

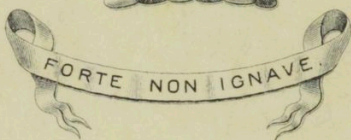


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Alfred Lee.

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N^o _____

AUSTRALIAN FACTS

AND

PROSPECTS:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE AUTHOR'S AUSTRALIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY

R. H. HORNE,

AUTHOR OF

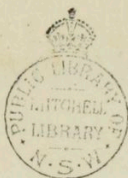
“ORION,” “THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER,” ETC.

Commander of the Gold Escort in Victoria (1852); Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Gold Fields (1853-4); Territorial Magistrate (1855); and at this time Commissioner of the Yan Yean Water Supply (1858-9).

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

M.DCCC.LIX.



TO THOSE,
AT HOME AND ABROAD,
WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE REAL CONDITION
AND
PROSPECTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES;
(AND, DEFERENTIALY,
TO THOSE WHO HAVE LONG STUDIED THE COMPLICATED FACTS;)
THESE PAGES
ARE INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.



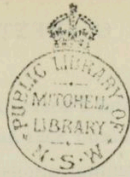
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers think it due to the Author of this work to state, that they have taken upon themselves the responsibility of placing Mr. Horne's very interesting *Australian Autobiography* at the commencement of the volume, instead of in the Appendix, where he had modestly introduced it. They trust that this arrangement will be approved by readers in Australia, as well as by those in England, inasmuch as the Author's personal experience of Australian life, and his opportunities of observation, become a guarantee for the correctness of his statements and the validity of his opinions on the subject of the Australian Colonies.

The only other change that has been made is the division of the work into chapters, for convenience of reference; in all other respects the work has been printed as the Author wrote it, with the exception of a few verbal alterations which were deemed expedient, and which do not affect the Author's meaning.

65, Cornhill, London,

October 6, 1859.



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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the wars—which, perhaps, are already shaking the earth on the other side of the globe—may only reach these colonies as dreadful echoes, and “rumours” of more general wars in which England will be involved, the same deep interest in the mother country, which was displayed here during her contests in the Crimea and in India, will assuredly be felt, should her armies be again compelled to take the field. Australia has no soldiers to send, but she has the “sinews of war.”

It need not, however, be concealed that, on the present occasion, Australia is by no means persuaded that the consequences will not extend to her shores. The blast of war will obviously reach her in matters of commerce and credit; and it may approach her in a far more damaging shape. Some pains have been taken in the course of these pages to point out the existence of extreme imprudencies in certain respects, and the necessity for immediate arrangements of a defensive kind. My principal object, however, has been to defend these colonies—not so much from the

sword, as from the pen; and not from harsh truths, but injurious fallacies.

On asking one of the principal booksellers of Melbourne how it was that his agent in London had not sent him any copies of Mr. Frank Fowler's *Southern Lights and Shadows*, he answered, "Because our London agents have standing instructions not to send out here any books on Australia, unless specially ordered. They may suit the markets for which they are written, but will not do for people who know the facts." I telegraphed to Sydney for a copy of the above, and received a similar answer. It will, of course, be understood that this embargo of the Australian booksellers does not apply to the few standard works on these colonies, but those of a very different character. I believe, however, that one of the very rare selling exceptions would have been the recent brochure of Mr. Fowler, not so much on account of his bright word-painting, as from the excitement of curiosity in the extremity to which he has carried his *escapades*.

Wishing to prevent mischief by taking advantage of an early mail, may entitle me to some slight indulgence for hasty shortcomings, though not to the extent of that claimed by Mr. Frank Fowler on more substantial grounds, since he informs us that his book was "written in his bunk during a three days' stiffish gale off the Falklands," amidst lurches "which threw ink-horn, paper, and writer upon the floor."

From such an introduction, one must naturally expect an off-hand, rollicking, and not-at-all-particular traveller's book; and this anticipation is enhanced, and much enlivened, when we find it is from the pen and pencil of one of the bright-eyed brigade of literary sharpshooters—I mean a London parliamentary reporter. But this first-class dashing style of his is certainly not well adapted to dealing with the deeply-complicated, extensive, and increasing interests of these colonies, “the most interesting and important,” to use his own words, “of all the British possessions, India itself not excepted.”

While alluding to that once “brightest jewel in her Britannic Majesty's crown,” it is especially important, at the present time, that the unadorned facts with regard to Australia should be fairly stated, when so many families preparing to leave India are making anxious inquiries of friends here as to what they are to believe amidst all the contradictory reports.

Southern Lights and Shadows contains many extraordinary statements which are true; many, equally extraordinary, which are *not* true; and some of the latter are sure to do mischief before any adequate correction reaches England and those other countries that will be affected by them. I hope, however, that my “warning voice” may not be raised in vain.

With regard to the able and comprehensive works of Mr. Westgarth and Mr. William Howitt, the bre-

vity of the present design will render it necessary to refer to them only on the subjects which are most immediately, as well as permanently, important; and, chief of all, the question of the LAND.

As for the gold-fields, I am aware that no interest now attaches to them beyond the fact of the continuous yield of gold, and its safe arrival in England and other countries. No descriptions, therefore, of any of those thriving localities will be given by me, and no reference made to them, except in the way of illustrating an argument or an opinion.

Touching the composition of these pages, the reader is requested to regard them, as far as he can, in the light of a long and careful letter, written in the familiar language of a far-off friend, and not as a systematic work. It will not be framed in strict divisions, because the country is in an unsettled transition state, and the shades of the most prominent objects, running into each other, are often inextricably mixed; neither will it contain any elaborate details or statistics, because the plan of these pages is that of broad facts and few figures. Meantime, the writer does not believe the Facts will prove dull, though some of the Prospects may be regarded as too ambitious.

R. H. H.



THE AUTHOR'S AUSTRALIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

So far was I from ever contemplating an Australian autobiography, or even any sketch of my colonial career, that from the day of my arrival I never made a single note of any kind with such a view. So strange a variety of events had intervened, many of them rapidly crowding upon each other, often effacing for a time from the memory a number of private as well as public experiences, that I had perfectly forgotten the month, and was not certain as to the year, when I landed on these shores. In sitting down to write this sketch, it seemed excessively absurd to be stopped by such a circumstance, as though one endeavoured to look back upon early life instead of a few fleeting years. By ascertaining, however, from a friend the date of the birth of his little daughter, and other collateral events of a very different kind, including certain mad pranks of lucky diggers in the streets, and my sale of a sheet-iron pump at a preposterous profit, I find that I arrived in Hobson's

Bay some time in the month of September, 1852. This very uninteresting fact, which is necessary to be stated, might have been discovered by a far more direct method, had it occurred at first. But what brought me here? Was it with a view to literature, science, art? Nothing of the kind. I did not come out as a philosopher, author, tourist, adventurous merchant, or speculator. I came out simply to dig for gold. Without being at all sanguine, some hopes were natural enough, and besides this, a change of occupation had become almost necessary to me, mentally as well as materially. In England I had been a director of the Mines Royal, C—— C——, during the previous fifteen or sixteen years, but the shares I held in that flourishing concern were only sufficient to qualify me as a director. I had, moreover, worked in the fields of literature some eighteen or twenty years; but having devoted myself more especially to poetry and the tragic drama, the usual results at length sickened me of hope; and not feeling sufficient impulse to industry in prose, the London fever of that day took advantage of one of the rarest moments of my habitual life—a moment of mental depression—and I suddenly rallied with a determination to sail for Australia.

Every implement and requisite for gold-mining known at the time being obtained, the idea of proposing to some half-dozen stalwart fellows at the copper-works just mentioned to accompany me, seemed a good thought. As they had been born and bred among these works, my hopes of their faithful adherence were founded very much on the spirit

of clanship. "Don't think of it," said Mr. Dickens, to whom I was about to unfold my combinate scheme. "All the clanship will evaporate at the sight of gold; and the miners will abandon you, to a man." The counsel was obviously sagacious, and away I sailed, with no weightier incumbrance than the iron and wooden implements already provided for my own use.

Nevertheless, the idea of forming a good strong "party" which would work in combination haunted me during the passage. Having fixed my eye upon the five most likely-looking men among the intermediate passengers, whose physiognomies no less than their physical power were satisfactory, I made the first suggestion to the one they appeared to consider as their head. In a day or two it became evident that the five had conferred together. A "deputation" of two then came to me one evening; we had a conversation, held in under-tones and cautious half-whispers (ludicrous to think of now) lest any of our shipmates should take advantage of our golden plans; and within a week, I was installed as leader of the party, and an agreement was drawn up, which we all signed. From this day we had continual evening conferences in an under-tone. They all treated me with great deference and respect; and this was obviously increased when they found that, besides all the usual mining tools and apparatus, I had on board a sheet-iron pump and a portable blacksmith's forge. The only point of difference between us was the objection of these stalwart men to Mr. R—— forming one of our party. They said he was too old for the

work ; but as I insisted upon his toughness, and that having known him some years, I could not leave him out if he wished to join us, they gave an unwilling consent. This one point of difference, however, was unexpectedly obliterated soon after by Mr. R—— and all his family completely “dropping” me, in order to devote their exclusive attention to a most accomplished swindler, who made himself extremely agreeable to us all during the voyage. Eventually, we arrived in Hobson’s Bay. My faithful substitutes for the clansmen I had once thought of were prodigal of their offers to assist in all difficulties of getting up my weighty materials from the hold and landing them safely, nearly all the sailors having absconded. Meantime it was determined that I only should first go ashore, ascertain how matters stood as to the best gold-fields, the best route, and any new circumstances that had transpired. Their confidence in me was implicit: they would await my return, and hold themselves ready for action in any way I might direct.

Never intending, when I left England, to remain in Melbourne, I had declined nearly all offers of letters of introduction. Several, however, had been sent to me, and I availed myself of the one addressed to Major Chisholm. To the kindness and candour of this gentleman, together with the accuracy of the information he gave me, I was indebted for the quiet shattering of those golden lottery-wheels, which so many of us had believed would lead to fortune, unconscious of the boggy quicksands that intervened, with the “slough of despond” as the probable termination of our la-

bours. I was not at all daunted by the assurance of the worthy Major that "it was not the sort of work for a gentleman;" but the uncertainty of the work, after all its labours, hardships, and ruinous expenses, staggered my plans and calculations. I determined, at any rate, that we must remain a week or two in Melbourne, and ascertain from those who had just returned from the gold-fields what would be our best course. I now hurried off to return on board our ship "with the news."

Making the best of my way down Elizabeth Street, whom should I suddenly meet but my five faithful clansmen, each with a short pipe in his mouth, and three of them rather drunk. The two respectably, sober clansmen began to speak, at the same moment, to the effect that they had all determined to come ashore, see how things were, and judge for themselves. Meanwhile the three less temperate gentlemen, pipe in mouth, placed themselves in different attitudes of unprovoked defiance, and presently all five were talking at the same time in an excited manner, the purport of which appeared to be the announcement that they had possessed themselves of all the information they required without my assistance, and they would now give me their instructions as to how they should act. As I looked from one to the other—each man gesticulating and speaking at the top of his voice, in order to be heard, or at least to be able to hear himself—the whole thing was so good that I fairly laughed in their faces. I turned this off upon something passing, but it was a delicacy quite unnecessary to the state of their feelings, as they really saw nothing beyond their

own excited noses, and heard nothing beyond the collective sound of their excited voices. As soon as I could obtain a moment's attention, I settled the matter in these words:—No arguments, no explanations. I had made up my mind not to rush away at once to the diggings. So we would tear up our agreement, shake hands, and part. The terms of our agreement left such a course open to either party. They were a little taken aback at this, in which odd-looking "fix" I left them.

By the introduction and recommendation of my friend the Major, I was permitted, as a favour, to enjoy the little backroom of a two-roomed hovel, in which a woman and her daughter resided. About eighteen-pence a week would have been paid in an English country town for such a place on the outskirts; but here, at this time, my rent was thirty shillings a week. My "look-out" was upon a narrow patch of yard all bestrown with shattered things: loose firewood, fragments of old furniture, boxes, trunks, and rags of clothes and bedding, with a mad conglomerate on one side emitting typhoid odours. Broken palings pretended to divide this yard from the yards on each side;—one of these was all mud and cesspool, the other all wretchedness and squalor; the only conspicuous objects being heaps of broken ginger-beer bottles and a dead monkey. The backyards of Melbourne at this period defy description in any such space as I can afford. This represented domestic civilization returning to chaos!

The two women were most insolent. Perceiving that their society was distasteful to me, they used

to set the door between the two rooms ajar, and talk *at* me in subtle tropes and allegories with colonial finesse. Some people wanted to set themselves up as a sort of superfine over other people, who knew how the cat leaps as well as they; but all such people would soon be brought to humble pie with all their seven senses in this kolny, and be d— to them. “You must do this—(must we?—ah!)—and you ought to do that—(ought we?—oh!)—but the like of such chaps’ll soon find out that here there’s *no* must or ought. Jack’s as good as his master.”

Having made up my mind not to dig for gold till I could “see my way” and find suitable companions, I disposed at once of my mining implements. Picks, shovels, cradles, carpenter’s and other tools, all disappeared in a trice, at fifty and a hundred per cent. profit on the cost price, and one of the tools (a screw-wrench) at three hundred per. cent. My cross-cut saw had been stolen, or that would have brought me something handsome. My cart, which cost 14*l.* in London, had a paper stuck upon the side one morning, “To be sold, price 50*l.*” In the course of a few hours a working-man, apparently not a miner, came and walked round it—saw that it was not brought out “to sell,” but a strong, well-made concern—out came his leather bag, and from it the amount specified. No base haggling, deprecating, cheapening, and pretending to go away; the price was paid without a word, and the man, placing the shaft-chain over his shoulders, bent forward to his work, and drew it after him in a “right *horsely*” style, as Chaucer would say. A sheet-iron pump,

however, was my greatest performance in this my first appearance in life as a salesman. It cost me 5*l.* in London, and it was sold for 25*l.* Being hollow, and not heavy, the freight and other expenses had not exceeded 2*l.* This was the only article sold concerning which I made a memorandum; but the one I had most calculated upon did not "go off" as many persons expected. This was my portable forge. I had been led to anticipate that by letting it out I should obtain at the rate of, 6*l.* a week; and, if on the gold-fields, very likely 400*l.* a year. But I preferred to sell outright, and not to "let," having a salutary fear that the lease might be indefinitely extended, and the lessee not easy to find on quarter-day.

At this stage of my transactions in steel and iron work, it came to my knowledge that the chairman of the directors of the Private Escort (at that time called, by a facetious flourish, "Dight's Light Horse") had made certain inquiries concerning me. Major Chisholm recommended me to look to this. He was aware that they had great difficulty in obtaining competent and reliable officers to command the troop, as it was very rough work, and the treasure in charge was costly. I immediately sought the auriferous chairman, and found him closeted with the leading director—the first a rich merchant, the second a rich gold-broker. My "examination for commander" was amusingly brief and characteristic of Victoria. The work was very rough; many knocked under by it. So I had heard. Was I a good horseman? As to that, I said, I had never yet been thrown; but

having already seen the performance of one of their buck-jumpers, I supposed I must look forward to the usual pleasures. This answer "passed" me on the question that seemed most important. Was it true that I had been educated at the Royal Military College in England, and that I had seen actual service in South America? It was true. When would I be ready to take command of a troop? Directly I had lodged my luggage in the house of a friend, and placed a valuable piece of iron-work (my forge) in safe custody. I at once received the appointment. Not a word as to what method I should adopt for the protection of the treasure through the lonely bush-tracks by day or by night, and not a word about giving security. I heard afterwards that my promptitude had given great satisfaction, a rival candidate of considerable military experience having replied that he would be ready to start with his troop as soon as he could get his uniform made. The directors knew what time that might take, and everything at this period had to be done with a rush. So away I started for Forest Creek and Bendigo, with my troop; my "uniform" consisting of a cavalry sabre, pistols in belt and in holsters, long mud-boots, an old frock-coat, and a broad-brimmed slouched beaver, with a black cloth Templar cap for night-work. The second officer and troop-sergeant were well dressed for bush-cavalry. Between myself and the troopers there rattled along three small, very strong gold-carts, with nothing in them excepting blankets, empty gold-boxes, provisions, a carpet-bag or two, and bags with oats for a few horse-feeds on emer-

gency, all of which articles were flung into the carts pell-mell. Each little cart had four horses, and a Yankee driver with a long whip, long pistols, and a long bowie-knife in his belt. These drivers wore long beards, with wild, coarse hair straggling from beneath their wide-awakes; and altogether presented an appearance grotesque and frightful enough, though it may only look melodramatic and absurd on paper. We started at a canter that made the Melbourne mud fly on all sides, and the pace became a gallop without my command, the leading files being out of hearing before the last gold-cart had started; and through mud, and slush, and stones, and swamps, the gallop continued, out of Melbourne, through Flemington, and across the Keilor plains.

We camped the first night in a plashy meadow called Aikin's Gap, where there was good grass-feed for the horses, which were all turned loose, half-a-dozen only being hobbled. We then made a blazing fire from a whole tree which had fallen, boiled our tea in saucepans, fried and grilled our steaks and chops, and then rolling ourselves up in our blankets, lay down upon the wet grass, with our boot-soles towards the fire, in a great circle about the red-gleaming trunk of the tree. A cloud of steam rose up from our wet clothes and enshrouded us. As we had no treasure in charge, I set no watch, except two men, who were to relieve each other in looking after the horses. A cold rain and a warbling magpie awoke me at daybreak. We all arose with benumbed limbs to breakfast, and about half-past six I got the troopers into their saddles,

and the Yankee drivers into their carts, and away we dashed through the bush. My troop-sergeant, who was a good bushman, led the way at full gallop, having previously assured me the drivers could cleverly follow. They did, indeed, though *clever* is a very inadequate word to express a style of driving four-in-hand—amidst trees and twists, over logs and gaps, and through broken tracks—that was reckless to all appearance, yet full of skill—daring, yet rife with experience—neck or nothing, yet without accident. True, they now and then barked one side of a tree, or came bang against a stump, but the tree resigned its coating, or they carried away the stump, always calculating correctly the strength of their wheels and the velocity of our progress. The speed, however, could not continue, as the condition of the *route*—for there were no roads at this period—rendered our advance sometimes a matter of great caution and difficulty, the mud being often so deep that the horses sank in it to the girths. We camped the second night on a grassy slope at the foot of Mount Macedon.

I shall give no description of the struggles of these early journeys to the diggings, as they have often been narrated, and are now considered almost fabulous. Mr. William Howitt, whose account was as accurate as it was graphic, has often been accused of exaggerations, and even here the “new chum” smiles in the conceit of his own understanding when he reads that gentleman’s story of the bullock that sank down out of sight in the highway or main street through Kilmore, and a horseman passing soon after,

had his horse staked upon the horns of the bullock. It is perfectly true, and occurred opposite the post-office. Kilmore did not lie in our present route, but as I subsequently passed through with the McIvor escort, I will take the opportunity of adding that the main "street" was, in fact, a huge canal of mud, with boulder-stones at the bottom, varying (to judge by the slips, and plunges, and instinctive apprehension and precautions of the horse) from the size of a boy's head to that of the smooth skull of a young elephant. This highway through Kilmore, including the slough on either side of the bridge, certain portions of the Black Forest, Pretty Sally's Hill, and Gleeson's *alias* Beveridge's swamp, leave indelible impressions on the memory of all who have ever had a "taste of their quality," and deserve to be chronicled in the archives of the government which, having attracted myriads of immigrants by an official report on the discoveries of gold-fields, made no effort to give them roads, and refused to sell them land, with the gold in their extended hands.

The nights were always very chilly and wet, either by rain or a heavy dew; the days were varied by rain, a burning heat, and clouds of dust, which flowed by us so like a dense sandy torrent, that we could see nothing below our knees, and very often nothing in front but the horse's neck and ears. We reached our station at Forest Creek, passed a night under shelter (our first), and proceeded next morning to Bendigo. Man and horse rested here two days. We dried and mended our clothes; our cart-wheels were cleared and greased; the boxes were filled with

little gold-bags; we returned to Forest Creek and took up the gold there, which completed our load, and I suddenly found myself, after about a fortnight's residence in Victoria, the commander of a gold-escort, having in my charge upwards of 44,000 oz., and a number of bags of sovereigns—in all about two tons weight of gold.

Many incidents occurred on the way back, but I will confine myself to one or two which were characteristic of the period. A miner, who had been too late for the escort, stopped me to entreat that I would take down some gold for him in my pocket. I assured him it would burst through, because at the pace we went nearly all pockets with anything in them soon became rags. Would I take some notes, then? I extended my hand, saying how much, and what is your name?

“Mickey O'Halloran, yer honer: 300*l*.”

I clapped spurs to my horse to overtake my troop; the amount was too large to be taken in so loose a way. Not long after another man rushed across my way—so suddenly that I nearly galloped over him—with a similar request.

“If it's only a few pounds,” said I.

“It's only a bundle of about 500*l*,” exclaimed he.

“I cannot take the responsibility,” said I, hurriedly.

“There's none,” shouted he; “no receipt wanted.”

Away I shot after my troop, leaving him shouting after me,—

“Cram it into your pistol-holsters! ram the bundle down your boots!”

I mention this to show the great confidence that was placed by the miners in the Private Escort, no receipt being required, and even his name not given. If I had complied with his request, the notes would all have been rubbed to powder in an hour or two. At any rate, he preferred all risks to the chance of being robbed. I found the second officer had been so imprudently good-natured as to take a small bag for one of these too-late men, and it had already burst in his breast-pocket, and the gold had become mixed with the white dust of a biscuit and the black dust of gunpowder which had escaped from its flask. He had lost the bit of dirty paper with the owner's name, but said it was "John, something," who would call for it in Melbourne. As a rule, I never took anything in this way, excepting letters of lovers, husbands, sons, or other tokens of private affection. We came upon several loaded drays, seriously bogged, and one of these had sunk so deeply down as not only to defy the eighteen or twenty bullocks that had been brought to the rescue, but all the combined engineering machinery at that time in the colony. The draymen were now occupied in marking trees to guide them to the spot next summer, or whenever there was a dry time which would enable them to return and dig out the dray. Goods often arrived at their destination in a comical condition. I was once at the opening of a box of books and wearing apparel, which had been nearly a month imbedded in mud, and three days under the water of a creek.

Dead horses and bullocks, and sometimes their

skeletons, enlivened our way through the Black Forest, but no event of importance occurred till we commenced the descent of a steep hill approaching Gisborne. The leading gold-cart here took a siding much too precipitous, and over broken ground. I instantly ordered the sergeant to gallop up and direct the driver to alter his course. But the crack-whip became insubordinately deaf, and I pushed forward. Before I came up with him, over went the cart, out he pitched headlong among the four floundering horses, the guard and his blunderbuss pitched over behind, followed by several of the gold boxes, and the cart rolled down the siding. It turned completely over three times, but the third time it turned half back again, as if about to return to us. Probably it had received a jerk from a stone or stump; howbeit, the effect was so unexpected and grotesque, that everybody laughed loudly—with a single exception. The dismayed commander did not laugh; for one of the gold-boxes had burst open, and a number of small wash-leather bags and other packets of gold bestrewed the sward. Slipping out of the saddle, I hurried to the scene of confusion. The second officer and myself picked up the scattered bags, replaced them in the box; and when it looked as full as possible, and we could see no more bags or packets on the grass, the broken box was nailed together. When the cart had been got again into position, and its loading replaced and jammed tight, I sent all forward with the troop-sergeant, while the second officer remained with me to search over the ground when all was clear. We looked and looked

about, with our swords in every tuft of grass, until I thought it best that he should mount and join the troop; but I remained behind in a most anxious state of mind, lest some little bag with thirty or forty ounces might be insidiously secreting itself under a weed, to bring disaster upon my first appearance in the bush. At length I remounted and spurred after my troop, which was now out of sight; the bushy outskirts of Gisborne being at the bottom of the declivity, and a tempest evidently brewing in the air.

It was now about half-past four in the afternoon; and as I wished to push on as far as we could through the straggling bush before dark, I had arranged with the second officer, in order to save the time that would be necessary to make a fire and attend to the horses, that we would take a hasty meal at a little bush inn, now known as the Old Bush Inn. Arriving there, I found the horses all in the stables, and everybody preparing for a more deliberate meal than I had intended. However, it seemed hard to object to this; and as the second officer and the sergeant both assured me that the escorts always stopped here on the return journey, and that, in fact, they could not go much further without proper refreshment, there seemed no help for it. Still, I did not feel in a very amiable state of mind. The troopers all sat down to dinner. I looked at the three cart-loads of gold, and then up at the gloomy sky with its disordered clouds. I walked to and fro in the little verandah, with a piece of something to eat in one hand, and a tumbler of cold brandy-and-water in

the other, indulging in a variety of irrational and inhuman reflections on the unseasonable appetites of man. At length, being unable to endure the delay any longer, I sent to order the horses for the gold-carts to be harnessed, and the troopers to saddle. They were so long in obeying, that the second officer went to them, and subsequently the sergeant; and as the first horse moved slowly from the stables, down came a torrent of rain, and he was led back again. Directly it abated a little, I sent to repeat the order to advance. A deputation now came to me, headed by the leading driver, to the effect that they were all much fatigued, that it was horrible weather to pass through the bush in the dark, and that they all wished to stay where they were for the night. I told them to go to the stables like good men, and I would send my answer in a minute. Accordingly they all went back to the fire, excepting those who went to the bar to drink. A peal of thunder came to back the petition, followed by another heavy fall of rain.

The second officer was a courageous and reliable man, and I immediately conferred with him on this case, which involved several considerations. There were the safety of the gold, the time its arrival in Melbourne was expected (the Private Escort making it a point of honour always to beat the Government Escort by two or three days); and, lastly, though this was by far the least, the cost, in addition to what they had already had, of suppers, beds, and breakfasts for all these men and horses, which I should have to pay for the P. E. Company. Regarding

the gold as safe so long as we were with it, the question of time determined us, and I sent to order the men to turn out. Evening came on, with more thunder and rain; the order was repeated to no purpose;—in brief, they mutinied. The state of affairs may be gathered from a few of the last words that passed. I had gone into the room where they were carousing round a blazing fire. The ringleader said it was all very well for us to propose facing such a night as there would be; we were officers, and it was different; but, as for them, they had no notion of honour in the matter, and only thought of the work and the pay. That was the rational view for them. They were not under army regulations, and I might go to h—. They supposed if they *had* been, I might have cut one or other of them down, or had him shot, but I might just be d—. I assured them that no such soldierlike fate should have punished them; for that rascals who could mutiny with the amount of treasure they knew we had in charge only deserved to be hung on the next tree; and I concluded with a wholesale application of the favourite colonial expression of “giving the sack” (to express an unceremonious dismissal): to the effect that I would sack the whole troop. Some of them laughed at this, and the leading Yankee driver drily remarked that this was only my rude way of speaking to gentlemen—a witticism which was immensely relished.

We now considered it expedient to unload all the three gold-carts, and pile up the gold-boxes in the middle of a little room at one end of the verandah.

It was not impossible but some of the mutineers might have been bushrangers themselves. At any rate we could not leave the gold outside this house without remaining by the side of it, and in any case some shelter was very desirable on such a night. With the aid of the sergeant, one of the drivers, the waiter, the ostler, and one trooper, who was good-naturedly drunk, and had become ridiculously polite, as if to atone for having joined the mutineers, we stowed all the small square gold-boxes in the centre of the room, which just admitted two iron stretchers to be placed one on each side. The sergeant was to sleep on a sofa, hauled close to an open window, on the verandah near our door. The second officer and myself then entered the little room, and barricaded the door. We placed upon the top of the gold-boxes a revolver and two brace of loaded pistols, two drawn swords, two lighted candles, with candles "in waiting," and lucifers; a brandy-flask, a decanter of water, and two tumblers. We agreed to keep watch alternately, but, from our fatigue, we both dropt off insensibly for a few minutes, continually awaking, however, and raising our heads to take a stupid look at each other, though quite conscious enough to see that all was right and in readiness; a few drowsy fragments of conversation transpired in the course of the night:—

"What a flash of lightning that was!"

"Did you hear that crash?"

"Yes: it was the fall of a large tree on the hill.

"How the rain is coming down! It would have been a nice night for us to camp out!"

“Ay, beautiful!”

A long silence after this. Then, heads raised to look at each other over the tops of the boxes. Again silence; wind and rain storming at intervals.

“If I were a bushranger, I would take this escort.”

“Would you?”

“I don't mean the rascals in the house, but the gold here.”

“How?”

“I would bring a small field piece, and blow the corner of the room clean out. Or, better still, I would send a ball right through in the direction of our heads.”

This idea seemed to amuse him till he dropped off. Fresh torrents of rain.

“Are you awake?”

“Well, I was—yes. What's the matter?”

“Nothing. I was only thinking if there were a cellar under this floor?”

“I don't think so; but if there should be, you don't expect a Guy Faux?”

“Oh, no: but in the flooring of this place, it was never calculated that two tons weight should be packed solidly in the centre, with our weight on each side;—and the whole concern might suddenly descend.”

With this pleasing fancy—the last flap of the flame—we both sank into a heavy sleep, which lasted till morning.

The troopers and drivers, having had dinner and supper, a good night's rest in real beds, and having

made an excellent breakfast, were all alacrity and obsequiousness—as if I should forget. The bill I had to pay for the night's mutiny, called "entertainment" by the host and his guests, amounted to a good item in my list of expenses. I don't remember the exact sum, but I know it was over 50*l*. This did not include what they drank at the bar; and, as at this time, we often had to pay fifteen shillings for a bottle of ale, and thirty shillings for a bottle of brandy, the landlord of this alluring bush-trap must have made something handsome out of this affair.

I pass over the difficulties and casualties of the journey down to Melbourne, with the mud beneath and the day and night torrents from above. All the troopers' carbines and pistols were red with rust, and many of them had the locks battered askew. One after another, men or horses knocked up, and being "dead beat," had to be left behind, to follow as they might. One cart was smashed, and its load had to be equally divided between the two other carts. Finally, towards nightfall, as we dragged our weary way along the last five or six miles, our "force" was reduced to the three officers, two troopers lagging far behind on jaded horses, and two drivers with one guard seated on the boxes. Not three shots could have been fired among us all. There were no available arms but three swords and two bowie-knives to protect and bring safe to hand two tons weight of gold!

We arrived in the dark, looking like hunted-down bandits in the last stage of destitution; deposited the gold, not an ounce of which had been lost; and having given our horses into the hands of the

grooms, we slowly straddled off to find quarters for the night, as no lodgings were ever retained for those who were absent. I have utterly forgotten where I found shelter, but almost any place would seem comfortable after what we had gone through.

In the morning I went to the Escort stables, and found three of the horses lying dead from the cold shivers, my poor fellow among them. The sight of him, stretched out so quietly, recalled the difficulties he had carried me through with such energy, and I felt, as I stooped down to pat his rigid shoulder, something akin to remorse. Some of the troopers we had been obliged to leave behind, had the ague; others had to walk back, their horses being done up. I had an interview, as soon as possible, with the directors of the Company—explained to them the inefficiency and insecurity of the Escort, and proposed various alterations. They admitted all I said, with many thanks; they “sacked” the whole of the troop, with such exceptions as I named, and two of the leading directors took me aside, and declared “how glad they were to have such a gentleman;” that I should shortly be installed as superintendent-general, with other gratifying “bunkum,” to which I bowed with the innocent credulity of Gil Blas on his first outset in life.

But I soon found nothing was being done. With the exception of mutiny, each journey very much resembled the previous one, men knocking up and horses dying. The directors were all too much absorbed in making money to attend to anything not immediately tending to that object. Still I was promised all

as before, and was now requested to write a full report, with all my recommendations. After much trouble and expense in riding up the country, I completed my report, the closing section being headed with "Simple Methods by which any one of the Escorts in Victoria may be taken." This seemed likely to prove effective; but the death of the founder of the Escort Company threw the management into some confusion. I sent in my resignation, and the whole concern was wound up soon afterwards. I may mention, incidentally, that when the New Escort, which another Company subsequently started, was taken by bushrangers near McIvor, and the gold carried off, it was accomplished by one of the methods I had described in my report—not (as a humorous friend suggests) through any hint from me, I beg leave to say.

I now obtained admission, after waiting a fortnight for a vacancy, in a very respectable boarding-house (considering all things), where I became, in the course of a short time, so miserable a boarder, owing to a variety of circumstances, that I retreated to Canvass Town, where I fitted up a couple of tents, and was very comfortable. At this time there were about five thousand people in that unique town.

I find I have afforded too much space, in this sketch of Australian autobiography, to my first essay in the colony; and as I cannot possibly know what degree of interest, if any, may attach to such a narrative as the present, I will hastily run through the remainder of my career.

