making his fist a formidable weapon. With this he

knocked a man down, giving him a hare-lip as a keep-sake; and of the fallen it could be said that certainly never before in an Irish row, was a man so honoured as to be floored by a lump of gold. The more timid rushed to the platform at the end of the large room, where the President was surrounded by a body-guard, imagining that "the divinity that doth hedge a king" would afford them an asylum; but it so happened that it was about the most dangerous part of the field, for it was soon rushed; and the President, like King James at the Boyne, when he saw how the fortune of war went, was only too glad of the chance to skedaddle, and was not long in doing so. There was a strong table in the centre of the room, by which I happened to be standing. I was a non-combatant, a position not at all likely to be respected in the melee:—and as I looked on regretfully, Reardon and his crutch came briskly hopping up, when the man requested me to jump upon the table, out of harm's way, promising me that if I did so, the crutch would take good care that no one harmed me. I complied, and during the remainder of the shindy my defender kept brandishing his companion with a skill and energy that the Historic "free and flashing sword" of Geelong might envy. The pair faithfully fulfilled their promise, for which I ever after felt duly grateful. Mr. W. C. Conroy (now of Carlton), and Mr. John Mansfield, of Geelong, were also very active participants in the early Irish Celebrations. They were especially forward in the Establishment of the first Father Mathew Society in the colony, and the erection of a Father Mathew Hall in Elizabeth-street, which afterwards passed over in some unaccountable way to the Catholic Church, and became transformed into the St. Francis' Hall, where the Christian Brothers now conduct a large and popular school. Another Irishman occurs to my recollection, whom it would be unfair to overlook, for a better fellow, in heart and hand, and a truer Celt never existed. This was Mr. Michael Croker, the

proprietor of a Boot Establishment in Queen-street, who subsequently left Melbourne for the gold-fields. If he had remained in Melbourne, he was so well liked and respected by all who knew him, he would inevitably have made a fortune. He is now far advanced in the "sunset of life" at Blackwood; but wherever it was Croker's lot to pitch his tent, it was impossible for him to be without the esteem and goodwill of any person making his acquaintance. There was never an Irish movement, or any good work of any kind undertaken in his time in the city, in which he did not actively and liberally participate.

Though last, not the least of these *quasi* Knights of St. Patrick was the finest looking Saxon that ever walked the streets of Melbourne. This was Mr. John Stephen, brother of Sir Alfred Stephen, of Sydney, and uncle of Mr. F. Stephen, the City Solicitor, but who ought to be better known in political history as the inventor of the then happy phrase of "Old Hat," during the Sir Charles Darling controversy. "John" was allowed as an act of grace to practise as an Advocate in our Police Courts, and was for many years a member of the City Council. He was very high in the Masonic Order—being a Royal Arch. It was said he was, in his early youth, a Page in the Household of George the IV when Regent; and used in his convivial moods tell queer and racy stories of Life amongst Royalty. Though superficial, he was fluent and plausible, and possessed a very agreeable address. He claimed to be semi-Irish, as descended from the old Royal House of Boru, on the maternal side, and always cottoned to the Irish. His fine figure, gentlemanly deportment, and thoroughly accomplished manner, rendered him a great acquisition to Hibernian Conclaves of every kind, from which he never absented himself. He died much regretted about 18 years ago.

"St. Patrick's Eve" formed a special feature in those Celebrations--for about half past 11 p.m. a Band

commenced to parade the few streets of the then Melbourne, playing such tunes as Garryowen, The Sprig of Shillelagh, Gallant Tipperary, Patrick's Day, The Girl I left Behind Me, We Won't go Home till Morning, and other choice selections. An immense crowd accompanied, and the instrumental performance was drowned every few minutes by peals of cheering whose chimes might be heard miles away. This vocal exercise produced such a dryness of the larynx that innumerable "whistles" had to be "wetted" at every public-house on the line of march; and the result was that before the "beating of the boundaries" was half over a large infusion of Heathenism was mixed up with the revelry, for Bacchus had quite as many worshippers as Patrick, though this was before the invention of the Alcoholized Nectar, known by the "incomparably" un-Irish name of BULL-Whisky. Still there was nothing like rowing, appeals to the *argumentum ad hominem* were unknown, and the shillelagh was as much of a fiction as the Parliament Mace when Mr. Speaker is not in the chair. There were no "broken heads or flaming houses," and the Carnival was one of good humour and cordiality. The "Procession" always halted at a few particular places, to pay the compliment of a Serenade, such as St. Francis' Presbytery (the residence of Father Geoghegan); Judge A'Beckett's, in Collins-street East, for he was a general favourite; Mr. O'Shanassy's, in Collins-street; and the *Herald* office, in Little Collins-street. The *Herald* was then the semi-official organ of the Irishmen; for though its proprietor (Mr. Cavenagh) was neither loved nor trusted, Mr. Finn was a regular fixture on that paper, and his "boss" permitted him to do much as he liked in "cracking up" the Irish Saint and all his belongings. And it paid Cavenagh well (as he too well knew) to give such a *carte blanche*. The early part of the next day was, as a matter of course, a season of tribulation—the passing through that very

