David Scott Mitchell.

AUSTRALIAN VERSE-WRITERS

Victor Daley

BY

A. G. STEPHENS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICE, ILLUSTRATED WITH TWO PORTRAITS AND MS. FAC-SIMILE.

SYDNEY

THE BULLETIN NEWSPAPER COMPANY, LIMITED

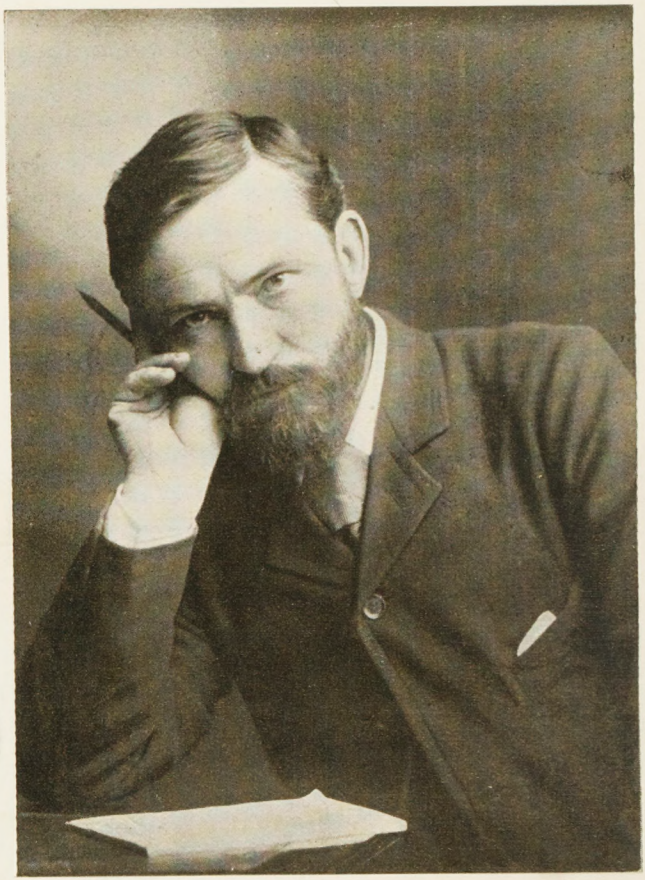
MCMV.

VICTOR DALEY

GONE is the sparkle of wine in the glass,
The garland is withered, the laughter is fled;
The feet of the fairies are stopped in the grass . . .

When the "little folk" meet by the red rowan tree
The dance shall be stayed in the ring on the plot
While they twine in his green Irish isle of the sea
The wreath we forgot.

WILL H. OGILVIE.



VICTOR DALEY.

From a photograph by Falk, Melbourne, 1898.

"No man was ever more surprised than I was when Falk sent me proofs of my photograph. It (the photo.) represented to me the face of a stranger. It is too solemn, anyhow."—*Letter from V. J. Daley.*

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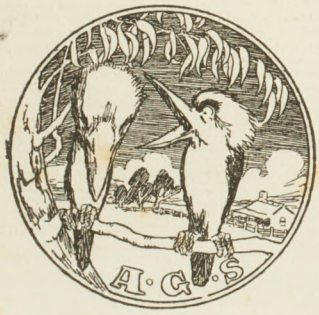

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VICTOR JAMES DALEY.

I.

TO Victor Daley fell a spark of the fire that glowed in the bards of Ulster more than a thousand years ago. A spark only: yet it has lit many a mind in a land that the fairies never haunted, in an age when poetry is but the shadow of an ancient dream.

Victor James Daley was born 5th September, 1858, at the townland of Navan, county Armagh, Ireland—in the very seat and centre of romance. Beneath Navan rath was the ruin of King Conor's palace of Emania, which—in the proud tradition mentioned by Douglas Hyde—contained one hundred and fifty rooms, each large enough for three couples to sleep in, built of red oak and bordered with copper. In the King's own chamber, decorated with bronze and silver, perched golden birds with eyes of precious stones; and there the King and thirty of his chosen warriors would sit, and hearken to the bards who sang the prowess of the knights of the Red Branch. And a large vat, always full of good drink, stood upon the palace floor.

At a little distance was the mound commemorating Craoibh Ruadh or "Creeve Roe"—the palace of the Red Branch, where heads and arms of vanquished enemies were kept. On every knoll around grew lonely thorns that had watched "the good people"

dancing on the banks of Navan lough. They have grown few and shy, alas!—but on May eve a boy could watch them fearfully. He might even see the snake who guards the golden treasure in the depth of the lough, disturbed in his long slumber, rise to shake a menacing head at the fairy tumult.

In such a land of legend Daley grew up. He knew every rath and cairn, every ruined castle, every haunted house and fairy ring, for ten miles around. He had little schooling; and often at night, with every aperture in the house closed or darkened, he helped to cast Fenian bullets. All his father's family were Fenians: his uncle a sub-centre. His father was a Daly or O'Daly, altogether Celtic; his mother a Morrison, of Scottish descent. The O'Dalys were anciently a sept of bards, and "the family motto was given in Burke or Debrett as 'Laudes cano heroüm.'" "We were always poor and improvident," Daley added.

When about fifteen years old, Victor Daley was taken to Plymouth. He went to school for a year, and then became a clerk in the Great Western Railway office, remaining three years. At the instance of friends in Adelaide, Daley came to Australia before he was twenty. "Australia" was the vague name of a vague country; and Daley landed in Sydney by mistake.

Going to Adelaide, he became clerk in an office, but grew tired of the work, and left for Melbourne "on my way to New Caledonia." At Melbourne he went to the races, lost his money, and remained. Presently he tried his hand at writing for *The Carlton*

Advertiser—about race-horses. He was taken on the staff, and wrote leaders about Bismarck and verses about Ireland. Then, with a friendly musician, Charles Wesley Caddy, he started "tramping over Australia." With swag up, he got as far as Queanbeyan, N.S.W., and for five months was editor of *The Queanbeyan Times*. Coming to Sydney, he was employed first on *Punch* and then on *The Bulletin*.

About 1888 he went to Melbourne, and earned his livelihood by contributing verse and prose to many papers. His single book of verses, *At Dawn and Dusk*, was published in 1898 ; and shortly afterwards he returned to Sydney. In 1902, his health failing, he made a holiday voyage to New Caledonia and the islands north, fulfilling a wish long cherished. He died of tuberculosis at Waitara, a Sydney suburb, on 29th December, 1905 ; and was buried on the following day in the cemetery at Waverley by the sea.

II.