My two tents were arranged as a bed-room, and a sitting-room in which I never sat; the only furniture

of the latter consisting of sea-chests and my blacksmith's forge, which no enterprising person had purchased, owing to the exorbitant nature of my demands. It had cost me 4*l.* in London, and only 14*l.* had been offered in Melbourne, which was ridiculous. A dog guarded the back of the tent, outside the place where the head of my bed was placed; and another dog kept watch at the entrance in front. I cut trenches and a system of drains all round. At this memorable town, my "whereabouts" being now known for the first time, several gentlemen of long standing in the colony called upon me. I had many invitations, and received many kindnesses from persons to whom I had no other introduction than their knowledge of my literary position in the old country. The public as well as private dinner-parties soon became too much for me. They sometimes resembled what one reads of the convivialities, after a day's hunting, among the Irish squirearchy of a century ago. On one occasion, when the mirth was growing "fast and furious," being inspired by a bantering joke on the "feather-bed horsemen of Charing-cross," followed by a trifling bet, I bent the steel poker by a blow upon my arm, which so enchanted a stalwart squatter at my side, who had never seen the feat before, that he snatched the poker out of my hand, and without considering what muscle he should present, he struck his arm so violent a blow that the poker instantly broke, and the upper half flying across the table cut off the heads of two decanters, and knocked over a branched candlestick. The delight and excitement which ensued exceeded all bounds. The door was locked;

the table was jumped upon, and down it went with all upon it in a rolling smash. Single combats took place with mahogany chairs, the broken arms and legs of which flew about in all directions. While I was trying to force open the door, a gentleman came with the steel fender in his arms to demolish the window, and his first blow not only smashing the glass, but half the framework, I immediately leapt out on the verandah. I made my way homeward over Prince's Bridge, which seemed so desolate and silent, and thence up the rising ground, broken by a great straggling watercourse, till I regained my lonely tents, where I found my two dogs standing in the moonlight anxiously awaiting my return.

I had now called on his Excellency Mr. La Trobe, who received me with the greatest courtesy. I proposed myself several times for a government appointment—civil, military, or in the mounted police—but there were “so many on his list before me.” As his Excellency could not exactly say what, or when, though courteous to a provoking degree, I began to hunt through the advertisements, and observing that an overseer was wanted for some new roads to be made on the U—P—, I determined to apply for it, and not waste my time any longer. “Gentlemen and scholars” were at this time driving drays about Melbourne, and others were selling wood and water (literally hewing and drawing) to the inhabitants of Canvass Town: so that to become an overseer of roads would be attaining a rank of some eminence. The applications were to be made the next week in person. An examination would therefore take place. I em-

ployed the intervening time in assiduously working at the subject, from the construction of Roman roads down to Macadam, with all the last improvements. The day arrived. The appointed place was a little inn on the line of the road; there were five competitors, including myself. A sixth came, who was driven in a gig with the chairman. The competitors sat in a little room, till the directors had assembled in another little room leading off the same verandah. We saw a small tray go by, with a decanter of sherry upon it. We wondered what questions they would put, and tried to pump each other as to the answers. We were called in one at a time. My turn came. How long had I been in the colony? Only two or three months. That was against me. Had I ever been in command of men? Yes, often. The occasions were named, concluding with the Gold Escort. That was good, and yet it was received with rather a disconcerted air. What did I know of the construction of roads? Now I thought the appointment was in my hands; and for fear any of them should ask me if I had ever *made* a road, I threw myself at once upon a road in ancient Rome, and gave a rapid sketch of roads and side-drains down to the days of Macadam, with all the last improvements. The directors looked aghast. I feel perfectly convinced that scarcely any of them had ever heard of such things before. One of them asked me to take a glass of wine. They took down my address most carefully, and I retired. Of course the appointment was given to the person who "sat in the gig," as some of the competitors spitefully remarked. It was added that he

was a sculptor, and therefore understood stone-breaking. This iconoclastic gentleman, however, I found afterwards was a maker of tombstones, who had probably only made milestones at home.

I forget, at this moment, some other efforts of a similar kind with a similar result, and I quite forget how many months I dwelt in Canvass Town. One day, however, a letter arrived from the Colonial Office at home, making inquiries as to my fate (a distant relative of mine, who was the first attorney-general of Tasmania, having been killed and eaten by the Port Philip blacks), and two days afterwards I received my appointment as a Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Gold-fields. That literature had nothing to do with my receiving this appointment, it would be ungrateful towards literature to say: but literature had nothing to do with it *here*. I do not care to say any more on this subject.

I was appointed to the large station and encampment at H—. My luggage was deposited in a store, and while the tailor was engaged upon my auriferous insignia of authority, I advertised my forge, and saw company on the question of its price every morning. One said the anvil was too small; another demurred to the action of the bellows; a third insulted my tongs; a fourth said there were two portable forges in a ship just arrived in the Bay. This alarmed me, and at once my price fell to 25*l*. Whereupon he coolly tendered me a note for 5*l*., which provoked me to call him a fool. "Ah!" said he, drily, "no doubt you took me for one;" and away he went, leaving me with the worst of it. Into store,

therefore, the forge was carried with the rest of my luggage, and the tailor not having begun my gold-lace affairs by the time he had sworn they would be finished, I started without them. They were to be sent after me, with some other light matters, by the next escort.

The commissioners' camp at H—— was very extensive. There were several commissioners already there; a large staff of police; and a staff of soldiers of the line (old pensioners), whose chief duty was to act as sentries over the tent of the gold-office, and whose chief difficulty was to keep themselves sober. Everything was upon the grandest scale: commissioners, inspectors, captains, sub-inspectors, lieutenants, cadets in silver lace and embroidery, capering about on splendid horses, and new diggings continually being discovered in the vicinity. Not to make all reasonable allowances for the excitement of this period (1853) and the lawless feeling of the masses around, would be simply unjust and absurd; nevertheless, I am bound to say that things were done here by commissioners, magistrates, inspectors, and other officers of police, down to the youngest cadet, which were quite worthy of the feudal times, being often as thoughtless and unfeeling as they were unnecessary. No doubt it frequently happened that there was no time, during the confusion, to discriminate between the respectable working miner and the escaped felon; but no pains were taken on this head, or very seldom.

The first duty allotted to me was to ride out, whenever there was need, to settle disputes. The task was generally intricate and difficult, and the swearing

on both sides equal. The witnesses confronted each other on opposite sides of a round hole, and would have kept me there all the morning over any one dispute, so that a summary decision "in equity" was necessary on most of these occasions. I once fined both plaintiff and defendant, because on examining the case it was clearly proved that they had each endeavoured to rob the other in the way complained of by the former. This was not done "on the bench," be it understood, but in the field, and the pick-and-shovel jurists who had assembled, loudly applauded my decision. Many extraordinary scenes occurred.

In the course of a few weeks I was promoted to the post of gold commissioner, *i. e.* I was placed in charge of the gold-office tent, with mahogany table, great brass scales and weights, iron safes full of treasure, and a sentry in the old familiar red, with musket and fixed bayonet, pacing in front. I should have felt very much at home in this new place, but for the great brass scales, in the use of which I had no experience. I was afraid I might make a mistake in a few ounces when receiving gold. The responsibility, however, of having charge of the iron safes became a weight on my mind, as soon as I discovered that they always contained twenty or thirty thousand pounds' worth of treasure, and the night before an escort started, from forty to fifty or sixty thousand. From this moment the keys hung round my neck, under my waistcoat, by day, and went to bed with me at night. But I must hurry on.

I think I had only been at H—— two or three months, when the Warranga gold-fields broke out.

A commissioner was despatched there from the H—— camp to take charge, and the account he sent of the rapid extension of the field rendered it necessary to send him every support and assistance. The weather was inclement, and the rush of people increasing. It was therefore proposed to me, though I was not next in seniority, to proceed to Warranga, with drays, carrying tents, provisions, cooking utensils, clothing, arms, ammunition, &c. A troop of mounted police was to follow speedily. As more than one out-station or branch camp from the headquarters was almost certain to be established on these new fields, and as the next was to be placed under my charge, this change of locality was called promotion. So indeed it proved to be, as far as hardships and banishment were concerned. But it promised well at first, and away I went.

Warranga was a desolate, wild district of arid bush, quartz hills, reefs, and ranges, black, charred forests, long alluvial gullies, and during the winter chains of water-holes, thousands of acres of swamp and marsh, and all the year round, though very much diminished in summer, a huge and melancholy lagoon, which, in conjunction with a diseased-looking sheep station, the abode of a rich and miserable bush miser (the only specimen of the kind I ever heard of), was flattered with the title of the "Warranga Park."

At once these miserable solitudes were awakened from the torpor of ages. Kangaroos and wild dogs, and even the flock of unwholesome sheep with their shepherds, almost as wild, vanished into the scrub, in company with small groups of aborigines of the

Goulburn river, their long wooden spears, waddies, and bark shields standing no chance against the shining arms of the knights of the pick and shovel. We soon had seven thousand miners on the ground, and in a week or two they increased to about nine thousand. They opened up new surface diggings, all of which were prolific. A third commissioner had to be sent for, and we had four different out-stations, viz., the Old and New Main Gullies, subsequently christened by me as Rushworth,—the station of Whroo (a native name), the Fenced-in Water-holes, and the camp at the lonely lagoon of Warranga Park. In this mournful wilderness the senior commissioner in charge took up his special residence; and here, after due conference with a florid impertinence designated as “lieutenant in charge of the police,” timber was felled, and a large and expensive range of stabling was constructed, capable of stabling the horses of forty troopers. The site selected was on low ground, so that during the winter the horses stood nearly up to their knees in mud when in the stalls, the entrance having become a slough so deep that it was a serious struggle to enter at all or to get out. To make the blunder perfect, not a single trench or drain was cut around the structure; partly, perhaps, because they saw it might make the matter worse, as the ground lay so low, and it did not occur to them to dig several small wells to absorb and carry off the water.

It was at Warranga that the great *émeute* occurred on the question of licence-fees, and heralded the Eureka stockade affair, which took place not very long after. The senior commissioner in charge and

myself were on the same camp on this occasion. I think it was previous to the regular formation of the camp at the lagoon. The case was just this:—In consequence of the resistance commenced by the miners on the question of the licence-fees, we received a batch of large printed placards from the head-quarters of the chief commissioner's office in Melbourne, distinctly announcing that the licence-fees would not be demanded on the day they usually fell due. This was tantamount to their abolition; at any rate, we all thought so. These placards we were directed to exhibit in conspicuous places. Accordingly we sent them forth to the various out-stations and gullies, and had them nailed upon trees. The miners laughed and shouted over their victory. In two or three days, to our astonishment and perplexity, another batch of placards was sent up, distinctly stating that the licence-fees would be collected as usual! Was not this too bad? Do what we might, we should be in a false position. If we disobeyed instructions from head-quarters, that would be wrong, and we must take the consequences; if we obeyed them, it would be absurd and exasperating towards the excited thousands that surrounded us, and we must take the consequences; if we resigned upon the spot, everybody would have said it was cowardly, our handful of men against several thousands not being for an instant taken into consideration. The fact was, we were quite certain to be made ridiculous, unless we all happened to be killed. For my own part, I thought it would be best not to post the last placards, but to take down those already up, and

write to head-quarters for further instructions, the two orders being point-blank contradictory. But the senior commissioner in charge was an older government officer than I, and he considered that if you did what you were told you could not do wrong—a maxim which ought to have made his fortune. So down came the first placards, and up went the contradiction. Astonishment, incredulity, and rage, all over the diggings, was the work of a single hour.

“Let them try it—that’s all!” said the miners; and every night before the arrival of the eventful morning for demanding the licence-fee, we heard hundreds of Colt’s revolvers, and many evidently by Dean and Adams, fired by way of practice and defiance from every gully around us.

The morning arrived: the police were ordered out; and the young flourish in charge of the troopers, delighted at a duty which was equally tyrannical and capricious, rallied forth in search of unlicensed diggers. In a short time he returned with fifteen or sixteen prisoners, who were duly placed in the lock-up till summoned before the bench. In no time the miners assembled, they rose up and poured out of every gully, and marched in a body towards the Government camp. We heard them long before they came in sight. Estimating the several groups as they emerged through the distant trees, I thought there could not be less than fifteen hundred. They were armed with revolvers and bludgeons. Our force amounted on this occasion to not more than a dozen foot police, and perhaps fourteen troopers. These latter Lieutenant Flourish seemed to wish to

exhibit in a canter in front of the camp—a performance he himself could not resist. The senior commissioner having at length got all the police ranged at the back of the camp, just visibly in readiness, but without any provoking attitude, we had a rapid conference, and agreed to walk forward, unarmed and unaccompanied, and meet the advancing crowds. This we did. In an instant we were surrounded by a vortex of excited faces and gesticulating arms, and a din of menacing voices.

We endeavoured to be heard in explanation, to the effect that the cause of provocation resulted from no tyrannical caprice on our part, and that we were simply carrying out the orders of the Government. “Which you shall *not!*” was yelled from many voices. Expecting the bludgeon, I clenched my teeth and glanced towards the crowd encircling the senior commissioner, to see what fate awaited him, as of course mine would be almost simultaneous. I believe he had similar apprehensions, but the form they took was curious. He affected to yawn and stretch himself, while referring to orders from headquarters, as though he had no more to do with the business than the man in the moon. But when they demanded the release of the prisoners from the lock-up, the yawning gentleman declared he could not do that. We told them we had not the power to do such a thing. The crowd shouted that *they* had the power, and would break open the lock-up. We had now made a gradual backward-step retreat towards the parade in front of our tents, the crowds following to within a dozen paces. There they stopped,

and drew up in line, the full length of the encampment in front, and so numerous that they must have stood at least ten deep. They repeated their demand. We replied that we could not accede to it. They now began to close in upon us, and loudly shouted their defiance of the police, and called upon them to come forward.

Meantime the senior commissioner and myself walked up and down in front of our tents, with this menacing array before us, insulting us and calling with taunts for the police. One fellow said to me, "You are a b—— tyrant!" I advanced into the crowd, and asked who said that? "You are a *set* of b—— tyrants!" answered he. The personality being distributed, I immediately, and very gladly, regained my position, and continued my walk up and down. I think the senior commissioner drew a cigar; but he drew nothing else, and his moral courage in this emergency not only saved ourselves, but prevented the probable loss of many lives.

The miners having remained as described some ten or fifteen minutes, now closed in upon us, advancing so near that our walk up and down was literally reduced to a narrow lane. It was difficult to avoid brushing against the "insurgents" as we walked, and it often seemed as if they wished we would give one of them a thrust or a push. But we took care not to do that. In this way they hemmed us in, a much longer time than I can estimate; perhaps half an hour, though it seemed much longer. It was only a question of the first blow.

An answer by the senior commissioner to some

new form of the demand brought the difficulty to an issue. He said he really had no power to liberate the prisoners till they had appeared before the bench in a legal manner. The miners retired in groups to consider this, and presently returned to ask if we would immediately bring the prisoners before the bench. To this we replied that we would; but the law could not be administered under intimidation; the crowd must retire. Whereupon a number let their bludgeons fall behind them, and said they were "the public," and had a right to remain and see justice done. After a long conference, however, they agreed to retire; which they did, just out of sight, though by no means out of hearing, and leaving a small squad "of observation" sitting at the foot of a huge gum-tree some two hundred yards distant.

The prisoners were now brought before the bench one after another. The first man had been sick, his fine was therefore remitted, and he was discharged; the second had only come on these diggings last night, so he was very properly discharged; a third had been unable to dig in consequence of a bad cut on his hand, in proof of which he thrust it into his pocket, so he was discharged. Accepting their several excuses, we discharged most of the prisoners, who were received one after the other, with shouts of mixed laughter and triumph, by the squad of observation. To save our credit yet further, we retained three of the defaulters till next morning. But now it was getting dark, so the crowds in the bush set up a prolonged shout, fired a *feu roulant* of revolvers and guns, and trooped off to their tents

to supper, and to make merry at our expense. I do not know that the senior commissioner was ever thanked by the Government for his management of this affair, but I think he deserved thanks and something more. He had obeyed contradictory orders, and yet maintained a respectable shadow of authority and a morsel of the dignified substance without a blow being struck. Neither had we any subsequent turmoil with the miners. Of course a dozen different versions of the affair flew all over the colonies. As in a duel, when neither party happens to be shot, the press and the public turn the whole thing into ridicule, which would certainly be exchanged for virtuous horror of the sanguinary result if one of them fell, so the commissioners of Warranga were pelted with all the spare wit of Melbourne because nobody was killed. Had this affair, however, transpired in the time of the succeeding Governor, it would have terminated much more disastrously than that of the Eureka stockade, so far as *our* number of killed and wounded was concerned.

Soon after this, the main camp was moved down to the lagoon, not on account of the disturbance, but because the last bucket of drinkable water from the last water-hole had been consumed. Mr. W—— was recalled to another and a better place—I mean McIvor—and I became commissioner in charge. But a third field broke out at a few miles' distance, and I was obliged to write for assistance. Three large out-stations rapidly developed, and at one time there were three commissioners, with three distinct camps, from three to five miles apart from each other. The

scenes, characters, and confusion of these sudden rushes would furnish graphic material for chapters which never will be written. Some notion of them may be gathered from the following private letter of one of the commissioners to the colonial store-keeper. He had written formal official letters to no sort of purpose. The names only are disguised :—

Commissioners' Camp, Deadman's Comfort Creek,

SIR,

September 12, 1853.

After the preposterous delay of my private baggage, confided in urgent haste so many weeks ago to your disastrous care—so that the chief part of my winter clothing for these dismal swamps reaches me in time for the bright spring, with a doubtful prospect of the remainder by the middle of the next baking summer—I now learn that one of my four packages, and of course the most important one, has not arrived at McIvor with the rest. Something, to the dismay and discomfort of somebody else, has come instead (the only one of the four) addressed to me at Deadman's Comfort Camp, with abominable accuracy. My large bale of rugs, enveloping waterproof boots and a feather pillow, a mackintosh overcoat, three pair of spurs folded in canvas, and in the middle of all a valuable musical instrument in a green case, have been transformed by your "so potent art" into a square tin japanned box, with a patent lock, and locked with beautiful security! Who does it belong to? I know nothing about it. It is like a deed-box of unknown value! Where's the key? Gone to the Ovens, perhaps, or sent to Seymour instead of Sydney. I see how it is. Some newly arrived porter, B. A. of Oxford, or other luminous friend in your employ, must have exchanged the labels of two packages. Be it as it may, I want to have my proper one. The loss in some respects (the green case) would be irreparable in Australia. Oo, for heaven's sake, Mr. McCrawn—or rather for your own sake, Mr. McCrawn, as I shall hold you responsible for the

missing package—institute such inquiries as shall restore to each person his special property in something like a reasonable period of human time.

I am, Sir,

Yours very anxiously,

To Mr. Theodore McCrawn,

Z. A. Z.

Chief Colonial Dormitories, Melbourne.

P.S.—I have just received here three large iron safes for the gold-office tent, fast locked with patent ostentations in brass, but no keys! What, on earth, does it all mean, Mr. McCrawn? Is it for this a colonial storekeeper receives five or six hundred a year, besides the pickings in his chaotic oven with a fluted zinc roof!

P.S. 2nd.—I have no wish to retain the japped tin deed-box as a hostage, but shall return it to its proper owner the instant I can ascertain who the injured gentleman may be. I trust I may meet with the same Christian consideration.

P.S. 3rd.—I tear open my envelope, at the last moment, to say that an official letter has just reached me from one of your accomplished clerks, in which he very respectfully informs me that “four packages” have been forwarded to me at McIvor, to be forwarded on to Deadman’s Comfort. “Four!” he says; and concludes with “having the honour,” &c. But what of this, if they are not the right four? One might be a corrugated iron house, another a case of pistols, a third Scotch marmalade and tins of preserved salmon, and the fourth a stuffed rhinoceros just arrived for a show! I dare say you find this clerk a great assistance to you, Mr. McCrawn.

Red tape and the shelf did nothing to help the writer, but this absurd letter eventually caused all the packages to reach their proper owners. But if such things happened when there were all available “appliances and means to boot,” how must it have fared with the packages and goods of the gold-brokers, store-keepers, and miners of these fluctuating

out-stations! No such doings or such scenes, amidst such variety of characters of various nations, ever occurred except on a newly-discovered gold-field.

After about a twelvemonth of this work, I obtained leave of absence for five weeks. Mr. Commissioner M—— came from the Fenced-in Waterholes to take charge of my place, and I started for Melbourne. Stopping for a night's rest, and to get my horse shod, at McIvor, I found there was to be a land-sale next day. I looked at the plan—saw the “new township of Murchison” on the banks of the Goulburn river—noticed the “site of the bridge,” and made up my mind to bid for river-frontages opposite that bridge, and to have them. I knew the locality well: it was adjoining the station of the “Black Protectorate” (meaning a place where blankets, tobacco, bread, and other articles were periodically given to the aboriginal tribes of that locality); and as I had continually swum across the river at different points, I knew the land well on both banks. But some of the diggers knew the land better than I, and they were equally seduced by the “site of the bridge.” In addition to this, there was a little vengeance, and a good deal of fun, in bidding against a commissioner. So they “ran me up” for every choice allotment to the absurd extent of 70*l.* per acre for land on a wilderness, one hundred and twenty-five miles and upwards from Melbourne. But there was the great river of Victoria, and there was the “site of the bridge,” and I therefore persevered for the best river-frontages, and obtained them, to my cost. This was in 1854.

I passed a very pleasant time at Melbourne, in the hospitable quarters of Major Chisholm. The two principal events that occurred during the period of my "leave" were the sale of my portable forge for the same sum it cost in England (a most humiliating transaction), and the publication of an Australian edition of *Orion*. It was entirely the affair of an enterprising publisher. I said he was welcome to do it; and, to my astonishment, the poem proved a far greater success than the portable forge. I do not care to unravel the mystery, partly because it would occupy too much space, and partly because I am afraid I should damage the compliment. I got my period of absence prolonged for a week or ten days, and then returned. There chanced to be another land sale on my route, of allotments at the same new township, and I rode hard in order that I might again "do the deed." The fact is, I was fairly fascinated by the "river frontages" and the "site of the bridge" on paper.

Returning to Warranga, I once more took charge of the three large out-stations, and as the yield of gold fell off, and many gullies became half deserted, I was soon left in sole authority over this wide sprawling district of empty graves, recently golden gullies, quartz hills, bush, savage forests, mournful lagoons, and miserable swamps. This was our winter condition. More than once I have been awakened at daybreak by a rippling sound, and have seen my slippers float from beneath my bed, some of the creeks having risen in the night and flooded the whole camp. In summer the creeks and swamps dried up

entirely, and half the lagoons could be walked over. The heat sometimes was like a steady oven in the tents, and scorching outside. The insect-life was a multitudinous plague. Several times, while writing my reports by candle-light for an "express," it had to be performed under a constant shower of small flies and minute beetles, which fell with the sound of coarse pepper upon the shining paper, so that the sheet had, at every line, to be swept clear of the confused and lively squadrons. But I had plenty to carry my thoughts off from small personal discomforts. Every week I visited several times all the three out-stations (the Lagoon camp being now a fourth), and generally rode once to the Black Protectorate or the new township of Murchison. Of course I felt now and then, that this was a sad waste of my life, but as I did not feel the sadness, the days slipped away insensibly. My only trouble was to keep the police in order. There were two or three among the foot-police (the troopers were a far better set), whom I found, at the end of five months, that I had fined to the extent of eight-and-twenty or thirty pounds each, for continual drunkenness, disturbance, or insubordination to their officers. The young officers themselves were often as bad in various ways as the men. It was of no use to report them to head-quarters, as they were only removed to a more pleasant station. These things are different at the present time, but they were disgraceful then.

During one of my visits to the Protectorate station, a settler accosted me as I was passing through Mur-

chison, and pointed out that it would be very advantageous to the best of my river frontages if the allotment were made a good block by the purchase of the two which were adjoining, one of which belonged to a friend. I saw the force of his reasoning, and paid for it too, as nothing less than ten shillings a foot would satisfy this friend. The price was exorbitant for an unformed township of a dozen slab huts, and at such a distance from Melbourne; however, it was given. The other allotment in question belonged to another friend, a shepherd, who was away in the bush. Being bent upon "the block," away I started—found him after a labyrinthine search, concluded the purchase; and, being anxious never to sleep off my camp, in case anything happened, I made my way back, and reached my tent about the middle of the night. I had ridden at least sixty miles that day in order to complete my block. It was necessary to be sharp in these cases. Once lose sight of a man who is working his way into the bush, and you will seldom be likely to overtake him. By these means I eventually became the proprietor of about a fourth part of the whole township. I allude only to the town allotments. But, meantime, the "site of the bridge" was all we had to justify our falling into this land temptation; and the one great river of Victoria has had no systematic thoughts bestowed on its navigation. Two hotels, a punt, a police-station, a pound, stores, and huts, have all rapidly risen; but the enthusiast in river-frontages and other town-lots has never yet received

a shilling of rent for his outlay. Neither does he regret the investment.

[Having left this sketch to the last, as of least moment, the closing of the mail compels me to drop the pen.]

AUSTRALIAN FACTS AND PROSPECTS.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE not the least wish to prevent any literary gentleman from "making up his knapsack" and hurrying out to Melbourne or Sydney, to obtain the 1,000*l.* a year almost guaranteed him by the flowing pen of Mr. Frank Fowler. It would give me unaffected pleasure if I could recommend the step. I only warn him of the conditions, and that he should not be misled by one-sided statements and exceptions. Many a highly-educated and clever barrister, who has not yet held those briefs by which he would have been sure to distinguish himself—many first-rate bankers' clerks and other gentlemen expert in merchants' counting-houses, who have not been made junior partners as they expected and deserved to be—and many other gentlemen engaged in sedentary employments, who have had subordinates and inferiors placed over their heads by family influence;—to each and all of these classes let me at once say, If you are doing at all well at home, rest assured it would be

risking everything in a foreign lottery to come out here *at the present period*. To the great majority it must be certain disappointment, and to some, utter ruin.

It is no slight disadvantage to come with a long faceful of facts, after so bright and unscrupulous a book as that of Mr. Frank Fowler. But, as on the Australian stage, like most other scenes of life, somebody must enact the "heavy fathers," and as I have been requested to take this duty upon myself, this, my first and only book on Australia, is offered to those who take an interest, from whatever motives of affectionate relationship or speculative profit, in these important colonies. The poetry of the subject, both descriptive and humorous, has been done to admiration by the florid delineator of *Southern Lights and Shadows*; and it falls to my hard lot to commence by acting as mere commentator on his fancy-work, and on some other writings that have preceded it. I shall hope, however, to preserve these pages from the cardinal crime of dulness, not by my descriptions, but by laying before the reader a variety of many-sided realities, sufficiently interesting in themselves to need no colouring from my hand.

Mr. Fowler mentions the different positions he has filled during a three years' residence in Australia as some grounds for his claim to be "recognized as an authority." For a like purpose a brief Australian autobiography is prefixed to these pages; and I shall only here observe, that in my case the author will remain on the spot to answer for what he sends forth.

Having commenced by warning literary men not to be too hasty in packing up their knapsacks in order to make a voyage half round the globe ("trip"—"run"—"scamper"—according to the levity of modern parlance), and pick up a thousand a year in the streets of Melbourne, let me explain that I am fully aware of the far greater importance of the questions of the land, the labour-market, the gold, the railways, the defence of these colonies, and our present position and prospects. The general reader will, however, pardon me if I frankly admit an anxiety to deal first with those classes in which I feel personally the most interest.

"For that large class of educated men in England," says Mr. Fowler, "who are crying out, in the words of Peterborough to the Minister, 'We must have work found us either in the Old World or in the New'—for this large class, here are a few of the attractions offered. One gentleman I conversed with in Melbourne, told me, as he sat basting a snipe before the fire in his bachelor snuggery, he was making 35*l.* a week by writing for the press. In New South Wales I earned myself 1,000*l.* a year as journalist and bookseller's hack; but such a rate of payment is rare in Sydney, while at Melbourne, if not usual, it is, at all events, far from uncommon."—p. 18.

"Next, I saw a gentleman" (in the Legislative Assembly), "who had been a colleague of mine in the Reporters' Gallery at St. Stephen's, acting as chairman of committees; next, *The Times'* correspondent, performing the duties of Attorney-General; next, the proprietor of a Melbourne journal, high in the liberal opposition; next, the editor of the same, vigorously backing his chief; and last, the ex-manager of the *Nation*, holding third place on the Treasury bench. Thus, in this new and far-off country, with its heterogeneous community, *literature takes its proper rank*. Here is the best answer to the

scandal which has gone abroad, that none but the hewer of wood and the drawer of water has chance of preferment in these young colonies.”—p. 22.

A single word will disperse the golden haze, and dispel the enchantment which the author of *Southern Lights and* (what he calls) *Shadows* has cast around literature in Australia. That word is *politics*. As to literature, in its general acceptation, and as used in the foregoing passages, taking “its proper rank,” it takes no rank at all! I say this with especial reference to Melbourne, where all those handsome incomes to men of letters are so profusely conferred by the florid munificence of “the ingenious gentleman.” *Political literature*—the result of a carefully-acquired knowledge of Australian and local politics, based upon literary attainments and general education—this has, beyond question, enabled a limited number of gentlemen to attain high colonial honours and incomes, both in the legislature and the press.

Every one of the gentlemen specially alluded to in the foregoing extract, is a proof of the justice of my correction of its misleading statements. Of course, I know pretty well who the “scribe” must have been who was “basting the snipe” (it was not myself), and I freely admit the truth of his statement as to the weekly amount he was making by writing for the press. It should be understood that, besides the daily and weekly papers of Melbourne, there are a great many papers on the gold-fields and in other townships of the bush; and the same materials which have formed the basis of a Melbourne “leader” will be equally good and new—or as good as new—for

the paper at a distance. Two other gentlemen might have been mentioned, without introducing either of them "as he appeared" while concocting a kangaroo curry, or attending to "a parrot on a stick"—who are pretty regularly making between a thousand and twelve hundred a year by political literature and subjects of local or Australian interest.

Some persons may have rather hastily exclaimed, "Why, this is by no means controverting Mr. Fowler! At any rate, you prove what he says about the money. Let us fill our knapsacks with quills, and be off!" Now I wish it to be distinctly understood that these pages will contain no special pleadings. All the facts I know shall be fairly given on all sides. The reader, if not satisfied with the conclusions I draw, will have the best means of judging for himself which anybody can have at a distance.

The half-complimentary, half-ironical introduction of some of our legislators,—one as acting the part of chairman, another as performing the duties of attorney-general,—is a piece of humour not likely to be very justly appreciated at home. But those who are only "playing at statesmen" are not in the first places, and they never will be, in future, unless we retrograde most disgracefully. The gentleman, then, who was seen to act as chairman of committees in the Legislative Assembly, came to Australia not so much as a literary man and "a wit," as a barrister. He very sensibly set to work at once to study the politics of this country; as soon as he was ripe, he wrote leading articles; then edited the *Herald* for a short time; then addressed political meetings; then addressed a body of

electors—and so forth. The attorney-general at that time, as at present, is a veteran learned in the law, and long seasoned in colonial politics. He was formerly judge in New Zealand, and Colonial Secretary in Tasmania. The proprietor at that period of “a Melbourne journal” is a barrister of some fourteen years’ extensive practice in Sydney and Melbourne. I am far from intending to gainsay the literary attainments of any of these gentlemen; but I say that literature has had little to do with the position or the wealth they have gained. The editor next alluded to (subsequently postmaster-general, and at this time president of the Board of Lands and Survey) is another very remarkable proof of the soundness of my argument on this question. Dr. G. S. Evans was the head boy of the same school as myself in England. He had a passion for classic learning, and indeed for learning in all its branches, and never abandoned the pursuit till he arrived on these shores. But of what use in Melbourne were his Hebrew and Greek, his elaborate researches in ancient and modern history, his geographical erudition, his critical acumen, his extensive acquirements in general literature, his watchfulness of the progress of science? None at all—except as he made these things subservient to political discussion. His fifteen hundred and his present two thousand a year are mainly attributable to his having written upwards of a thousand admirable leading articles in the *Herald*, every one having directly or indirectly a political object or bearing. Many of them deserve preservation and a wide reputation, for the grasp often extended over the



condition and prospects of the most powerful nations of the world. In addition to this, he was an LL.D., had practised as a barrister, and was an excellent speaker; and, furthermore, he had been one of the earliest settlers and a leading man in New Zealand.*

The allusion to Mr. Duffy, as the ex-editor of the *Nation*, is even yet more destructive to the argument set up by Mr. Fowler. Nothing tended to impede the career of Mr. Duffy in Australia so much as his previous connexion with the *Nation* and its political literature. It alarmed the prejudices of the majority of English and Scotch, not to speak of the native landowners, squatters, and old settlers. They regarded him for some time as an Irish ogre, who had come for their gold, and whose sons would eat up all their potatoes and grass. Mr. Fowler suggests that Mr. Duffy should have established some literary periodical, "because in politics he is a very ordinary person." That a periodical under Mr. Duffy's auspices would be eminently successful in Australia, I make no doubt at all; but, as to his political talents, they are already beyond question—talents which, if he lives, will be far more extensively influential than

* A few days after the above was written, the three daily papers of Melbourne, referring to some apparent trimming (trifling, if true) with regard to the land question, prior to an election contest, unanimously denounced Dr. Evans; and two of them designated him as everything that was "disreputable;" as a man "beneath contempt," and an example of "political infamy;" while the *Age* treated all his learning and other acquirements with ridicule and scorn. This was literature taking its "proper rank" among the martyrs. In fact, literature only presents an additional target for the arrows of political opponents, and the irony of official ignorance.

literature, or even the harp of the Muse could be over the sheep-walks and quartz-reefs of Victoria.

I say, therefore, that all these gentlemen, so far from demonstrating that "literature takes its proper rank," are remarkable demonstrations of the success of other and very different qualifications; and no men of letters in distant countries—whether in the United Kingdom, in America, France, or Germany—should be inveigled by the splendid plumage of these decoy-birds played off by the ingenious author we are quoting.