unpleasant ordeal known as "Suffering a Recovery;" and the Irish Homœopathic specific of "some of the hairs from the dog that bit you," was resorted to. But though the Homœopathic principle of "like cures like" was recognised, the medicine (or "coffee") so taken was in such unhomœopathic doses that the curing usually ended in a repetition of the biting, convalescence being simply out of the question, until, by effluxion of time, the disease died off on the 19th March, when the spell was broken. Singular to say, notwithstanding all this "preliminary cantering" in the drinking line, the St. Patrick's Festivals, as a rule, were the most harmonious and orderly of the National *Reunions* occurring in Melbourne. This I say advisedly, because—incredible as it may seem—as a matter of fact, for twenty years I was present at every public convivial gathering that came off in the city.

In 1840, the first Public Dinner in honor of St. Patrick's Day took place in Melbourne; but as it was of a somewhat exclusive *coterie*, and some little snobbery was displayed in the card-selling, it was as tame as a cat in comparison with every one of its successors. *En passant*, I would observe that a good deal of caddishness has been always manifested as regards Irish and English National Festivals, none of which did I ever notice about the Scotch Celebrations. The would-be upper crust—a very thin one—held aloof, and it was always to the pith or people the credit of every good work was mainly due.

In 1843, the first St. Patrick's Procession, with drums beating and colours flying, paraded the streets; and "Big John,"

> The man who led the van
> Of the Irish volunteers,

arrayed in green scarf and rosettes, marched in front like an animated Round Tower. The Processionists were similarly decorated, and marshalled by two of the staunchest Irishmen in the colony—one a curious-looking, cross-faced, but kindly old fellow, named

Hughy Cain, who, by a strange incongruity, shared all the affection he was possessed of between St. Patrick and the Freemasons, of which Craft he was a P.N.G., or something like it; and the other was a Pat Kennedy—ever only too ready or willing to be a Patriot; to drink with you, or knock you down, according to his humour; but he preferred the former. A halt was called at the then unpretending-looking Church of St. Francis, and the Processionists crowding the edifice, Father Geoghegan preached one of those sermons of his, which (*sui generis*) would move even a "Turk, Jew, or an Atheist." The Procession returned as it came; and in the evening there was an Irish Ball at the Royal Exchange Hotel—then on the now site of the Bank of New South Wales—kept by an Irishman of the very non-Hibernicized name of Campbell. The Annual Procession was kept up for a few years, until an Orange row in 1846 led to the passing of the Party Processions Act, still in force; and though there were strong doubts whether it applied to the Irish Processions mentioned, they were discontinued, or rather suspended, for peace sake; but in later years they were resumed on a much more extensive scale, and the Annual Demonstrations now to be witnessed cannot be excelled anywhere out of America. In 1845 a very successful St. Patrick's Dinner came off at an hotel, known as the Builders' Arms, in Little Collins-street West, where Henry Moor—Melbourne's most popular Mayor—was a guest. It was presided over by Mr. O'Shanassy, who made the best speech, in proposing the Health of the Queen, I have ever heard. This toast is generally knocked off with a few common-place, fulsome, phrases (a very bad compliment, by-the-way); but upon this occasion the Chairman, by mere massive eloquence, and most appropriate illustrations, gleaned from historical research, lifted it out of the beaten track, and made it virtually the Toast of the Evening.

On the 17th March, 1846, the same place witnessed

a more numerous gathering. The hotel was built in at some distance from the street alignment; and to provide sufficient elbow-room for the feeding lions, Mr. Tim Lane, the host, had put together a semi-weather-board, semi-canvas cross between a tent and a stockade, which was dignified with the name of Pavilion. Here about 500 Melbournians—mostly Irish, but well sprinkled with other Nationalities—congregated, and the utmost enjoyment and enthusiasm prevailed. O'Shanassy presided; the Poet Laureate recited an Ode, and trotted out a couple of his Show-scholars, well primed for the occasion; and Saxon "Johnny Fawkner" became so captivated by the charms of the Green, or the "creature," that he actually treated the company to a song. Some capital speeches were made, especially by the Chairman, Dr. Greeves, Messrs Edward Curr, Finn, O'Farrell, and Hayes; but Father Geoghegan distanced them all. As a Preacher he has never been beaten here; and as a post-prandial Orator it was not easy to find his equal. On this evening he responded to the toast of "The Clergy of all Denominations;" and the following extract from his address is inspired by such a spirit of liberality, that it is well worth reproducing, and cannot be read without advantage, not only by Irishmen, but every one else wishful to learn a good lesson conveyed in a phraseology as eloquent as attractive:—"'Tis the assertion of Freedom in the most inalienable, the most sublime Prerogative, the free and honored right of every human being to worship his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience. Countrymen, had you failed to entertain the assertion of this principle on an occasion like the present, when you meet to celebrate the memory of your native land, you would but have usurped the title of Irishmen; those emblematic banners should not have been unfurled, and that splendid Harp I see before me, should have been wrapped more appropriately in mourning. But the cry of Religious Liberty which gushes, as I know it