AS Daley himself explained, there were really two Daleys. There was "Victor," and there was "James." James was rarely seen by the multitude. Cold, hard, cynical, he had no sympathy with Victor's enthusiasm. James did not approve of Victor, and Victor was a little ashamed of James. Victor was the good fellow, everybody's friend, the cheerful, warm-coloured man who could only be painted, could not be photographed, because his warm colour was the cardinal fact about him. He was the person who lived in Bohemia, and considered the world well lost for a good rhyme, or good liquor, or good company. James, chill and callous, observed this person, and made remarks. One may image their antagonism in a sketch from the life.

It is Friday, *The Bulletin's* pay-day.

Victor has written an exuberant poem and exchanged it for sordid coin. He walks away from the treasury at joy with all the earth. James stands at a little distance watching him. Comes one friend and another attracted by Victor's eye, beaming like Lesbia's. There is a sneer on the thin lips of James. Victor is smiling, his friends are laughing. A man comes up. "I've finished the music for that thing of yours, Victor. It goes like this." And he hums "The Woods of Dandenong":

High, clear and high, the soaring skylark sings
  Love ! Love ! Love ! the joy of life and woe :
Throbs, throbs his heart, as upward on thrilling wings
  Far, far he soars from this dim world below.
Was it a skylark's voice or a soul's triumphant song
We heard in the days gone by in the woods of Dandenong ?

Rose, lovely rose—a fairer rose was she—
  Rose, white rose, I kiss your tender leaves !
Speak, speak, speak, O soul-white rose for me,
  Say, say to her my heart in silence grieves.
Lonely and sad it grieves amid the careless throng . . .
Ah, green are the waving trees in the woods of Dandenong !

Star, crystal star, shining where angels be,
  Bright, bright star—yet brighter were her eyes—
Ai ! Ai ! Ai ! Star of my life was she !
  Shine, gently shine, where low her bright head lies.
And ah, but the world is cold and the way is dark and long ;
And oh, that we were once more in the woods of Dandenong.

There is applause. Victor and his friends go away, they go into a café. James follows them. Victor is in good fettle. Old fancies are shining about him. New sunshine is flooding him. Quaint quip and good story come trippingly from his tongue. The face of James is set like flint. He sees it all not for the first time ; he has heard those good stories before.

Victor raises his glass and drinks. James approaches and whispers over his shoulder, but is impatiently brushed aside. James retires. He has planted his sting ; he can wait. Victor, turning to go, is met at the door by other friends. Everybody is Victor's friend. They proceed, they march along the street, and the friends urge Victor into another café for dinner—a dinner where he will provide the feast. James follows, sardonic and aloof, biding his time.

Victor is in the middle of a good story. "You remind me," says Victor, "of the first lines ever I wrote in Australia. It was twenty years ago and more; it was in 1879. I was corresponding clerk for Harris, Scarfe & Co., in Adelaide. Allerdale Grainger was editor of a little evening paper called *The Star*, and I sent him the verses. They related how Love and Fame and Death called at the house of a young man, and invited him to choose between them. He chose Death. I don't know why he chose Death, unless his liver was out of order. Death is a good liver-medicine.

"But when those verses were published I trod on air. *The Star* had a circulation of fully three hundred, and I was as delighted as if three million people had read my rhymes. When I went to my boarding-house for tea that night, I felt that a great gulf had opened between me—a writer for THE PRESS who actually got into print!—and the common herd of fellow boarders, mere clerks who worked slavishly at desks for their living. Ah! those were fine days—ces beaux jours quand j'étais si malheureux. I have never felt so happy since."

James approaches and says, "Do you *deserve* to feel happy?" and a little wrinkle appears on Victor's forehead for a moment, and is gone.

"Although, mind you," says Victor, "those were good times we had in the early days of *The Bulletin*, when that fine, large, boisterous editor Traill was in charge, and Harold Grey and I were enrolled among the chief contributors. Grey was a fine fellow, and no mistake. His real name was Theodore Emile Argles.

He was son of an Old Bailey lawyer and a French actress—a good combination for brilliancy, one would think. Grey had the brilliancy. So much of his writing was topical that the interest has necessarily faded, but it seemed uncommonly bright at the time.

"I remember how Grey and I used to take long walks round Potts Point, where the mansions of the early aristocracy of New South Wales collect in all their grandeur. As we glared through the iron gates that bar the entrance to some of the great houses in Macleay Street and thereabouts, Grey would speculate upon the different ways in which the owners must have sold themselves to the devil in order to acquire such lordly habitations. It was a great comfort to us to reflect that, bad as we might be, we were not criminals of this kind. I remember there was one especially fine mansion, the proprietor of which, Grey said, had committed the Unspeakable Sin. Neither of us knew what the Unspeakable Sin was, but Grey said the man had committed it, and that was the end of the matter.

"Seriousness was not in Grey. He overflowed with boyish spirits. He used to place bottles labelled with the names of his enemies—the chief of whom on these occasions was the cashier of *The Bulletin*, whose name appeared on a large-sized square gin bottle, which could be easily hit—on posts, and pelt stones at them untill they were smashed. Then he would chuckle till the tears ran down his hawk-like beak. Alas, poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infinite jest. He said to me one day when we were talking about Kendall, then lately dead, 'I don't care what they say

about me when I am gone, as long as they don't say "he was no man's enemy but his own." ' And after his death that was precisely the first thing they did say!"

"And they will say it for *you* too, Victor!" says the saturnine James, coming closer.

"Pish!" says Victor impatiently. "But do you know what poet Holdsworth—good old 'P. J.'—said to me at Kendall's funeral? Fifteen vehicles followed the hearse, including two cabs at the tail of the procession in which were Richmond Thatcher and Charles Wesley Caddy and myself. Holdsworth was far in front, as a close friend of the departed poet. After all was over, however, I met him, and with a tear in his eye, he grasped me by the hand and said, "Ah, well, poor Kendall's gone. There are only the two of us now." Yes, Holdsworth was a charming fellow, but he never had any sense of humour.

"Humour!" sneers James, baring his sallow gums. "Humour! Yes, *some* people can see humour on the edge of an open grave."

Victor takes no notice. "Grey," he says, "was *the* humourist. That was a great jest he played off on Traill. He and I were very hard up one week, and Traill had emphatically stopped credit until something in the shape of work was forthcoming. It was a bitter bad situation. I met Grey looking very cheerless one morning, and we adjourned to the sitting-room of a little public-house in Pitt Street for discussion. Grey brooded for a long time, then he said, 'You'll have to die!' And he explained: 'We can't touch Traill unless we touch his emotions.'

(Traill was a man of emotions.) 'If we kill you he will surely pay up for the funeral expenses. He ought to make it five pounds at least. We will try it. You wait here.' And I waited.

"Grey went off. He went into Traill's office at *The Bulletin* with a face of gloom and a dishevelled tie; speechless. Traill was ready with upbraiding, but Grey's attitude took him aback. There was no appeal. No request of the kind he expected. Grey stood in silence, and something that appeared to be a sob heaved his chest. Presently Traill looked up, and scented something unusual.