Now, let any man who has made literature a profession—so far as it can be made one—or anybody who has devoted his energies for years to mental culture, and burnt the "midnight lamp" in the prosecution of some special study—perhaps the composition of some work—in the hope of overcoming the neglect of contemporaries, or with the far nobler hope of posthumous fame,—let such a man, and any such men, look bravely into themselves, and ask their own convictions whether they possess such qualifications as those who have just been mentioned? Or do they possess the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Frank Fowler? He may himself be regarded as a first-class decoy-duck. Why, such a man, if one-half he says of his successes be admitted, would make his way in any part of the civilized world.

Perhaps it may be said to me, "And you, sir,—you, with the warning voice—have you not been tolerably successful? These successes seem, at any rate, to be getting rather numerous. You worked

in the fields of English literature a good many years, and you landed in Australia without capital or a single friend; and you have done pretty well, have you not?" As questions to this effect may pass through the minds of readers, I will frankly answer them. Amidst the usual Australian struggles, I have worked my way steadily, with some moderate successes, because I possess great energy, and have had a varied experience in foreign lands as well as at home. I have got into no difficulties, neither have I made any lucky "hits." I was here in a time when everybody engaged in speculations, and if I had been gifted with any talents of that kind, the opportunities were unprecedented; but I was very conscious of my want of knowledge and judgment in such transactions, and I was afraid to venture upon anything in which I could not pay if I lost. Those who are too scrupulous in this way are never enterprising, and they stand staring, and desiring, and demurring, while the right sort of men rush onwards, and either make a fortune, or lose very little, perhaps nothing. Besides this, my heart was not in the work of money-making. Something else too frequently intruded its old familiar presence. I had gone too far with Literature and Art to forget their charms. Nevertheless, I have always managed to live by my own unaided exertions in a fair position, and I believe I shall some day be a rich man; and this last result will not be attributable to literature in Melbourne, but rather to horsemanship in the bush. The sketch of my career in Australia, before given, will explain all this sufficiently.

As the author of *Southern Lights and Shadows* mentions having seen Mr. Charles Whitehead in Melbourne, it may not be indelicate in me towards that gentleman to ask a question of the former—though I could very positively answer it myself. Here now is a real case in point. Mr. Charles Whitehead is a professional literary man, the author of several works published in London, and formerly a contributor to various popular periodicals. He recently edited a weekly literary, political, and critical journal in Melbourne. He is not only a trained man, but assiduous in his duties. Does Mr. Fowler believe that this gentleman is making one of his “thousands a year?” Some twelve months ago, Mr. Whitehead published, in four parts, his *Confessions of James Wilson* (reprinted from one of his London publications); and if I can judge at all of such matters, there are not only fine touches of genius in it, but, as a whole, it is worthy of comparison with any of the fictions of the Godwin school of dramatic psychology. It is written in the simplest form of narrative. Nothing of the kind had ever appeared in the colony before. Did any of the leading men in official or social circles emulate each other in the desire to cultivate his acquaintance? Did any of the millionaires or rich merchants seek to add a grace to their groaning tables, and a new and superior tone to the conversation, which so commonly lapses into the mere business of the day? The fact is, even those who would appreciate literature and art, together with the great majority who have no taste or knowledge of the kind, (and hate the men

who possess such acquirements,) are so absorbed in the constant struggles going on here, whether for political power, place, or pelf, that they scarcely have time for anything else. They are in a state of febrile languor after the labours of the day, which casts a damp over their higher energies, and the soul rusts from the over-friction of the body. I do not include any of the mere money-grubbers in this last remark. They are out of the pale.

Mr. Pridham, the author of works on "Ceylon," on the "Mauritius," &c., is a barrister. His successes here are chiefly in the possession of land, and not by means of his great literary talents. He is, moreover, a good gardener, and an excellent bushman and pedestrian. He thinks nothing of packing up a second shirt, with a few pounds of flour, tea, and tobacco, and starting off to walk several hundred miles through the trackless bush. He once walked from Gipp's Land over the Rocky Ranges (the "Australian Alps") to Melbourne—a distance of more than two hundred miles—in four days and a half, carrying a knapsack of five-and-twenty pounds weight!

But, to reverse the picture, there are in Australia, three near relatives, all more or less literary, of highly popular authors in the United Kingdom; and the names of these three gentlemen I cannot mention, on account of the wretched failures of their career, and their present condition. That there are many other educated men in Melbourne, and on the gold-fields, and some of very superior education, who are similarly circumstanced (one such died the other day in a bush-hospital), is beyond all doubt.

We have a university in Melbourne, and all the professors are first-class men, well deserving their thousand a year and upwards. The presence of such men greatly assists in giving a tone to the place, though their influence can only be gradual. The examinations of the students are very severe. One would naturally have imagined that among the first professorships determined upon by the council of this colonial university, there would have been a professorship of English (British) literature. There is no such professorship up to this time. This is felt to be an awkward omission, and a step has been taken towards an apparent remedy by one of the other professors undertaking something in the way of lectures; but there is no such professorship. A new professorial chair is about to be established. This will be devoted to microscopic botany. As the lectures will, no doubt, include medical botany and other branches of microscopic research, the addition of such a chair is very desirable. The fact is only pointed out to show where literature is *not*. Now suppose any man chanced to be here who had had twenty years' work and experience in the literature of England, Scotland, and Ireland: or say, that there were half a dozen thoroughly qualified and unexceptionable gentlemen; and then suppose the committee determined upon having a professor of English literature;—let no one imagine that any of the above or other similar qualifications and credentials would constitute sufficient grounds for offering the appointment to any resident in these colonies. Possibly, I may be doing some of the members of the council

an injustice ; but it is my conviction that the majority would, nevertheless, send home for a professor of English literature, as they did for all the professors now here ; and the six thoroughly competent gentlemen would all have to fall back before the graduated step and solemn air of the "white choker," who had laid aside his classics and mathematics during six months, to read up his native tongue for a thousand a year in Melbourne.

Finally, I will imagine that some literary man, no "admirer" of mine, thus addresses me, after summing up all I have said on this subject : "Your facts and arguments prove too much ; they are top-heavy with gold, and they topple over. The thousands a year are shown to be no rarity in Melbourne, and a great many men of literary acquirements obtain them. If you yourself have not done as much, that seems to be in a great measure your own fault. You have been thinking too often of something beside the mark—perhaps harping on some ethereal and delusive string, brooding over some rooted passion—something which, perhaps, after all, may have no foundation beyond that melancholy one supplied with fatal constancy by the aspirations of genius without the heavenly gift. Regarding you as a self-contradictory advocate of the futility of literature in Victoria, I leave you and your warnings to the neglect they merit, and I go over to the side of Frank Fowler. I feel fresh life, strength, and energy in my whole mind and body. I know nothing of Australian politics ; but a few months' study will do a great deal. I am a bad pedestrian,

and a worse horseman; both such deficiencies may be supplied or evaded by Cobb's conveyances. The bush is not what it was a few years ago; nor are the towns what they were. If a bookseller, newspaper, or theatrical manager wants a "hack," I will follow the example of the sprightly Fowler. In short, so many, as you both say, have made and are making a thousand a year, that it cannot be likely the thousands should come to an end on account of my arrival: or that those who now enjoy them should live for ever! Talk to me no more. My mind and my will go hand-in-hand on this question; I will pack up my knapsack to-morrow, and start for Australia."

To such a man as this I answer at once: "Then give me your hand! come to-morrow, if you are in earnest; you will do for this place." My warnings are by no means intended for those who have in themselves the best elements for success, but for those who, possessing talents of a different kind, or being deficient in physical stamina, would be pretty certain of finding nothing but ruin or disappointment. Nor can I refrain from offering a concluding remark, even to the vigorous colloquist who has just answered me so effectually. Supposing the special and exceptional qualifications which characterize most of our highly successful men to exist almost ready-made in the new comer, let him still bear in mind that these colonies are yet in their infancy, and more particularly Victoria. The high stools and good places are already occupied, and the "table" as well as the market is full. Many a

pound-keeper has certainly made upwards of 2,000*l.* a year, and may still make half as much, but there are no vacancies. The number of berths and billets is limited, and will not increase for a time. I pass over the facile suggestion that some of the present occupants may die: true, there appears to be a good many of them. We have nine banks in Victoria, and each of the managers has some 2,000*l.* a year (1,500*l.* salary, and 500*l.* for a house), and each of the assistant managers has 1,500*l.* a year. You might like one of these berths, supposing you to possess the requisite qualifications; but none of the occupants will die to accommodate you. The life of an idle man of large income is not worth many years' purchase; but it takes a good deal to kill a man who is quietly earning 2,000*l.* a year. On the other hand, the new comer himself may die; and being unseasoned to the climate, this is rather more likely. He never thought of that. In any case, therefore, he must bide his time and keep his health.* Victoria is at this period overstocked with all require-

* Many a man of ability, whether in literature, science, art, or mechanical skill, has been comparatively, if not irretrievably ruined, by being taken ill soon after his arrival, and remaining so during a few months. If he had a family to maintain in the meantime, it was almost fatal. But not necessarily. Great abilities, if backed by energy, generally fight through everything. Dr. Bowie, the excellent and indefatigable superintendent of the Yarra Bend Asylum, is a remarkable instance. Almost immediately on his arrival, with a large family, in Melbourne, he was attacked by a painful colonial complaint, which compelled him to keep his bed three months. He was at that time (1852) in his sixty-fifth year. But fine surgery, or a "real doctor," was then a very scarce article in the market; so the veteran, who had been

ments excepting those of small capitalists and certain descriptions of labour. Frankly admitting, as peculiar cases, the probable success, before long, of *special energies applied to the talents which are desiderated*, it must still be asserted and re-asserted by those who dwell in the thick of the facts and knowledge, that small capitalists and small farmers, together with the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" (meaning experienced *navvies*), stonemasons, bricklayers, and some other mechanics, *are* the classes now most needed in Victoria; and not men of superior education, men of science, scholars, artists, or any of the clerical class, or intermediates. The small capitalist (we have many of the larger class), small farmer or producer, the navvie, and the stonemason, are the chief additional influx that will be wanted for some years to come; *unless*—and here it must be remembered that what has occurred in the bush may, in the most material circumstance, occur again—a new Bendigo, or Ballaarat, or several very rich coal-fields, should be discovered. Without sharing in the apprehension of an earthquake of the kind which some geologists and others prognosticate, it must yet be said that we live here, as it were, behind a spangled veil—a sort of dark curtain, with rents in it, through which the glancing well seasoned in the worst periods of cholera and typhus in the old country, sat up in bed to prescribe for patients, and even bled and drew teeth from the aching jaws of grateful diggers. When he left his bed, at the end of three months, he found his account at his bankers (notwithstanding his large family and the outrageous expenses of 1852) was rather increased than diminished since his arrival.

lights of subterranean pantomimes are fitfully seen, and which may at any moment be withdrawn. Not only might another and far richer gold-field be discovered, but the miners might come down upon long quartzose ridges, the very matrix of the gold. No rational person would speculate upon such an event; but such an event, though improbable, is more than possible.

With regard to coal-fields, the recent discoveries at Cape Patterson have placed that question beyond doubt.

The foreign reader should always be cautioned not to confound Sydney with Melbourne either in matters of taste or ounces of gold. The recent rush to Port Curtis proved a disastrous failure; while in the question of literary and artistic appreciation, I am quite at variance with Mr. Fowler. It may be the fact, in many cases, that Melbourne is the best paymaster, but Sydney is a truer patron of literature and the fine arts. They are better understood there, and the estimation of any superior talent is not of the fitful and equivocal kind which has so often been experienced by lecturers, actresses, vocalists, instrumentalists, and, in fact, by all artists in Melbourne.

It is probable that Miss Catherine Hayes made more money in Melbourne than in Sydney; but the appreciation was of a different kind. In Sydney, Miss Hayes was regarded as a fine artist and an elegant and amiable lady; in Melbourne, she was received as a vocalist of extensive reputation, gained in other places, and everybody went to see what they could make of it. True and refined appreciators

there were among them, no doubt; the mass only is here spoken of—the rich vulgar, whether in the dress-circle or other parts of the house. In Sydney, Miss Hayes was at once taken as a guest to the residences of the bishop, the attorney-general, and other persons in high position; and when she came to Melbourne, she was accompanied by admiring ladies and their husbands, who went with her to the same “hotel.” When Tom Barry, the clown, arrived in Melbourne, a deputation waited upon him, before he landed, with a complimentary address. Mr. T. Barry received the deputation and the address with great urbanity, and returned a suitable reply. He was subsequently escorted into Melbourne. It is more than likely that all this was got up as a theatrical “puff preliminary.” That is not the question; it was done, and few people seemed struck with the matchless absurdity. So when Anderson, the conjuror, came here, he arrived in Hobson’s Bay with a private secretary, an agent, and “a retinue of servants.” The happy thought of “a chaplain” had not occurred to him. All this trash, with the factitious addition of so many “tons of paraphernalia,” was greedily swallowed by the mass; and the vulgar influence went further than that.

As a set-off against these errors, let me mention it as honourable to Melbourne, that a due reception and right appreciation were awarded to Dr. Scoresby. His lectures on the magnetic science, the submarine telegraph, &c., were attended by a “fit audience,” and not “a few.” The Rev. Mr. Binney was also received with a due estimation of his earnest elo-

quence. But as a general rule, the attendance at all lectures is very meagre. The only exceptions I can recollect, in addition to the above, are those which were delivered by Mr. C. G. Duffy, on the "National Poetry and Songs of Ireland," some popular lectures on science by Dr. Macadam, and some excellent readings by Mr. James Smith. A lecture on the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton was given at the Mechanics' Institute by the mathematical professor of the university (Appendix A); and, with the exception of barely two rows, not more than thirty people occupied the other seats, whose open mouths and empty stare were at least a reproach to the educated class that ought to have constituted the great majority. The author of *Southern Lights and Shadows* tells us that he made 100*l.* per night by extemporaneous lectures in Sydney. If he did, he did; but if he had made the same venture in Melbourne, unless for some public charity, it would assuredly have cost him the price of the room and its candles. As for the anonymous enclosures of bank-notes which followed his "orations," nobody in Sydney is at all aware of the circumstance.*

The non-appreciation and neglect by the Melbourne public of Count John Dembinski (son of the

* An article in the *Age*, in commenting on the profusion of money that followed all this gentleman's literary efforts, ironically undertakes to restore several lost sheets, originally written in his book. Every passage, from first to last, inverts every known fact. Here is one: "During my short stay in Melbourne, I was often a guest at the table of Mr. —, and I may take the opportunity of mentioning that I never dined there without finding a thousand pound note under my plate."

patriot Polish general), who was recently found dead in Dr. Bleasdale's chemical laboratory, apparently self-poisoned, is excusable from the recondite nature of his attainments; but the obstinate neglect maintained with regard to him by the Ministry of that day, and even in the face of a recommendatory letter from his Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, is one of those official perversities which seems quite inexplicable. The attainments of Count Dembinski as an experimental chemist were undeniable; and he applied these to the immediate mining and metallic requirements and interests of the colony. A *post-mortem* examination being ordered, the only discovery the best chemists and surgeons could make, was that "his body was reduced almost to a skeleton." I do not mean to infer that he died from starvation, but of a broken heart, made sick by hope long deferred; and the breaking assisted, as I think, by some subtle essence or odour, which he knew would leave no trace behind, after it had done its work. Many regretted, when it was too late, that his "case" had not been better understood. I said to a leading member of the Upper House: "This death does not lie on my conscience. I knew his circumstances, and said all I could in the highest quarters." He replied with honourable candour: "I wish I could say the same. We must all regret such a loss, and that we did not preserve that fertile brain among us." Another yet higher official (forgetting how often I had called his attention to Count Dembinski) said to me: "If one could only have thought of such a thing, the impulse to write a cheque for

500*l.* would not have cost a moment's hesitation." He who said that was the very man who might have done it ; but nobody ever foresees these things.

The long and penurious hesitation of the Government to appropriate a small sum for the establishment and support of Professor Neumayer's Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory is another vexatious instance. He was the accredited *savant* of the King of Bavaria, and had brought out a costly set of instruments. Confounding the present king with his father, some absurd remarks on the royal division of time between Magnetic Science and Lola Montez did the learned professor "no good." At last, however, he was installed.

The sums of money publicly announced to have been gained by, or given to theatrical stars in Sydney and Melbourne, must be regarded as mere managerial and professional puffs. We know, in reality, nothing about the matter, except in cases of failure ; and then, it seems, on the contrary, they have made nothing, and paid everything away. I set down, therefore, the 10,000*l.* said to have been promised to Mr. G. V. Brooke, and the other 10,000*l.* offered to the conjuror Anderson, as sums of money the real amount of which, privately agreed upon, has been, or will be, duly paid ; but what such amounts may actually be, we have no means of knowing. The sum of 10,000*l.*, just now, seems to be a favourite munificence ; and as we hear it has been offered to Mr. Spurgeon to deliver a series of sermons in America, we should not be surprised at the rumour that an engagement had been proposed to that gentleman to

come to Australia on the same terms, with an additional 1,000*l.* for travelling expenses.

It will now be proper to offer a few remonstrances against certain exaggerated statements, gratuitous onslaughts, and downright libels, not only against large assemblages of men, but against the ladies of Sydney and Melbourne. That a great many extraordinary statements made by Mr. Fowler are quite true, has been admitted ; but it is equally certain that a great many have only a certain sort of foundation—a limited, sandy, shifty, rotten, or ridiculous foundation ; and the honest-minded and judicious foreign reader is earnestly requested not to forget that there are no falsehoods or libels so ingeniously provoking and unprincipled as those which have some sort of foundation for their monstrous superstructure. Everybody in private as well as in public life must have suffered from this at one time or another.

Thus, the ladies in Australia are dressed by Mr. Fowler in pink, and blue, and yellow, and red ; he represents them as vulgar and illiterate, as having a half-lisp, half-snuffling defect of speech, and chattering aloud in the dress-circle and throughout the house during the whole performance of a tragedy. Our author elsewhere describes the marts and hiring-offices for female servants in extravagant colours. The colours in the latter instance are rightly applied, and very fairly represent the fact. But *these* are “the ladies” who dress as he describes ; and another class, who throng the upper boxes, lobbies, and stalls, perambulate the streets, and, beyond all places, crowd

the immense *bars* of the theatre-hotels, constitute the very unfair foundation on which this costume libel has been built. A different explanation must be given of the vulgarity, illiterateness, public chattering, and colonial *twang* in the speech; but Mr. Fowler has evidently been unfortunate in his ladies, and can have had no acquaintance in those circles—small enough, it must be confessed—where he would have found not only an elegance as well as costliness of attire scarcely surpassed in any of the great provincial cities of the world, but a lady-like bearing and refinement, which the writer of the libel in question must himself have instantly recognized, if his eyes had turned in that direction instead of the other.

In the matter of education, the young ladies of New South Wales have had great advantages over those of Victoria, since it is only within the last three or four years that first-class establishments for education have existed in the latter colony. A fine flower-crop, however, of educated young ladies is gradually coming into bud, and will be out in blossom just as their elder sisters are marrying off from the parental garden. The only danger is that the new crop will be brought out too soon. As for the colonial *twang* of speech, and chattering in the dress-circle during a performance, this accusation, though broadly stated, must be applied almost exclusively to the nearly extinct colonial stock, and to a limited number of scions of the old stock of native or long-resident colonial ladies. "Most of these," says our author, "have been servants." In many instances,

no doubt, it has been so ; still, we must discriminate. Some of these colonial-born or long-resident ladies are ladies in all the best senses of the word ; and others, though rough from the habits of an early life in the bush, are so genial, hospitable, and unaffectedly homely, that they do not deserve any but a kindly recognition. It is the coarse old stock, when “ stuck up ” by the force of prosperous circumstances acting upon an innate vulgar nature, that is so intolerable. Of this class very few now remain.

The reader will by this time have clearly perceived that I am keeping to my intention of not using any special pleading. Broad and sweeping statements have been made by many as well as Mr. Fowler ; and, while admitting the kind and degree of foundation there exists for what has been said, and for what he says in the above and in other cases, I yet submit that the exercise of some *discrimination* is only fair and honourable towards the denizens of these young colonies. With this feeling I rely upon the honour of the critical portion of the press not to garble any of the foregoing or similar admissions and remarks.

Still on the question of the flowing “ thousands,” the facile pen of the author of *Southern Lights and Shadows* thus pursues the delightful theme :—“ The chief pianist earns 2,000*l.* per annum ; and there are five or six musical professors in Sydney each of whose yearly incomes averages over 1,000*l.* In both cities there are scores of music-masters and mistresses earning their 6*l.* and 7*l.* per week. Mr. Freeman, the daguerreotypist in Sydney, makes

1,500*l.* a year, and Mr. Batchelor (*Bachelor*), the 'Beard' of Melbourne, must nett still more."

Admitting these statements to be less exaggerated than others, the conclusion must not be rashly jumped at, that there are two fine fields for a new rush of similar professors and artists. M. Faucherie, considered by the most competent judges here to be one of the finest practitioners of the photographic art in all its branches, and Signor Cutolo, recently from Naples, (a pupil of Mercadante,) an elegant and brilliant pianist, have both been obliged to leave Melbourne—in fact, to leave these colonies—for want of sufficient encouragement to remain. They were highly appreciated in the best quarters, but "the market's full."

After several exhibitions of pictures, the majority being very indifferent, and the rest, with one or two exceptions, ridiculous or vulgar, there recently arrived a collection of original paintings by members of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, consisting chiefly of scenery and life in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. There was scarcely a bad painting among them all, and many possessed great and very peculiar excellencies. An Art Union was commenced in order to dispose of them, but the list could not be filled. They would have constituted a good nucleus for a National Gallery, and would have served as the first formation of a standard of taste in Australia. However, not one-third of the number could be sold, even at cost price; and the proprietor had to pack them up, and perhaps they are by this time on the way back to Stockholm. It is also to

be feared that Clarke's fine picture of "Ulysses and Diomed stealing the horses of Rhesus" will be allowed to leave the colony for want of a purchaser. We have plenty of rich men here, but their "taste" runs in a different direction.

The legal profession, amidst all the professions, comes in for its share—in fact, for the lion's share, though our author is, for once, at fault in the moderation of his estimate. "Lawyers in Sydney are as plentiful as locusts, and they one and all contrive to make an excellent living." This may apply to Sydney in a few cases only. The modest expression of contriving to make a good income is, however, very inapplicable to the state of affairs among the legal profession of Melbourne. Several attorneys have made immense incomes, and have retired with large fortunes; others are about to retire, either selling out or becoming sleeping partners; and most of the barristers, as well as attorneys, are making handsome incomes at this time—say, from 2,000*l.* to 7,000*l.* per annum. Several of the leading attorneys are making more than this. But nearly all those who are most successful have had considerable *colonial experience*.

Much larger fortunes, however, than these have been made by successful men among two other classes, viz., the publicans who flourished from 1851 to 1854, and the land and house speculators of the same dates. I do not know whether the immense house-rents and

the inordinate prices of land, as stated in the works on Victoria by Mr. Westgarth, Mr. Howitt, Mr. Kelly, and others, were doubted in any of the old countries, or regarded either as errors or exaggerations; I can only add my testimony to theirs as to the facts. Many of those highly-successful speculators are now very poor, if not utterly ruined. They made money by something they understood, and they subsequently lost it by embarking in something they did not understand at all. They fancied their genius was universal in the art of making money. The amusing fact is, that many of those men, who chanced to possess houses or a few acres of land in the centres of attraction, did nothing whatever but hold fast to their lucky spots, and allow the golden tide to rise around them. Those who found themselves growing rapidly rich, often attributed this to their remarkable talents for speculation, and launched out in the open sea, where the stupid fellows got dismasted, and sank before they knew where they were. A few among them had more prudence; exercised great self-control amidst temptation; and are among the rich men of the present day. These facts would make a good fable.

But what are these poor thousands, slowly earned in day-by-day labour of the brain, the pen, the finger-ends, the tongue, when compared with the off-hand proceeds and profits derived from one touch of monetary genius? Stand aside, law and literature—even political literature—and bow your heads all ye highly-paid cabinet ministers and great placemen, rich ex-publicans, landlords, and land-jobbers; ye are

all mere time-wasters in presence of a master-spirit in the art of turning abstractions into realities—figures into facts of gold. Those annual thousands are the veriest trifles, compared with what some of our commercial men have often done, and still do, occasionally, as a morning's work. Although without the wit to do anything of the kind myself, I believe I can show how this peculiar miracle has been accomplished by others. (Appendix B).

On a similar principle of making the imaginary represent the substantial, the celebrated "Gabrielli Loan" was constructed and negotiated. But what I have previously said on the importance of exercising a careful discrimination, must here be repeated with reference to the proposals for the railway loan and contracts made by Sir Moreton Peto through the agency of Mr. Gabrielli. This was a straightforward transaction in the usual way. The same may be said of the offers of Messrs. Baring through the agency of Mr. Childers. It were hazardous, however, and perhaps not patriotic, to demur to the financial arrangements which were proposed by the colonial contractors, Messrs. Cornish and Bruce, backed by the Melbourne banks, and accepted by the Victoria government in preference to the proposals of the London capitalists. The Ministry no doubt decided with the best intentions for the fulfilment of the contracts and the general good of the colony. They feared the imaginative financial genius of Mr. Gabrielli; and they knew something of the fine feathering of the private nest, as well as the financial oar, to which these sort of agencies are

liable; they were beset *on all sides* by the cry in favour of colonial contractors, and they lost, in my humble and not very valuable opinion, a good and legitimate opportunity of making sure that these great railway contracts, extending over seven or eight millions of capital required, would really be completed, and in something like the time proposed; and lost, in addition, the impulse that would have been given to the sale of debentures in England, on the security of such capitalists as the Messrs. Baring or Sir Moreton Peto. With this latter gentleman the Sydney government has recently entered into an engagement for the construction of railways in New South Wales.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING advanced to a brief view of the tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions, which are constantly floating about this colony of Victoria, I am anxious to offer such observations as a residence of between six and seven years may entitle me to make on the great questions now pending and in prospect. But before doing this, it will be as well to clear my way of a variety of intermediate things of slight importance to the world, no doubt, but which ought to be set in a proper light, in justice to those who are here, and for the satisfaction of their numerous relations and friends in the old countries.

Whenever any outrageous statements are made in the United Kingdom concerning these colonies or the people—especially when such statements are of a kind which there is a strong predisposition to believe—the most unfair and vexatious part of the business is the time that must elapse before they can be contradicted or corrected in any degree. The error has been believed, the mischief has been done. It may be erased from the belief, but not from the memory; and, with most minds, what has once been an impression can never be thoroughly eradicated, even after the grounds have been shown and admitted to have no adequate foundation.

The blunders and mis-statements made by so many writers from time to time, in the United Kingdom, in America, in Germany, India, and, to a ludicrous extent, in modern French works of fiction (as the *Revue des deux Mondes* can attest), demonstrate how little is really known of these colonies by distant nations, however nearly related or friendly. The erroneous impressions about society, the land question, our political struggles, the gold-fields, the labour market, the climate, the rivers, and, even to this day, about the ordinary geography or school-boy's map of the three Australian colonies, are cases in point; and, as a last instance, may be added the discussions on our mail and postal service, than which nothing could have been worse conducted at home, while the Australian colonies have had to bear the injury and odium which the many intricate ramifications of mischief by delays, irregularity, and miscarriage, have heaped upon them. The recent recommendation of Mr. Edward Wilson, that some accredited agent or agents, political and commercial, should be specially sent to England by the Australian governments, in order that they might at once correct, upon authority, any important mis-statements or blunders concerning these colonies, deserves to be seriously considered. With this should be combined the suggestion of Lord Alfred Churchill.*

* At the Australian Anniversary Dinner in London (Jan. 26th) Lord Alfred Churchill said: "He could not but regard it as a subject of regret, that the great interests involved in the Australian colonies should find no organ in the Parliament of this country; and he thought that some means might be devised for remedying that defect. In the Reform Bill which her Majesty's ministers

The dialect, costume, and customs of these colonies have, in like manner, been often dealt with as though, because there could be no contradiction for five or six months, anybody might say anything. The letters that have continually appeared in the London and provincial newspapers are sufficient evidence of this. Writers who confuse the scenes and doings of 1852 and 1853 with those of 1857, '58, and '59 (as Mr. Kelly has done in his *Comic Victoria*), are a perfect illustration of the mischief of those false statements which have *some* sort of foundation.

The following notes were written by a literary friend in Sydney, partly on slips of paper inserted, but chiefly in the margin of a copy of *Southern Lights and Shadows*, which he sent me when I informed him that it was not to be met with at any of the book-sellers' in Melbourne:—

Mr. F. talks of how many sheep are annually boiled down on the Lachlan, little knowing there are *none*.

At p. 11, he shows his utter innocence of the bush by con-

would no doubt introduce during the approaching session, a great many old effete boroughs would probably be disfranchised, and he would respectfully suggest that the Australian colonies should combine, in order to return persons connected with Australian interests to the Imperial Parliament. This would form a constitutional method of representation, and the only one which, in his judgment, could be fairly acted upon."

It would be advantageous in many respects, no doubt, and it would have prevented the noble lord himself from writing two letters to Sir Henry Barkly, in which the last word of the first letter was "*repudiation*," and the last word of the second (after Sir Henry's explanation) was "*settlement*." It will be impossible to avoid these occasional injuries and misunderstandings so long as there is no authorized person in London who is kept *au courant* as to facts in these colonies.

founding a stockman and his whip with a bullock-driver and his whip. Let your friends in England know that the celebrated stockwhip is never seen in use off a station, while the bullock-whip is only used by men in charge of teams. The two classes of men are essentially different. The stockman is alert, an admirable horseman, and almost as picturesque as a trapper of the American prairies, as you must have remarked. The bullock-driver is generally, or, at all events, most commonly, a heavy, drunken, saddened, brutalized automaton, lounging day by day at the side of his slow-crawling morose team. The two whips are just as different. While on the subject, Mr. F. appears to know no more of horses than he does of sheep or bullocks. I can't find by his book that he was ever on horseback, nor do I think the word "horse" ever occurs, except once by a casual allusion.

We are told that one part of George Street, Sydney, is exactly like Bond Street in London, and that the former is three or four miles long. I really do not know which part of my native city is meant; and I am sure this street is not two miles long.

The description of the hot wind (pp. 86, 87) is one of the most exaggerated things ever put to paper, as the statement of a number of persons falling dead in the streets from sunstroke is a downright untruth. A single death from this cause is a rare occurrence.

Mr. F.'s good jokes are often very old ones. They read like Cockney wit masking in *couleur locale*. Some of them I myself read in print long ago.

It may be safely asserted that no tourist's book of similar dimensions, or of any dimensions, pretending to be authentic, ever contained half as many reckless mis-statements. He boasts that he is an authority; he states everything with the most unhesitating assurance; and his utter indifference as to giving a correct account of what he really had the means of knowing, is only to be equalled by the jaunty audacity with which he undertakes to speak of his personal experience concerning things of which he never had any experience worth mentioning. Of the bush—of the country of New South Wales—Mr. F. knows nothing.

He says, at the opening of his book, that "in less than a fortnight after his arrival he was running through the country, sometimes two hundred miles in the interior." The only means of really seeing the country are by no means of horses, or on foot. The flighty term of "running" is used to cover up from your London critics the fact that the only opportunity he had of seeing the interior was when he was sent up the Hunter river by the *Empire* newspaper to report some election proceedings. Now, the Hunter is reached by the means of steam-packets, and all Mr. Fowler saw of "the interior" were the banks of the river and the village at which the business came off. To see New South Wales, you must really go into the country on horseback or foot, or by such conveyance as you can obtain and find practicable. Here in Sydney you see little or nothing on the roadside but the monotonous boles of the eucalyptus, with their sparse metallic leaves, and an occasional low-built rambling public-house with a verandah. But far away, on either side, lies actual New South Wales, its homesteads, farms, and pastures.

In Sydney, the oldest of the Australian cities, and with those refinements and home feelings to which letters and art must always look for real recognition, purely literary pursuits are at a discount. The leading daily journal, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, occasionally inserts a short article on subjects lying somewhat in the neighbourhood of æsthetics; but this is rather a matter of taste and liberality on the part of the proprietors than one of recognized demand on that of readers. The graces and subtleties of literary art, except among a class of lettered *élite*, too small to be taken practically into any immigrant's calculations, are little cared for. The journalists likely to succeed in the particular work required, are men of tolerably long residence in the country, practically acquainted with local characters and local things, and with the pens, in some instances, perhaps of rough, but in all of ready writers. Of these we have quite as many as are likely to be needed for a long time.

When Mr. Fowler talks about his being a "bookseller's hack" in Sydney, he makes use of a phrase which is altogether new to my literary friends in this city:—a phrase, indeed, which

they thought belonged to one of those vocations in attendance upon an intensified civilization, and found only in the great book-marts of Europe, and possibly in one or two large publishing emporia of the American Union. He never could have done the work he thus suggests, because there are no employers who require it.