does, from your hearts, ennobles every generous and patriotic feeling which has brought you together. It imparts a brighter tinge to every colour—to every decoration in your beautiful banners; it gives, as it were, strings to that emblazoned harp, and makes it thrill with those songs of Liberty, which burst from the chords of your native lyre at the touch of the inspiring Minstrels of old. . . . Gentlemen, I am proud, I feel myself a better man, in being thus selected for the distinguished honor of acknowledging the liberal and high-minded sentiment contained in the toast. In the extension of that sentiment, I have been a labourer nearly the entire of my life. At an early period my heart was enlisted in this noble cause, by a sentiment of the great Arthur O'Leary, which deserves to be written in letters of gold: 'Let not religion (said that illustrious patriot)—the sacred name of religion, which even in the face of an enemy should discover a brother, ever be made a wall of separation to keep us asunder.' "

For a couple of years the Celebrations were held at Smith's Old Queen's Theatre, corner of Queen and Little Bourke-streets, where they had every accommodation; for "John Thomas" took kindly to the Irish (and small thanks to him, for his "better half" was one of them); and in 1847-48, the Theatre pit and stalls were boarded over, and the drama of Irish nationality was in full swing, from the hundreds of *amateur* performers on the floor of the house to the applauding dress circle and the tier of shouting Goddesses further up; for at this early period women's rights were so far respected in our good city—that the ladies were admitted by ticket to witness if not partake of, the appetizing extravagances of the more favoured sex. It should be remarked that in such times, Balls and Suppers were not much in vogue for the annual "bursts" of patriotic exhilaration; and though, now and then, the Irish used to bow gallantly to the wishes of Nora Creina or Molly Bawn, English,

Scotch, or Welsh, Fandangoes in this way were out of the question. In 1850 and 1851 there were a couple of rattling Irish *Reunions* of this kind in St. Patrick's Hall; but this building being rented by the Government as a One-horse Parliament House, the Irish submitted to a voluntary eviction, and had to seek other quarters, which they did with varying fortune; but St. Patrick's Day was never allowed to pass away "undrunk, unhonoured, and unsung."

Gold was discovered in Victoria in 1851, and during the following year the whole state of society might be described as one not only of transition, but dislocation. Mammon was the Fetich who commanded universal devotion, and people had no time to give a thought to anything else but nugget-hunting and money-making. All patriotic emotions retired for a time into a state of *comâ*, and it was no surprise that the regular St. Patrick's Celebration should be passed over, which it was. But still St. Patrick's night was not forgotten. A service of Plate had been just purchased by subscription as a memento of Mr. O'Shanassy's eminent services in the cause of Irish nationality, and it was decided to make the presentation on St. Patrick's night. This was done and the recipient testified his acknowledgments in the unique and practical mode of giving one of the most enjoyable entertainments at his own house that could be got up.

In 1854 the Victorian gold mania had not only reached the crisis of the disease, but was on the turn, yet it was a wild, mad, year in Melbourne. The *auri sacra fames* was as unslaked as ever, though the large nuggets and rich finds of the two preceding years were dropping out of the diggers' luck. It was essentially an Irish year with us, and remarkable for the magnificent welcome accorded to Smith O'Brien, O'Doherty and Martin, three of the Dublin State Prisoners of '48, conditionally pardoned, and who were departing *via* Melbourne, from their island-prison of Tasmania, to Europe. They met with a right royal