"'What 's the matter?' says he. (A sob from Grey.) 'What *is* the matter, man?' says Traill. (Another sob from Grey.) 'Confound you! What is the matter with you? What are you standing there for?' says Traill.

"'Oh! poor Daley!' says Grey, 'poor, poor, poor Daley!'

"'Daley?' says Traill. 'What about him?'

"'He 's dead,' says Grey, with an eruption of sobs.

"'Dead!' says Traill, 'Good God! You don't say so? How did it happen?'

"'I—I don't know exactly,' says Grey. 'Something mysterious—very sudden—very fatal. I don't know what to do; it has broken me all up. I want you to come out and see him.'

"'I can't go now,' says Traill, 'but I will come later. Dear me! Daley dead—I am very sorry—very very sorry!'

"'Yes,' says Grey, 'he was a good fellow, good fellow. (Sobs.) I don't know what we will do. I

shall have to make arrangements with the undertaker. There is no money. I suppose I can manage it.'

"'Oh!' says Traill, 'you had better get some downstairs. Here, I will give you a note. How much do you think you will want?'

"'Well,' says Grey, 'perhaps five pounds would do. Only a cheap funeral, no luxury. Daley never liked luxury—he hated display.'

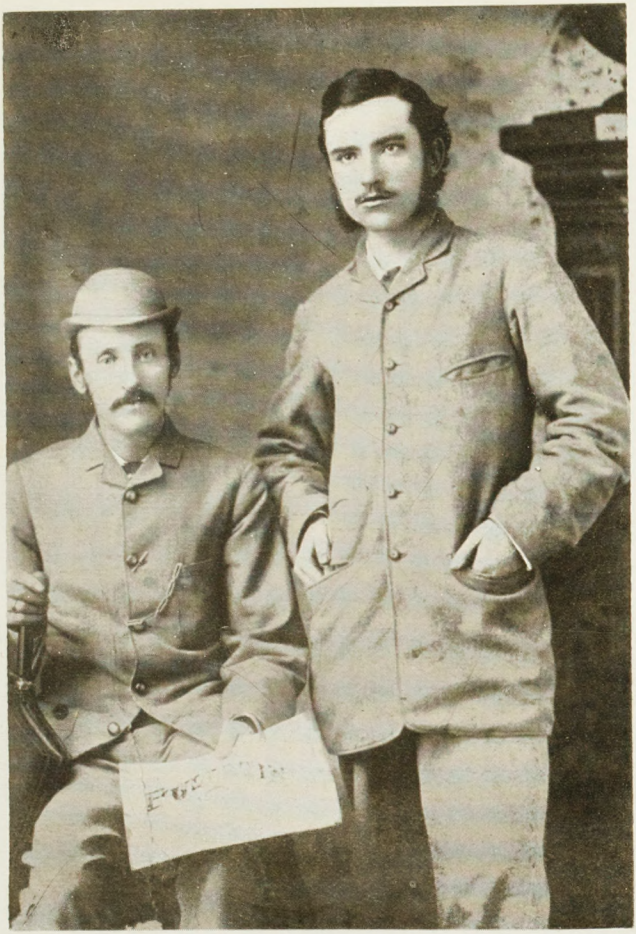
"'Certainly,' says Traill, 'here you are!' And Grey went downstairs with the precious order. While he was downstairs I came up. Unfortunately, I had forgotten my part. As I sat waiting in the little public-house it had been borne in upon me that Grey and I had a very fine scheme, and that there was a death in it, but the more I thought about it in Grey's absence, the more I believed that it was Grey who was to die, and I who was to raise the wind to bury him. Presently I became convinced. It really was so. So I went round with the memory of a rehearsed part strong upon me, and staggered into Traill's office with all the outward and visible signs of grief.

"Poor Grey, poor Grey," says I.

"'Good God!' says Traill, 'it's Daley! Why, man, Grey said you were dead!'

"'No, no,' I said, 'it's Grey that's dead. Poor Grey! Poor Grey! He died very suddenly—very suddenly last night. Do you think you can give me some money for the funeral? None at all in the house. About five pounds would do. Poor, poor Grey!'

"Then Traill smelt a rat, and followed the scent until he had found out the plot. We never got the



THEODORE ARGLES ("HAROLD GREY") AND VICTOR DALEY.

From a photograph taken in Sydney about 1884.

five pounds. But when Traill recovered himself he thought it was such a good story that we were taken into favour again, and things went on swimmingly."

"*Yes!*" says James, "and *where* have you swum to? Where have you *sunk* to? You ought to be *ashamed* of yourself wasting your time here. Do you *never* think of your responsibilities? No, you *never* do and you never *will!*"

But Victor takes no notice, his eyes are fixed on the vista of the bar. "What a low, degraded place this is! No fine emotions can come to elevate drinkers here. That 's why they fall prone. Just listen to those men over there. What are they talking about? Pony racing! Now supposing the landlord introduced my invention of the musical beer-pump; what a difference it would make. Look at *that* beer-pump. It moves with an inglorious swish. Why not have a musical box to be set in motion by pulling the handle? At present energy is going to waste. Both the customer and the publican would profit. Think how the moral tone of a bar-room might be raised with selections from *The Messiah*. Think what a spirit of innocent fun would be disseminated by 'The Night before Larry was Stretched.' Then you could arrange the music to go only half-way through the tune at one pull, so that the customer would have to invest another threepence to get the remainder. I tell you it 's a great idea."

And James stands sombre and stern. Victor's friends are laughing, enjoying themselves heartily. James never enjoys himself. With James the funeral is always to-day.

"A fine reek this whisky has!" says Victor; "the true peat-reek! Can you smell it? The faculty of smell is most useful as one goes through life. I wonder if ants have a strong sense of smell. I remember living in a house at Manly that was infested by ants. One morning I put a barricade of sugar across their track from the nest, and sprinkled rum on the sugar—not too much rum. The demoralisation of those ants was complete. Most of them stayed at the rum bar and entirely forgot about their duties. Intoxication had a curious effect on them, it bloated them to twice the normal size.

"It was remarkable to note the difference in the behaviour of individual ants under the influence of rum and sugar. Some drank steadily away till they had their load, then they rolled unsteadily back to the nest, moving with great caution, and doing their utmost to look sober and respectable. Others only needed three or four grains of rum-soaked sugar to make them fight all over the bar. Some ants were saturnine and drank by themselves. Others, by the way they reared on their hind legs and moved their forefeet, seemed to be delivering political addresses to the electors of East Sydney.