There are men of higher literary abilities than Mr. Fowler in Sydney—young Englishmen who are academic graduates, and even native men with *their* peculiar and special claims upon the country, who declare that purely literary pursuits would scarcely, as the homely phrase goes, buy "salt for porridge." Not only the city of Sydney, but the country—the interior of the colony (of which the lively writer, to whom I am compelled so often to refer, has no knowledge)—is everywhere supplied with tutors (young men often of good family and university education), newspaper reporters, private governesses, &c. And in Sydney and the rural towns there is no lack of professors of music, dancing, and languages, male and female. In Sydney, indeed, when it was understood I was throwing together these remarks for your forthcoming book, many persons earnestly besought me to warn the very classes which Mr. Fowler, with such picturesque richness of phrase and such wealth of promise, invites here and to Melbourne, not to come, except under special circumstances. In New South Wales the ratio of persons following vocations based upon the exercise of artistic or specially mental accomplishments, is already almost too large for the amount of population. On the rural districts we have only a rough, pushing, pioneer population. A gentleman informs me that he has often, at upwards of two hundred miles from Sydney, seen at low roadside public-houses, educated young women, with some pretensions to personal elegance, teaching the daughters of mine host as "governess," at salaries, all things taken into account, very little, if at all, above what they would have received in England.

In New South Wales, in consequence of the facilities for local admission to the bar, and the large number of native young men who have for nearly the last twenty, and certainly the

last fifteen years, adopted the profession of attorney, and who are proverbial for sharpness, adroitness, and business talents, unless in cases of decidedly eminent abilities, there is by no means the most flattering field for law practitioners.

Five days comprise the period during which Mr. F. had an opportunity of seeing the interior of New South Wales (his extracts from his *Up-Country Notebook* show this); and he was only three days in Melbourne, about which he speaks as unhesitatingly, the whole of Victoria being included. His statements, however, concerning Sydney, where he resided two years, are just as rife with exaggeration and errors, which must therefore be regarded as the natural peculiarity of his mind, and the best of his talents.

Every second or third page had marginal notes, or slips of paper, inserted to the same effect as the foregoing. I have, however, given a sufficient sample, without including the remarks on the "thousand a year," which, Mr. F. says, he himself was making by his literary talents in Sydney. The facts would serve as a fine climax to the delusive hopes he has held out to men of letters so indiscriminately. Enough of this. But to think of a clever man, with so keen an eye for flying objects, lacking the foresight which should have shown him that all his fine off-hand romancing could only endure the period of two mails' transit!

CHAPTER III.



THE social circles of Sydney have long since been a settled matter, and more delightful circles than some of them are declared not to be found by all those travellers who have had opportunities of mixing in the best circles in other parts of the world. The same may be said, in a limited degree, of Melbourne, which is at present in a crude and unsettled state of society, and where the circles are also of a more prominently diversified kind. In Melbourne there is an attempt at the nucleus of a "court circle;" and if the Home Government think proper to make a few more Australian knights and baronets, there may be good hopes for the enlargement of the enchanted hoop: there is, at the same time, a more successful effort to form an aristocratic, or rather a conservative circle, which is in some respects amusing, and yet necessary on account of the curious mixture we have out here. The Melbourne "Almack's" is to be complimented for the moral courage with which its directors have resisted the claims for admission of some of the wealthy unwashed, and other unsuitables. Money is not quite everything, even in Melbourne. It only covers a multitude of sins, without the help of charity; but it cannot thrust its soiled hands, illiterate dialect,

log-but manners, and foul breath into the society of gentlemen and ladies—to its utter astonishment!

In the idle custom of “morning calls” not very much is gone through by the ladies, and nothing whatever by the gentlemen—they are all too busy; but in most other respects, relating to pleasant dinner-parties, private dances, picnics, suppers, drives and rides, there is little difference in several of the smaller circles, which make up the one we are describing, from what one finds in many of the first provincial towns of England, especially among the county families. To this statement exceptions could easily be mentioned, ludicrous enough; but as other writers have given these in many a newspaper letter, there is no need for me to repeat them. Then there is the ministerial circle, which includes its chief political adherents; the ecclesiastical circles of different denominations; and the military circle, which keeps within its customary bounds, viz., its brother officers and the ladies, and civilian acquaintances who give entertainments of a pleasurable kind. Add to the foregoing the circle of our millionaires and rich merchants of the educated class, the circles of the bench and bar, and the liberal professions; and all these smaller circles, occasionally mixing together, make up our present amount of social conservatism.

Then, we have the circle of the next gradation of merchant, wealthy shopkeeper, and tradesmen. There is but little “society” among them, as they seldom meet except for business. Such a man, over-worked as he generally appears, is too tired for conversation at dinner; and after dinner he

wants his arm-chair and a nap in the verandah. Civic reunions and public feasts and *fêtes* cannot be called social circles: they are only social festivities, where some men do not know other men, or will not know them, the next morning. There is the Government officers' circle—heads of departments, commissioners, presidents, superintendents, &c.; and these are divided into a number of lesser circles and cliques. There is the police officers' circle; the circle of the Government clerks, and of the commercial clerks, who are seldom thought "good enough" to associate with the former. Generally speaking, they are *not*, but in some cases they are worthy of a better fate. Then we have the circles of "nationality"—the Scotch and the Irish (each of which objects to being of the English nation—we must say "British," or else give each his special designation), the American and the German. We have also a very rich and respectable Jewish circle, the majority being German, Polish, and Italian, who form their own society, but are not exclusive.

Though not mixing with any of the social circles above described, we must not omit the Chinese in Melbourne. Some of these are very wealthy merchants and store-keepers, who have large transactions with their forty thousand countrymen on the different gold-fields. The imports of several of these are to the extent of from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* a-year, and upwards. Being curious to see how these Celestial magnates lived, an invitation was arranged by a mutual friend, and I accompanied Alderman H—— to a Chinese dinner-party. I had expressly requested

that the dinner should be exclusively of the Chinese *cuisine*, and this was complied with to an extent that far surpassed my expectation or desire, as it would have astonished the region which Southwood Smith pleasantly calls the "centre of sympathies," had I not partaken of it very cautiously. Each succeeding dish surpassed the last in the effect it produced on one sense or the other. The fact is, they were all too good for *me*; and Alderman H—— seemed to feel the same about the dinner, and requested an opium pipe after it. He said he needed it: our host, however, very prudently and resolutely withheld this final luxury.

But to conclude our view of the mixed forms of society in Melbourne, we must mention a very important circle, the boundaries of which merge into those of all the best of the circles previously described. This is composed of philosophers, scholars, men of science, architects, engineers, and reading and thinking men, the majority of whom are members of the Philosophical Institution. The segments of this "eccentric circle"—a body that wisely struggles to enlarge itself by first expanding the soul within—a spheroid with a surface of varied altitudes and deep depressions: the men (to drop the metaphor) composing this circle associate in a number of small groups, but are generally ready to act together on great occasions, after the usual amount of discussion. These men are "chartered" licentiates, and are received with all the honours, or as many as can be expected, in all the best circles of society aforesaid, which is a very great gainer by their presence exactly in

proportion to the appreciation they may find, or which finds them. At the same time it shows a generous spirit in a community where certain men are cordially received in very different, and often very inimical sets and circles. As to the munificence, and often the prodigality of the hospitalities, in private as well as public festivities, they are not surpassed in any part of the world, simply because it would scarcely be possible. They often realize the old English saying in the country, that "if you could eat and drink gold, you might have it." This is no exaggeration; the facts are common in Melbourne.

As for conversation at any of these reunions and social gatherings, in private as in public, the prevailing excitements always overwhelm it very speedily. Politics and commerce carry off all the men, until all the men are carried off by the ladies—that is, by their attractions—for dancing. A general mania for dancing exists in Victoria, from which scarcely anybody who *can* dance is exempt. Racing, gymnastics, fencing, foot-ball, swimming, rowing, and boat-sailing, have each their practitioners and patrons; but all the full force of fashionable patronage and interest is devoted to racing and cricket. The mania for bats and balls in the broiling sun during the last summer exceeded all rational excitements. The newspapers caught this flying epidemic, and, while scarcely noticing other far more useful games and feats of skill, they devoted column after column to minute accounts of the matches played incessantly by upwards of a hundred different cricket clubs!

The very walls of Melbourne became infected and threatening. Whichever way you turned a cricket ball met your eye. On the return of the Victorians from Sydney, where they had played and won a match against the "crack bats" of the elder colony, a reporter for the *Melbourne Herald* designated them, in his enthusiasm, as "the laurelled warriors." Well! there's no great harm in all this, but the thing has certainly been carried too far, even to the injury of trade, and many men's daily avocations and duties. The *Sydney Herald* appeared latterly to have arrived at the same conclusion.

As our last anecdote from the pages of the "ingenious gentleman," we should notice a story of an emu—the one great bird of Australia—who broke his neck during an extraordinary performance which he had not properly rehearsed. Concerning this anecdote of the feathered contortionist, I shall content myself, first, by saying that it beats the celebrated hippopotamus story of Gordon Cumming clean out of the tragi-comic arena; and, secondly, by repeating the friendly recommendation Professor Owen gave me one day when I described to him a certain curiosity of natural history which had come under my own observation: "I advise you," said the Professor, "never to relate that story in mixed society. It is true enough, but nobody that has not seen it will believe you." So, with regard to this tragi-comic performance of the "bird of Australia," we may remark that in the great majority of mankind the organ of not-having-seen-itiveness is largely developed. The story, no doubt, has "some" foun-

dition. So has the account of the formation of the "Testimonial Club" in Sydney, by means of which each member in turn is to receive a handsome testimonial!

The haunts of villany in Sydney—which are *not* to be found as described by the above pen—are not surpassed by those in Melbourne; but with regard to drunkenness and prostitution, the latter place is far worse than Sydney, or any other city in the world—not numerically, perhaps, so much as in its peculiar public features of repulsiveness and enormity. The Theatre Royal—and a finer or much larger theatre does not stand in any provincial city of Europe or America—contains within itself four separate drinking-bars. The *Café de Paris*, which has now become a separate department (with a junction passage) of the same building, has two bars. In the bars of the former there is a drinking public every night, especially when the house is crowded on any popular occasion. These bars vary in size, from about thirty feet to one hundred and fifty feet in length. Between every act it is the custom of the audience to rush out to the bars for a nobbler of brandy, or other drinks. They all think they need it, whatever the weather may be. The only exceptions are the occupants of the dress-circle, more especially on those public occasions when the Governor is present as patron. As the dress-circle never has more than a thin sprinkling on ordinary nights, the house is nearly emptied at the close of every act, and not very quickly refilled after the curtain has again risen. As for the drunken orgy

(though it does not deserve any association with the term), it is too vulgar, maudlin, and debased to merit description. One peculiarity only shall be mentioned, and that is the extraordinary ugliness of the young women who constitute the most prominent characteristic of the scene. Not only are they ugly morally, and from their vice and grossness, their drunkenness and insolence, but their personal ugliness in face and figure, and sometimes without a single exception. In passing from the upper boxes or the stalls on towards the street, through either of the long bars, or the central hall between, everybody I have questioned on the point agreed with me that he had never seen such unmitigated ugliness. This is made still more conspicuous by furious efforts at the last fashions, London or Parisian, some of which are costly, and put on as if they were the rags of a scullion. Dress bonnets that cost from two to three guineas, are as "waifs and strays," sprawling or dangling over the shoulders like a bonnet that has met with an accident. A consignment of richly-worked Chantilly lace veils to an agent who became insolvent, being suddenly thrown into the market, were "not understood" by the wealthy ladies, and the real value falling at once from five, ten, and twenty guineas to some twenty or thirty shillings, they were all bought up by these vulgar frights of women. These articles of elaborate and exquisite workmanship then went through a rapid series of transformations, and from flaunting among "illuminated" bottles, became wet rags in the streets, then neckties, and lastly pocket-handkerchiefs. The

numbers of both sexes crowding along those bars always remind me—provoked as I am with myself at the incongruity of the association—of Wordsworth's allusion to the flock of sheep, as “forty feeding like one.” There are often four or five hundred drinking like one!*

But the reader should always bear in mind what sea-port towns are in all the old countries. The population of Hamburg, for instance, is much the same as that of Melbourne, viz., 120,000, and in the former there were (in 1846) 500 “registered women,” which closely corresponds with the number in Melbourne and its suburbs. The proportion with London, according to population (1857), is much the same. It is not the excess in numbers here, that renders Melbourne any exception, but the atrocious behaviour in

* A kind and careful friend, on reading this part of my MS., writes in the margin—“But may it not be asked how you know all these odious things?” Why, by passing right through them, of course. I went through an opposite class of painful sights, for the *Daily News*, during the great famine in Ireland; it was my duty to examine many revolting scenes, when a Commissioner for the Home Government, among the mines and manufactories of South Staffordshire; subsequently, to go through the Dust-heaps, the Dead-meat Markets and Horse-slaughterers' Yard of Smithfield, and the Gunpowder Mills at Hounslow, for the *Household Words*,—and now I pass through other scenes on a very different stage.

But how difficult it is to write about a country where such changes occur so continually, and, in most cases, of a progressive kind. Within a few days of the completion of this MS., it has become necessary to interpolate a statement that the vestibule and bars of the Theatre Royal (now in the hands of Mr. G. V. Brooke, as sole lessee) have undergone an entire alteration in their arrangements. The improvements are of a kind to produce corresponding results in more senses than one.

public. It is worse than London used to be twenty years ago. The scenes that are witnessed, even during the day, half-way up Bourke Street, in the direct line of both our Houses of Parliament, actually surpass anything in St. Giles's or Covent Garden after dusk. It may seem strange that city authorities do not abate these disgraceful nuisances.

The class of women just described must evidently be the refuse and wreck of the very worst kind of "servants of all work," who were among the chief plagues of domestic life in the colony before they and their drunken seducers became its chief disgraces.

But there is another and a very different class of unfortunate girls. Those above mentioned scarcely deserve any sympathy: they were not unfortunate, but depraved when they arrived, or quite ready for the first opportunity. The truly unfortunate seldom appear in public places of amusement, never in the glittering bars, and seldom in the casinos. The observing eye of the artist, the philanthropist, and the student, no less than the "detective," catches a glimpse of them stealing down the shady streets in the evening, passing quickly through the gas and glare of the crowded thoroughfares, and disappearing round corners into lonely rights-of-way, or the most unfrequented localities. They feel themselves degraded, and think they are as bad as the rest,—but what are they to do? Their fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, are away on the gold-fields, and have been unsuccessful; perhaps they may be dead, or perhaps they have "taken to drinking," which comes to the

same thing. These girls and young women often have neither relations nor friends in Melbourne. It may be they have not been "brought up to work," and have no skill in any way; and, maybe, if they have, they cannot find employment. Many female accomplishments might be mentioned of which no use could be made for some time, even by the aid of the best introduction of friends; but without friends there is no hope, even if the time could be endured. They are truly unfortunate. No mother, no sister, no brother, no friend,—they vainly endeavour to obtain some employment short of the menial one for which they have not strength, if otherwise fitted for it. They linger on in respectable lodgings till their last shilling is gone—and they become what they are.

Mr. Fowler adopts a proper view of the above social calamity—a calamity all the more serious to a new community, because no remedy, as a precedent, has yet been found for it in any of the oldest cities of the most civilized portions of the globe. The method of suppression sometimes proposed for the relief of the social machine, can only be compared to closing the escape-valve of a steam engine. There is *no* remedy, in the existing state of society, except by early education, and opening new sources for female employment or skilled labour; and it must be confessed these colonies are not at present in a position to set an example to the rest of the world in this respect.

The description given by the author we have been quoting of the native Australian lad, or *gamin*, here called a "gum-sucker" and a "cornstalk" is, in the

main, only too true a picture of the most precocious and impudent young dog under the sun. Nor must I omit, while remarking upon the vividness of some of this gentleman's portraits and descriptions, his admirable word-painting of the harbour of Port Jackson—fit subject for the combined powers of a Claude and a Canaletti, and his more than Velasquez-like portraiture of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, in which the psychological acumen surpasses the pencil of the painter—precise and unhesitating as every feature, tint, and line are portrayed. It first appeared in a Sydney periodical, called the *Month*, and, like many other choice bits of painting in this gentleman's pages, has been carefully elaborated at periods not included in the "three days in his bunk, during a stiffish gale off the Falklands;" and one might safely defy the most rapid pen even to *copy*, at a steady table, anything like the amount of print in his book, though the three nights were added to the "three days." The description of the *Aurora Australis*, and of Bondi Bay (after the manner of Mr. Ruskin), should also be mentioned, as deserving, almost, to rank in painting with the above.* Having

* The *Aurora Australis* surpasses in beauty not only the "Northern Lights" of the St. Lawrence, but even the crossing and re-crossing arcs of the rainbows (or rather spray-bows), which I have stood, and sat, for hours to watch in their shifting play above the falls of Niagara. Of a totally different character is the Lunar Rainbow of Australia. Motionless, impassive, grand and impressive, from the magnitude of its spectral circumference, the continuity of its suggestive silence overwhelms you, and subdues while it uplifts the soul. Its appearance, however, is of rare occurrence.

demurred to so much contained in the dashing pages of *Southern Lights and Shadows*, I am anxious to express my hearty appreciation of the real excellencies it contains, and the versatile knowledge and talents so carelessly, to all appearance, flung down by its author,—talents which, if more carefully and conscientiously exercised, might open for him a far brighter career at home than the condition of literature properly so called, is likely to offer in Australia for some years to come.

After what has been said of the very unpromising character of the ordinary run of uneducated boys, a few remarks should be offered on the young men.

It must be admitted that they are, in the main, just what might be expected from the “cornstalks” and “gum-suckers” previously mentioned; their prominent and prevailing characteristics being reckless energy, arrogant self-dependence and self-assertion, and an utter scorn of all the accomplishments, refinements, and graces of education and polished society, or even ordinary politeness of intercourse. I am about to make this portraiture much worse by enlarging it. It must be carried up, and very extensively, into the clerical class, whether of the Government offices or elsewhere, and even into circles where there have been sufficient opportunities of obtaining education, acquiring some talents, and cultivating some taste. But all merges into self-conceit and tobacco. They have no relish for learning, or philosophy, or science, no idea of the distinction between verse-spinning and poetry, painting and daubing, the music of Mendelssohn and the brass-

band in a boozing bar, no taste for reading anything but trash, or seeing anything on the stage but burlesque (*the fatal tendency and the curse of the present age*), and no ruling impulse with respect to literature, the fine arts, manners, the respect and delicacy due to ladies, and personal habits in regard to the bath, and some self-command in drinking and smoking, no ruling impulse, let me say, but one, and that one is desecration. This I say, and I remain in these colonies to repeat it. The majority of the young men (and in colonies where nearly all are young even those who are not young astronomically are young in the realities of nature)—the majority here have neglected and lost their best opportunities of improvement; they possess no educational knowledge, no talents, accomplishments, or taste themselves, and they cordially hate and pretend to scorn and ridicule all those who possess any such acquirements. They have no reverence, admiration, or respect for any persons, any genius, talents, or works of genius, and they substitute the arrogance of ignorant youth and the “game to fight” for all other qualifications. The rarest phenomenon to meet with here is a gentleman’s son who walks in the footsteps of his father. Thank Heaven, there are a few;—young men who are studying at the university, and at other of our colleges and schools, or perhaps at home under the parental eye:—and there are some young men in an humbler sphere striving at self-education with an ardent and devout spirit. From these latter classes will develop the future rulers of these colonies; and those very “game” young fellows

previously mentioned will be their subordinates and servants.

The main purpose of this book—I make no sort of attempt to disguise it—is to contribute my modicum of assistance towards strengthening the body of Australia, by increased population of the most serviceable kind settling upon the lands, and leaving the intellect to develop itself, as it is sure to do, in fit season. The present stock of young men of the worst kind, just described, mixing with the better sort in various ways of life, will all “work up” very well as the social wheels progress. Give us two or three millions of inhabitants, and all the institutions, promises, and performances of a vigorous young nation of the nineteenth century will rapidly be evolved, and do honour to their ancestors and their race. But let me not be misunderstood with regard to education, as at present conducted and estimated in Australia. Very great interest is taken in education by all men and women of any enlightenment, and by all men holding superior positions and offices. Its importance is thoroughly recognized, and its able professors and teachers are much esteemed and respected. Not to delay the general reader with a list of our universities, private colleges, public libraries, and public and private schools for both sexes, it may be broadly stated that a superior education is now obtainable in Australia. The expenses in Sydney do not exceed the amount which the same class of education would cost in the United Kingdom; nor does it exceed such cost in Melbourne, the larger incomes and salaries being pro-

portionately considered. As I am aware that many families in India—and some in France, America, and more especially in Germany*—are anxious to know whether they can obtain a good education for their sons and daughters in Australia, I beg to assure them that they may place entire reliance upon the few remarks just offered.

We must not pass on from this subject without recording a wrong of a deep-rooted kind, which is but too old a custom. In stating that the teachers and educators are well estimated and respected, we must except, as usual, that most injured of all classes, the accomplished private governess. The position of the private tutor is often very equivocal, and the groom does not see why he should have to clean that pair of boots; but as for the general treatment of the private governess, even of the first class, it is a disgrace to modern civilization. Besides her duties in education and general accomplishments, she is expected to “save” the expense of a housekeeper, or nursery-maid, as occasion or caprice may require—in short, she is treated almost as badly here as at home. The salaries are much the same as those given for a housekeeper, a good cook, or a groom. If you happen to accompany ladies to certain drapers, or lace and shawl warehouses, you are often surprised at the graceful appearance and man-

* Since 1854, we find by the census returns for Victoria, that the increase of population from England and Wales has been 53 per cent.; from Scotland, 49 per cent.; from Ireland, 64 per cent.; while the Germans have doubled their numbers. (See Appendix C.)

ners of some of the young women in attendance; but not long after you will very likely hear that they are accomplished young ladies, in reduced circumstances, who prefer being treated with respect and receiving 100*l.* a year, to the very different arrangements that are made with a private governess.

CHAPTER IV.



WE must now come to a subject which is generally considered a very dry one, and generally thought to be most properly so treated, viz., the Land Question. But there is no real need to exact such a method of treatment, especially with regard to so varied a colony as Victoria, and also considering that I am not writing an elaborate work in methodized divisions. Except in matters of science, everything in Australia is, at present, too involved and fluctuating for distinct classifications. It is, therefore, fairly open to me, without incurring, or at least deserving to incur, the charge of levity, to ask the general reader to go with me (referring the more elaborate student to Appendix D) into a brief and familiar examination. I more particularly ask this of my brethren in the world of letters, not so much on account of those thousands a year which they have been assured they can come here at any time and secure, but for the sake of a real knowledge concerning a very much misrepresented and very imperfectly understood country, the great commercial and monetary importance of which is undeniable. I do not address one word of this

to the land-jobber, or other mere speculator, but to the general intelligence of educated men, and men of influence, whether by position or by the pen. Such men will at once perceive that this is not merely an Australian question, but one which, under various modifications, applies directly to all colonies upon the face of the globe—has always done so from remote antiquity—and must always more especially influence the destinies, for good or for evil (perhaps to the utmost degrees), of all young colonies, now, and to the end of human discovery.

If you look at a good, large map of the world, on Mercator's projection, you will observe that the entire continent of Australia extends over a great many degrees of latitude and longitude. Now cast your eye across to Europe, and you will see that this entire country is as large as the United Kingdom, all France and Belgium, all Germany, and all Austria, put together—and something more.

Well, no arguments can alter this. But, it will be asked, of what consequence is this extent of mere earth—of “unsubdued land”—of unknown regions of deserts? True, nearly the whole of the interior is unexplored and uninhabited except by the native animals, including “men who eat each other.” Of the entire country not more than one-fourth part is at all known; but we think it highly probable, on reasonable data, that the interior of Australia contains many a fertile oasis—many a vast district where rivers, perhaps like the great Zambesi (so little expected to exist in Africa before the recent explorations of Livingstone), may be found, or other

rivers sufficient for all the purposes of civilized populations. However, let us confine ourselves to the settled districts of Australia. The settled districts, then, which are already colonized, and all in course of rapid progression, occupy as large a space on the globe, and in as healthful and productive a climate, as the whole of the United Kingdom, together with France and the Straits of Dover, and this without including Tasmania and New Zealand.

Now, there is no need for any "true-born Briton" to be angry with any other native Briton, or with any natural descendant, for making the above remark on the simple question of the size and condition of a piece of the earth. Is it not rather a cause for the self-gratulation and sympathy of England, that men who are not merely descended from her race, but the majority of whom are actually of present flesh-and-blood relationship, have furnished an additional example of the energies of her nature, and established, within a few years, a progressive and loyal colony—the richest of all her foreign possessions—at the very antipodes of her maternal fields?

Here, then, we have a new land—a virgin soil—and a pretty large quantity of it. Who is to enjoy it? A few hundred squatters, some of them being lords of one hundred square miles, some of two hundred, and some of three hundred square miles, and some who have two and even three stations in different districts, each being nearly of the dimensions last named? The comparison which has been occasionally instituted between one of these squatters



and the German principalities, is amusingly inadequate. Certainly you would not say that all these enormous domains are to continue in the hands of these gentlemen? Neither would you say, turn them out to-morrow; and as for their tens of thousands of heads of cattle, and their millions of sheep, distribute them among the people! What the people cannot eat, or cure and hang up, they may boil down, and then send home the hides and horns, the wool and the tallow! Of course, anything *like* this would be ridiculous wholesale robbery; and yet we often hear people talk of seizing the runs of the squatters at once, as though there were no live stock upon them to cause the least delay or difficulty. But if the continuance of these extensive domains in the hands of the squatters would be a gross injustice to the people, the method of reclaiming the lands must be without doing any gross injustice to the squatters. They were the pioneers and first settlers in the country; and if they were not so in any disinterested sense, but for their own advantage as enormous monopolists, the country should still recognize the fact of those advantages which *she* has gained by their early enterprise. Their contracts, both from looseness of wording and absence of signatures, might easily be thrown aside; far better, however, will it be to give them no just cause for complaint, and allow them possession of their domains for the full period specified in these imperfect contracts. This period will terminate in less than three years from the present time. Then comes the great question.

The Government must take possession of as much of these extensive lands as are required from time to time by the people at large for the purposes of settlement and cultivation. We do not wish to abolish the squatters, but the present *system* of squatting. By the Government taking their runs into its own hands, it must, however, be admitted that this privileged class of monopolists must gradually disappear, and be superseded by squatters on a far less extensive, but on a legitimate, and therefore permanent, footing. If the Government takes only such runs, or such portions of runs, as may be required from time to time, it may be asked, how the squatters, collectively, are to make or defer their arrangements under such uncertainties of tenure? All this must, therefore, be settled in advance, and one law must govern the whole. What are the fundamental principles of justice, and the claims of the whole colony, upon which this law should be constructed?

The first claim, then, of those who have already colonized this great continent, as of those who will come to swell their numbers, is of the right to its *grass*. This is what the squatters claimed and took; we claim the same right. The whole question rests and turns upon this simple right—the grass. Free pasturage by a natural law takes precedence of all civilized institutions. It may not, perhaps, strike the general reader, just at first, how true this is; and as these pages do not presume to offer information or argument to those who are already conversant with the subject, it may be excusable to endeavour to reduce a very complicated problem to its simplest

terms, for the benefit of those denizens of the great centres of population in the old countries, to whom, if we can popularize the question, some service may be rendered, by clearing their views with respect to emigration to these colonies, directly the land laws have been rationally and permanently settled.

The first thing that is required, let me repeat it, is *free grass*. The reader who may be "in populous cities pent" is requested to perceive that to obtain grass is to obtain milk, and butter, and cheese, and wool, and meat for the settler's family. It includes much more than this, by a not very indirect process, since the breeding and feeding of horses and bullocks depend upon pasturage, and from their labour, the cultivator of the soil obtains his bread, all kinds of grain, vegetables, and other agricultural produce. "All flesh is grass" is received only in a figurative sense by the early settler, while practically he has the soundest reasons for knowing that grass produces all flesh. Now, this absolute fact being thoroughly understood—and who can gainsay it?—it must be seen that no young colony, where there is a fine soil and climate, can have anything like fair play for the energies and knowledge of its settlers, without possessing the right of free pasturage over all the unsold waste lands.

The next requisition of the colonist is the right of free selection, over all the unsold waste lands, of a sufficient number of acres for a small farm or homestead—say one-eighth or one-fourth of a square mile, that is, 80 or 160 acres, at the upset price, and without auction. The extent of free selection being

limited to 160 acres, and the settler being permitted to take possession only on condition of cultivation or other reasonable improvements, the freedom of selection at the upset price should be open to all *bonâ-fide* settlers, from the highest to the humblest: yes, the poorest man.

But say that "I am a bullock-driver—a man who can neither read nor write, and who is never likely to learn—that I am a sort of colonial Orson, and that between myself and a bullock there is not much more difference than between a driving animal and one driven. As I am a good deal up and down the country with my team, and through the bush and the great untimbered plains, I know exactly where to pick the best bits of land; and away I go to the District Land Office, and single out, and buy, at the upset price, that very choice morsel of fertility, which ought more properly to have been your prize, as a gentleman and a scholar. Well, why not? You are rather shocked at this, and I shall be told I ought to 'know my place.' So I think I do, and that the chances are in my favour that I should make a better colonist than you, at this early state of our fields, and that my hardy limbs will do more towards the ultimate public wealth which builds and endows a university, and adorns the walls of a picture gallery, than any of your fine attainments, which are not, at present, needed in Victoria, nor appreciated. Your time is to come, but my time is now." Though the above is not at all an extreme case to anticipate—in fact, similar instances will be numerous—still, the great majority will be respect-

able small farmers and homestead settlers, of small means; and the more of these we can have the better.

A Land Office, and a number of branch offices in different districts, for the sale of the waste Crown lands would be required. The present upset price of 1*l.* per acre might, perhaps, be retained (though it is said to be *four* times as much as the upset price in America and Canada), because what the people here most desire is, not extreme cheapness so much as to be spared the waste of time in obtaining land by circumlocutionary forms and periods; they also wish to be able to make sound calculations beforehand, by being spared the contest of an auction, which has hitherto made an upset price ridiculous. On this vexing question of a land auction, the *Argus* recently disinterred, from a forgotten blue book, a very interesting extract, containing the opinion of the unfortunate Sir John Franklin, when Governor of Tasmania. Its date is October 15, 1840, and it is taken from a minute of the Governor and the Executive Council:—

“Sale by auction has been found to be productive of no good results to the Government, as far as the revenue is concerned, nor to the public, inasmuch as it induces a spirit of gambling and creates ill-feeling.”

Nevertheless, if the American method of bringing the lands into the market were adopted, the auction only taking place some time *after* the settler has fixed upon 160 acres as a pre-emptive right, there would

be no reason to object to an auction on some such principle.*

To the above arrangements, however, two other questions belong. The first is, whether the free selection of 160 acres shall be permitted before they have been surveyed, or not till after survey? Many reasons are sufficiently obvious why the government survey (astronomical, geological, mineralogical, agricultural, botanical, fluvial, &c.) should precede all free selection; on the other hand, it is certain that these elaborate surveys, besides the delay they must cause, would throw too much power into the cabinets of each successive Government, temporary and heterogeneous as, for some time, they are likely to continue. If, however, an immense quantity of land were surveyed less minutely, or with all due speed by numbers of surveyors, and the whole brought at once into the market at the upset price of 1*l.* per acre, without auction (all possible checks to the large capitalists, by requiring residence, or cultivation, being adopted), there would be no great danger in agreeing to the preliminary survey of the rest. Any unnecessary delays, or sinister changes of direction, would then be too obvious to the experienced settlers and colonists to escape continual suspicion and censure; and the rapid following up of the surveyors

* The Land Convention seems to have been misled on this point. From authentic documents of 1857, I find that the agricultural land in America is sold at something over 18*s.* per acre; and when the advantages of Victoria, in other respects, are considered, the difference of price may fairly be reckoned as in our favour.

might be secured, by allowing any settlers to commence settling down upon any unsold waste lands, with the clear understanding, as in America, that they must accommodate their boundary lines to the lines of survey as soon as the latter overtook them. Temporary log-huts and moveable snake-fences render this operation no very arduous one to men whose energies and enterprise have caused them to move in advance of others to subjugate the wilderness.

The other difficult question is one that is common to many positions in life, namely, the day of payment. Should the payment for the 80 or 160 acres, freely selected, be a cash transaction with the Government, or should the payment be collected by instalments at certain intervals, say from two to three or four years? In two years a skilful and industrious settler will almost always be able to commence payment of part, if not to pay the whole, without crippling his resources; while cash payments to the full amount, before occupation, are likely to cripple small settlers at the very outset, and such payments have at the same time a direct tendency to throw the land into the grasp of capitalists, and speculating politicians, and land-jobbers. Since these latter speculators cannot obtain several allotments in person on account of the required residence, they may lend the money, with various "understandings," and thus accomplish land-jobbing, and obtain political capital, at one operation. It would not be worth their while to do this with deferred payments, because the settlers of small means could then compete with them.

But, to look at this question from another point of

view, we must see, that to become the debtor of a Government for a period of two or more years, places the Government and the settler in a false position with regard to each other, since the settler, upon every occasion of difficulty, will be very likely to hate the Government for exacting the due fulfilment of his promise to pay. Deferred payments were adopted in America, but subsequently the lands have been sold for cash, "thereby preventing," as President Van Buren observed, "the disturbing influence of a large mass of private citizens indebted to the Government which they have a voice in controlling." All things considered, I am disposed to argue for cash payments *ultimately*, or, at least, twenty-five per cent. upon the whole amount, even though this requirement would then keep out many a stalwart yeoman, many a good bushman, many a first-rate *navvie*. It would also keep out a far less deserving class, to wit, those street loungers and "loafers" who would always be at hand, and ready to make their free selections on the plan of deferred payments, with a mental reservation of not intending to pay at all. But as deferred payments did mainly assist in colonizing America in earlier periods, so does it seem worthy of consideration whether deferred payments, being adopted for a few years, would not be most likely to get the lands extensively opened up. This would be of far more consequence to the country than the immediate payment, while the cleared land itself, as well as the settler's other improvements, would always be a security that could not run away.