reception in Melbourne, received valuable presentations, and were entertained in a sumptuous manner at the Criterion Hotel, on the site of the now new Union Bank in Collins-street. But this is a slight digression; for I must call attention to the St. Patrick's dinner of this year, which was also held at the Criterion. In consequence of the disorganised state of society, and the enormously high prices ruling for everything, the getting up of the entertainment was no easy job; yet it was effected through the exertions of Messrs. Donovan and Gallagher (two members of the City Council) and Finn. When I say that the tickets were three guineas each, and three hundred persons assembled, one may have some notion of the difficulty of the task accomplished. Mr. O'Shanassy presided and as the *convives* determined to have the value of their money out of the host—a cute Yankee, the well known Sam Moss—they went in for it in real earnest. Amongst the company was a very original character, known as "Tim" Lane, who, from a comparatively humble position, had, through the combined influence of Tavern-keeping and Tavern speculations, reached an income of some thousands a year. "Tim" was proud of his country, but prouder of himself and the great man his money made him. He was very illiterate; but a certain quaintness of expression, and peculiarity of gesticulation, or rather grimace, made him quite a favourite when on his legs; for if one could not admire either his action or his oratory, the greatest Puritan on earth could not help laughing heartily at both. "Tim" had, during the evening, by his attentions to himself, verified the aptness of a modern definition of appetite—*i.e.*, "whilst eating to be happy, and when done to be tight;" and by the time the official Programme of toasts had been gone through, he was both "happy" and "tight;" and what was most unusual with him would insist upon giving a toast of his own. "Tim," on all public occasions, was as prone to perpetrating "bulls," as if he had all his

life-time been employed herding horned cattle, and he was never out of blundering in anything but money-grubbing, where he manifested a shrewdness worthy of the proverbial Israelite. Having obtained permission to submit his sentiment, he electrified the good-humoured audience by asking them to drink "Health and long life to St. Patrick, Ireland's great Apostle, who arrived in that country mounted upon an ass!" The uproarious merriment which crowned this out-heaval of Corkonian genius swamped all "Tim's" half-frantic efforts to explain whether it was the Saint or the country that was astride on the "Eddard." But, with all his faults, "Tim" was not a bad fellow; and, like many another successful colonist, though he toiled long and hard to catch the gold, he could not hold it when he had got it, and wasted it like ditch-water during the last ten years of his life.

In January, 1856, a sensation, not altogether confined to Irish circles, was caused by the arrival in the colony of Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, and no other new arrival ever had a warmer greeting from all classes. His *debut* to a Victorian public was made at a public dinner given to him at Hockin's Hotel, corner of Elizabeth and Lonsdale streets, and it was about the most extraordinary dinner that ever came off here. More hard drinking has taken place at some of the old Scotch festivals, and the proceedings could not equal the disorder of "The Old Colonists" Gathering in 1853 when the then biggest and richest man in the colony (since dead) jumped up on a table, and pranced like a bull in a china shop amongst the glasses and decanters; yet almost before the speechifying commenced, it drifted into a regular noisy spree, and so continued to the end. The chair was filled by Mr. O'Shanassy, and it was on this occasion that Mr. Duffy committed himself to the declaration of "back-bone and spinal marrow" Irishism—a phrase which afterwards became historical, and has been repeatedly twisted and turned from the meaning intended, when read with the context.

Of his speech that evening (his first public *Pronunciamento* in the Colony), Mr. Duffy need have nothing to recant, for there were few after-dinner speeches ever made that could beat it. Mr. Duffy's formal presentation to his own countrymen took place at the next ensuing St. Patrick's Dinner, which was looked forward to with unusual interest. It was held in St. Francis' Hall, in Elizabeth street, and the place was crowded. Mr. O'Shanassy was regarded as the Permanent Chairman of all such Demonstrations ; but this time Mr. Finn was to do the Presidential Honors. He had served a long Lieutenancy in Irish campaigns—under Sarsfield O'Shanassy—but the chief officer never skippered the vessel until now. It is recorded "that the large Hall was tastefully decorated and numerous flags bearing national devices were hung about. The dinner was served up by Mr. Terry ; and a band of first-class instrumentalists, comprising a portion of the 40th regiment, much enlivened the proceedings throughout, by playing several national airs in a very spirited manner." The report says further that the chairman was "supported on his right by Gavan Duffy, Esq., John O'Shanassy, Esq., M.L.C., and other gentlemen ; and on his left by Dr.Geoghegan, Dr. Greeves, M.L.C., and several of the Catholic clergy." It is worthy of note that of the clergymen present that evening, two of them (Drs. Geoghegan and Shiel) afterwards became successively Bishops of Adelaide, and both died in harness as such. As much speculation was rife at this time as to Mr. Duffy's purposes and prospects, the following extract from the speech of the Chairman, in proposing the toast of "Erin go Bragh! and Charles Gavan Duffy," will be interesting, as serving to show, when compared with the then future, as can now be done, whether the remarks of the speaker have or have not been more or less, or, not at all, borne out by the impartial test of experience. "It would be superfluous for him (the chairman) to dilate upon the value of such an importation" (Mr.