"The most interesting kind of ant was the ant with a Conscience—the ant who knew he had been sent out of the nest to do a good day's work, and who felt his position keenly when it came to afternoon, and he had nothing done. You could see him leave his mates at the rum bar, and walk in the direction of home, reflecting. Then he would suddenly spy a sober, industrious ant, making haste to the nest with a

grain of sugar which the rum had not touched. A great inspiration would seize the conscientious ant. He would rush upon the other, and being strong in liquor he would tumble his industrious comrade over and over in the dust, grab the grain of sugar, and march back triumphantly to the nest all glowing with virtue. It was a fine moral sight."

"*Yes*," says James, drawing closer, "and did *you* never think to take a lesson from the ants?"

"Oh! go to Jericho!" says Victor. "Get out of this!"—and James retires perforce. There is no holding Victor at present. His eyes are bright, his voice is sonorous. He looks like the god he feels.

Somebody says, "I see one of the English magazines has been printing a triolet of yours, Victor. Haddon Chambers gave it to the editor—said he remembered it ever since its first appearance in 1883. Do you recollect it?"

"Glory calls me—I must go!"
Said the lover to his lady;
Noble words were these I trow,
"Glory calls me—I must go!"
Back he came: another beau
Toying with her tresses shady . . .
"Glory calls me—I must go!"
Said the lover to his lady.

"Oh!" says Victor. "Yes, there were two or three others printed at the same time—and forgotten long ago, as they deserved to be. I was doing better work then."

"Tell us some, Victor."

"Well—let me see—I remember writing a little thing—I called it "At Eve."

"In pomp of purple
The sun goes down,
He hangs red over
The tall-spired town,
Like a great ruby
On a king's crown.

"Bend down and kiss me
Green boughs above!
I am riding sunward,
Onward and onward
To love! To love!

"Yet does it seem,
In some strange, sad wise
That with open eyes—
Eyes open and wide—
I ride, and ride,
To the end of a dream."

The afternoon wears on. One and another goes, and Victor goes. At this corner he is left by a friend with an engagement. At the next corner a friend remembers he has to make a purchase. Presently, Victor finds himself alone—alone, but for James. Victor is beginning to feel a little tired now. He has been the life and soul of the company; he has given himself generously, and now the reaction has come. He walks moodily along. James approaches him unrebuffed. Victor is too tired to shake him off. It is James's turn now.

"*Yes*," says James, a fine fellow *you* are, aren't you? *You* are a nice, manly character. *You* and your little bits of poems, spreading your little tail like a peacock! How much of your money is left now? *Eh-h-h?* What about all those nice things you promised to do. Have you done them? What about the leg of mutton

you promised to bring home? Where is it? And you call yourself a *man!* Bah!"

Victor plods gloomily along. He has no heart to reply. He is a cast-down, beaten, dejected creature.

James is glad, triumphant. He stabs and stabs. Every little taunt that he can think of is flung at the shrinking Victor, mute, bowed, helpless beneath his insults. And the two go along together—Victor, the boon companion, James the cynically wise—go wearily along together, opposites joined in one flesh until the end.

III.

DALEY was Irish; but which Irish? There are so many. "That it is possible to identify a race by their personal appearance and dispositions," I, with the learned MacFirbis, "do not take it upon myself positively to say; though it may have been true in the ancient times, until the race became repeatedly intermixed." Yet some Irish approximate more closely to the Milesian type than others; and Daley was one of the others, a hybrid. When we talked of the matter, he guessed that, with whatever Milesian admixture, he had an ancestry of black-haired Firbolgs. Such a distinction is not altogether fanciful. That curious want of homogeneity in the Irish character, which makes many individuals seem to onlookers (and even to themselves) a bundle of opposites, may be traced more than plausibly to the imperfect admixture of antagonistic races.

Yet Daley was not all Irish: "My mother was a Morrison, of Scotch descent." Perhaps to her may be imputed the prudence and circumspection that warred with his impulsiveness. Said a man who had known him long and intimately: "You think Daley is frank, warm-hearted, and careless? Would it surprise you to know that he is cold, calculating, cynical?" I owned it would—if it were so. But it was not so. Daley was not reckless, he was cautious: he held

himself in reserve beneath his cordial manner ; but he could not long follow a calculated plan of conduct. He was essentially what he seemed, though parts of him lagged behind the rest. He was cold-blooded, warm-brained ; and every day he had to raise his temperature to the height of his temperament. Of this curious duality he was well aware. But, because of it, to represent him as consistently calculating and cynical : that is unjust. The responsible Morrison may have calculated at breakfast-time, yet long before tea-time the irresponsible Daley had scattered calculation to the winds. They were uneasy bedfellows, and sometimes the Scotchman had the biggest share of the bed : but it was n't long before the Irishman kicked him out. Always he came back again, and so the strife went on.

The contending forces were so equal that Daley was an uncommonly sane man, an uncommonly well-balanced man, if you took the average of his twenty-four hours. At any hour in the twenty-four one arm of the balance might be kicking the beam ; but the characteristic balance persisted, and the weights always came even. That quality of balance was one of Daley's social charms : he was sensible. Hotter-blooded, he would have written better poetry ; colder-headed, he would have made his talent more profitable commercially ;—being the amalgam he was, he did what he could, and his outlook on life was equable and healthy. Outlook is not conduct ; yet, judged by years and not by moments, Daley's conduct of life was equable and healthy too—for him. With all drawbacks, the world went well with him : he was

loath to leave it. To meditate a fancy, to rhyme it, to saunter down town and be paid for it, to meet boon companions, and presently to saunter home: it was a daily round not without compensations for its distresses. He lived the broad life, not the narrow one; and if his feet wandered, his head was in the stars.

It belonged to his paradoxical character that Daley should be both Bohemian and respectable. His was not the smug Respectability that is a capital crime; yet he was "respectable." He had an instinct for conventional decency, and abode by conventional canons. He shrank from evil language, from gross stories, from violence of any kind—physically shrank and felt a physical nausea when the offence was serious. Yet often he risked such offence; for he hated solitude, was eminently sociable, and when he could not be sociable with somebody he was sociable with everybody. Dull souls sought him eagerly for diversion: part of his business in life was to exchange things spiritual for things material or spiritual; but he did not invariably admire his cohort of admirers.

He was n't religious. He was Irish and formally Catholic; but he never went to church, never dreamed of going to confession. With priests he talked gaily, as with ordinary mortals: and they answered him in the same coin. One or two "made desperate attempts to convert me," he related; "it seemed sad to see a son of Holy Church outside the fold." Such attempts made no impression on him; he adhered to his non-belief that did not go as far as unbelief. "But you 'll die in the faith," I told him. "No, I won't," he said: "I 'll bet you anything you like." "Well," said I,

"we 'll see." And we saw him die in the faith, with all the unctions and solemnities. That he died non-believing I have no shadow of doubt; but I have no doubt he said to himself, "What does it matter, anyway? It 'll please all these good people, and it won't hurt me. What 's the use of making a fuss?" That would be Daley precisely. The alternative is to suppose that in the weakness of the end his mind's strength failed him; and if that were so—well, it is by his strength and not by his weakness that he should be judged. In this matter, of course, he stood aside from the Irish tradition: he stood aside, also, in his attitude to Ireland as "the disthressful country." In Irish music, art, literature, and in the romance of Irish history, he took warm interest; but he was little moved by Irish politics and the tale of Irish wrongs. His heart and mind never turned back longingly to "the ould sod": he preferred Australia. Thus he was an Irishman aloof: not alien, but aloof. His birth and early training had given him Irish instincts, occasionally manifest; but his mind did not move in the familiar Irish field, and about Irish religion and Irish patriotism he rarely bothered his head.