It is most probable that the depreciation in the value of land, which these deferred payments upon free selections must cause, would half ruin many large, as well as small, proprietors (myself among the latter); still I think it would be a good experiment for opening up the lands of the interior, well worth trying during a few years. There would be a panic for a time, and many would suffer. Eventually, however, the results of increased population, produce, and traffic in the vicinities of the lands thus depreciated in value would restore the balance, and, the complainants recovering from their previous losses (though some few would, meantime, have been ruined beyond recovery), the whole colony would be benefited.

Finally, I do not see any necessity, even at the expiration of his term, for seizing upon the runs of the squatters at any given signal. If a certain large district is determined upon to be put up for sale, and this includes the runs of two or more squatters, so be it. Dealing fairly with him in the matter of his live stock, and any other real value he has put upon the land, take the run at once. But with regard to those squatters whose runs, from their remote position, or the qualities of the land, or any other cause, are not at present required for public use, let them be reclaimed by the Government, *ad interim*, as free pasturage only, and, of course, not meddling with his pre-emptive right of 640 acres. Neither should any needless haste be shown to appropriate other portions which he may have laid out in corn-fields, orchards, gardens, vineyards, &c.—if any such rare

improvements should *anywhere* be found to have been made. The squatter, therefore, whose run is not immediately required, should continue to occupy the pasturage as of old, with his reduced stock, the simple difference being that he must not impound the cattle of others who come to avail themselves of the grass of the colony.

Should free pasturage become the law of the land, as there is every sign that it must, one very important clause would be needed, whereby the squatter, or any person possessing live stock in great numbers, should be prohibiting from sending away large mobs of cattle to graze on other districts. Without such a prohibition, the "tables might be turned" upon the small settlers with their live stock, by the owners of large herds sending perambulatory mobs of three thousand bullocks, or flocks of eight or ten thousand sheep, to one little oasis after another, where the small settlers, who had enough to last them through the summer, would see all their grass eaten up before their faces, and all their water drunk, in the course of a few days.*

* Another provision occurs to me as needful under these new circumstances and relations. If a squatter, or large owner of live stock, received intelligence of the advance of a small mob of three hundred horses, or five hundred bullocks, towards the feeding grounds he had been accustomed to consider as his exclusive property, he might send out a flock of five or six thousand sheep as an advanced guard, or half that number, if they could be made to advance in line, three deep, with directions to the shepherds in command to let them stop and feed as soon as the enemy, or his rising dust-clouds, loomed in sight. The sheep would then continue to retreat slowly before the hungry strangers; and as horses and bullocks will not feed where sheep have been (which is

In the foregoing concise exposition, I have endeavoured to embody and represent the main features of the Land Question in the two most influential colonies of Australia, and chiefly as it is received by the popular leaders and by the great mass of the people. A liberal land policy already prevails in South Australia* (as also in Tasmania and New Zealand), and no agitation exists there on the subject; but it is very different in Victoria and in New South Wales. In each of these latter colonies the same views are maintained, and in each there is a Land League (called in Victoria the Land Convention), which endeavours, after the excellent model of the Anti-Corn-Law League in England, by the concentration of its energies and influence, to compel the Legislature to frame a Land Bill in accordance with the wishes of the great majority of the people. They have established a weekly journal in Melbourne to advocate their views and support their movements, and their power increases in proportion as they make the community understand their solution of this complicated problem. They wish, in fact, to obtain substantially a land system of a similar

no wonder, even were it only from the odour left behind of hot, greasy, dirty wool), the defeated mob, who came for the free grass, would be compelled to slope away by the strategy of the pastoral commander.

* The surveys in South Australia appear to have been for many years all that could be desired. "There has always been," says Sir Richard Macdonnell in his last published report, "a supply of surveyed land adequate to the demand. At this moment there are about 126,000 acres, which, having been offered for sale at auction, are now open to all the world at 1*l.* per acre." This is a sufficient reason for the contentment of the South Australians.

kind to that of the United States of America and Canada, not only according to the old unmodified legal enactments of the United States, but according to their "unwritten laws" in universal operation and practice, and which have been successful beyond all previous example in the process of colonization.

But while the same or a very similar scheme to that which is practically adopted in America is desiderated by the great majority of these colonies, I do not consider the cases are parallel. Something different, while adopting the main principle, may be advisable. For instance, in Victoria, the quantity of unsold agricultural land bears no comparison with the almost boundless prairies and rich wastes of America. Our quantity of such land has been estimated so variously by different persons, that I feel ashamed to expose the perverse, self-interested, or crotchety condition of mind which is displayed by estimates ranging between *three* millions and *forty* millions of acres. To show that the former estimate must be absurd, we have only to point to the lands in Ireland, reclaimed from bogs, or beds of rock, as I have so often seen on the south-west coast of Clare and in Galway; or to the general results of farming in Scotland. But let us suppose that Victoria possesses forty millions of acres; that quantity could only be regarded as a single prairie in comparison with Kansas, Texas, Oregon, and California. As to the argument that this is not an agricultural country like America, because it has always hitherto been only pastoral, that is mere squatter logic. It emanates from the same transparent source as the

reasoning of a certain grazier lord, who recently offered the Government sixpence an acre as the full purchase-money of his dominions. He said the land was really good for nothing, except as a sheep-walk. It never had been good for anything else all the time it was in his hands; therefore, it was only worth sixpence. But admitting, as we have said, that Victoria contains as much as forty millions of acres still to be disposed of by the Government, and that all these are, or could be made, agricultural, we must not, for a moment, institute any comparison in this respect with America. There, the question of astronomical, geological, agricultural, botanical, fluvial, or any other surveys, previous to granting permission of settling upon the land, would be met with scorn and laughter; and if that did not scare away the scientific surveyor, the tomahawk and rifle would quickly send him home without his instruments. The adventurous pioneer, the Lynch-law squatter, the warlike agriculturist of the Far West, who drives the native tribes before him, after they have in vain endeavoured to check his advance,—this is not the man to “hobble” by any galling enactments. The law-makers in New York know better; in fact, they are very much obliged to him, seeing that he is not only a pioneer for the on-coming agriculturists, but a fighting explorer, whose victories lead to the “paths of peace.” Nothing like this obtains in Victoria. But assuming it would really apply to the undiscovered regions of Central Australia as well as to Kansas, which is unquestionable, in such case, it is certain that any

party of Victorian settlers might start off to-morrow morning for those unexplored regions, with their horses and camels and baggage, and the more they explored the interior, in advance of all "surveys," the more unaffectedly would the three Australian governments feel very much obliged to them. This is the only view in which the cases can be parallel!

But another view, apart from all question of purchase and freehold, presents itself. For the sake of clearness and brevity, let us concentrate our examination upon Victoria. It may be argued that the quantity of agricultural lands now to be sold being limited, at any rate by the dimensions of this colony (which do not exceed those of Great Britain, Scotland, and Wales), and the whole being sold at the upset price of 1*l.* per acre, which is enough, in all conscience, for an infant community, the entire proceeds would only amount to a corresponding number of millions sterling. Now, as it is quite evident that we live here, politically and commercially, "at a great rate," the money would soon be gone, having been expended in costly public works, new institutions, and other things (blunders included); and then we should lose all revenue from this source, which ought to be permanent. Would it not, therefore, be prudent, among the various schemes proposed for the settlement of our land problem, if the system of "quit-rents," once recommended by Mr. John Stuart Mill, were also taken most carefully into consideration? By this system the Government might lease the remaining Crown lands to settlers

on moderate terms,—say 5 per cent. upon the upset price of 1*l.* per acre to the *bonâ-fide* settler. No man would object to pay 8*l.* a year for his 160*l.* acres; the whole country would soon be under cultivation or other improvement, and the Government would retain possession, and derive a revenue in perpetuity from its Crown lands.

The foregoing views and arguments are now submitted for general examination. Nothing is stated dogmatically; at the same time, it is only right to say that I have made up my own mind. Believing the theory of leases under the Crown to be unsuitable for the *permanent* settlement of the land question in these colonies, loyal as they all are at present, and wish to continue, I give a preference to the sale and purchase of a freehold right. I give this preference, because the desire to possess land is a rooted feeling in human nature, especially among all free nations, and among none more peculiarly so than those which inhabit the British Islands and the United States of America: in fact, the race by whom these colonies are chiefly peopled. As for the revenue to the Government derivable from the Crown lands, *let the colony take care of itself, and its Government will never want for money.* Suppose we had only thirty millions of acres to be sold, agricultural, pastoral, townships, and all else included, the sale of one million of acres a year would be very great—far more than we could expect—and this would postpone the loss of a revenue from the land during thirty years. What may not these colonies have become by that time? And if all the money derived from

the land-sales had been spent, of which I make no sort of doubt, and other sources did not furnish the Legislature with a sufficient supply for the purposes of Government, a twopenny-halfpenny tax on the land would not be likely to meet with any objections.

I sum up, then, for free grass over all unsold waste lands of the colony; free selection of 80 or 160 acres over all these unsold waste lands by the *bonâ-fide* settler at the upset price of 1*l.* per acre without auction, and either previous to or after survey, until the population has very considerably increased, and always with due reservation of auriferous lands, coal-fields, copper-fields, mines of precious stones, river frontages, roadways, public parks, gardens, &c. The runs of the squatters, at the expiration of their term in 1861, should be instantly taken into the hands of the Government, in perpetuity, though not necessarily ejecting the squatter, but subjecting him to a fair assessment on his stock or his acres, until his land is required by the influx of people, or for any other public advantage, and at the will of the Legislature.

So far as any of these conclusions may be regarded as only my individual opinions, they are not of much value; but, collectively, they should be regarded as the result of a careful examination and comparison of all I have seen, read, heard, or experienced during my Australian apprenticeship of six years and a half. They are, at any rate, the result of an independent mind (Government officer as I am); but never having turned my attention to the

subject, beyond a casual thought, until my arrival here, I offer all my remarks and conclusions with great deference to profound thinkers and long-trained students of political economy, and with all due humility—a feeling I do not discover in myself on all subjects, and which I never affect. But, inasmuch as the main arguments of the question are based upon the experience, and supported by the evidence and reasoning of many whose opinions deserve to be regarded among the best authorities, I do not hesitate to say that I have arrived at settled convictions.

“A perpetual squatterdom,” says Mr. William Howitt, in his *Two Years in Victoria*, “would be a perpetual disgrace to our science of colonization. As soon could the present condition of Victoria exist in its future, as Nimrod and Hercules find room for themselves and their sports in London. ‘There is,’ says Solomon, ‘a time for all things;’ and as there has been a time for squatting, so that of itself implies that there will be a time for giving up squatting; and in-pouring millions, seeking soil for the scythe and the plough, declare that that time is at hand.”

Mr. Westgarth, in his recent work on Victoria, says that “he was in Sydney when the idea of procuring squatting leases was first started; and it appeared so utterly ridiculous, that it was treated with shouts of laughter even by the squatters themselves. Yet they found a British Government so ignorant of the real nature and condition of our colonial property as not only to offer them leases, but such leases, that if the Colonial Government had not been

more prudent than the Imperial one, would have made over in perpetuity the whole of New South Wales and Port Phillip to about 2,000 individuals."

"Such is the Land Question of the Colonies. It is a great question, which will have soon to be fought out between the squatters and the people. The one party, though powerful in position, is weak in numbers; the other party is powerful in numbers, and in the force of actual necessities; and there requires no oracle to foretel which will prevail. Let us hope that the passions excited by the contest will not lead to rash measures, and the injury of the real interests of the colony and of the squatters—a body of gentlemen in themselves distinguished by much intelligence and many virtues, and who have been placed by the folly of the Home Government in a position too tempting to the weak side of human nature."

Nearly four years and a half have elapsed since the foregoing passages—at once wise, energetic, just, and admonitory—were written. The whole power of self-government has been given into the hands of the Colonial Legislature these two years and a half, and here we are with the land question in the same position, and the squatters preparing the most determined resistance to the popular demand. Whether this resistance be of an active kind, or only by passive but well-knit organization, it is my impression and my fear that they will carry it to a pitch which will so exasperate the great mass of the people, that they will communicate their own passions and rashness to the Legislative Assembly, who will adopt measures injudicious to the commercial interests of the

colony, in some respects, because they will involve the pell-mell sweeping away of the squatters. "If the squatters are wise," says the *Argus*, "they will lead the movement they cannot resist. It is not the first time that a measure, seemingly most democratic, has proved to be truly conservative." To this very judicious, and perhaps rather too friendly, suggestion, we may apply the wise remark of a French philosopher—"Man would always follow his interests—if *he knew them.*"

If, as Mr. Westgarth and other old colonists have remarked, the Government had taken advantage of the population and the profusion of money among the miners in 1852, *then* was the golden moment for colonizing Australia. This is what Mrs. Caroline Chisholm took for granted. She would never have exhorted families after families to come to these shores had she supposed they would have been refused a morsel of earth to grow corn upon and be happy.

Being well aware of the interest existing at this time, in various parts of the world, with respect to the solution of the land question in Australia, I have dwelt as much upon it as seemed necessary. Further information will, no doubt, be desired by those readers at home who are contemplating an emigration to these shores; but as I am also advised that this brief volume will find an anxious audience in certain other regions (India among the rest, where the land question will not be, though it ought to be, the most important consideration), it seemed better to transfer my additional pages of facts, details, arguments, and illustrations, to the Appendix (E). They are chiefly

composed of extracts from the writings of the best authorities we have in American, Canadian, and Australian experiences, and from leading articles in our newspapers, and letters of well-known correspondents. The writers, being surrounded by the pressure of immediate facts, feel and know what they are writing about; and as this is not the commonest thing in the world, they are, so far, I think, deserving of some attention. The recent speech in Melbourne of the American Consul, on the land system of the United States, I have also given entire. It is not only full of straightforward information, but amusingly *unique* in other respects.

CHAPTER V.



LET us now look at the GOLD. The Gold Question in Victoria holds very intimate relations with that of the land. The raw element of man's wealth, and the raw wealth itself in a condensed form, are curiously united and disunited. They are united in the breast of physical nature, and should work harmoniously beneath the hand of man; but they are disunited in results by the want of harmonious co-operations. The gold could be the means of enriching the soil, and the increased richness of the soil would enable the miner to increase the yield of gold by that addition to his capital and comforts; instead of which, they struggle in different directions, and do not help each other.

Soon after the gold-fields were found in Victoria, when such numbers of emigrants rushed away from the United Kingdom, shipload after shipload—the majority being very deficient in the practical experience, rough energy, and commanding fortitude which constituted the most essential elements for success; and when so many of these were throwing up situations and positions in life where they were comfortable, and often much more than that—there naturally arose a fear that a large proportion of these

emigrants would fall into distress, and that, too, in a very remote land of strangers. There also was some apprehension that too many houses of business would lose their best subordinates and assistants, and many a mercantile and manufacturing firm nearly all their best hands. As one means of checking an irrational and injurious emigration—injurious on both sides of the globe, though Australia would have the worst of it—an argument was put forth, and supported in several influential quarters, to the effect that the adventurers already here for a season would have made better wages by digging for *corn* than by digging for *gold*. In other words, daily labour in agriculture and other regular labour at fixed wages would enable a man to live better, while it would prove to be a safer investment of his energies for his family and his future welfare. Very much may be said on both sides, and some of the best heads here are not yet agreed upon the solution of the problem. Let me first state such arguments as occur to me against the gold, and in favour of other labour than mining.

In 1858, there were, in round numbers, 150,000 miners on the gold-fields of Victoria. This number of course includes the Chinese, but does not include any women and children. Several thousands of adults might be deducted from this number, as store-keepers, &c.; but we will throw them into the bargain.

In the previous year, the gold exported amounted in value to 9,401,884*l.* By adding to this sum the gold retained in Melbourne and on the gold-fields, and in private hands, we shall bring the quantity up to

10,000,000*l.* The return of gold exported in 1858 not being yet made, let us accept the same amount for this year as for the year previous, viz., ten millions sterling. Divide these ten millions among 150,000 miners, and we find that each will have earned 66*l.* (sixty-six pounds) for his year's work; *i. e.* 313 working days.

We will now suppose these 150,000 men had worked at agriculture instead of gold mining. We will also take the lowest rate of wages in the colony, viz., 7*s.* per day. It will then appear that the 150,000 men would have earned 16,432,500*l.* in the year, or 109*l.* 11*s.* for each man.

Hence the agricultural labourer would make 43*l.* 11*s.* more than the miner, whose gold (per ounce) at this rate would have cost 6*l.* 5*s.* to produce, the average market price being only 3*l.* 15*s.*—a clear loss to him of 2*l.* 10*s.* per ounce.*

The spokesman for the miners might, on these grounds, address the “bankers, merchants, and others,” in words like the following:—

“It appears, gentlemen, that we are working for

* A friend interpolates the following formula in my MS.:—

“If a man earns 66*l.* in a year by gold-mining, and the price of gold is at 3*l.* 15*s.*, then his bulk gains are, say, 17½ ounces of gold.

“But if the man might have earned by other labour 109*l.* 11*s.*, these bulk ounces (17½) will be fairly estimated, in cash, as having cost him 6*l.* 5*s.* per ounce.

“Hence, the gold has cost him 2*l.* 10*s.* more than its value to him.”

you! We have all the toil, expenditure, and risk,—and you get all the profits, which are certain. You have neither toil nor risk; and yet we enable you to rule the price of gold, and of labour—in fact, to rule the market, directly or indirectly, in nearly all the most important respects, including the railway loans and contracts, the price of land at auctions, and the rents of houses. Even the price of bread is kept up by your influence, because you prevent land being brought under cultivation by concentrating your dealings upon the gold. It is a good and thriving business to be a banker, and to trade in gold; it is a bad and ruinous business to dig for it. You would bring down the price of gold per ounce lower than it has ever been, only that you see such a proceeding would put most of us out of existence; and that would be killing the goose for her golden eggs. You, therefore, keep her only upon short commons, and encourage her to go on picking about.

“But if this is bad for us, how much worse is it for the whole colony? If we had devoted the same amount of labour to agriculture, what would this country have been! It would have presented a gold surfacing of corn-fields, amidst which the deep sinkings would have been artesian and other wells; over the broad pastoral districts would have roved the constantly increasing millions of golden fleeces, which are the natural staple—permanent commodity—of Australia; the bush would have been a series of gardens, and orchards, and groves, and the land flowing with milk and honey. All this, and more, we might have done. What we have already effected by our labour,

you, who manage to obtain the profits, very well know.

“ We hurried out here to dig up gold, and you capitalists instantly followed us, saying in your own minds that we need not fancy we were about to have all this wealth, for we should chiefly dig to fill your pockets. We have asked the Government, and we ask still, for a Mint in this colony, because we should then expect to get the full value of our gold, minus the expense of coining. We would take it straight to the Mint ourselves, and have no other expenses, and contribute to none of your profits. Go and dig for yourselves!

“ Of course you will all say this is very bad political economy, because the main produce of the colony is raw gold—which commercially must be regarded in the same light as wool—and you cannot export Australian sovereigns without losing the expense of the coining, or making us lose it if we brought you our gold in that form. But this bad political economy for you we regard as good political economy for us; as we should only send a small part of our gold home, now and then, for private affairs. We do not wish to export it; we want to get the full value of it here ourselves, instead of letting you obtain the chief profit by sending it away. If this proceeding of ours disturbs the balance of financial affairs, especially yours, let financiers restore it; what we want is to have our own gold made into our own sovereigns, not to export, but to spend or invest here in the country where we found it.

“ Our labour and endurance have opened up the

richest resources. If Australia should ever become a great nation, we, the pick-and-shovel men, have dug out that nationality. On the other hand, gentlemen, what have you done for the country? Of what great use are you here? You have bought our gold, and exported it at a large profit, while often making it look like a loss; you have imported immense quantities of goods, and sold them to us at a large profit, wholesale, or over all the counters of shops and stores; but you have *produced* nothing. What good do you do for the colony? There is not the least necessity for your costly existence! All your work might be done by simple arrangements, and without architecture and plate-glass. We could employ agents at a much cheaper rate, and import and export ourselves, or have the work done under our authority.

“If we had turned our hands to agriculture and gardening, sheep-farming, and other labour than mining, we grant that the price of labour would have fallen very much—perhaps as low as four shillings a day; but what would that signify when every article of food and clothing would have fallen in proportion, together with house-rents? It would have come to the same thing, and the sixty-two pounds (or four shillings per day) would go as far as the hundred and nine.

“It is very true that we should not have produced the effect we have upon Europe and the world. England and other countries would not have received our millions of gold. As for England, we know what our gold has done more: than she or you

would like to confess. It most opportunely prevented the drain and waste of the Crimean war from damaging commercial credit and causing a panic on the Stock Exchange, if not in old stolid Downing-street. The Funds never fell to any extent, as in the war with France, when they fell to 50.

“What it did for you during your recent Indian wars cannot be denied, any more than what it has already done to assist your preparations against Young Boney and the old original Bear. We know all about it; and, sitting smoking over our log-fires at night, we break into your dark cellars and pull to pieces the under-cranks by which you work the oracle.

“True, then, we should not have made a ‘name’ by sending wealth to Europe and Asia; but the real wealth would have remained here in the well-farmed soil, instead of being sent away in gold across the sea. We should have enjoyed the fruit of our labour where it was produced; the enormous surplus would have gone abroad to benefit the world, in wool and hides; and we should have clothed the bodies and shod the feet of succeeding generations. We should not only have had our wages and lived comfortably, but the results of our labour would have remained in the country. We should eat our cake, and have it. This would be the first time political economy accomplished that feat.”

To this formidable, and somewhat unmerciful, address, the spokesman of the “bankers, merchants, and others” might, with all due respect to the “soveran people” of the gold-fields, reply in words to this purport:—

“ We admit the kind and degree of truth there is in all you say ; part of the reasoning is founded on the necessities of civilized society for the division of labour between the producer and the distributor ; and part of it is founded on abstract theories derived from that highly-favoured and much-desired land called Utopia, a country which might have had all its work done very well in the Golden Age, but would not be so successful on the gold-fields, with a mining population of the present century. You regret that you had not taken to agriculture, instead of the work you have been engaged in these seven years. Is not this ungratefully overlooking the very first cause and conditions of your colonial existence? If it had not been for the gold, none of you would have thought of coming here. But for the gold, you would not have been here now, and this country would not be what it is. The same fact equally applies to ourselves. We bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers would not have been here. Do not, then, let us deny and repudiate our first start in life ; and still more reprehensible would it be to kick down the ladder by which we had ascended to our present position. We admit that this is only what most successful men and nations commonly do ; but in our case it would be attended with danger, and might lead to disaster.

“ It is more than probable that we have now got such a start, that we could advance without any help from the mother-country, or any other countries. It may be said that we could disunite ourselves from England, because she has everything to gain from us, and we nothing to gain from her that we could not

obtain elsewhere. This would be all very true, if we could be certain that this was a peaceful world, where foreign nations would "leave each other alone." But if we were a perfectly independent, isolated nation, we should not be left in perfect quietude, and some great maritime power would be sure to take us under her 'protection.' Yes, we might not need anything from Old England, with one exception, a line-of-battle ship, and the watchful eye of an admiral at the nearest naval station.

"But apart from these considerations of external policy, your abandonment of gold-mining for agriculture and sheep-farming would not bring the advantages you anticipate. Say, that you yourselves consumed, with prodigal delight, the greatly increased edible produce of the first year of this transfer of labour; what would you do with the immense surplus of next year? You have no market for it here; there are not enough people. You would also want many imports. Fruits and vegetables, and other green stuffs, you could not export, as they are perishable commodities. Corn will sell anywhere; but could you, at this distance from the markets, compete steadily with others in prices? California sends us corn and potatoes; and for that very reason you could not send corn and potatoes to her. Such produce must remain in store, and as there would not be enough people here to purchase it, the producer would have to eat his cake himself, multiplied by the surplus—say ten cakes, and this would be eating his cake and having it with a vengeance. Plethora and prostration would reward the success of this new

agricultural scheme of yours, by means of which you think to change the destinies of Victoria. The same result would occur even with wool and hides when you had overstocked the markets. Is it not more than probable that you would bring about a general insolvency of the colony, and find no means of redeeming your honour, and getting once more into the world's sunshine, but by returning to your rich working stuff, and your inexhaustible quartz-reefs?

“Again, you make your calculation on agricultural labour at 313 days to the year, in regular work every day. When did this happen to a whole working population? We might as wisely oppose to this the calculation that a digger should find half an ounce of gold every day in the year, or a yearly amount at that invariable rate. But, to deal frankly with you on your favourite idea of what this colony might have become if the present population had been devoted to agriculture and sheep-farming,—we admit all you imagine, and consider it highly probable. But you didn't *do* this. In the first place, the Government of the day locked close the lands; in the second place, we cannot think that you really would have left gold-mining for sheep-farming so long as gold was abundant on the surface. It is not in human nature. But *now* you are too late; the golden mischief is done, and the world derives the benefit of your unprecedented labours. As matters stand at present, if you abandon gold-mining, it will be you, and not the bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers, who kill the colonial goose in order to obtain more golden eggs

than she can naturally produce. Your collective rush to the new field of agriculture would certainly be a death-blow, so far as you could deal it, to the progress and position of Victoria.

“As for your desire to have a Mint in this colony, we shall look forward to such an establishment directly we become a nation. At present it would be a proud, but costly luxury, because we should have to regard the Victorian sovereign as no better than raw gold. You perceive this, and tell us that you do not care. You admit it would be a one-sided political economy, which you believe would disturb our financial affairs, but which you say we may adjust as best we can. The financial men would no doubt find some means of restoring the balance of things. When you spend a sovereign, and get articles in exchange for it, you regard the transaction as closed. Not so; for this is not a single transaction. The ramifications are numerous; and when you found the price of tea, and sugar, and flour, and meat, gradually rising, till you discovered that what you formerly obtained for your sovereign had crept up to twenty-three shillings, it would then break upon your mind that you had gained nothing by having more money to spend.

“But, specially and generally, of what do you complain? You say our profits are greater than yours. It may be so. If we have expended a greater outlay of capital, time, and labour on our education than you have done, and if, therefore, we are better financiers than you, this is all fair enough. The field of intelligence is equally open to you, and

if you have not, or could not, avail yourselves of it, this is no fault of ours. Even in your estimate of your own income and advantages, you are in error, because you underrate or overlook them. You are quite silent as to the mainspring of your work, viz., the constant chance of some great prize. You taunt the shopkeeper with the high rents and taxes he has to pay, and you reproach the bankers as the cause; but has it never occurred to you that on the gold-fields you have no rent and no taxes for residence, and that you have wood and water for the getting, and the protection of life and property without being called upon to pay for it? Finally, 'man does not live by bread alone;' his private feelings in every station of life are the chief test of his success and his amount of contentment. The miner enjoys the most perfect state of independence that is compatible with society, according to the ideas of European nations; he is his own master, and owns no other lord. We do not say, 'Count us out what this is worth,' for the miner would smile with quiet scorn, and say it was beyond price." (*See Appendix F.*)

I should be sorry if the gold-miner thought in this reply, which has been put into the mouth of the bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers, that I had deserted him. It is not so. I only wish him to understand that, having done my best for both arguments, I do think the reasoning is strongest against him in the question of abandoning gold-mining in Victoria, and transferring the collective labour of the gold-fields to pastoral occupations and the culture of the soil, before he has any adequate market for the

produce, and thus estranging the mother country while he ruins his own.

With regard, however, to the yield of gold, nobody who knows anything of the various auriferous districts, and has duly reflected on the subject, believes either that they will be exhausted for centuries to come, or that they have hitherto been worked by the best processes.

We will select one instance of general application, the operations being upon the quartz reefs, which are the widest, as they will be the most permanent, of any of the gold-yielding fields. From authentic memoranda, now before me, of the working of seven claims on quartz reefs at Maryborough, I take the following facts—extraordinary in dogged perversity, commonplace in practice. Each of the seven claims, worked by several shareholders, has had its own separate shaft sunk through rock, and clay, and gravel, at depths varying from three hundred and fourteen feet to four hundred and twenty-five feet. In No. 1 claim three different shafts were sunk, amounting, collectively, to six hundred feet of laborious and expensive sinking, and then abandoned. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, possess for their collective claims only two hundred and seventy-seven feet lineal of surface ground to operate upon; and they have sunk in different shafts no less than one thousand six hundred and eighty-four feet. The shaft of No. 1 claim is 5 feet by 3 feet 6 inches. It passes down through rock nearly all the way, yet it has been carefully slabbed from top to bottom, to the depth of four hundred and twenty-five feet. The yield

of water (which has to be raised by double buckets and a whim) is between two and three thousand gallons per hour. This shaft has occupied two years and a half in sinking, and has already (May 5, 1859) cost upwards of five thousand pounds, without reckoning the labour. It is now *supposed* to be near the bottom of the reef, where their long labours, patience, and capital expended, *may*, it is believed, meet with its due reward. The total extent of surface ground occupied by the seven claims above mentioned is only one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven feet lineal, *i. e.*, along the upper ridge of the reef; and the seven firms have collectively sunk in shafts, through such ground as I have described, the painful and provoking depth of three thousand and eighty-nine feet. One main shaft, with seven drives, would have answered all the purpose! Yet our sturdy "political economists" of the gold-fields choose to do this! Jealousy and distrust lie at the bottom, if not gold; and the same feeling influences them all the way down. Hence one firm, with few shareholders, and "no connection" with the next claim. I will defy the world to produce anything more injuriously perverse. It is not ignorance.*

Many of the miners were skilled artisans at home, who had made great efforts at self-education, and

* Mariner's Reef, Maryborough, about 110 miles north-west of Melbourne. I do not know how the capital is raised to carry on the above works, but I very well know that many works of a similar kind are carried on by borrowing money of usurious capitalists on the spot, or in Melbourne, at a rate of interest varying from 20 to 50, and, in some cases, from 80 to 100 per cent. per annum.

they argue their own particular views in a vigorous manner. In some of their tents you may find on a shelf made of a strip of bark the most unexpected books and periodicals, mixed with a few pamphlets of the kind you would anticipate. Practical treatises on gold-mining, chemistry, on pumps, and cottage gardening, jumbled up with the writings of Swedenborg (well thumbed and read), old numbers of *Blackwood* or *Frazer*, the *Book of Mormon*, and *Melbourne Punch*, several different sorts of the *Gold Buyer's Ready Reckoner*, with the *Examiner* and the *Economist*, half squeezed out from beneath a smothering file of the *Mount Alexander Mail*, the *Melbourne Leader*, the *Ballaarat Times*, and the *Bendigo Advertiser*, on the top of which is placed, to keep them steady, an old family Bible, a volume of Burns, or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The proprietor of a tent with this queer kind of library (and a little garden all round containing a variety of vegetables, herbs, and flowers) once said to me:—"You want to draft a lot of us off from gold-mining to corn-growing or sheep-farming, because you fancy there are too many already engaged on the gold-fields; but that's a mistake, if the field's a good one, one of large extent, because while some are finding others are prospecting." The law in your precious political economy, if I understand it, of 'the diminishing proportionate return from land,' which the London *National Review* puts forth as a sledge-hammer for the heads of the working man's friends, Robert Owen, Louis Blanc, St. Simon, and Fourier, does not apply to gold-mining. The more miners the greater the produce

of gold, so long as we have in this soil the real auriferous virgin. But when the same review says: 'Men will work much harder who only work for themselves and those who belong to them,' there we agree with him, because, little as we like working for bankers and brokers, we prefer that to any socialist or communistic principle where the virgin aforesaid is concerned; and that is why we will have no connection with the next shaft, nor the next machine, nor the next watercourse, if we can help it. And that's all about it." I have often observed cases in which knowledge is not power, and reason is useless.

CHAPTER VI.



THE Labour Market in Australia is another intricate question, not less so than that of the Gold, or even of the Land; in fact, all three of these problems, while each has its own special difficulties, are, in some respects, interwoven with each other. The man who does not find work in Melbourne goes up to the gold-fields; and the man who does not find gold comes back to Melbourne to seek employment; and if again he is unable to obtain it in a short time, he goes up into the bush to try the small farmers; but as these farmers are comparatively so very few, our landlocked condition forces him to become a shepherd, drayman, wood-splitter, or servant to some roadside settler. If he saves a little money, as nearly all industrious and persevering men may eventually do, he looks about to purchase a bit of agricultural land for himself; and the delays and difficulties surrounding this, even to the obtaining the Crown grants, or the conveyance, so disgust him after he has once more come down to Melbourne, that he becomes demoralized—spends his money, either of necessity, or in drink—and once more tries to find work in Melbourne. The same state of affairs, though to a much less extent, exists in New South Wales.