Duffy), "for in the present crisis of the colony, an honest, able, and incorruptible public man was a pearl beyond all price. . . . There is no country in the world presenting such an opportunity for men of integrity, capacity and experience; and that Mr. Duffy had a useful and brilliant future before him there could be little doubt."

Mr. Duffy's speech, in reply, was a brilliant outpour of Irish eloquence, vindicating the "name and the fame of the sea-divided Gaels;" and Irishmen, in the year 1880, cannot fail to read the following passage admiringly:—"Out of our small island, on the outer rim of Christendom, came the Apostle who brought to the greatest part of Europe the light of Christian truth. France, Scotland, the States of Germany, Flanders and Switzerland count among their national benefactors the holy Missionaries of what was in those days called the Island of Saints. If France sent to Ireland the national Apostle whose Festival they were then celebrating, Ireland had not wasted the gift he brought, though she guarded it against all perils, and carried it to the farthest corners of the earth. In modern history Irish soldiers had played as conspicuous a part. The history of the world was changed by a regiment of Irish at Fontenoy. In Spain, Austria and France, some of the noblest families inherit the name, the nobility and the wealth won by Irish soldiers. He had stood himself in France and Belgium by the tombs of hundreds of Irish soldiers and scholars who had written their names in the histories of these countries; and at this time there was not a free and powerful State in the world in which men of Irish blood did not stand in the front rank." O'Shanassy, Drs. Geoghegan, Shiel, and Greeves spoke with much effect, and a well-deserved two-fold compliment was paid to the first-named. In the course of the evening, Mr. Duffy, in the same speech, declared "Every enlargement of Australian liberty had them (the Irish) for zealous friends. Every enemy of Australian rights had them

for uncompromising antagonists. Look at the men they produce. He would name the two foremost, Mr. O'Shanassy, in Melbourne; in Sydney, Mr. Plunkett. What measure for securing the religious liberty of any class, however obscure or insignificant, had not John O'Shanassy supported or originated? What extension of popular power had he not championed!" The late Mr. Stephen Donovan at a later period in toasting "The Land of our adoption," concluded by coupling with it "one of the greatest names in Victoria, John O'Shanassy, a man who had done more for this colony than perhaps any other man."

It very rarely happens that Colonial Governors unbend sufficiently to honor National Festivities with their presence, as they are disposed to draw the line of convivial intercourse with the public within such circumscribed circles as Mayoral Feeds, Medico Dinners, and Ministerial Junkettings. Still there are exceptions to this rule, as to every other. When Sir Richard McDonnell was Governor of South Australia, he attended St. Patrick's Celebrations; and, to his credit be it said, Major-General MacArthur, a Native of New South Wales, when administering the Government of Victoria in 1856, was a guest at an Irish Dinner in St. Patrick's Hall, presided over by the late Cr. Stephen Donovan—and a most enjoyable meeting it was. When the Legislature changed the *venue* from the Hall to the new Parliament Houses, the simple, solid, old-fashioned Dinner seemed to die out; and, no doubt to suit the wishes of the rising generation of young men and maidens of Irish descent, who preferred a lighter and more lively mode of honoring the great Anniversary, the Ball and Supper came into demand, and have, with the exception of one year, been the ruling notion since.

The Emerald Hill Mechanics' Institute was the arena of a couple of splendid entertainments in 1859 and 1860. These were brought about mainly through the exertions of Messrs. P. J. Martin, Hanna, Godkin

and Dollard; and on each occasion the late R. D. Ireland was the star of the evening. Mr. Ireland had few compeers as a boon-companion, and his company and his speechifying on festive occasions never failed to add *eclat* to the event in process of celebration. He was about as accomplished a sample of amalgamated brogue and blarney, with the roughness of each rubbed off by education, as I ever hobnobbed with over a mahogany.

There was a grand Gathering of the Clans at the Annual Ball and Supper at St. Patrick's Hall in 1863, when the two Irish great guns, O'Shanassy and Duffy were present. Mr. Martin Hood was the supper Chairman, and Mr. Francis Quinlan, the barrister, made a dashing speech. The specialty of the evening was the presentation of a silver cup to Mr. E. Finn, as, so sayeth the inscription, "a token of high regard for his patriotism and private worth." The speaking was unusually good, and the enjoyment unmarred by a single *contretemps*. After the "presentation" was made and acknowledged, a bottle of claret was poured into the cup, and partaken of by O'Shanassy, Duffy, and Finn; and if some bottle-imp, gifted with the use of a tongue had been at hand to ask, "When will ye three so drink again," the answer might well be "Never;" for O'Shanassy and Duffy's friendly personal relations were broken up soon after, and have not been since restored. It may be as well to say that Mr. Hood was prevented from joining the potation in consequence of his allegiance to the great Tea and Water cause of Father Mathew. This is the more remarkable, as he comes from the whiskiest part of all Ireland—old Galway—the "Citie of the Tribes," and that inexorable warden, James Lynch Fitzstephen (whose execution of his own son for murder, in 1493, is treated in a clever metrical romance by a Melbourne journalist—the son and name-sake of William Carleton, the *Dux* of Irish novelists); and has passed the whole of his colonial existence in the region of spirituous and fermented

liquors. But though he eschews all practical acquaintance with the barley-bree, he is very partial to "hops," served up in the more alluring form of Terpsichorean accompaniments, and consequently he would as soon think of committing manslaughter, as absent himself from a St. Patrick's Ball.