It was a pleasure to see him with ladies: he took such pleasure with them, was so flattering and flowery. Some of them purred under his tongue like pussycats. Even at the last, when he thanked for their kindness the nuns who had visited him—and was told to thank "not us, but the Grace of God"—he flashed out: "And are n't *you* the Grace of God?" Was n't it pretty? Yet his admiration was all according to Plato; and he told me, "I 'd sooner talk to a

man than a woman any day. Ten minutes exhausts them." He was indeed curiously virginal: the heroines of his idyls were pure abstractions, with bodily attributes only as far as necessary for the decoration of verse. Like others, he had fair correspondents now and again—lured like moths to the light of his poetry. He answered them according to their kind, kindly: he felt kindly, but he did n't feel warmly. Chiefly the sex appealed to him as a collection of beautiful natural objects—or subjects of art.

Daley reminded me of Tom Moore—a writer he had read in his youth and scarcely ever mentioned in his age. Both lacked the great passion of great poets; both decorated rare fancies with rare verses; both had a gay satirical vein; both were "the hoighth of company." I think they are a good match, though Daley had a poorer ear and wrote in pictures; Moore wrote more musically, less brilliantly. Both were popular, and careful of their popularity. Moore was more fortunate; he got a pension; but I do not know that he was more fortunate in living longer, and in dying by years and inches with a decaying brain. Daley lived till the last: his strong nervous organisation upheld him when his body otherwise had failed. And tuberculosis did not take him as it has taken others, with a rending and tearing of the lungs into fragments. He died gently, as he had lived.

Daley was Irish and un-Irish: his sense of humour was n't Irish: it extended to himself. In that way he was comforting. When people praised his wonderful poetry he spoke of "my little verses," and meant what he said. "I know precisely where

I stand," he told me often. And he wrote: "I have tried to make a pleasant garden of dreams." I should n't call him witty in the sense that Sheridan was witty: the man who said "when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones, that it was unconstitutional, as they were a race that could not meet to remonstrate." The hard lustre of that saying, I think, was not in Daley. He had a light wit, bright, but not the keenest. His humour was characteristic, softer and shining: it played always in him and around him. His good stories, as he told them, were very good; and he liked telling them, was jealous of his limelight, desired the centre of the stage and to be the central figure of his company. In my experience he was: he deserved his social honours fully.

Physically Daley was of the middle height, with a large head set upon somewhat heavy shoulders. His face showed his mixed ancestry: the brow broad; the eyes large, soft, and dark in colour; the nose strong, the mouth and chin weak. His hair and beard were brown, between black and ruddy. Colour counted for as much in his physiognomy as in his poetry; and the plaster bust modelled by N. Illingworth meets one strangely, so pronounced is the loss.

He married before he was thirty: his widow and four children survive him.

IV.

CONSIDERED in their full extent, Victor Daley's verses represent a substantial Australian poetical performance. In essential poetry, in Australian character, and in some of the components of technical quality he has been surpassed often; yet no other in this country has written so agreeably during so long a period. With many rills he made a river, and his attraction was felt none the less because exerted little by little, from time to time.

The chief poetical qualities of Daley's verse are fluency of fancy, colour of phrase, and charm of allusion. His sense of the values of words was not good; often he fails in melody; he lacked high imagination, and was deficient in passion. His work is based rather on vision than on feeling; his decorative mind illuminates his theme as Columba might have illuminated a missal, and sometimes the ornament is excessive. Many writers are reflected in his verse: his fabric of hereditary fancy is shot with rich threads borrowed from many a shuttle. For the greater part an original writer, he is yet not creatively original: his fresh current flows between the time-worn banks.

It is a current tinctured with a tribal melancholy—with the tears of "old, unhappy, far-off things and loves of long ago." Daley had the failing pulse of a fading race, and paints his dream of joy upon a canvas

of regret. Touch after shining touch he adds, image after image, until one may forget the artifice in emotion. His means are almost wholly pictorial, yet frequently his effect is poetry. His dexterity, and the persistence of his dexterity, were remarkable. In 1900 he was writing as gracefully as in 1885, and with a fancy more profuse; his art was greater, his life was scarcely less. His serious work during twenty-five years, never rising to the highest, rarely falls below his own height. He was artificer rather than artist, but he was no mere artisan. Almost always there is a gentle ebullition, a play of phrase or a flight of fancy, to differentiate his work from journal-verse, to make it pleasant in reading and in memory.

Daley has been pictured as he seemed in later years: there are many living who remember him in his youthful heyday. Bright, volatile, and careless, no cloud marred his sunny temper; no taint of bitterness lurked in the honey of his tongue. Then he was all Irish and unworldly, with an Irishman's romantic enthusiasm and a true Irishman's love of letters. Quick-witted, eager, impressionable, he took his colour from his time, and adapted easily the language and sentiments gathered in many a flowery field. In his English years he had read verse in a desultory way; and, possibly because they lay to hand in "drawing-room editions," he had given especial attention to Moore and Rogers, Scott and Byron. His bent toward narrative and descriptive verse was aided by Moore and Rogers especially. The last-named is so little read nowadays that it is interesting to compare Daley's mental attitude in *At Dawn and*

Dusk with Rogers' in "The Pleasures of Memory" and "Human Life." Each has "the back look, lingering, for old love's sake." In Rogers' time a poet was prized partly for his skill in depicting natural phenomena, and Daley's early verse follows Moore * and Rogers in reliance upon splendid sunsets. But his form was modelled upon T. B. Aldrich † and G. G. McCrae; and in Joaquin Miller's *Songs of the Sunlands* ‡ he found the inspiration of many years. A little later he was imitating Swinburne and Heine, and here and there one notices a light of phrase or idea that has been caught from others. But it is to those named, and chiefly in his earlier work, that Daley is indebted. As his mind matured, he became more and more independent, and in his later years his best work was accomplished.

The theme of lost love, so often repeated in Daley's verses, owed little to

> . . . the trim-set petticoat
> We left behind in Devon.