“During the height of the unemployed movement in Melbourne,” says Mr. Fowler, “I saw hundreds of mechanics outside the General Post Office waiting, with their hands in their pockets, for some one to *come* and engage them.” All this is true, with the exception of the most important word. They were not “mechanics,” or very few of them, but “loafers,”—a set of idle, lounging fellows for the most part, who had no real desire to obtain regular work, but sought to get some grant of money from the Government, through the disturbance of public meetings, stump-orators, processions, mob-intimidations, and petitions. They were precisely the class of men who should not come out here, and these troubles are the natural consequence of their presence. I am obliged to add that there are other classes also, very different from the above—men who were respectable at home, where they filled situations suited to them; but who, not finding any such situations vacant here, rapidly fall into distress and despair, and perhaps, at last, are added to the mob of the “loafers.” A single illustration will suffice to clear this part of our ground, and the episodic narrative may not be uninteresting in other respects, as displaying a few of the struggles of an infant colonial city.

After some four years' labour, during which a great number of workmen were constantly employed, and about half a million of money expended, the Yan Yean Water Supply was brought into Melbourne. The event might fairly have been regarded as of national importance, though a nation was not yet

here to derive the benefit. Nevertheless, a contest was commenced and carried on, which seemed to show that certain scientific gentlemen wished that no such event had transpired, or that these great works (not having proved a failure, as some persons anticipated) should forthwith be closed, and the water supply of Melbourne and its suburban municipalities obtained from some other source. First, the Yan Yean water was of a bad colour. No doubt it required some time to get clear, after its long journey. Then, it had an earthy odour, as of roots and bog land. Of course it had; but theoretical antagonists have no patience. Then, the water was declared to contain an unwholesome amount of decomposed animal and vegetable matter. The Commissioners, from time to time, had a great many chemical analyses made; upwards of one hundred of which, by Dr. Maund, M.D., Mr. Johnston, Mr. Sydney Gibbons, and Mr. Ford, demonstrated that these assertions were erroneous, and that the Yan Yean water, when compared with the analyses of the purest waters in the world, really ranked very high for purity.* But this did not stop the "cry;" and Dr. A—— and Dr. B—— continued to *ignore* all those analyses in the alarming letters they persevered in sending to the newspapers. About this time it happened that two or three careless persons had made themselves sick by drinking water that had become stagnant in the service-pipes of their

* The joint report of Dr. A. S. Taylor, F.R.S., and Mr. T. Brande, F.R.S. (to whom samples of the water were sent), has given a similar opinion, after comparing it with seventy-three different waters of the United Kingdom.

houses, or in an uncovered cistern, or water from a new cistern of bright lead. Our antagonists availed themselves with alacrity of this fortunate circumstance, and instantly sent the philanthropic warning all over Melbourne, that the leaden service-pipes would poison all the inhabitants, if not speedily, yet by slow, insidious, and imperceptible degrees. The *Argus* caught the panic at this, and repeated the warning. Both the other daily papers denounced the Commissioners in the most unmeasured terms.

They endured all this with becoming silence, because, at a special meeting of the Board, it was argued that, inasmuch as there were about twelve thousand miles of lead service-pipes in London, and that the inhabitants of that densely crowded metropolis were not afflicted by lead-poison, there was no reason to imagine any peculiarity in the Australian air or water to cause a dreadful exception to be made in this case. However, the public cry continued, the Board of Health sat upon us, "another authentic case of lead-poisoning" suddenly turned up (some inimical plumber, over whom we had no control, having laid down a foul, though not a "weak" invention), and the Commissioners were obliged to send to England for many tons of new service-pipes of lead, with an amalgamation of five per cent. of tin. In due course the agents sent out the quantity ordered, but of lead with a thin *inside* coating of tin, which they said was the last scientific improvement in the article. No sooner were nearly all these tons of pipes laid down, than a fresh cry was raised to the effect that in every turn of the coil an abra-

sion was liable to be made, and often must be made, in opening out the piping, and then a voltaic action would be set up which would generate a poison more injurious than either of the metals if separately acted upon by the water! The people were determined to be poisoned. The newspapers gave us no quarter. Though the Government mind was at ease, by reason of official explanations, it was necessary for the public tranquillity to make some open demonstration of its watchfulness, if not anxiety, and the Board of Health was again directed to come down upon the unfortunate Commissioners. It was suggested that they should break up all the streets and roadways, and take up all the tons of tin-coated pipes which had just been laid down. Furthermore, that they should return to the old original lead for the future, and that, until they could do this, the compulsory water rate, which their Act empowered the Commissioners to levy upon every house, should be suspended.* With respect to the first suggestion, it appeared to the Commissioners (finding the cry about the voltaic action was not followed by any cases of poisoning or sickness) that an estimate of the expense should be made. This was handed in by their engineer, and the Government was informed that the cost of taking up all these pipes, and making good the streets, all of which would have shortly to be reopened to lay down other pipes, would not

* The delay thus caused in levying the water rate (the water being all the while abundantly used by the public, without fear, so long as it was gratuitous) may be estimated as a loss to the Commission of between 10,000*l.* and 15,000*l.*

be less than 50,000*l.* A pause occurred after this, during which the Commissioners sent to England for the coils of pure lead; and the water of the Yan Yean having about this time summarily extinguished several conflagrations, there came a lull over the storm with which they had so long been surrounded.

In this interval, with a view to avoiding the vegetable matter collected by the passage of the water through boggy ground on its way to the reservoir at Yan Yean, the Commissioners determined, at the recommendation of the engineer, upon cutting a trench through the entire length of the Tooroorong Swamp. The extent of cutting required was about ten miles. The engineer put forth, as a preliminary advertisement:—"Wanted, fifty labourers to cut a trench: none but *navvies* need apply." Next morning about one hundred men appeared in front of the offices of the Commission, some of whom were dressed in well-brushed clothes, thinking, very naturally, they would have a better chance of being engaged if they "came respectable;" several wore long black trousers, and more than one had straps. The engineer went through them, and, singling out the navvies at a glance, engaged them immediately at 10*s.* per day. He then said to the others, "You know you are not navvies; look at the advertisement." Well, they were not exactly navvies, but they could do a day's work just the same. The engineer did not think so: he considered the real British navvie would do more work than any other two, if not three men, of any other class or country. However, a selection being made, from which, it is to be feared, all the

respectable black trousers were excluded, the engineer offered the others 7s. 6d. per day. Every one of them walked off. If they could not have the same wages as the navvies, they would have nothing to do with the work. The number of navvies engaged amounted to just two, that number being the entire product of the advertisement for fifty, and the presence of one hundred of "the unemployed." By dint of repeated advertisements for two or three hundred labourers, the engineer eventually obtained about one hundred and fifty; but among the whole there were not, and are not up to the date of this writing (April 21, 1859), above a dozen navvies.

It would appear from the above, which is only one example of many similar occurrences, that there is a considerable quantity of unemployed labour in the market, but not of the right kind. We have too many of the wrong sort of men out here—men who, besides being unfitted for the circumstances by which they are surrounded, and into the current of which they are eventually hustled and thrust, have not sufficiently come to their senses to try and adapt themselves to what is required. The man who was a journeyman tailor at home only a few months ago, or a shopman, or a clerk in a most respectable house, or following literary avocations, perhaps a university man who had taken honours, may consider, when he falls into difficulty and distress and the real state of things is forced upon him, that it is a great condescension on his part to offer himself as a day labourer; and no doubt it may be so, and highly commendable it is in those who are thus reduced to extremities, to

face their difficulties in a manly way, but they should not expect the wages of a navvie. However, this is precisely what so many do, and when they find the sun-burnt arm or the skilled working hand commanding a higher price in the labour market than their poor-sinewed, pale inexperience, they sink into despondency, take to drinking, or collect and "collogue," and get up public meetings and petitions, and write letters to the newspapers, and then send copies home to their friends, which are made public, and produce misconception and mischief.

The labour market is also troubled with another difficulty, of a kind common enough in the old countries, but far more injurious here, from the greater variety of its ramifications, and in a locality at present so narrow that it exercises an unavoidable tyranny. I allude to the combinations which exist among a few important and leading classes of mechanics, or skilled workmen, and with one class more especially: I mean that of the stonemason. The bricklayers are nearly as bad; however, let us deal with the "head and front," viz., the stonemason.

A letter recently appeared in one of the daily papers, signed "A Stone-breaker," and complaining of an advertisement which had appeared in these words:—"Wanted, stone-breakers on the Sydney Road. Tents, tools, and water." The writer then asks if things are come to such a pass, that an employer does not consider it any longer necessary to specify within a number of miles where work is to be found?

“The thing bears,” proceeds the writer, “such an equivocal appearance, as to throw misgivings on every word of the advertisement. So much is this the case in the present instance, as to become even ludicrous in the matter of ‘tents, tools, and water,’ for there are the three things actually in print; but no mention of being *found*. The next thing after this will be ‘Fifty fiddlers wanted in the Southern Hemisphere. Beeswax, strings, and fiddlesticks,’ &c.”

That the writer of the foregoing letter is a mere stone-breaker for the roads, nobody will suppose; neither can he be of the distressed clerical or shopman class, and still less a “fiddler.” A tent-maker and sail-maker might be predicated of his beeswax and string who was looking out for a job in canvass; the greater probability, however, is that of his being a stonemason, who either wishes to be troublesome to certain persons, or to find a job from a neighbouring quarry, bridge, aqueduct, or other buildings to accompany the making of the road. These masons take care to ascertain everything that is done in connection with their trade, partly in order to obtain constant employment, and partly to enforce the rules of their combination upon all who are engaged. A new prospect of work at a little distance, where there is the least appearance of concealment, or a wish of the employers to get it done quietly, rouses their suspicions, and excites their vigilance to prevent any lowering of their established wages. The rates of wages in Melbourne, at this time, are 7*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* per day, for ordinary labourers; 10*s.* for navvies; the more skilled workmen or mechanics, such as bricklayers and house-carpenters, get from 12*s.* to

14s. per day; and the stonemasons get from 14s. to 16s. per day. The latter sum is the rate generally demanded and kept up by the combination, for the ordinary stonemason. The moulders among this class obtain from 20s. to 24s. per day, being regarded as of higher skill. [This is much over-estimated, as it seems to me, because this work is by mechanical measurements, and wooden frames. I am quite sure anybody could learn the craft in a week, who has been accustomed to use his hands in any nice manipulations.] The rate of wages, however, of the ordinary mason is usually 16s. per day; and on this one fact appears to hang the fate of great numbers, if not the majority, of the unemployed. Were it not for this high rate of wages, house-building and large edifices would be greatly multiplied. Rapidly as they arise, even in spite of it, the quantity would perhaps be doubled, but for this combination. If the wages of the stonemason were reduced to 13s. or 14s. per day, the increase in building would at once bring into proportionately increased employment the bricklayer, the carpenter and joiner, the plasterer, the paper-hanger, the painter, plumber, and glazier, the blacksmith, the whitesmith, the gardener; and, thence, the ironmonger, upholsterer, &c.; in fact, all those crafts and trades which attend the rising, and follow on the completion, of a new house. I believe, therefore, that the immigration of a good shipload of stonemasons would force down the present high rate of these wages, and act most beneficially upon Melbourne and its suburbs, in respect of its buildings, its trade, and the labour

market in general. As for the stonemasons themselves, it would really do them nothing but good, from the regularity of the employment at a lower rate; because, their combination having often to subscribe for those who are out of work, the 16s. they insist upon is a fiction of the will, the subscription generally reducing their real average earnings to the rate of 13s. or 14s. per day, if not less. They are not likely to see this, however clearly it may be shown them, so that I must repeat my opinion, that the arrival of a good number of stonemasons would be of incalculable service to the colony, whether it brought those already here to their senses, or not. The increased number of houses would bring down the present high rents, now ruinous to so many, and be a great relief to the whole of the retail trade in Melbourne, and to all its inhabitants.

On the subject of high rents, in consequence of which the shopkeepers assert it is so difficult for them to live (meaning, to make fortunes), a word must be said on the side of the landlords. Many of these gentlemen are, no doubt, very greedy and obstinate in refusing to lower the rents in proportion to the lowering of the tide of commerce since those high rents were first demanded, and most readily given. In some cases, however, the rents, high as they may be, are not unreasonably so, when the great expenditure of capital in building during the dear time is fairly considered. Again, it must be told that many of these shopkeepers, who find it difficult to "live," in consequence of the high rents they have to pay, do not take into account the other rents they choose

to pay for their country houses. Very few of the larger shopkeepers of Melbourne reside in town. Nearly all of them (like the professional men, bankers, and merchants) have their villas at St. Kilda, Richmond, Prahran, Heidelberg, or Hawthorne. In short, the principal shopkeepers here live in the manner of our London and Liverpool merchants, so far as their wealth and their taste enable them. The resemblance in the latter respect is not very great.

To revert to the labour question. My proposal with regard to the immigration of stonemasons may be regarded by political economists as an empirical nostrum. It may be a sound proposition now; though by the time some hundreds of such artisans arrived, it is possible that their presence might be a very doubtful advantage to themselves or to the colony. I cannot help this. Nothing lasts here; everything is in a transition state.

These subjects, as I have said before, are comparatively new studies to me; and the only advantage they can derive from my efforts are those of a fresh mind brought to bear upon things, the immediate pressure of which is sensibly experienced by an entire community. My remarks are from personal observations, clear-headed, I think, and practical, but my opinions are stated deferentially to those who have more experience and judgment in such matters. The following remarks are made in the same spirit.

CHAPTER VII.



WHILE the great mass of the people in Victoria were loudly crying out for railways upon the grandest scale, I always considered such works to be premature, dangerous, and unnecessary at that time. This I stated publicly when contesting the election for Rodney; and though it might not have caused me to lose my election, it certainly cost me a great many votes. Referring to the period when I was in command of the Gold Escort, the electors were called upon to remember the swamps, bogs, and almost impassable difficulties of every kind between Melbourne and the gold-fields, when it required a whole day to take a dray-load a mile through some places, and the utmost efforts of bullocks, horses, and men to accomplish it at all. Now they had fine macadamized roads nearly all the way to the principal centres of the diggings, and could accomplish with a loaded dray the same distance in a given number of days for certain, which formerly occupied an uncertain number of weeks, besides the goods being half spoiled if they ever reached their destination at all. These roads had cost the colony hundreds of thousands of pounds; and no sooner were they made than the people wanted something else to supersede the use of them. They talked about

America; but we were a much younger people; neither did the United States hastily rush into such costly works as grand trunk lines of railways intersecting the country. It was said they would "pay" in opening up the country for increased traffic and trade, by the carriage of stores and passengers and agricultural produce; and so they might some years hence, but at that time we had not sufficient population (nor have we now in 1859). Our suburban railways were rational enough; but these grand trunk lines from Melbourne to the Murray seemed to me very premature. I suggested, however, the use of tramways, like those in the coal districts of England and Wales, together with a cart-wheel of novel construction often used in America, by means of which a carriage of any description could pass from the road to the tramway, and from tramway to road with perfect facility, the construction being simple and self-adjusting. The electors would not listen to anything of this kind; the macadamized roads would do for the bullock-drays; tramways were not "fast" enough for a digging population; they insisted upon railways. My opponents for Rodney were quite ready to advocate railways and grand trunk lines; and the proposal of tramways was treated as unworthy of so rich a colony. As a last remonstrance, I called upon the electors to consider for a moment what would be the consequence if another Bendigo or any new gold-field as rich as Ballaarat were discovered a hundred miles distant, just as the grand trunk line reached the present Bendigo? Would they not all rush away,



leaving their costly railways, to scramble through bogs and trackless bush and scrub, and cry out, as soon as possible, for "roads and bridges?" The answer to this was a loud shout, "To be sure we would!" followed by a hearty laugh; but "all the same, they'd have the railways and chance it." If these views and wishes were so vigorously maintained at a distance from Melbourne and the other centres of capital and commerce, it may easily be seen how irresistible the influence would be in those latter places. No government, therefore, could be blamed for entering upon these grand trunk lines (supposing my demurrers have any good foundation), nor can we blame those members who promised to vote for their construction. The people *would* have them. No ministry could have stood which had refused to entertain a grand railway scheme, and one that was to be immediately commenced. The people have got their grand scheme. Colonial contractors have obtained the job, and they have very successfully completed the first twenty miles. The work is admirably done. All may be well, and in due time the line may reach the Murray, and present an enduring proof of the prosperity of the colony. I hope so, most sincerely, and bow to the general will.

The following paragraph, chiefly aimed at the Honourable the Commissioner of Trades and Customs, who is chairman and principal shareholder of the Bank of Victoria, appeared not long since in the *Age*, which has always been hostile to the present administration:—

“ Mr. Edward Wilson has addressed a lengthy letter to the *Times* on Victorian statistics, with the view of counteracting the unfavourable impression which prevailed respecting our debentures. This letter was abridged in that journal, but is given at length in the *Australian and New Zealand Gazette*, accompanied by a note, in which the following significant remark occurs :—‘ The debentures were sold at an average of something over 107. They are quoted to-day at 110 to 111. The colony has thus lost from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* already by the unfavourable circumstances in which this transaction was completed.’ The simple fact appears to be, that the banking members of the Government here have contracted with themselves for the negotiation of the loan, and have managed, through the agents of the banks, to be purchasers as well as sellers in London. And thus, while the country has the advantage of selling at the minimum price, the banks resell at a large profit, and are by so much the gainers in the transaction.”

A financial authority, in no way connected with the Government or the banks, considers that the above assumed loss of 30,000*l.* is a false deduction. Such a conclusion, he argues, could only be arrived at by an assurance that the whole loan could have been put into the market at 110; or that, at the time of quotation, the whole amount would have been taken up at that price. Bonds and securities are often quoted at “ fancy prices,” as realized on small parcels; but this is no criterion of the probable result of the sale of the whole stock.

That the construction of railways is extremely beneficial in the ready means it affords of giving employment to labour is beyond question, and the suburban railways to St. Kilda, Emerald Hill, and Sandridge, to Williamstown and to Geelong, are

all likely to prove very profitable investments, especially the Sandridge and St. Kilda lines. At present they look like a great success; and we may reasonably be hopeful of Emerald Hill, Geelong, the Richmond, and the Brighton railways. Of the Sunbury line, being the first station of the grand trunk line to the Murray, I will not venture to speak, as I really cannot "see my way" so far through the haze of substances and shadows, loans and contractors, the intricate calculations of political economy and colonial contingencies. Additional works may gradually be attempted, I think, with reference to suburban lines, and with safety, because "we see as from a *bank* the end of all." The employment of the whole available labour in the colony, however, need not be confined to railways, roads, and bridges, public buildings, parks, and gardens. Two other very important works are needed, viz., a thorough system of drains and sewers for Melbourne and its suburban municipalities, and the construction of model farms in different parts of the colony, where experiments might be scientifically made upon the growth of many exotic articles of food now largely imported, as also in improving the ordinary colonial produce.

At the risk of the usual reception given to all new proposals (though the present has rather too much of old feudalism about it), I would also throw out the suggestion that barracks for five hundred men should be attached to each of these government farms, where the occupants, being regularly enrolled in the militia, should be allowed

quarters and rations on condition of devoting three half-days in each week to military training and three half-days to agricultural service. For the remaining three days their labour should receive the usual wages. Their value to agriculture would be unquestionable, and their value as soldiers (taking the proper training and discipline for granted) would be best estimated by the simple supposition of *an hour of need*, and no soldiers to meet it. At any rate, food and employment, and some wages, by these means, would be far better than lounging about the post-office and market-places, with no wages and no food, as many often do. On the subject, however, of the Defences of the Colony I wrote several letters to the Defence Commissioners, much more, in fact, than it would be at all prudent to repeat in these pages.

CHAPTER VIII.



THE defences of these colonies would be a subject best confined to private official communication, but for the fact of so much discussion and so many suggestions having been already published in all the Australian newspapers.

Something more will, therefore, do no harm; and, by a careful avoidance of local details, it may be assumed that a due representation of the case will be found acceptable to all those who have a personal, as well as a public, interest in these colonies.

“To look danger calmly in the face,” says Alison, in his *History of Europe*, “and make preparations to meet it when still afar off, is the mark, not of a timid, but a resolute mind.” It is only a just compliment to apply this quotation to the Defence Commission, and to the popular spirit which supported the Government in its policy on this question. “The greater part of the want of previous arrangements,” continues Alison, “which so often doubles the weight of misfortune to nations, as to individuals, is the result of cowardice. They are *afraid of being afraid*, and therefore they do nothing till the evil day has arrived, just as they delay making their wills till it is too late.”

The promptitude of the Government in forming the Defence Commission; the firm, careful, and independent spirit in which they performed their labours; and the general sympathy of the press, and, we may fairly say, the whole people of this colony, are subjects upon which, without any undue egotism, we may all congratulate ourselves.

The report of the Commissioners commences with the statement of what injury, in the event of a war between Great Britain and one of the other great maritime nations, might be effected by a single well-appointed frigate, or even a privateer of the first class, sailing or steaming into Hobson's Bay. The damage might not only involve the loss of most of our shipping, but Melbourne itself (with all its banks and gold-brokers, merchants and millionaires) might be laid under ruinous contribution. This possible event, we must admit, is enough at a time to contemplate; nevertheless, we are astonished at one omission. The report does not allude to the previous performance, which might illustrate the career and herald the approach of such a ship of war. She might have the good fortune to meet one of our costly merchantmen on the way home, with eighty or ninety thousand ounces of gold on board! That this disaster, at any rate, has not yet occurred, has always struck us as a subject open to many curious speculations.*

After showing that, from the small size of the *Victoria*, her

* There is no need to adopt an equal reticence with regard to the defenceless condition of the ships which regularly sail from this colony with raw gold to the value of some hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. They are often designated as "armed ships," which is either ridiculous or fraudulent, perhaps both. Any well-appointed pirate, or privateer *screw* brigantine, could take any of these gold ships with ease. She would carry off the gold, and having a melting apparatus on board, all means of identification would be gone in a few hours, and the new "brand" of some highly respectable house being substituted, it would become at once a safely marketable commodity. In case of being overhauled, however, the gold might be flung down into the hold among the bilge-water; and the privateer, throwing her guns overboard, might proceed as a quiet small trader to the Chinese seas. After purchasing largely among the islands any profitable cargo, she might proceed to California, where the crew, having divided the plunder, and sold their cargo and vessel, would mix with the digging population. Some dangerous chances of detection would exist before the enterprise quite came to such a successful termination, but concerning these we will be silent. Perhaps it would be a good thing if one of our gold ships were taken, even before

being only half armed and half manned, independent of her frequent absence on different duties (besides having “no authority from the Lords of the Admiralty to act upon the high seas”), no efficient protection could be expected from her; and after remarking that the probable destruction, by wreck or otherwise, of any hostile ship that entered our harbour, would by no means compensate us for the enormous damage she might have effected, the report very commendably proceeds, in a direct manner, to recommend the best means, in the judgment of the Commissioners, of preparing against the above dangers. Many people do not like the use of that word; but it will be found that they are of the class who are “afraid of being afraid.” It should, therefore, be recollected that danger is one thing, and fear another; and that the truly brave person is not the one who, with a loud, unsteady voice, declares “there’s no fear,” but the man who calmly “looks danger in the face.” (See Appendix G.)

Having spoken honestly, however crudely, of our land, our gold-fields, and our labour market, something should, in this place, be said with regard to

any war breaks out with a great maritime power. *After that*, the gold would always be sent home in a ship of war, which could also carry the monthly mail.

Between the 1st of April and the 16th of May of the present year, the following “good chances” occurred. Thirteen merchant vessels sailed from Hobson’s Bay, carrying with them, collectively, in round numbers, two hundred and fifty thousand ounces, or a million of money. A few days after the last had sailed, the *Avon* (a small vessel of only 750 tons) left with gold to the value of two hundred thousand pounds, consigned by six of the Melbourne banks. With the exception of twenty or thirty thousand ounces for Hong Kong, Guam, Suez, and Calcutta, the whole of the above was for London and Liverpool. This is the warning finger of a friend. Let the bankers and merchants look to it.

I just add the last shipments of which we have a return:—Gold ships since June 17—*Oneida*, 65,312 oz., and 49,000*l.* specie; *Agin-court*, 33,410 oz.; *Kent*, 57,055 oz., and 95,000*l.* specie; *Blue Jacket*, 35,907 oz., 8,000*l.* specie; *Marco Polo*, 54,487 oz., 77,000*l.* specie.

our available capital. I do not here use the term "available" in its ordinary commercial sense, but in connection with the previous subject, as a tangible commodity which may be carried off; wealth which may be adroitly conveyed away by the owners into the bush (while the city is being shelled from the bay, till the coffers are brought back again) or conveyed away to sea by those who consider they have a better right to it. Restricting, therefore, our consideration of the available capital to raw gold and specie, and not at present including the gold-brokers and jewellers, we must first turn to the banks for information. It is not in the least likely that anybody beyond the "management" should be let into the secret of the science, and we must therefore content ourselves with the publication of the banking returns, which show in the aggregate a financial improvement. In the banking deposits of the first quarter of the present year, there has been an increase over the previous quarter, at the rate of one million two hundred thousand per annum. An increase is also shown by the returns of the second quarter. We see that they are all very rich, both in bullion and substantial securities; and as these returns are made on oath, we are bound to accept them as final, because any further wealth the banks may possess is only by influence and credit, which are not tangible commodities. The present wealth, therefore, of the nine banks of Melbourne must be set down simply at the number of millions shown by their published statements. Meantime, these colonies received, not long since, a significant hint from

Downing Street that they were to look to their own resources for their own defences. Surely this cannot be meant as a prelude to England's desertion of her offspring? She will, at least, give us time to obtain ships of war of our own. Or, as we hear that two ships of war have been ordered out to protect Sydney, does the notice apply only to Melbourne? Will it be the policy of England to allow us to lie at the chance of a French or Russian admiral arriving some morning in Hobson's Bay with the *first* intelligence that war had been declared, and sending an empty barge, with his compliments to the managers of the Melbourne banks? People may smile at this now as a pleasantry, but how would they look, on both sides of the globe, if such an event occurred?

Independent of all this, the coal-fields just discovered should cause the Home Government to look well in advance. If Australia should be in a position to become a great *coaling station*, her importance to *all* the great maritime powers must be sufficiently obvious. A ton of official reports could not equal the force of one glance at Mercator's projection, where we see the smiling neighbourhood of New Caledonia, the peaceful and placid proximity of Tahiti and the Marquesas (all embattled links in the chain of well-appointed French advanced posts, as the whole group of the Feejees will be if England or America does not speedily take possession of them), while we may imagine the eye of the Russian eagle staring in our direction from the harbours, docks, foundries, and arsenals of the obscure and comparatively forgotten Petropaulovski.

An old colonist of Australia, at this time in London, has just sent the following letter to a friend, who has published it in the Melbourne papers:—

“ At the present juncture, when the merest trifle may convert the war on the continent of Europe into a general one, it may not be uninteresting to publish the sentiments of one of our oldest and most respected colonists as regards our prospects of assistance from England in case of an attack on the part of France or Russia, from the Amoor River or New Caledonia. The letter, in which occurs the following quotation, was received by me by the last mail.

“ I am quite clear that the colonies, in the event of war, will be left entirely without assistance of any sort from the mother-country, unless they have secured it before war is actually declared by or against her. Half a million of men are at this moment assembled in arms in Piedmont, and the two great Powers opposed to each other, without any great effort, could in a few weeks increase their forces to double their present muster, while England, if she engage in, or is forced into, the present struggle, would have to fight for her very existence. I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that she could not—in fact, would not—attempt to render the Australian colonies the slightest assistance. Therefore they had better look to their resources, and not begrudge a million or so for defences and other preparations which a general war in Europe would perhaps, when too late, show the urgent necessity of. England is doing everything she can to strengthen her European fortresses; and if, in her anxiety for home interests and safety, she neglects or overlooks you, it would be worse than the folly of children if the colonies do not take immediate steps to insure, if possible, suitable means of defence, and in these days defences on a small scale would not do. Our colony ought to set about it at once with zeal and earnestness; not looking at the cost, or considering it second in importance to any other question of public interest. To secure what they have got they must be prepared to defend and protect it, and they must hope only to do so by their unassisted efforts.”

If an old colonist, now residing in England, can entertain such apprehensions, there is much greater excuse for those who are here experiencing the same in an equal degree. Nor can it be disguised that Australia is, virtually, in a worse position than any other colony, notwithstanding her great distance, inasmuch as England would have a prompt intelligence of movements near at hand, which, in the absence of telegraphic communication, she cannot have of the events which transpire in these remote seas.

It cannot be believed, however, that the authorities at home do not perceive the real state of affairs in the southern hemisphere, and it must not be supposed that all precautions will be neglected. The danger, however, will be underrated. We hear that the *Pelorus*, with 24 guns, may shortly be expected; intended, I presume, for the chief protection of Melbourne. In addition to this, we have the *Victoria* sloop of war, which is neither manned nor armed for actual service; and if she were, it is a positive fact that up to this day (July 8, 1859) she has no authority from the Admiralty to fire a shot on the high seas, and she might be punished as a pirate if she did so! This is the only man-of-war the colony has ever had, and this is her very warlike position! Let us suppose, however, that her fighting commission arrives ere long, and this sloop is duly appointed in all respects; we know that a squadron is quietly accumulating in New Caledonia.

We hear it said, as a reason for entertaining no apprehensions on this score, that New Caledonia is herself at this time fully engaged in contests with the

native tribes, and that she is dependent upon Sydney even for her provisions. Now, it may be that this intelligence is only a piece of strategy, and that she not only has got abundant stores, but is accumulating provisions for increased forces ("quartering upon the enemy"), and supposing it the simple fact that she really needs such supplies from Sydney, while her own crops are growing, it is not only in fables that we read of the serpent stinging the bosom that cherished it. We cannot help our suspicions of New Caledonia. I do not feel my trust in her at all increased by hearing that *she*, also, has coal-mines, in certain districts. Of French vessels of war gliding, now and then, into the numerous harbours of several of the South Sea islands, we also hear. It may not be true, or may mean nothing against us, in which case there is an end of the matter; but it may mean the worst, and then there's an end of us, or of *them*. There's no need to explain everything; but certainly the getting into a hostile bay, or country, and the getting out again, are not convertible terms. The Russian intelligence, brought at long intervals, does not tend to increase our confidence in the "mercantile" intentions of the tall masts rising through the obscuring mists of the Amoor. We know that there was an electric telegraph from St. Petersburg to Astrakan some time since; and who shall say that it has not now been carried on to the Amoor? What keen eye of the smartest English admiral can watch over us in a case when intelligence can be conveyed from France to Russia and from St. Petersburg to the Amoor in a few minutes? It might be carried on by a

hostile squadron to the friendly traders whom we had supplied with provisions in New Caledonia. All this may come to pass; in which case I am wisely prophetic; or nothing of the kind may come to pass, and all this is foolishness. We know nothing certainly, and in the absence of knowledge, the imagination, in all men, fills up the fermenting hiatus.

With regard to the revenue of Victoria, and the yield of gold (*see* Appendix H.), those in distant lands who are especially interested in those questions should not be seriously affected by any occasional falling off in the one or other. Only a few days after our newspaper summaries of the 16th of May last had chronicled the fact of some decrease in the gold, news came down to Sydney of the discovery of a new field, and in addition, fifteen or sixteen thousand ounces as a sample and beginning. Perhaps the new workings may end here; but perhaps they may not. About the same time, also, the news arrived in Melbourne which confirmed the reports of the discovery of coal-fields at Cape Patterson. There has been an increase in the general yield of gold in New South Wales; a gold-field has just been discovered in Tasmania, and a company has already been formed to work it; and gold has been discovered in Gipps Land, to which, ere long, there will be laid down a rail or tramway, and a great fish trade will at once be opened with Western-port. While such events continually occur; while navvies find gold in digging a tank, breaking stones, or working upon the roads; and while we all know that one-fifth of the whole country is auriferous, and that the quartz-reefs are,

comparatively, inexhaustible, the colonists of Australia are equally surprised, vexed, and amused to observe the effect produced in the old countries by every flying report of an injurious kind, as well as by every fact that displays the least "hitch" in our progress or prosperity. Of course such impediments must sometimes occur; of course there will be commercial and political blunders made here as elsewhere; and of course we must have our temporary panics and reverses, like our betters; but what are all these in comparison with the substantial facts which exist, and the continual development of fresh resources?

For the banks, then, the merchants, shopkeepers, storekeepers, and other intermediates between labour and produce, the mining populations are hard at work, earning for themselves no more in the average than the means of living, but with a free and independent life "which owns no lord or master." Once a digger always a digger, provided he can live by it. This is the present state of affairs. Nothing is likely to alter it until the lands are fairly thrown open to the people. The "glorious uncertainty" of mining, but the constant chances of fortune, will always keep a sufficient number on the gold-fields. The only circumstance that will tempt a moderately successful digger to leave his mining will be the ready means of obtaining a small freehold,* while by all those of the old countries who

* In 1852, all the Adelaide miners returned to settle upon lands in South Australia, by means of the gold they had found in Victoria.

have long contemplated emigration, but dared not venture into the precarious lottery of gold digging, a new and potent influence will be felt from the same source. A thoroughly healthy tide of emigration to these shores will then for the first time set in, and a new and far more prolonged era of progress and prosperity will at once commence.

CHAPTER IX.