In 1866, St. Patrick's Day falling on Sunday, the "St. Patrick's Eve" preceding was signalised by a double event, viz., a ball in the (then) Exhibition building in William-street, and a dinner at St. George's Hall, in Bourke-street. The Ball was as exhilarating and merry as any of its predecessors, but the Dinner was the attraction of the evening. It was got up mainly through the indefatigable exertions of the late Michael O'Grady, and though there may have been more numerously attended *Symposia*, it would be difficult to witness a greater success. About 300 sat down, and the chair was taken by the hon. (not yet Sir) J. O'Shanassy, the late hon. B. Williams filling the vice-chair. There was a good sprinkling of M.P.'s about the Chairman, and this was the first time in the colony that a Judge of the Supreme Court descended from the Bench to do homage to St. Patrick. Mr. Justice Molesworth, to his honor be it spoken, threw off the ermine for the shamrock-wreath, and acted as the Chairman's best man. It was with no little amusement I heard this night, for the first time, sung, and in the hearing of an English or Irish judge, that terrible song about "hanging men and women for the wearing of the green;" not the sweetly flowing version of "The wearing of the Green," as written by Henry Grattan Curran, but Boucicault's rousing parody, which seems destined to supersede the other in public favour. But after all, what is there in a song—especially one so overdue as this? and there was in reality nothing more in hearing it chanted on St. Patrick's night than that grand War-Ode, "Scots Wha Hae," at a Burns' festival. I forget the name of the songster, but he and his song brought down the house.

Amongst the letters read excusing non-attendance, was one from Sir Francis Murphy (then Speaker) declaring "that, from the exhaustion consequent upon twenty-four hours' continual sitting of the Legislative Assembly, he was physically unable to attend," which shows that even in the pre-Gaunson era there were plenty of disturbing barometrical influences operating in the Lower House. Mr. O'Shanassy, though just recovered from severe indisposition, was in good speaking form. In proposing "Ireland—Our Native Land," he declared that "he had taken part in many similar festivities, but he could not remember anything equal to the present meeting. Without anything like organisation, without any advertizing in the newspapers, he found before him a large assemblage not only of the natives of Ireland, but including also many who sympathized with that nation, from England, Scotland, and Wales, all joining in furtherance of an object which he believed to be one of the greatest necessities of the country, viz.—the social consolidation of the people." Later, in giving the toast of "Australia —Our Adopted Land" he declared "that, next to fidelity to their native land, Irishmen were chiefly remarkable for fidelity to the soil on which they resided. Fidelity was the first principle in an Irishman's heart. Fidelity to father, mother, relatives and country, was the distinguishing trait of the Irish character; and none were more likely to be successful in forming a colony than Irishmen."

The St. Patrick's Celebration of 1878 occurred at a time when the political Heavens were draped with the shadow of Black Wednesday, and excited much general interest, as it was expected there would be a cluster of members of Parliament there, and amongst others the two great Irish Field-pieces—the Irish knights, Sirs O'Shanassy and Duffy, and the "coming man" and member for Clare, Sir Bryan O'Loghlen. The two first I happened to know well, and often heard; but I felt much curiosity to witness Sir Bryan's *debut* in this