It was a theme naturally acceptable to a dreamer; but according to Daley's own statement it was deliberately adopted when first he found his verse made welcome, and when his young ambition looked forward to a high poetic career. He had been impressed by

* Compare with Daley's use of similar images Moore's "Lines to Mrs. Norton":

> Now in his Palace of the West,
> Sinking to slumber, the Bright Day,
> Like a tir'd monarch fanned to rest,
> 'Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
> While round his couch's golden rim
> The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept . . .

† *Poems;* Boston, 1882. ‡ *Poetical Works;* London, 1878.

Poe's essay on "The Philosophy of Composition," with its insistence on the efficacy of tragic emotion, and its argument for the uses of lost love and the shibboleth of "Nevermore."* Then, in his plastic twenties, he read McCrae's "A Rosebud from the Garden of the Taj" in *The Melbourne Review*, 1883, and conceived the idea of building a mausoleum of verse in which an imaginary lost mistress should be enshrined, and which, like Shah Jehan's monument of marble, should lift itself gradually into the skies of beauty. The poetic validity and utility of this idea are evident, and Daley held it in view all his life—though in later years, perhaps, rather as a habit than as a plan.

McCrae's poem was written in the pictorial manner to which Daley had become accustomed; and Daley employed a like stanza frequently,—adding his own individuality to McCrae's method, and carrying McCrae's ornamentation to a higher pitch. So we find him in "A Sunset Fantasy," "The Old Wife and The New," "Blanchelys," "Romance," and other pieces that may be accounted among his most effective. The similarity between McCrae's mood

* Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones . . . I asked myself—"of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" . . . the answer here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty;* the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover."—E. A. Poe, "The Philosophy of Composition."

and Daley's becomes apparent in reading stanzas like these by the former :

I dream—the sum of life is dreams—*
  But how one dreams I never know,
Unless in sleep—my musing seems
  To crystallize in flowers, like snow. . .

Oh ! glamoured soul ! I lay and dreamed—
  Grand panoramas rolling past—
Of turban'd hosts, whose sabres gleamed,
  Whose clarions poured a warlike blast.

I saw the haughty Genghiz-Khan
  Pavilioned round with purple silk,
O'er which the fire of jewels ran—
  I saw his charger white as milk,

His Tartar guards, with glancing spears,
  And steel caps glittering in the sun ;
His chiefs, astrologers and seers,
  And all the glories he had won.

Next, Tamerlane the Mighty, who,
  A stern-browed, pale, imperial ghost,
Limped slowly past through mists of blue—
  A scourge, a terror, and a boast !

And Sultan Babur all ablaze
  With mingled fire of gold and gems,
Whose stolen suns of burning rays
  Were snatched from fallen diadems.†

These and other of McCrae's verses are so much in Daley's manner that if they were printed with Daley's work one would accept them without question.

Daley's debts throughout *At Dawn and Dusk* are usually debts of thought or attitude rather than of

* I dreamt—my life is all a dream !—
At Dawn and Dusk, p. 125.

† "A Rosebud from the Garden of the Taj."
The Melbourne Review, April, 1883.

phrase. Compare, for example, Moore's lines in "Alciphron":

> While, with that light, as if the same
> Rich source gave birth to both—there came
> A swell of harmony, as grand
> As e'er was born of voice and hand,
> Filling the gorgeous aisles around
> With luxury of light and sound. . .
>
> I saw—not Psyche's self, when first
> Upon the threshold of the skies
> She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
> Newly upon her downcast eyes—

with Daley's lines at p. 88 of *At Dawn and Dusk:*

> Lo! how he sweeps, the splendid sun,
> His burning lyre of many lights. . .
>
> It shines as shone thy gentle soul,
> O my most sweet, when from the goal
> Of life, far-gazing, thou didst see—
> While Death still feared to touch thine eyes . . .
> The pearly gates of Paradise!

With a head full of other people's ideas and language, Daley imitated unconsciously. The title of his book comes from A. L. Gordon's "A Basket of Flowers: From Dawn to Dusk" in *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes;* and one must believe that Heine's prefatory lines to the *Buch der Lieder* ("Dream-Pictures" in Theodore Martin's translation) were with him when he penned "Dreams"—the lines prefatory to *At Dawn and Dusk.* A line like

> My dreams have paled and faded long ago,

in Martin's version would supply Daley's motive; and here and there he could adapt a phrase as in the line

> And songs and sonnets carven in fine gold;

which may be compared with

> . . . words more golden than fine gold
> To carven shapes more glorious than of old—

from Swinburne's "Memorial Verses for Théophile Gautier."

So Daley's "Love Laurel," in memory of Henry Kendall, adapts rather stiffly Swinburne's "Ave Atque Vale" for Charles Baudelaire—adding a close similar to that of G. G. McCrae's verses "In Memoriam, Henry Kendall," printed in *The Melbourne Review* for October, 1882:

> 'T is meet, methinks, to lay him here,
> Beside the "many-sounding sea,"
> Where every moving breath of air,
> In solemn accents, pure and rare,
> Repeats his melody.
>
> . . . . . so this wreath
> Though poor and pale, I reverent lay—
> *My* offering on his tomb.*

Daley's conscious imitation of Swinburne here impeded his natural expression, with the result that McCrae's verses, less deliberate and more deeply felt, are poetically superior.

An interesting adaptation is "Sixty to Sixteen"—with the idea taken from Aldrich's "Pepita":

> And yet I have my fears,
> If this had been long ago,
> I might . . . well, I do not know . . .
> She with her sixteen years !—

* And from his soul, as sword from out its sheath,
Song shall leap forth where now, O silent master,
On thy lone grave beside the sounding sea,
I lay this laurel-wreath.

At Dawn and Dusk, p. 16.

the method of opposition borrowed from Swinburne's "A Match," *e.g.:*

> If you were April's lady,
> And I were lord in May,—

and the stanza indebted to George Eliot's

> Sweet evenings come and go, love,
> They came and went of yore! . . .

"A Sunset Fantasy" shows traces of Rogers' "The Voyage of Columbus," which has lines like

> . . . 'Twas the hour of day,
> When setting suns o'er summer seas display
> A path of glory, opening in the west
> To golden climes, and islands of the blest . . .

To a memory of this Daley owes the stanza,

> His wake across the ocean-floor
> In a long glory lies,
> Like a gold wave-way to the shore
> Of some sea paradise.

Daley's stanza,

> Gray eyes look into mine; such eyes
> I think the angels' are—
> Soft as the soft light in the skies
> When shines the morning star—

may be compared with Miller's lines in "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde":

> My eyes looked full into her eyes—
> Into her soul so true and tried,
> I thought myself in paradise,
> And wonder'd when she too had died.

In the next stanza:

> And tremulous as morn, when thin
> Gold lights begin to glow,
> Revealing the bright soul within,
> As dawn the sun below—

Daley returns to Rogers in "Human Life":

> The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
> And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
> Not undelighted watch the morning ray
> Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
> And burns and blazes into glorious day;
> But happier still is he who bends to trace
> The sun, the soul, just dawning in the face. . .