OF the political system of the Australasian governments, those who are specially interested in the subject will probably find all they require in the various colonial Acts, Reports, Gazettes, &c., and in the files of our newspapers. It will be sufficient for my concise plan to state, for the information of the general reader, that each of the three Australian colonies, viz., Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, and also Tasmania (recently known as Van Diemen Land) and New Zealand, making up together the Australasian group, possess the same local independence. To each has entire freedom of political action in self-government been liberally and wisely accorded by the ministerial advisers of her Britannic Majesty. We have no longer an irresponsible Governor, as in the case of their Excellencies Mr. La Trobe and the late Sir Charles Hotham, whose power, in every political, social, and commercial sense, was almost unlimited; neither have we an irresponsible government. We now possess a Governor who is, in all respects, regarded and honoured as the Queen's representative; we have a Constitution, and a responsible Executive. We have an Upper House (the Legislative Council), and a Lower House (the Legislative Assembly); quinquennial, which will soon

be made triennial, parliaments; the recent abolition of all property qualification for the Lower House; and, in Victoria, manhood suffrage, and vote by ballot. With all this rational freedom we ought to be able to manage very well for ourselves. That our first attempts at self-government have been characterized by some floundering, confusion, unforeseen difficulties, perplexities, and a considerable loss both of time and treasure,—all these things were very natural, and the lessons will not be thrown away upon the politicians or the people. Nor should our relations, friends, and former fellow-countrymen be too trenchant in their censures, or too caustic in their ridicule—when they look at home to the red record of the war in the Crimea, and the outbreak and disasters in India; the former in its unpreparedness, perverse delays, and suicidal blunders; the latter in its continued maladministration, and obstinate blindness to consequences close at hand: each of them surpassing all examples of incompetent government in the pages of ancient or modern history. No foreign observers here or elsewhere can be more conscious of this than the Londoners themselves; it was done in Downing-street before their eyes: all Britain will have to suffer for it in taxes many a year to come. The Australian governments may, therefore, very fairly ask their countrymen to be tolerant of their first efforts in learning to train very young, very vigorous, and very self-willed offshoots from the parent tree.

CHAPTER X.

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WE will now take a cursory view of the rapid rise of the colony of Victoria to her present position; seven years ago a sheep-walk, and now exporting to the mother-country seventeen or eighteen millions of gold and other produce per annum.

It seems to have been decreed by the laws of nature that some nations and tribes of the earth shall be stationary, and that others shall be progressive. Probably, with regard to some, and perhaps with all, this stationary condition is not an inherent necessity; but that it has appeared so up to our own time, the laws, religions, customs, state of education, and social characteristics of many of the Asiatic nations, of the African tribes, and of nearly all savage races, sufficiently demonstrate. It is obviously the case with the aborigines of these colonies. A few individual exceptions only have been developed since the landing of Europeans; but no tribe has ever been altered for the better in any material way, and even some of the individual exceptions have returned after a time to their ^{own} savage life. Quick to acquire the *vices* of civilization, the aborigines have shown little capacity and no desire to assimilate themselves to its virtues and refinements. In the wild bush, the black man says to the white man: "You have taken my land

from me!" but before your conscience has time to feel the reproach, he adds, "Give me some brandy:" thus showing that his complaint was only brought forward as an introduction to his ruling vice, and that, notwithstanding the uses he has seen *us* make of the *land*, he would sell it all over again at the same price—a price cheap enough to the white man, but treacherously dear to the black, because the thing it buys is the fatal emissary that will sweep his tribe from the face of the earth, and in the course of a few brief years reduce his race to a dark fragment of colonial history.

The children of the Southern climes, and tribes which partake of some of their characteristics, appear destined to succumb before those of the North. Without for a moment forgetting the lasting obligations of the world to the genius of the South, the difference of physical no less than of mental temperament tends to this result. The one race loves ease and pleasure; the other loves work and aggrandizement. The hardy strength, unwearied energies, practical understanding, and unceasing perseverance of the descendants of the Saxon, the Scandinavian (or North men), the Norman, and Celtic races, have been the means whereby they have overrun the globe, and subjugated not only so many of its nations, but in most cases the *soil* itself.

The last demonstration of this which has been given to the world, and one destined to make a powerful feature in history, may be seen in Australasia, which presents an illustration on the widest and most varied scale, but of the most homogeneous kind, of

the difference between the Asiatic and the European types. "In the first of which" (to quote a recent work, not unworthy, in several respects, of Lord Bacon), "external nature is more important than man; whilst in the second, man is more important than nature;" the measure of civilization being "the triumph of the mind over external agents."*

Here, then, upon the borders of a great continent of the South Pacific, hath the descendant of the Seakings—the Saxon—the Norman—or the Celt—anchored his adventurous bark;—here hath he pitched his tent, and gone forth to subjugate the wilderness. At his advance, the indolent aborigine retires with spear and boomerang into the far bush, even as the tawny wild dog had led the way, oft pausing with backward stare at the white-faced intruder—preceded, himself, by the more timid kangaroo, with high uplifted ears, as he passes in long-arched bounds towards the security of the Mallee scrub; while the black swan rises vertically, and dashes overhead, with retreating trumpet cry, to seek his loneliest swamps. Dry-leaved and leafless forests rise around the advancing man; deep creeks and mad water-courses make ragged flaws in his way; the dense scrub defies him, like a wall of roots and thorny matting; the wild raspberry hooks off his clothes, and tears his flesh; he sleeps exhausted amidst the torments of insect life; he awakes at daybreak to the starving delirium of the unknown bush. Still he advances, and, finding at length some directing watercourse, or shepherd's hut, he lives to dig for

* Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*.

gold, and build a thriving house. But these, though the first, are the smallest of the conquests of the progressive man of Victoria.

Before his footsteps, the savage desert of sand, of stones, or marsh and bog, of grim forest, of rank luxuriance, or of choking weeds, becomes a station, and a farm, a homestead, a smiling pasture, where *order* reigns, and where the unbroken silence, which once menaced the imagination of the lost man with famine and fever and delirious death, now only suggests the tranquillity of peace and of plenty. Where the gaudy painted parrots or flocks of snow-white cockatoos flew by with discordant and insulting screech, the domestic canary now sings in his cage of Chinese cane-work, and the native magpie on the fence warbles with up-turned eyes, presenting an equal mixture of the ludicrous and devout, or addresses you familiarly in broken English. On the brow of the hill, so recently the forest or scrubby haunt of the dull and diminutive native bear, or the mild-eyed opossum—in the bed of the valley, last year, perhaps, a rushy marsh, only diversified by patches of coarse and cutting kangaroo grass, or a mournful lagoon—whether on the sunny slope or the sunny level—there we find the absolute and incontrovertible result of manful labour well directed. Here no uncomfortable carp, no morbid casuist, and no self-deceiving sceptic, so blindly fancying that the analytical mind is the highest order of mind, can stand up with reproving voice, or demurring thought, or legislative finger, to point out a preference of things as they were—to cavil, question, or deny the fact. The abso-

lute facts are before us in yonder homestead, cleared, built up, fenced about, fashioned out of timber, from trees felled by the owner's unfailing arms, at the cost of many pounds of sweat, and many a broken axe—his house, his trenches, his yard, his garden, his paddock, and his crops all smiling—the solid product of the understanding, of sound common sense, and man's irresistible hand. Before his footsteps the torrent ceases, or turns aside to fertilize instead of to frustrate; the swollen river of winter is made passable with safety to men and cattle at all seasons, and on its winding banks—a few years ago so utterly desolate, where the platypus basked in the water grass and rushes at sunrise, and the fabulous bunyep was believed to wallow at night with appalling gasps beneath the moon,—in those despairing solitudes new townships now arise, and already aspire to municipal institutions.

On the sea-coast, so recently resembling those sandy desolations described by Robinson Crusoe—sole squatter of a most romantic “run;” where the very sight of a footprint in the sand overcame him with wonder and dismay,—next covered with *broken* foot-marks of men in haste, and wrecks of ships, and fragments of abandoned goods, clothing, and machinery, and bleaching bones of man and beast commingled,—we now find the same strand gracefully studded with villas, here and there handsome mansions, gardens leading down to a bit of the old bush left wild for a shrubbery, and thence to the sands and the sea. Plantations of coffee, hops, tobacco, and a new species of sugar-cane (*Holcus saccharatus*), with other

tropical products, more especially at Moreton Bay, may soon be looked for. Contemporaneous with these things, we shall see the rise and progress of municipalities and institutions—great public works and edifices—churches, chapels, libraries, schools, markets, theatres, hospitals, and benevolent asylums. The other day, so to speak, Williamstown was designated as the “Fishing village,” and Warrnambool had few natural productions beyond the grass on its fields and the sponges on its shores; and now there is a railway to the former, and a regular steam-boat to the latter, and each, having its local newspaper, informs us of the proceedings of its merchants, banks, mechanics’ institutes and concert-rooms, its electioneering contests, new roads, or oyster-beds.

CHAPTER XI.

BUT the Australian man of progress has effected more than this, for himself, as well as for other people who derive benefit from his energies and his produce. He is certainly changing the temperature of the land of his adoption, so far as relates to its objectionable effects. Two years ago I hazarded this opinion in an address to the Richmond Mechanics' Institute; and now it appears to me almost a demonstrable fact, at least with regard to Melbourne and her suburban municipalities. Yes: by the march of civilization, in seven years—only *five* of which really deserve to be so designated, the previous two years having been absorbed in the preliminary combustion of the gold mania—in this infant step of time, by means of the numerous buildings of Melbourne; the watering of its streets throughout the summer; its extensive suburbs and near and remote townships; its hundreds of miles of level macadamized roads (superseding the long sweeps of drifting sand and dust, and boggy depressions, by the necessary drainage of swamps, no less than by their own hard surfaces); the cultivation of fields; the creation of gardens, orchards, grassy paddocks; the rise of farms and homesteads; the plantation of trees, inland or by the roadsides; and the general cultivation of the soil which has

commenced, and not much more than commenced ;— by all these means the colonists of Victoria are rapidly reducing the effect of the summer heats, lessening the force and preventing the frequency of the sirocco, harmattan, or hot dust-blast, with its once dense clouds of dust and insect life, and obtaining a more salubrious atmosphere—the reward from Heaven of labour well applied. The mean annual temperature remains, with only a slight variation, but the injurious effects are disappearing. These changes were becoming apparent two years ago, and they are not likely to be stopped now, even by the occasional presence of a few baking hot days, extensive bush-fires, or even another Black Thursday. What is done in accordance with nature will generally last, because nature, in the long run, always favours the sincere co-operation of her children.

During some months of a tent life in Canvass Town, after I had resigned my command of the Gold Escort, the temperature at that period was so capricious, and my exposed position left me so open to its variable influences, that I thought I would give intending emigrants at home the benefit of my experience. The following communication was sent to *The Times* in the month of December, 1852, and appeared in that journal June 11, 1853. Some half-dozen lines have been interpolated, for the sake of clearing the description.

THE CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

It was a fine summer morning in Melbourne on Sunday, the 19th of December, 1852, but about midday the air became

very hot, and oppressively so about two o'clock. Having occasion to visit an encampment in the bush to the northward of the town, I rode off leisurely in that direction. I had not proceeded far, when the hot gusts became more frequent, and in less than five minutes there came a gale of wind, bringing with it a long streaming volume of hot, stinging dust, so dense that, when I could venture to peer up from beneath the broad rim of my hat, I could not see a yard in advance, nor could I see below my horse's ears. His nose was absolutely invisible, and so were my own feet, while the current of dust swept by us. Being already used to this, I proceeded on my way (most unfortunately I had forgotten to bring my veil), and galloped forward between each of the gusts.

An interval of a few minutes occurred, and the air having cleared before me—the dust-currents being on their way for Melbourne—I saw on the high swelling ground in front, at the distance of about a mile, as it seemed, a dirty red cloud over the hill and mounds which soon rose above the dry squalid gray heads of the bush trees. It rapidly expanded, and in a few seconds assumed the appearance of a range of ragged conical rocks, of the colour of faded brick-dust. The line reddened, and the sky became darker. It was no cloud; the whole mass was evidently advancing. Of course I immediately became but too well aware that this was some new specimen of the hot-blast, of a kind or degree far exceeding any I had met before. A devoted observer of phenomena would no doubt have remained, but I frankly confess that, not understanding the thing, I bolted. Twirling my horse's head round, I spurred back at full speed, intending to reach the town before "the enemy" overtook me. But looking over my shoulder, I saw that my pursuer was gaining upon me; there was nothing for it, therefore, but to make a sudden wheel to the left, towards a few yards of fence made of thin planks of the stringy bark, which seemed to be the only remains of some abandoned station. Feeling sure my horse would never stand what was coming, but tear away his bridle if I tied him up to a tree, I jumped off, and, hurriedly detaching the hobbles from the saddle-ring, hobbled him in no very careful way, and took to my heels for the

palings. I was obliged to leap across a long winding gully or watercourse, amid the pelting drift of the preliminary gust of hot sand, and had just time to half vault, half scramble over the fence, and crouch down behind it, with my back against the fence planks, in a doubled-up posture, my hat pulled over my eyes, and my face pressed close towards my knees, with my hands pressing down the crown and side rims of my hat. With a dry rushing noise, like a land-storm sweeping through a forest in autumn, the hot-blast struck the fence at my back, the continuous stream passing over the top above my head, as I could feel by the pressure and vibration of the boards, as they bent over me. Notwithstanding all my care in turning my back to "the furies" and crouching down, the hot dust peppered and stung my face, penetrating my ears and nostrils, covered as they were, tingling under my shirt, and even getting between my teeth, though I thought I had kept my mouth close enough. Half opening my eyes to look upon the ground, in consequence of a strange sensation of things about me, I saw that I was covered, and the ground too all round me, with myriads of flies, beetles, ants, grasshoppers, and other insects, which had been driven through the chinks and between the shingles of the fence. Great numbers of them were dead, especially the flying grasshoppers, beetles, and a large brassy-looking fly, something like a long, half-starved wasp; but most of the smaller flies, and nearly all the ants, were in a lively state of dismay, and very quickly sought shelter at the back of my boots, the folds and wrinkles of which they literally filled up, covering, also, the heels completely, spurs and all. After remaining in this crouched position at least five or six minutes, during which the blast continued to rush over me, and onwards, with no apparent sign of cessation, it was impossible any longer to resist the desire of having one look at what was going on. Keeping my hand still on the crown of my hat, with the sides pressed close to my face, and making what schoolboys call a "squinty-eye," I very guardedly and gradually took a brief look up. Over the top of the fence, and above my head, rushed an unbroken stream of reddish-grey dust, with the same stream rushing from each side, where the few yards of fence ended,

and meeting in front, so that I sat enclosed in a hollow wedge of reddish-gray, hot, stinging dust, beyond which nothing whatever was visible. It seemed to me that this lasted nearly half an hour, but, probably, as a little of this "went a great way" in sensation, the duration was not so much—perhaps not above a quarter of an hour. Quite long enough.

At length it ceased sufficiently to allow me to venture forth. I found my horse without much difficulty. He had been half paralysed with alarm, and had not ventured to stray far.

Not a soul was to be seen all the way back to Melbourne, except three young men, new arrivals, who were lying with their faces close to the ground, and their coats and waistcoats turned up over their heads. Even on entering the town scarcely anybody was in any street. They had all "run for their lives" and slammed the doors after them. The hot-blast of this day is said by some who were here on the celebrated Black Thursday (when the bush took fire for so many miles, and such numbers died in the town) to have made them apprehend almost a recurrence of similar horrors. In fact, it was a sirocco, and nothing else. These hot-blasts, in a minor degree, are of frequent occurrence. When the dust-cloud sweeps along you cannot discern a single object beyond it. No town, no bush, nothing but hot dust.

So much has been said during the last two or three years of the beauty, mildness, and salubrity of the climate of Australia, that it would have been a very fruitless task to offer any observations of a different tendency until a sufficient number of successful and unprejudiced voyagers returned to bear testimony by their own personal experience.

The heat is fitful and excessive. After a period of moderate warmth, cooled by occasional torrents of rain, the thermometer rose, on the 30th of December, to 113 deg. in the shade of a verandah. I hung it up against a house in the sun, two doors from Captain Chisholm's office in Swanstone-street, and in less than twenty minutes it rose to 126 deg. To all appearance it would have risen higher—probably to upwards of 130 deg.; but, being indisposed to bake myself by standing sentry near the thermometer any longer, and not daring to leave it lest

somebody should just take it down and put it in his pocket, I was obliged to terminate my observations. Next day the heat was much the same till the afternoon, when, the wind changing to the south-west, we were relieved by a sudden coolness, which required a change of clothing in the evening. On the day after this (January 1, 1853,) we had rain, and the air was as cold as in the early part of the spring, some three months ago. The rain quite destroyed the holiday of New-Year's day, with its steeplechase, &c., as it did the horticultural show at the Botanical Gardens—just as we are accustomed to be treated in England; but then we were taught to expect no such caprices of weather in this heaven upon earth. All I can say is, that on January the 5th I felt cold all day in summer clothing, and on the 6th I fairly returned to the same under-clothing I had worn in the winter, and found it just the thing.

The following extracts are taken from the "Diary of a Meteorologist, living in a tent in Canvass Town," as the encampment on the South Yarra is designated:—

"Rounded the Cape in the middle of October; wet, squally, and wretchedly cold. Consoled by thinking of the land of promise, the gentlest and healthiest of climates, where the old get young, where rheumatism is unknown, where pigs are fed on peaches, and poverty has no place.

"Landed at Port Philip the first week in November, the commencement of the Australian summer. First few days very fine, somewhat over-warm though—about 80 deg. in the shade. Still very fine. A moderate breeze from the south, fresh from the sea. All true about the climate. What I hear about the rainy season seems exaggerated. As to the streets of the town being often impassable, that is for want of proper drains.

"Fixed my tent on the South Yarra, and hung up my thermometer. A pastoral life before me.

"November 5 (my first day), the mercury rose to 90 deg. in the shade. Lay panting on a box the greater part of the day, having walked too fast in the morning.

"Next day, so chilly, was obliged to put thicker trousers on, and an extra coat. Dark heavy clouds overhead all day;

no sun visible. Mercury once got up to 64 deg., and then lazily sank down again. In the evening I fairly shook with cold.

“November 7.—Morning, early; not a cloud to be seen; air fresh, and temperature delicious. At breakfast the thermometer showed the heat to be 70 deg.; but the breeze soon dropped, and at about one o'clock the quicksilver stood at 96 deg. in the shade. Lay gasping, with nothing but duck and canvas about me. Did nothing but drink water, lemonade, ginger-beer, and cold tea. Oranges 10*d.* a-piece.

“November 8.—Heat abated; not above 84 deg.; the day following it fell to 72 deg., and in the evening to 58 deg.

“Then came a succession of hot days. Monday, 94 deg. in the shade; Tuesday, 96 deg. in the shade; Wednesday, 94 deg.; then a few moderate days; then three successive days, at 84 deg., 74 deg., and 70 deg. in the shade, and then cold, being 60 deg. and 58 deg.; moderate again for a few days; then cold; then hot again, 96 deg., 96 deg., 96 deg. in the shade; then 76 deg., 76 deg.; then 84 deg.; then 64 deg., and very wet; then 100 deg. in the shade, with hot wind, sending clouds of infinitesimally small sand that found a way through everything; in the evening the wind shifted, and all night long the rain poured in torrents; awoke in a temperature of 62 deg., which diminished the next day to 55 deg.

“December 30.—Another hot wind, day and night.

“December 31.—Worse. Thermometer rose to 110 deg. in the shade, and 130 deg. in the sun. Sky dark, with sand clouds rushing over our heads. Tents blown down by hot-blasts. Some people died from the heat and suffocation. Mouth full of dust.

“January 8, 1853.—Mercury at 64 deg.; cold and rain.

“January 9.—Mercury at 60 deg.; colder, and much more rainy.

“January 10.—Mercury at 54 deg. all day, with rain. Great coats and gloves. Several blankets at night. Tents blown down by cold blast, &c.”

The writer of the diary from which the above is extracted is Mr. W. H. Archer, who was recently an associate or assistant of Mr. Neison, the actuary.

Being at the country house yesterday (January 9) of Mr. John Orr, merchant, a shower of rain and hail drove us out of the garden.*

My friend the meteorologist alluded to is now Registrar-General of Victoria, to whom I am indebted for most of the official returns which appear in these pages, or form the basis of corresponding statements. During the remainder of the year, and also during 1853 and 1854, the hot "brickfielder" dust-blasts, as they are called in Sydney, were of frequent occurrence; but the effect was generally trifling in the bush (excepting on the beaten roads and open sandy tracks) in comparison with what was endured in Melbourne and the vicinity, into which the long cloudy torrents of dust poured down from every road leading to the town. Hot winds and dust-blasts we still have, and hot days also, when the temperature rises as high and has several times risen higher, than on any of the occasions just mentioned; but these are all becoming less frequent, and no such scenes as those I have described ever occur now; nor is it possible, inasmuch as the deserts and sandhills which furnished the ammunition of dust for the onslaught of the hot wind, no longer exist. They are under cultivation, they are built upon, or they have been levelled and transformed into hard macadamized roads. The arid waste which in 1851, 1852, and 1853, bounded the city on its northern extremities, is now transformed into a

* The remaining portion of this letter has been torn off by some accident.

verdant and closely fenced park ; the gardens of our university forming a green apex, where there was once a burning range of sandy furrows, the cool freestone building and the cooler groves affording relief by screening us from the glaring light, and from the floating particles of fervid and penetrating sand.

“ Savans ” (says the *Melbourne Herald*, April 23, 1859) “ point out that we have no less than three separate districts with strongly marked atmospheric distinctions—namely, Gipps Land, which, warmed by the breezes of the Pacific, shielded from the hot desert winds by a boundary of highlands, and from the chill polar winds by the opposite Tasmanian mountains, displays in many particulars a tropical vegetation, and might be made available for the growth of several commodities which India and other lands in tropical latitudes now send us ; then there are the northern districts of the colony, whose climate most resembles Andalusia, Naples, or Greece ; and finally, there are these southern and western coast districts, whose atmosphere seems more peculiarly adapted for the harvests of Central France and of Britain. We are about the last people in the world, therefore, to feel restricted in the choice of products.”

With gradations of climate ranging from the temperate to the almost tropical, there is no natural reason, the above writer argues, for us to restrict ourselves in the growth of any of the finest productions of the globe. If oranges and lemons will not flourish in Victoria, they will in New South Wales ; if pine-apples, bananas, and cocoa-nuts cannot well be grown in the neighbourhood of Sydney, the three Australian colonies can be amply supplied from Moreton Bay (a place which many people in India and China may never have heard of,

but we cannot help that); and similar advantages of exchange exist with regard to many valuable products of nature.

In the Botanical Gardens near Melbourne, very much has been accomplished, and no doubt quite as much as was practicable in the time and under the local and financial circumstances, the gardens being under the direction of Professor Müller, one of the first botanists of the age. But in the towns and villages little in this way has yet been done in comparison with what should have been done long since, and as for the stations in the bush they are all, in respect of trees and gardens, disgraceful to their owners to the last possible degree. Squatters and other settlers who have been in possession of some of the finest land, which you had only to scratch with the first garden tool on record, namely, a crooked stick, and in which land, for the growth of orchards or trees for foliage and shade, you had only to dig a hole and thrust a plant into it, or even to throw fruit-stones about at random and cover them over—in these finest pieces of land, which squatters and settlers have held from twelve to fourteen or twenty years, the great majority have never made a commonly decent garden, if any garden whatever, nor have they ever planted a single tree or covered over a handful of fruit-stones.

Many rich men, the lords of twenty, sixty, seventy, or a hundred square miles, owning hundreds of horses,

thousands of bullocks, perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand sheep, have themselves lived all the time, before the new-comers rushed upon their solitudes, in a state as barbarous as any man of civilized extraction could sink to. Fried mutton-chops, tea, and "damper," were their unvaried food from year to year. Log-huts, or slab-huts, banked up with turfs or clay outside, and having bark roofs, kept firm by long logs hanging from cords; the abode comprising only two or three rooms, and these scarcely habitable; the hot sun streaming, or the cold winds rushing, through the neglected apertures, warps, and splits; the light obscured in front of the dirty windows by palings hung all over with odoriferous sheep-skins, damp saddles, or damp boots; the floors of clay and bullock's blood, hardened by log-fires, and of a sullen, distempered red and tawny hue; the ram-shackle furniture repaired with nails hastily driven awry, or starting from their loose hold, so as to tear your clothes, if not your skin; the broken door of communication hanging by one hinge, with a wet overcoat dangling from the upper corner, serving as a fit introduction to the bedroom, with its broken window, its bier-like bedstead, its flea-swarmed covering of an opossum rug, and its washing "equipage," consisting of a tin pie-dish, with a pint pannikin of questionable water—the eye being made the fool of the nose, or else worth "all the other senses,"—and even if you could shut your eyes, and make up your mind to the water, you would probably find no towel, or one that had a strong odour of sheep with the foot-rot;—such were the homes for years

of the great majority of the gentlemen who planted themselves, and planted nothing *but* themselves, upon the soil, and have prevented the grand march of colonization up to this very day.

Everybody who has travelled in the bush of Victoria, from twenty years to four or five years back, knows all that I have just said to be true. There are, probably, a great many fine original specimens, as well as accurate copies, of the same uncouth picture still to be found in some parts of the colony. But at the time chiefly alluded to, as a general fact, not a fruit-tree had been planted, nor any other tree, nor a single cabbage had been grown. As many men, after twenty years' utter neglect, forget their Hebrew or Greek, in some cases even to the alphabet, so these shepherd-kings had forgotten what a cabbage was like, and had lost all idea of the thing from the prolonged absence of the impression. When they came down to Sydney or Melbourne, once or twice in as many years, they felt quite the gentlemen in new boots and spurs, but had utterly forgotten how to deport themselves in the presence of ladies, either as to addressing the unwonted object, or sitting properly upon a civilized chair, or knowing what to do with their hands.

The squatter families of superior habits, who were the few exceptions, are rather ashamed of the bachelors of their order in these respects; the wonder is they are not more so. In excuse for so rough and uncleanly a life, and for never thinking of such a thing as an orchard, plantation, or a decent kitchen-garden, or even a few rows of

common vegetables, a grazier-lord of this kind would simply say that he worked very hard on his station; he was out at daybreak on horseback, riding forty or fifty miles through bush and swamp after cattle every day, or else assisting and superintending the washing, or shearing, or branding, or doctoring of sheep; and when he got back at night he was almost too tired to eat his dinner; but, having at last eaten and drunk his fill, he fell asleep in his boots, and never awoke till morning, when he had to be off again. How could a man bother his head about apple-trees and a cabbage-garden? Such was the life of a shepherd in Australia! A sort of ancient Briton, without his paint.

“As a feature of our landscape scenery,” says a writer in the *Argus*, “nothing can be uglier than most of our colonial trees, so ragged in form and monotonous, both as regards the character and colour of the foliage; but if we substitute for it the innumerable varieties which are capable of flourishing here, the whole aspect of the country would undergo a transformation. We should combine the vivid verdure of England with the luxurious vegetation of southern latitudes, and a land as fair as Italy would bask beneath a sky as blue, and a climate more benign. The progress of the seasons would be more distinctly marked, and new charms would be conferred on each. Spring would clothe our forests with a tender green; summer expand their foliage, so as to convert the woodland coverts into cool umbrageous shelters from the heat; and autumn, ‘laying a fiery finger on the leaves,’ would impart to the landscape a richness of colour with which our eyes are unfamiliar here. The chesnut-tree would strew the ground with snow, shed from its pyramidal blossoms; and the elm, as in the days of

Virgil, afford support to, and receive a new grace from, the clinging vine; autumnal paths would be aromatic with the odour of fallen beech and walnut leaves; and art would derive fresh inspiration; nature, a periodical renovation; and British literature, a new meaning, when we had surrounded ourselves with the forest trees which communicate so much both of grandeur and loveliness to the face of England."

Not only for the sake of the shade, the verdure, and the beauty, but also to supersede our immense importations of timber and lumber, it is devoutly to be hoped that all this may eventually be accomplished. Some of the above trees will require peculiar management to introduce and acclimatize, so as to come to perfection. I have had many acorns, horse-chesnuts, and Spanish chesnuts, sent out to me from different parts of England, all of which I carefully planted in different soils and aspects, but as yet with no good success.

But many valuable trees are unpardonably neglected. Fig-trees are very flourishing here, and there is not a single fig-garden in all Victoria. The walnut would be prolific, and probably produce a crop of twenty thousand nuts to a tree (which is less than the quantity estimated for a similar climate by Lady Callcott, in her *Scripture Botany*), besides the oil and oil-cakes; and there is not a single orchard of walnuts in Victoria. The same may be said of the mulberry. The want of a *market* for these fruits in abundance lies at the bottom of this neglect; nevertheless, there is a good beginning in the gardens of some of the wealthy men. I suppose we must look to Professor Müller

for a nursery to introduce the rarer sorts of trees, whether for fruit, foliage, or timber. Meanwhile, it is important that the settlers in different parts of the country should become far more considerate in felling the trees around them, more especially as they never think of planting trees for the shade and influence, although the elm will grow to twice or three times the size of an elm in England in the same period, and the blue gum-tree (one of the *eucalypti*) has been known to grow twenty-two feet in thirteen months, from seed only. The indiscriminate and wholesale clearing of timber may be attended with very bad consequences.*

“We believe,” says a correspondent in the *New York Tribune*, “that a larger amount of human food can be produced, as farming is generally conducted in America, upon three-fourths of the surface of the earth, leaving the other part in forest, than upon the whole, or even a larger proportion of cleared to uncleared land. Yet this is an opinion not founded in reason, for we have no facts for the data. Now, this question involves a great scientific fact, that should be settled before it is too late. If the clearing away of forests does affect the amount of rain that falls—which we doubt—that fact ought to be certainly known. Although we doubt the oft-repeated assertion, we do not doubt the general influence of the contiguous forest land upon the hygrometrical condition of the surrounding atmosphere, any more than we doubt that grass retains dew longer

* Few persons in the colony, any more than the rest of the world, are at present aware of the enormous size to which some trees will grow in Victoria. There are trees, at this very time, growing within twenty miles of the Yan Yean, which have attained the the height of two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line, with a bulk of from twenty to thirty feet in circumference; and there are some not less than three hundred feet in height.

than the bare earth, and gives it off to the air in slow evaporation, ameliorating the whole atmosphere, and giving it that freshness that is so much more reviving to the plant and animal than the air incumbent upon an arid district. And so we believe the forest gives off its moisture obtained from rains, and *held in reserve for slow evaporation*, greatly to the benefit of adjoining fields and animal life."

While on the subject of climate and meteorology, it is a matter of great congratulation to the colonists to know, on the authority of Professor Neumayer (now Superintendent of the Meteorological Observatory), that Australia is one of the most favourable parts of the globe for magnetic experiments. Since Magnetism is the first cousin, if not a nearer relation, to the equally invisible wonder of modern days, Electricity (the master-science of the world*), these colonies may one day prove to be the favoured spot in which some great discovery of science may be originated. When we contemplate all the extraordinary nebulae of the southern hemisphere, we shall also perceive that Australasia is a region especially favourable for astronomical observations. That we have those among us upon whom the phenomena will not be lost is sufficiently attested by the observations on the recent comet, published by Professor Wilson, of the Melbourne University, and Professor Neumayer. If the apparent discovery just made by astronomers at home, of a change having taken place in the inclination of the Earth's axis, should prove to be authentic,

* After millions have been expended by England, France, and Russia, in the reconstruction of their ships of war for steam-power, the whole system will again be superseded by electricity. For this period America will prudently wait.

it is to be hoped that our legislature will at once see the importance of rendering the instruments and apparatus of the Observatory as perfect as possible, by adding all the last improvements of science, without which, perhaps, no such discoveries as the above were possible to have been made.

It is probable that the general impression in the old countries, that Australia is very deficient in *water*, originated in the same want of local knowledge which has caused such continuous blunders in our geographical distinctions, and also in the newspaper letters of disappointed diggers, who attribute their failure in finding gold to the want of water to wash it. (This is not a *bull*, though it looks so like one.) The fact is, the colony is not deficient in water, even on the gold-fields, nor in brains, but in the due application of the miners' brains to the systematic collection and preservation of the water periodically sent to them by beneficent Nature. Heaven showers down her prodigal means of fertility, and man with staring dulness lets it all run to waste, and then complains of the damage it has done his enclosure and his works, and subsequently bemoans its loss! In Victoria alone there are no less than *thirty* rivers, several of them (such as the Goulburn and the Yarra Yarra) far larger than the Thames or the Severn; and these without reckoning the great boundary river between this colony and New South Wales, viz., the Murray. There are also many lakes, fifteen of which are extensive. "In wet seasons the river basins are full, some of the plains become swampy, and marshes

expand into lakes." No means being taken to preserve any of the redundant supplies, water is always deficient during some of the summer months, when many of the above sources have been dried up.

CHAPTER XII.



WE will now, for the sake of conciseness, concentrate our view for a few minutes upon Melbourne.

We will not go back to the time, though it would not take long to do it, when Prince's Bridge, our grand thoroughfare to the southern municipalities, had no existence, and the old colonist had to pay 4s. 6d. to be rowed across the Yarra Yarra, some hundred yards, in a cranky boat; when Melbourne itself was bush and bog, with a few straggling log-huts, with *mia-mia* encampments of the aborigines on the outskirts; nor when it had become a little town with some wooden houses, several of which were of brick and mortar, besides the shanties; nor when, more houses having been built, it was improved in its appearance, and rendered picturesque, by a huge watercourse, or gully, running zig-zag down or slanting across the principal streets; nor even when I, a colonist of only six years and a half standing, was in Melbourne when a man and horse were drowned one day in Elizabeth Street, and a horse and dray carried down Swanston Street, into the Yarra. These two, being main streets of great breadth, were adorned in the wet season with four long torrents pouring down their sides, extemporized from the northern elevations of the town by the

storm-water of a few hours' rain. At this period, also, the northern outskirts were all bush and swamp, and in some places, where many heavily-laden bullock-drays had struggled off, in close succession, on their way to the gold-fields, there was often created a deep and memorable bog.