—to him—novel arena; for it was his first appearance upon the Irish stage, at least in this colony. Other motives also urged me. In my school-boy days I used often hear the name of his father—the first Baronet and trusted compatriot of O'Connell, in the glorious struggle for Catholic Emancipation—spoken of in terms of grateful affection by the Irish people; and as I arrived at man's estate, my mind often reverted to the great Master of the Rolls, the first Roman Catholic elevated to the Irish Judicial Bench since the Revolution, prematurely cut off by death in the noon-tide of his fame, amidst the regrets of a nation—but leaving after him a *clarum et Venerabile Nomen*—a grander inheritance than the Baronetcy so deservedly bestowed on him. I, therefore, always took kindly to the race, and marked with interest the career of his sons. I had also been recently amusing myself with a perusal of that veritable chronicle, the *Victorian Men of the Time*, which informed me that Sir Bryan was the "senior lineal representative to the representation of the O'Loghlens, Princes of Burren, a territory on the north-west of Clare, and on the bay of Galway;" that they were possessed of no less than twenty-one castles until Ireton (Cromwell's son-in-law) dispersed them in 1650: and that they were famous for fighting both at sea and on land, from the days of Brian Boru to the battle of Aughrim, when the family was almost annihilated under the ill-starred St. Ruth; and thus it came that I had an unaccountable longing to see how a modern Prince of Burren would do his *devoir* to his Patron Saint at the Antipodes. I accordingly attended but, to my disappointment, found that, through personal or political considerations, neither O'Shanassy nor Duffy was in his place. The two then members for West Melbourne, O'Loghlen and Andrew, had, however, put in an appearance, and, so far, in a degree, I was satisfied. The Chairman, (Cr. Carroll of Hotham) discharged his duties in a very perfunctory, though satisfactory style, and Sir Bryan O'Loghlen was soon

on his legs, proposing the toast of the evening, "Our Native Land." His speech was simply a creditable mediocrity, a string of carefully prepared allusions to the green hills, green valleys and flowing rivers of the Green Isle, with a reference to the Volunteer era of 1782, and a quotation from Moore's entrancing melody of the "Shamrock." It was delivered *ore rotundo,* without slip or stumble, and a confident monotony not quite suited to the occasion. In fact, there was more of the Dutch Meinheer than the Irish Paddy about Sir Bryan; but not a *scintilla* of that *vis vivida,* which I was wont to associate with first-class Irish oratory. To say that I was disappointed, is to say what I felt; but I have since been led to believe that Sir Bryan figured to more advantage in the Legislative Assembly, where, in all probability, the close state of the atmosphere, and the "burning questions" debated, enabled him to infuse more of the fire of genius into his addresses. But the speaker who followed Sir Bryan presented such an antithesis as I have rarely, if ever, witnessed. To point the difference between the two is like comparing the fizz of a flask of sparkling Moet with the glug of a bottle of "flat" beer. This was Mr. S. V. Winter, and it was not the subject-matter of his remarks that made such a "hit," but the very novel—in fact, unprecedented—course he adopted. In proposing "The Day we Celebrate," he imported into his address some beautiful stanzas on St. Patrick's Day, from the pen of Dr. England, an American Bishop, which told tremendously. Winter is a splendid elocutionist, and, throwing his whole heart into the subject, gave his audience such a treat as is rarely accorded on such occasions. The cheers which were before freely given to Sir Bryan, were now swelled into a salvo of rapturous acclamation; and—what through a large experience I never knew to be done before—Winter was absolutely *encored;* and, after giving a repetition of the poetry, resumed his seat amidst protracted thunders of

applause. Mr. Andrew also spoke briefly and appropriately, but with such extreme nervousness that if only the irascible head of his *bete noir*, Munro, could have just popped up at the time, a single glance of the Scotch terrier eyes would not only have "scotched," but killed, him. If anyone then ventured to hint to me that a day would come when Andrew would beard and badger the Colossus of Building Societies, as he has since done in the Assembly, my reply would assuredly be an emphatic Munroism—"Never, never, never!"

With the exception of the event last mentioned—excepted for the peculiarities connected with it—it is as well that any of the other Celebrations of more recent years should be excluded from this sketch—because they cannot be dealt with so discriminatively as events which have acquired some mellowness from age. It is an amusement for me to, sometimes, go upon fishing excursions amongst the waters of bye-gone days; and, buoyed by memory, to float back on the river of Time, noting some of its almost forgotten currents, and rescuing from its deeps and surface some of the Flotsam, Jetsam, and Ligan, everywhere scattered about. In the shreds and patches thus put together—in the threads of events so gathered and woven into a sort of web—clumsy and inartistic as it may be—a *resume* of St. Patrick's Celebrations is offered, which, so far from doing discredit to the Irish section of our population, redounds very much the other way. Sir Gavan Duffy, in the brilliant speech previously referred to, thus appositely discourses on the relative allegiance which a man owes to his native and adopted lands:—"He thought it a wise and generous practice to keep alive the memory that bound men to their native land. It was good for their new country that they should not forget their old one. However loyal and affectionate citizens they might be of Australia, they could not have felt that first mysterious love a man feels towards his mother-country. It did not contain

the graves of their fathers, nor the bones of their martyrs or heroes, nor the homes of their childhood, nor the altar where they first knelt at prayer, nor the scenes of early friendship or love. A man can have but one mother and one mother-country. But men go forth from their first home and marry. They had married Australia, and they would be faithful 'till death doth them part;' but God forbid they should forget their dear mother—Ireland." More truthful sentiments could not possibly be uttered. Depend upon it, the best hostage a new country can hold from a man is his affection for the old one, and the good Irishman can hardly fail to be the better Victorian. Depend upon it the people who cherish their love of country as if a divine spark of the inextinguishable fire of Irish tradition which

> Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
> And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,

are not likely to be deteriorated by such a species of Idol-worship; and it is a good augury, both of men and times, when the great festival of St. Patrick, the National Sabbath of the Irishman's year, is celebrated with that overflowing enthusiasm so peculiarly congenial to the season. Wafted along by passing Centuries, and never dying through all the vicissitudes of time and circumstances; surrounded by a *prestige* that fourteen hundred years alone can confer—to the leal-hearted Irishman, the Anniversary of St. Patrick should have a figurative, as well as an actual, significance, and be regarded as a period when, like a true Knight, (whether at a public celebration or not) he renews his vows before the shrine of his favourite Saint. In doing so let him strive to profit by the past, and peering into the rainbow prism of the future, resolve to serve, with truth and loyalty, both his old and his adopted country; picturing before his mind's eye as a *tableau*, a phantasm of the emblems so nationally representative of both, viz—The shamrock-circled harp smiling in the star-lights of the Southern Cross; the

eagle and the emu, the kangaroo and the wolf dog—*couchant* under the interlaced branches of the Irish Oak, and the Australian Eucalyptus :—the whole surmounted by a "Sun-burst" illumining that Legend that will endure as long as Croagh-Patrick or Mount Macedon—as the Shannon or the Yarra--Ireland's unchanging, hallowed, and immortal motto,

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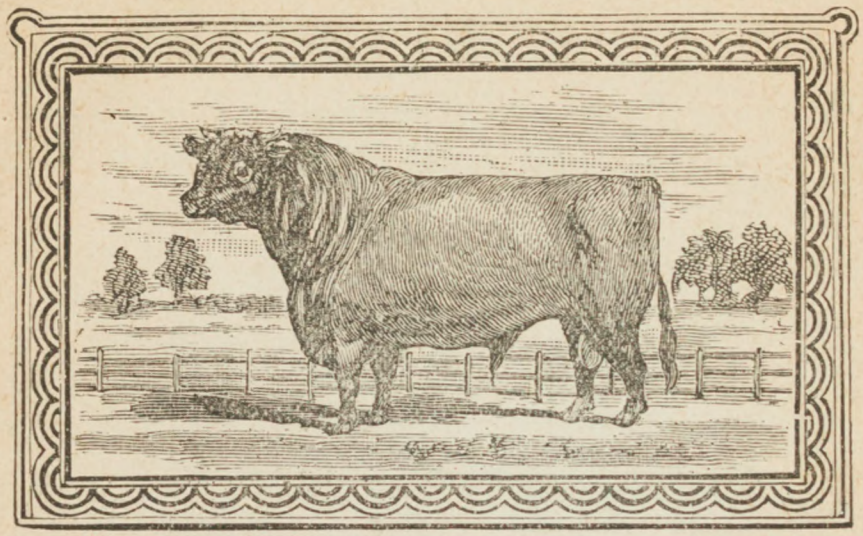
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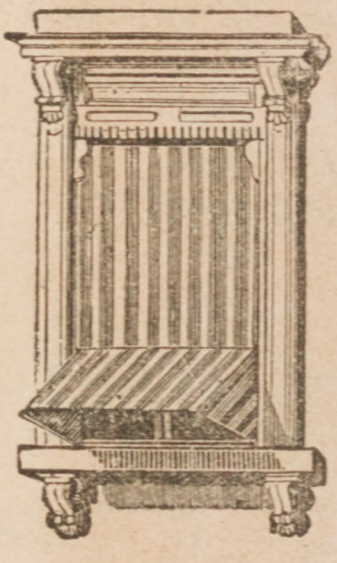
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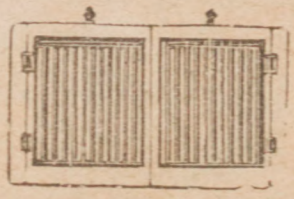
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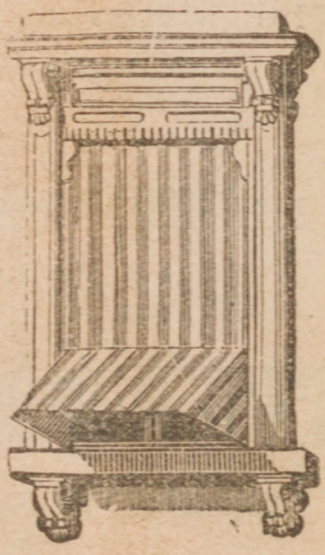
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