Anyone who reads Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras" attentively will find that Daley has absorbed thoroughly Miller's language and messages. Both Daley and Miller had decorative minds in love with colour, and naturally expressing themselves pictorially; but Miller had by far the greater force and passion, and he pours out a torrent of rich images which Daley, with finer art, adapts to his own more limited and measured song. To Miller's "Mrs. Frank Leslie," "Dyspeptic," "Vale! America," and "In a Gondola," may be compared lines and ideas in Daley's "Even So," "Years Ago," and elsewhere. The description of the waiting maiden in "The Two Keys" is indebted to Miller's "The Sea of Fire." When Miller wrote in "The Ship in the Desert":

> On, on the black men slowly drew
> Their length like some great serpent through
> The sands . . .
> How like the dead march of the dead!—

Daley remembered and intensified the simile in "Unto this Last":

> And then the dark procession wound along,
> Like a black serpent with a snow-white bird
> Held in its fangs—

a simile too clever, too startling, to be poetically good.

The piece entitled "Fragments," in *At Dawn and Dusk*, was a deliberate attempt to write a long descriptive piece in the style of Miller's "Joaquin Murietta"; and Miller himself, Moore, and Rogers, are used for inspiration—probably unconsciously, since Daley has infused so much of himself into this piece that after twenty years it may be counted among his best.

In all these adaptations it is not suggested that Daley did more than take a later poet's privilege of absorbing and extending his predecessors' work in his own way, though necessarily such a large debt detracts from Daley's original value. Only in one instance, apparently, did he pass what may be considered a legitimate boundary—in his repetition in "Passion Flower" of Miller's exultant lines in "The Sea of Fire." Miller wrote:

> O man, be glad! be grandly glad,
> And king-like walk thy ways of death!
> For more than years of bliss you had
> That one brief time you breathed her breath,
> Yea, more than years upon a throne
> That one brief time you held her fast,
> Soul surged to soul, vehement, vast,—
> True breast to breast, and all your own.
>
> Live me one day, one narrow night,
> One second of supreme delight
> Like that, and I will blow like chaff
> The hollow years aside, and laugh
> A loud triumphant laugh, and I,
> King-like and crowned, will gladly die.

Daley's lines run:

> Choose who will the wiser part—
> I have held her heart to heart;

And have felt her heart-strings stirred,
And her soul's still singing heard

For one golden-haloed hour
Of Love's life the passion-flower.

So the world may roll or rest—
I have tasted of its best ;

And shall laugh while I have breath
At thy dart and thee, O Death !

Here the original value is entirely Miller's, and Daley's lines are a paraphrase in a finer, tamer form.

At Dawn and Dusk was published nearly eight years ago ; and in the last seven years of Daley's life he wrote much verse in which his own individuality is more manifest, and in which his undercurrent of memories rarely appears above the surface of his writing. *At Dawn and Dusk*, too, suffers from the inclusion of many pieces (including some almost worthless) that need not have been reprinted ; and when a new collection is made, one's present estimate of Daley's talent, based largely on uncollected work, will have more apparent justification.

Blanchelys

With little hands {~~afore~~ all filled with bloom,
The rose-tree wakes from its long trance;
And from my heart, as from a tomb,
Steals forth the ghost of dead Romance.

Victor J. Daley

Reproduced from MS. by Victor Daley.

V.

DALEY'S poetic heat was a fire of straw, lit easily, flaring and dying quickly: his poetic flights were numerous, spasmodic, and brief. His brain scintillated with fancies; yet when he had captured a spark and blown it to flame in a verse or two, his first impulse was exhausted, and the rest was facile filling or "hard pounding." Nevertheless, as Henley said for Burns, "a lyrical idea—by which I mean a rhythm, a burden, and a drift—once found, the song writes itself. It writes itself easily or with difficulty, it writes itself well or ill; but in the end it writes itself." And when Daley had his first stanza down, and saw his last stanza, the middle of his shorter pieces gave him no trouble.

To people who did not know his methods, his facility of composition—which was indeed remarkable—seemed marvellous. Another writer of good verses, Von Kotze, stood amazed to watch Daley composing "poetry while you wait" on *The Bulletin* counter. "When *I* write a poem," complained Von Kotze enviously, "I lie on a sofa for three days with the pains of a woman in childbed, and when I get up I am as weak as the baby." But Daley's idea had been in his head for days, perhaps for weeks; the two or three vital stanzas had been polished with pains earlier in the morning; and the remainder had been meditated and shaped as Daley travelled to the

city. Longer pieces represented a longer labour, a labour intermitted and recommenced; but once Daley had his keynote, the continuance of a narrative or the multiplication of metaphors represented only so many hours spent in adjusting epithets and rhymes.

When he was not hurried, Daley wrote a neat, regular, legible hand; and *The Bulletin's* editor used to say that one could judge the quality of the work from the quality of the handwriting. "Night" was clearly and beautifully written:

> If I must leave at last my place of birth—
> This homely, gracious, green, familiar Earth,
>
> With all it holds of sorrow and delight—
> I pray my parting-hour may be at night,
>
> And that her curtain dark may softly fall
> On scenes I love, ere I depart from all.
>
> Then shall I haply, journeying through the Vast
> Mysterious Silences, take one long, last
>
> Fond look at Earth, and watch from depths afar
> The dear old planet dwindling to a star;
>
> And sigh farewell unto the friends of yore,
> Whose kindly faces I shall see no more.

There is a greater emotional content in that piece than in most others, where Daley's message seems to lie just beneath the surface of his words, as if he had not the force to utter his meaning fully. "The Old Wife and the New" has a similar quality:

> She helped him make a little home—
> Where once were gum-trees gaunt and stark,
> And bloodwoods waved green-feathered foam—
> Working from dawn of day till dark,

Till that dark forest formed a frame
For vineyards that the gods might bless,
And what was savage once became
An Eden in the wilderness. . .

Then children came—ah me ! ah me !
Sad blessings that a mother craves !
That old man from his seat could see
The shadows playing o'er their graves.

And then she closed her eyes at last ;
Her gentle, useful, peaceful life
Was over—garnered with the past :
God rest thee gently, Good Old Wife !

* * * * *

His young wife has a rosy face,
And laughs, with reddest lips apart,
But cannot fill the empty place
Within that old man's lonely heart. . .

For though she sings, or though she sighs,
He sees her not—he sees instead
A gray-haired Shade with gentle eyes—
The good old wife, long dead, long dead.

He sits beneath the curling vines,
Through which the merry sunrays dart,
His forehead seamed with sorrow's lines,
An old man with a broken heart.

It was rarely that Daley wrote thus seriously : he walked and dreamed without touching reality : the simplest things supplied his wants, and a trifle exhilarated his spirit. "If I stopped to think——!" he said. But he seldom stopped. The verses entitled "Father" must not be taken as representative : they should be read with those other verses called "The Artist-Soul." Daley's case was not so bitter as upon a day it might appear. The wolf that couched near his door did not often find admittance.

If the grim beast growled, he hastened to write something that would appease it: otherwise he might have written little. He was rather spectator than actor in life, and it is partly his ironic aloofness that gives his verses their occasional air of artificiality. The lighter rhymes, published usually over the signature "Creeve Roe," were more spontaneously and sincerely written. "A Psalm of Labour" ripples gaily in the manner of Thackeray's "Peg of Limavaddy":

Riding into Town,
In the morning early,
Gazing blithely down
On the hurly-burly,
Throned upon a 'bus,
Big as a two-roomer,
Life is glorious—
When you catch its humour. . .

Here above the dust,
Sitting like a god, I,
With a gaze august,
All the passing squad eyé;
Mournful seems that squad;
I, uplifted, lonely,
Am indeed a god—
This size—twopence only. . .

In parenthesis
I may make the statement—
I was not for this
Sort of thing by Fate meant.
Sumptuously to shirk
Work was I intended,
Yet, you see, to work
I have condescended.

Lo, my country called—
Wonderful her nerve is!—

Me to be installed
In her Civil Service,
At the call I went,
Just as if for pleasure ;
Now the Government
Owns, indeed, a Treasure.

But by some weird plan,
I was placed, with sniggers,
Like a waxworks man,
'Midst a maze of figures !
Still, I did not let
Figures make me solemn—
See me pirouette
Up and down a column !

See me flout with ease
All their tricks—good Heavens !
Fives that looked like threes,
Nines disguised as sevens !
See me chase a nought—
Soon is it outwitted,
On my pen-point caught
Like a partridge spitted ! . . .

Take it now from me,
All you melancholy
Persons, sour to see,
Work is simply jolly—
So, for God's sake smile
On your toiling neighbour ;
In a little while
Done will be your Labour.

Here, as elsewhere, one may note the curious obsession of sibilants that afflicted Daley's pen. Whether due to a habit of thinking in plurals, or to some more obscure mental bias, it has a marked effect upon the inner harmony of his verse. The familiar "*S*un*s*et Fanta*s*y" commenced originally :

*S*pellbound by a *s*weet fanta*s*y
At evenglow I *s*tand
Be*s*ide a *s*trange *s*ardony*x* *s*ea
That ring*s* a *s*un*s*et land.

When the plethora of hisses was pointed out, Daley altered the third line to :

Beside an opaline strange sea

—which is less effective, despite the recurrence of *opaline* in the final stanza. But Daley, strutting exquisitely in a garden of enamelled roses, did not trouble himself about harmony. His art was to make a dream pictorial, to swathe vision in luxurious verbiage ; and with that he was usually content. Yet if he did not sing, he could lilt to a jolly tune. Does not "Sheelah" lift one's feet as she trips along ?

When Sheelah in the morning
  Comes down the way,
It needs no more adorning
  To make it gay ;
The stones upon the street,
Sure they kiss her feet.

She dresses all in green,
  And that 's no sin ;
And she wears like any Queen
  What she stands in.
If she had not a shawl—
Sure Sheelah 's under all. . .

Daley rarely wrote thus. His stronger bent is shown in reduplicating images, in building a rainbow of phrase to span his skies of fancy. "I love tropes," he said once ; and it was answered, "Yes, your fertility is tropic." For sometimes one follows his Muse through a rich growth of similes that darken the path, leaving an impression rather of embroidery than of poetry. Where the ornament is subdued, the work is usually better :

Upon the moonlit balcony
  We stand once more in silvered shade ;

The perfume of the red rose-tree
Floats upward like a serenade. . .

Your heart is trembling, like a dove
New-caught, within your breast—as though,
With struggling pinions, rosy Love
Were prisoned in a drift of snow.

* * * *

I had a dream of wringing hands,
And tear-wet eyes, and faces wan,
And heard a cry from all the lands—
"O, where have our Beloved gone?"

And here a fortunate measure, with a deliberate avoidance of sibilants and a deliberate use of long vowels, exhibits Daley at his best:

They say that fair Romance is dead, and in her cold grave lying low,
The green grass waving o'er her head, the mould upon her breasts of snow;
Her voice, they say, is dumb for aye, that once was clarion-clear and high—
But in their hearts, their frozen hearts, they know that bitterly they lie. . .

She still is here, the fair and dear, and walks the earth with noiseless feet;
Her eyes are deep, and dark, and clear, her scarlet mouth is honey-sweet;
A chaplet fair of roses rare and lordly laurel crowns her head;
Her path is over land and sea. She is not dead; she is not dead. . .

With slight variation of character and faculty Daley might have written for Australia as Heine (whom he greatly admired) wrote for Germany. This is almost exactly Heine in English:

The Sea is a Sultana
Imperious and fair;
A Queen of the Zenana
With heaving bosom bare.

The Sun, her Lord and Lover,
From his imperial height,
His golden throne above her,
Sends kisses of keen light.

What high dream is she dreaming,
The fair Sultana sea?
So bright she is in seeming;
Can she know tragedy?

She is the Queen of Magic,
Of changing smiles and sighs;
Yet in her heart-deeps tragic
The lost Atlantis lies.

But it is not Heine in German. Lacking the sincere feeling, the German simplicity, that are beneath Heine's Hebrew irony, Daley can seldom avoid a factitious touch that is fatal to the poetical impression of his verse. The lines above are seen clearly, phrased fancifully and tersely; but they do not disengage emotion. Daley applied to his own work a prophetic phrase: "shining shallows." Much of it seems mere poetic lip-service, a statement of outer aspects, a husk without a kernel, as if he could not feel deeply enough to write strongly. There was little heat in him, but his light streams brilliantly through coloured windows. In the domain of Poesy he is not a singing-bird, but a butterfly, flashing gorgeous wings in sunshine and shadow. Yet he wrote according to his taste and capacity, and the result is good. He composed hundreds of verses beautiful, or fanciful, or satiric, or ironic, or humorous, or tender; and, though he may not claim the loftiest honours of song, we may believe that a little of his work will be held in admiring memory.

SO you have reached the distant shore, my brother,
While many who set out with you abreast
Are still at sea, and hailing one another,
And battling for the harbour lights of Rest. . .

The gorgeous liner, gilt from keel to spanker,
The crazy lugger, rolling storm-distressed,
Are destined both to reach the port, and anchor
Beside the city of Eternal Rest. . .

Be fair the wind, or foul—what does it matter?
The worse the storm, the sooner ends the quest.
And though the waters roar and rave and chatter—
The port draws near. One thing is certain! Rest.

VON KOTZE.

H. T. Dunn & Co., Printers, Sydney.

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