Time is reckoned differently in Victoria from the reckoning in any other part of the globe; we, therefore, regard seven or eight years as a long period, fifteen or twenty years as a very long time; because it certainly is only within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," and seventy-one years—the date of the first foundation of the Australian colonies—as our remote antiquity. In 1851 gold was discovered. The history of that period, its feverish confusion, its burning enterprise and reckless daring, its extraordinary energies and perseverance in action, its fortitude and unswerving will under temporary failures, its influence all over Europe and America, its rapid results and immediate triumph, all these would require a whole volume to portray. Excepting the able commercial works and careful compilations and disquisitions of Mr. Westgarth, the animated chronicle and personal narrative contained in the letters of Mr. William Howitt, together with the elaborate account of Mr. McCombie, and a variety of desultory descriptions by different hands, the gold-fields of Victoria have never found any historian, and they probably never will; because those who might have been competent to such a narration were themselves involved in the thick of the turmoil, which precluded taking regular notes, or keeping a

diary, excepting at broken intervals, and in different localities fitfully changed, while all sorts of events of equally great moment were transpiring at other places, concerning which no intelligence at all might reach them, or nothing but contradictory accounts. After the excitements had subsided, the prostration and collapse of the mental energies would be very likely to paralyze the pen for some time after, and bring on a chronic indisposition to reopen the vibrating doors of this strange picture-gallery, this torrent-like panorama of the memory.

That the magnitude and profusion we now see on all sides is the work of six or seven years is well enough known; but it is not true—nor is this fallacy sufficiently estimated in all its bearings—that Melbourne had no commerce previous to the discovery of gold. In 1850 Hobson's Bay had its shipping, immigrants were arriving in reasonable numbers, and the colony was in a most prosperous condition. Those who were doing well then, did not at all like the sudden overthrow of all their arrangements, and the survivors assert that if the present yield of gold ceased entirely, the colony would soon recover itself, and attain a more steady and healthy prosperity from her abundant and less exciting resources.

It is very good to hear this, and to see ample reason for believing it. But we must accept the facts as they are. However flourishing Victoria might have been in 1850, as a very young colony, in less than three years we saw a forest of masts, equal in number and tonnage to the shipping in the principal harbours of some of the oldest and most commercial

seaport cities and towns of the civilized world. In 1851 the population amounted only to sixty-three thousand; and at this time, 1859, we have more than half a million.

So much for the colonizing power of raw gold. Perhaps it may be said by some of our friends in London,—“Oh! we know all this; we have had our own time of excitement about your diggings, but there is an end of all that; we are now busy with something else; don't tell us any more about the matter. Don't speak further on the subject of digging.” There is not the least need to do so; the diggings speak for themselves very plainly every month. And you are never tired of hearing the voice. At any rate, it is a friendly one.

We will now look at Melbourne in conjunction with its suburban towns and villages. At the risk of calling forth some scornful ejaculations, it must be placed on record that an enthusiastic immigrant very recently told me, “with young ambition kindling in his eye,” that he looked upon Melbourne as the future London of the Southern Hemisphere! He called on me to bear in mind the noble breadth and extraordinary length of its streets; the magnitude, and even magnificence, of several of its banks, shawl and drapery shops, immense porcelain warehouses—as street architecture only—with cathedrals, churches, parliament houses, library, hospital, and other public buildings, erected within the last few years; the riches prodigally and rudely displayed in the windows of the gold brokers, the brilliancy and beauty of the jewellers' shops, the public institutions rising on all

sides, &c. Perceiving that I was becoming impatient, he thus concluded his vain attempt:—"Yes! Melbourne, the future London of the antipodes—with its wide-spreading Collingwood and Richmond, representing Islington and Brompton at home; its north Melbourne, representing Paddington; its far-sprawling Prahran, representing a strange combination of Fulham and the Commercial Road, multiplied by six; its South Yarra, and the vicinities comprising Toorak, Cremorne, and Studley Park, representing, in embryo, Kensington, Southwark, and Vauxhall; its St. Kilda and Brighton, with Queen's Cliff, for Herne Bay, Margate, and Broadstairs; and Geelong to represent the noble seaport of Ramsgate; our Emerald Hill for Hampstead, with spaces for a Heath and a Vale of Health, if desirable; our banks of the Yarra Yarra, running southward and eastward, representing the Thames up to Thames Ditton; our Sandridge" (be patient yet a moment, O denizen of mighty dark-browed old London!) "certain to become the future Gravesend; while our chief arsenal and docks seem destined to be concentrated in Williamstown, as the Woolwich and Chatham of Victoria." He wisely dropped "Westminster" out of his vision, feeling the impossibility of ever making an infant look venerable with Gothic majesty. The degree to which the foregoing comparisons, audacious as they may seem, are plausible as dreams of the future, and more than visionary to many of us here, cannot be estimated by anybody who does not know the actual condition of things in these various localities.

Be this as it may, I take a different view of the future of Melbourne. No local coincidences, no comparisons, ingenious or palpably admissible, even in the probable greatness of a coming time, can make the capital of Victoria resemble London. To effect this, it would be requisite, as a beginning, that the Queen and her Court should come here, and that some unprecedented enchanter should be able to give as "ancient memories" the trophies and the tombs of former glories. Commercial connections, power, and prestige of arms by sea and land, her Majesty might transfer with her own noble person; but the old black grandeur of London would be left behind.

But we are in a curious state of mind in these colonies. The land is young, the people are all young, their experience is only of a few years' date, but the associations and sympathies of the majority now living are with old times, and men and things at home. To this latter cause we must attribute the constant tendency to imitate and "reproduce" the old country as much as possible. This tendency, in many respects, has amounted to a morbid prejudice, an absurdity, and an injury. It is a fact that, during the last summer, gentlemen for the first time adopted a rational costume, suited to the hottest days, and (no doubt with dogged reluctance and stupid hesitations) laid aside their hot cloth clothing, glaring patent-leather boots, and feverish black hats. We present a very anomalous contrast to what Sismondi says of the colonies of antiquity. "The colonies of the ancients," writes this historian, "renewed the human race, tempered it afresh, and began political existence

with all the advantages of youth; ours, on the contrary, are born old, with all the jealousies, all the troubles, all the indigence, all the vices of old Europe." Now, the anomaly we present in Australia is that we combine both extremes; and this is the fundamental secret of the political and social turmoil and confusion which has been exhibited, and must continue until the natural destiny of these colonies begins to be fairly evolved. We are the youngest people under the sun, and there has been a hard struggle to govern and train us in all the old ways. There was actually an effort made a year or two ago to create a "regular old Tory party," the nucleus of which was formed and "clubbed," and great impersonators of the tradition of the "fine old English gentleman" sat buttoned up in black, and blue, and drab, and drank their decanter of port, on the hottest days, with abnormal dignity. This small party has been broken up; the natural youth of the colonies is struggling for development, and nothing of importance now stands in their way but the combined phalanx of squatters, who, regarding themselves as the "noble army of martyrs," are determined to dispute to the last blade of grass and the last drop of water.

If, in the prospect of greatness which future years may realize for Victoria, a comparison with any established greatness be permissible to the imagination, I should look to the United States for it rather than to the United Kingdom. Setting aside the "remarkable coincidences" of our suburban townships with many of those at home, and taking a

broad yet compact view of the Victorian capital, I think a comparison might be made to look tolerably feasible between the future Melbourne and the present New York. Regarding Victoria, then, in our future Federal Union, as the New York State of Australia, and Melbourne as the New York capital, we might proceed to a considerable extent with our vain but not unreasonable ambitions.

The natural advantages of Victoria are very great, and of a permanent character; and were they less so, the start she has now got, and, still more, the additional start she may now take, if she throws herself open to population by a liberal and speedy settlement of the Land Question, would keep her foremost, as the commercial centre of the Australian continent. The only chance of a rival to Melbourne would be found in Sydney, and the geographical position of the former, in addition to other circumstances, gives her great advantages. Sydney is faced to the Pacific coast of America, and has a more uninterrupted sea to China and the East; but Melbourne is faced to Europe, and Europe must always be regarded as the mother of our Australian nation, as she was the mother of the American nation. The main currents of population and trade will continue to pass through Melbourne, as they formerly passed through New York.

In venturing on such a comparison, prospective only though it be, I am bound to submit some additional reasons for my anticipations. Let us first look at the natural advantages of Victoria in several points of view. We have her geographical position, her

fertile lands, and her gold-mines, especially her apparently inexhaustible quartz reefs. In addition to the latter, it is now pretty well established that she will be rich in coal-mines, "and thereby hangs a tale." It seems to me that the geographical position of the great harbour of Hobson's Bay is eminently calculated to render Melbourne a great commercial centre. It is very favourably situated with regard to the other Australian colonies, being central to them all, so as to become the main depôt for direct importation from abroad and subsequent distribution to the sister colonies by coasting vessels. Its advantageous position with regard to inland distribution among the various great districts of the future, through which the Murray, the Goulburn, and other affluents run, has never yet been properly recognized. I have often called attention to this, but hitherto in vain. I never make any secret of it that I am personally interested in the navigation of the (Victorian) Goulburn River; but I say that every colonist of Victoria is interested in it. A railway of two hundred miles is to strike the Murray about fourteen hundred miles from its mouth, a point most favourable for the distribution of imports, and the return of articles of export up and down those two great rivers, viz., the Murray and its main affluent, the Goulburn, and along all the other great arteries of the former. Of the navigable facilities of all these, the colonists are only very gradually obtaining any knowledge, the trading influences of the Murray absorbing all attention up to this time. But while the Murray is the great boundary line between Victoria and New South Wales, the Goulburn is the



great river of the former; and as this fact is certain eventually to force its way into practical recognition, a railway of sixty miles will reach it from Melbourne, and we should then have a water-carriage direct to the Murray. Foreign vessels of great draught can never, I apprehend, enter the mouth of the Murray, and therefore it does not seem likely that Melbourne will ever be rivalled by a city at the mouth of that river which can effectually compete, or attempt to compete, with her as a resort for foreign shipping of great tonnage. The goods that will be distributed, and the raw articles of export that will be gathered, along the banks of the Murray, and the fertile valley of the Goulburn, and by means of the other great affluents, must undergo a trans-shipment, at all events, before they reach or after they leave the Murray, if any such rivalry were attempted. It appears to me, however, that Melbourne is scarcely less favourably situated than Adelaide for being the central depôt, both inward and outward, connected, as we have said, with the Murray by means of a railway of 200 miles, or a railway of 60 miles and a river carriage (by the Goulburn) of 200 miles. These preliminaries being understood, we may now come to a somewhat closer reasoning.

New York city is the inward and outward depôt for the interior of America, the trade passing chiefly along the great lakes. With these lakes, New York is not connected by a natural navigation. Her water connection consists of a river (the Hudson) for about 140 miles to Albany, and then a canal extending the enormous length of 360 miles, and thus reaching

Buffalo and Lake Erie.* By this stupendous work (not forgetting Lockport) she has overcome 500 miles of distance from the great interior waters, and left the competition of Quebec and Montreal, which are connected by natural waters (interrupted, it is true, by some rapids and the Great Falls) no chance whatever. Surely, then, our 200 miles of railway, or our 60 miles of railway and 200 miles of navigation by the Goulburn, is trifling in comparison. For these reasons, and seeing that Melbourne, and Victoria at large, have got so great a start, which in commerce, as in racing or in war, is more than half the battle, I consider that the Murray, though at present only our boundary line, can be made, by means of her great affluents, more practically our river than the river of the South Australian merchants, who are at present carrying off all the trade (including that of our district of the Ovens) before the faces of the merchants of Melbourne, who have not yet awoken to a perception of the power within their grasp. But directly they do awake they will rapidly make up for lost time in this respect.

If, then, we consented to improve the start we have got by allowing an additional million or more of European population to pour in rapidly and occupy

* Gliding along the entire length of the Erie Canal in a flour-barge, when a very young man, I only paid three cents per mile. Why cannot we understand in Victoria, that one of the surest means of profit is cheapness, whenever it is certain to attract great numbers and extensive dealing? Scarcely anything here costs less than a shilling or sixpence; and, to this day, copper money is hardly even so much as seen, except at a turnpike or a suburban railway.

the lands now lying waste, the colony of Victoria could never be overtaken. She would be the great central heart, regulating all the pulses of the Australian continent and the Australasian group, before her sister colonies began to make any considerable increase of population. "In due course we could assist them" (a strong "partisan" interpolates this in my MS.) "with a large addition to their inhabitants, introduced through us, after tarrying with us for a time, become, so to speak, identified with us and our interests, and thus, overflowing and occupying the rest of the continent, making it all one great Victoria, ruled by our ideas, carrying our laws and habits with them, and contributing to our progressive greatness through the channels of intercourse previously described." Looking at the Federal Union of these colonies which is approaching, I do not entirely sympathize with the foregoing aim at an all-embracing influence. Many of our Melbourne ideas might be advantageously exchanged for those of Sydney; I therefore prefer to keep to my original proposition as to a commercial centre of influence like that of the city of New York. With regard, however, to the attractions of Victoria, it is very probable that so long as there is an acre of fertile land accessible to the new comers, the sister colonies will have but a slow increase to their population. The gold-fields of Victoria will also secure to her the great central market as the highest, and therefore the regulating, market for all the agricultural produce of Australia that has to seek any of our colonial markets.

Melbourne has a further advantage of geographical

position. The great bulk of the European trade, both in goods and in emigrants (passengers), must continue to be carried on by sailing vessels. No other motive power at present known will ever be so cheap as the wind. Melbourne is right in the line of those westerly winds, prevailing in this latitude with almost the regularity of trade-winds, down which all sailing ships coming from Europe must travel. On this line she is, I believe, at least a thousand miles nearer to Europe than Sydney, which must be reached after rounding Tasmania by a considerable voyage northwards, and often against adverse winds. I think, therefore, she derives great advantages over her elder sister in this respect; Sydney, as I have previously said, being faced to the Pacific coast of America, and having a more uninterrupted sea to China and the East, while Melbourne is faced to Europe, our mother and our safest friend.

To sum up, then: the great start that Victoria has got—the popular desire to improve this start—the rich gold-fields—the fertile lands—the best possible market, central amidst the sister colonies—ought to place Victoria beyond the chance of competition. Even natural advantages of a superior kind to hers, which may hereafter be found, whether in Gipps Land, the north, or north-western, or any other parts of our immense and varied coast, would fail to place any other colony of Australia in a position of rivalry with Victoria after she has once become the commanding centre of capital, practical intelligence, population, and commercial energy. On these grounds, and supposing no disasters of earthquakes

or invasions, I am persuaded that—unless by our delays, perversities, and apathies, our conceited ignorance, follies, and narrow views—by our huckstering economies and mad extravagances, our vulgar passions, and base squabbles “over a bone”—and, worse than all, by our political paralysis before the basilisk eye and firmly-planted foot of the squatter—unless, I say, by these, or other means as unworthy, we lose or trample down what Nature and Circumstances have placed close within our reach, the city of Melbourne must become the New York of the southern hemisphere.

Our grand questions being now disposed of, somewhat roughly and much too concisely, considering their complexities and innumerable details, but presented for examination at least with independence of mind, and no careless hand as to facts, however deficient in polished periods—we will now approach our conclusion through the intervention of a few general remarks. Leaving the *Victorian Bradshaw* and Fairfax's *Handbook of Victoria* to assist the distant reader, who may wish to see the tolerably complete outline and contents of this colony, and of Melbourne in particular, and referring the reader of more mathematical and studious desires to the forthcoming volume of Mr. W. H. Archer's elaborate *Statistical Register*, we must content ourselves, in these rather hurried pages, with merely alluding to some of the principal institutions, public works, and other substantial proofs of progress.*

* Had my purpose permitted of elaborate description, the Melbourne Public Library would have claimed almost the first place.

Some two years ago, I received a letter from Dr. Southwood Smith, in which this passage occurs : " So you come from St. Kilda every morning by the omnibus. What a wonderful country Victoria is ! Why, it seems only the other day that you were all horsemen, or had to wade through a swamp, and wander through the bush to get into town ! " Almost by the next mail I informed the doctor that I no longer came in by an omnibus, but by the St. Kilda railway, in eight minutes ; fare, the same as the omnibus or cab. Since then the gas has been laid on from Melbourne (where all the streets, principal shops, and houses, have had it these twelve months and more), the whole line of road from Prince's Bridge to Sandridge being also lighted with gas, and having, moreover, been recently supplied, by connecting pipes, with water of the Yan Yean reservoir, from a distance of some three-and-twenty miles.* These waterworks are the greatest of the public works hitherto accomplished in the Australian colonies. As it fell to my lot to return thanks for the Commissioners at the public *déjeûner* given on the inauguration day, when the water was first turned on in Melbourne, I have inserted my speech (Appendix K.), because it comprises a rough outline of the undertaking, which may not be uninteresting, nor without use, and because no

* In a letter to Mr. Charles Dickens (1852), describing my first landing at Sandridge, I perfectly well remember that I spoke of the whole distance as a wild bush, varied only by sandbanks and swamps, and by the appearance of a supposed bushranger, who watched all my movements with *equal* distrust and preparation. Neither did it ever lose these characteristics till the railway was made.

false modesty on account of my connection with these works should cause me to do the chief engineer the injustice of passing them over too lightly.

But whatever has been done, and in the brief space of seven years—public works and prospects only date from 1852—we may fairly calculate that, if there cannot be a proportionate advance during the next seven years, it is not at all likely that we shall remain stationary, or be slow in our onward movements. The completion of the above works has been the signal of a movement on the gold-fields, which has resulted in a determination to bring water from various distances through several townships, and, when practicable, through the principal mining localities. An earnest exhortation to do this, and in other less favoured places to deepen and unite every chain of water-holes, and to collect and store the winter rains by means of embankments round natural beds, constituted a principal feature in my address to the electors of Rodney some two years ago. But far more than this may fairly be comprised in our prospects of the future. A canal of ninety or a hundred miles from the sea, being cut in a well-chosen direction, and leading to an extensive valley, now a mere waste bush and morass, would give to the district an immense lake, and in some places an inland sea, by which all the farmers and other settlers would be benefited beyond calculation, while a few of these must produce the best effects upon the tempera-

ture of the whole country. The *Portland Guardian* carries its ambition so far as to suggest the possibility of creating an Australian Mediterranean Sea. But who doubts that something of the kind may be effected? The hundred miles of cutting would be much less than one-third the length of the Erie Canal. I must, however, admit that, with all their energies and enterprise, the capitalists of these colonies do not possess either the mental impetus or the judgment of our American cousins.

It is not the characteristic of our race to be contented and satisfied with anything that has been done, while anything of importance remains to be effected. Having accomplished a telegraphic union between the three Australian colonies, the connecting wires of communication will soon pass beneath the sea to Tasmania, and in due course to New Zealand. The Australasian group will then begin to vibrate with electric nerves, converging in a central heart, and the first era of Federal Union will be inaugurated.

CHAPTER XIII.



THE exploration of the unknown interior of this continent has not yet advanced with much success. The expeditions have penetrated as far as their means permitted; but the means they employed are now known to be utterly inadequate. The horse will in future be superseded by the camel, and an expedition of well-selected men, "with all appliances and means to boot," will eventually pass through the central regions of the country, and make their northward way out to the Gulf of Carpentaria, or by some of the fine rivers work a passage into one of the bays of the Admiralty Gulf in the north-west corner of Tasman Land. There is great reason to believe that this latter passage has once been effected. A human skeleton, with a rusty rifle-barrel by the side of the bones, has recently been discovered within eighty miles of the settlement on Swan River; and this having led to a search, the remains of huts built by European hands, together with a number of bones, are believed to indicate the last resting-place of the exploring party and its leader, Leichhardt, and to constitute the melancholy record of their own fate.

The exploration will be made, a passage across the interior will be established; and instead of the three

Australian colonies vigorously endeavouring to get the line of direction and final point of arrival arranged and marked out according to what each one regards as most favourable to its special interests, it is probable that the best minds and strongest influences will so far govern the choice, that a route will be agreed upon which shall best serve the collective interests of all three. A beaten track will follow—then a road, and in many places a tramway, but not, I trust, any ambitious railway attempts for years to come.

This road through the interior will soon be accompanied by telegraphic lines, and thus bring the three colonies in rapid communication with all the clusters of islands in the Indian Archipelago and the China Sea; chief among which we may point to the immense island of Borneo (with its rich fruits and rich land for agricultural purposes almost throughout, and of about the magnitude of Spain and Portugal), New Guinea (hardly habitable by Europeans, but good for enormous plantations of rice and sugar-cane), the Moluccas, the large group of the Philippine Islands, Celebes, Flores, Gilolo, Timor, Java, and Sumatra; all these, with the addition of Tasmania and New Zealand, the immense group of the Feejee Islands; with the Marquesas, Tahiti, and New Caledonia (which latter, by friendly arrangements, the force of arms, or the gravitating and more permanent force of Australian attraction, must eventually be ceded to the Federal Union of the Australasian colonies), would

entitle the combined countries of the Southern Hemisphere to be regarded as a fifth portion of the habitable globe, which will eventually require of science a corresponding remodelling of the geographical divisions.

But long before the telegraphic wires send their tingling intelligence across the long sweeps of barren sand, and lonely bush, and uncouth prairies, and swamps, intervalled, perhaps, with silent valleys and oases of yet untenanted fertility, the communication with England must be effected. "A line to King George's Sound," as Mr. Edward Wilson has suggested, "if that be the preferable route," would materially assist in shortening the period of communication, now that a line from Suez will shortly extend to Aden; and then we shall look forward to a day, not distant, when the three capitals of Australia will be brought within five minutes of London.

Of our direct and rapid communication through the interior of the continent of Australia—of the intimate commercial relations which will be established (in so many respects opening up a series of perfectly new trades) with the Australasian group, and the numerous islands basking in the great span of sunny ocean between our northern and north-western coasts and the coasts of India and China—and finally, of our eventual recognition by the geographers of all nations as constituting a fifth portion of the globe—little doubt can exist in the minds of those who, without prejudice or indignation, and with a map before them, will deliberately examine the proposition, and, fairly estimating what has been already accomplished

in so few years, will give credit to the same people, the same offshoot of their own race, for applying similar energies towards every justifiable and honourable advancement in the scale of nations. This position leads us directly to the grand and final question of a Federal Union, and with it our political relations with England.

There is such a thing as entire independence and separation ; there is such a thing as servile dependence on the mother-country, or on the country of a successful invader ; and there is such a thing as a mixed dependence and independence, which may aptly be compared with the relations existing between grown-up children who have left the parental roof and the authors of their being. The few words I shall presume to offer on this grand question of the future will be best introduced by an extract from the speech of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton at the last celebration in London (January 26, 1859) of the Anniversary of the Foundation of the Australian Colonies. After observing that the first settlers in America had left England before England had acquired civil and religious liberty, and that hence had arisen a feeling of hereditary resentment, Sir Edward thus concludes:—

“ But you, gentlemen of Australia, took with you from this country no bitter and angry resolutions, no associations of the reigns of the Stuarts, but, on the contrary, you carried with you feelings of affection for a free country and for a benignant Queen, and the tie has been all the stronger because it has been the more gently felt. I cannot help thinking how much Australia proved her sympathy in the glory and in the distress of the mother-country during the Crimean war. I cannot help recalling that from Australia came a sum little short of 150,000*l.*,

as a contribution for the relief of our sufferers from that contest. A similar token of generosity and patriotism was called forth, on the part of Australia, on behalf of the sufferers from the Indian mutiny. These things make us feel that, though oceans divide us, we have all English hearts, and that the sceptre of Queen Victoria is an electric rod which unites in kindred sympathy the extremities of our glorious empire. (Cheers.) The time may come when these new colonies of ours will be great States and nations—when they will find it easier to raise armies among them than they now find it to raise a police—when, instead of that single armed steamer for which the colony of Victoria now so nobly pays, she will have in her harbours forests of masts, and in her waters a navy of her own. It may so happen in that distant day that England may be in danger. It may so happen that the great Powers of Old Europe may then rise up against the venerable parent of many free commonwealths. If that day should arrive, I believe that her children will not be unmindful of the tie which binds them to the dear mother-country (cheers), and that to her rescue, across the wide ocean, vessels will come thick and fast, among which there will be heard but one voice—‘While Australia lasts England shall not perish.’”

It is impossible to look into the future; but we all attempt to do so, according to our power of inward vision, and our bent of mind. Those events which grow up before the speculative ken of one man, as acts and structures destined to be substantiated, or as great acts and substances doomed to become wrecks and shadows, are beheld by another man in a totally different series of results. Perhaps they are both quite wrong and astray, and no events whatever of the kind they speculated upon will ever occur. No such actions will ever be performed, no such structures ever rise, no such decline and fall may ever— but there we pause. Nothing can last for ever. If

decline and fall do not come in one form, they must eventually come in another. Rome fell, as Greece fell before her; and in a remoter period, now lost to history, and existing only in perennial verse, Troy fell, and we all fondly treasure up from boyhood's years the nobly pathetic picture of the warrior son carrying the aged father in his arms, safe beyond the blazing ruins of his ancestral walls. In alluding to the loyalty and the affection of the Australian colonists towards the country from whence they derived their birth, Sir Edward Lytton forms a true estimate, and his eloquence must not be regarded as any poetical or political exaggeration. Let no one be misled by the common fact on such occasions, into an idea that the enthusiasm with which his speech was received was a mere anniversary-dinner ebullition. It only displayed that feeling which, however quietly and silently entertained, is ready on any stirring occasion to burst forth, and which ferments within the breast of at least two-thirds of the European inhabitants of the Australian group. I make no exception of the Irish here, any more than I would of the Scotch. Under the term of "Old Ireland," or "Old Scotland," they are both apt to drop the name of "Old England," and the title of "Englishman;" but we all mean the same thing under different words. We mean the mother-country. These preliminaries being understood, let us now just touch upon the ultimate question of our Federal Union; and with the facts surrounding that union, and the prospects beyond, I will bring my pages to a close.

A Federal Union of the Australian group is one

of those events which every sign and portent shows to be rapidly advancing. With union there will be strength; but in order to become strong there must be time to grow. Here a child with a pick may be rich in a day; but he cannot carry into the field a hundredweight of wood or iron for the next few years. "Wooden walls" are not built as fast as stone houses, and long, long ere the harbours of these colonies can have their own sturdy plantation of navy masts among the constant forest of mercantile shipping, a European war, or a war between England and some great maritime power, will most probably transpire, and may already have done so while I write these words. Should England leave us to our fate in the hour of need—which is not to be anticipated—the ties of relationship would be dissolved, if they did not suddenly snap asunder. She would have separated herself from these colonies; and their various sources of wealth and unsurpassed energies would enable them to find means of surviving it, though not, perhaps, under such independent and satisfactory political relations as at present exist. Australia would probably be taken as a very unwilling *protégée* beneath a foster-mother's wing. If, on the other hand, as we do not doubt, the aid we need in the hour of peril be promptly accorded, it would cement the bonds of relationship now existing between us. That these colonies would hasten to send their naval force across the ocean to aid the mother-country in her time of danger, may be fairly assumed, as Sir Edward Lytton has imagined; *but*

long before we can have a navy of our own, we shall need the help or care of hers.

At this distance, and amidst these strange scenes and events, and varied characters of very different nations, many unwonted thoughts arise in the mind and propel the imagination into speculations on the future which would probably never occur in any other part of the world. A Frenchman (formerly a cavalry officer, now a corn-factor's commission agent) once told me over a camp-fire in the bush, *en philosophe*, as he courteously intimated, that at some indefinite period he anticipated England would become a province of France. With the same politeness, I assured him that it would cost his countrymen very dear before they had accomplished so desirable a result. He explained, however, that he did not exactly mean it would be accomplished by sheer bloodshed, either in a long war of invasion, or by a *coup de main*, but by political pressure and coercion of all kinds, short of war, and by superior subtlety of diplomacy, culminating in the "union" of the two empires by intermarriage. Over this happy event there would be public rejoicing in both countries, each one believing it had the best of the match. By degrees, however, a new light would break into the strong head of Mr. Bull, whereby, to his great wonder and indignation, he would discover that the regal rulers of his throne were subordinate to the crown of France, and that it was now too late to alter the arrangement. Such things had happened before; we might find them in the history of the United

Kingdoms. I contented myself with the very safe wisdom of *nous verrons*, though the date of the vision might certainly have been considerably extended.

Looking forward, however, to a century hence, as Sir Edward has done, or, possibly, to a less remote period, it is just conceivable to an Englishman that his old invulnerable parent, with her inexhaustible wealth and her "wooden walls," may find that many powerful circumstances have altered round about her while she has remained on her accustomed rock, and that, with them, imperceptibly, her own power has passed away. She may, for instance, have taken no due warning by the results of what the *Times* so admirably designated as the "marvellous torpidity," or the equally wonderful mismanagement of the Russian and Indian wars. *Experientia docet* is a worn-out copy-book axiom: it teaches nobody but wise and self-controlling men and instinctive animals. Crowned heads and Cabinets, like individuals, have passions, prejudices, and obstinacies, which overrule all experience. England's ministers and ruling families may continue precisely in the old course, even ignoring or delaying to the last, by every possible bureaucratic formula, a practical recognition of the *succession* of new discoveries and applications of science in the art of war. They may carefully lock up some new and stupendous invention (as they locked up the Armstrong gun and the Whitworth rifle during the whole of the Indian rebellion), and only bring it forward after it has been superseded. They will probably do in the future what they have

always done before, and the people will go on paying for it as usual, with angry grumblings or shorn bleatings, but without resistance. These obstinate delays, perversities, and errors, we must always regard as most probable to occur, and when the Cabinet awakes to the clear conviction of all that surrounds her, it may be too late. The clock has struck; and she is not up, or not half dressed. The hearts of men are all on fire; but the muniments "lie in cold obstruction," her directing heads are in confusion, and her science is behind the hour. Have not her generals, brave and self-confident to a fault, been continually "surprised," and only overcoming the disaster by the obstinate valour of her soldiery and by great losses? That which has so often happened in her battle-fields, may happen at some momentous crisis in her Cabinet, and there may be no means of recovering her position, even though all England were ready to die as one man.

But before it came to this last extremity, could any one foresee it and obtain a hearing, there would yet remain the "lion's counsel"—not that of the fighting forces, but of the courageous brain. It has long been a proud boast that the sun never sets upon the dominions of England. Is there not a broad domain for the same sun here? Cannot the British lion change his lair? In plain words, is it not possible to change the seat of empire? My first thought of this kind, a few years ago, would have pointed to India. There, an ancient country, stretching back its records into, perhaps, the remotest of all accredited antiquity, European society, lan-

guage, manners, spacious palaces, countless luxuries, and a rich and enormous expanse of lands, would have offered the most brilliant prospects to such a change. In how brief a period has the dark and lavishly embroidered curtain been rent aside from the richly-painted proscenium, and what a disenchanted stage appears beyond! Around, beneath the throne, on every side, near and afar, the yeasty working of the native blood, maddened by the love of country and liberty, never to be extinguished, no less than by fanaticism thirsting to destroy, and defying death—the stinging sense of many wrongs, never to be forgotten, together with the increased downward pressure of such an event as the arrival of the Court of London on the coast of Bengal—would render such a change at any period too hazardous for all our armies and ships of war, even without casting an eye on the corresponding movements of other nations. *Here*, then—should such a need in centuries hence “overcome” you, like a thunder-cloud, to the world’s “special wonder”—here, in the heart of the Australasian group, would you find a virgin soil wherein to transplant the aged oak of British empire. Here, with no hostile tribes or sects intermingled with the populations, still less any armed nations hovering on shifty frontiers—here would you find “bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh;” your own laws, religion, customs, food; a milder and more genial climate, and open arms to receive you. Here, amidst the Australasian and Austral-Indian group, compact in feeling and action, being cemented by a Federal Union, would be a fair scene

to which you might shift the seat of empire; here, you would find your own land, your own sea-coast, waiting to welcome your embattled fleets, and a fifth portion of the habitable globe ready to become the adopted home, and renew the youth and the domain, of old England.

To such "vain imaginings" are we prone at times, in exile or in absence, far across the seas. The misgiving pen, prompted by more sober reflections, hovers over these concluding pages, and prepares to cancel and cross them down. Kind reader, permit them to remain; we are not ashamed of our tears at a funeral, neither should we feel ashamed of the vigorous birth of our impracticable hopes. Something may lie at bottom of "such stuff as dreams are made of," though with very different results to what has just been shadowed forth. But for you, my fellow-sojourners in these colonies, the one substantial piece of advice I would offer—the only advice I have presumed directly to offer—the one exhortation, the one steadfast hope, may be comprised in this: For your own sake, even more than for *her* sake, never, of your own voluntary act, separate yourselves from the mother-country.

APPENDICES.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

SONNET ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

(Written after the Lecture on the Astronomical Discoveries of Newton, recently delivered by Professor Wilson, M.A.)

THE Earth was but a platform for thy power,
Whereon to watch and work, by day and night;
The Moon, to thee, was but Heaven's evening flower;
The Sun, a loftier argument of light;
Each planet was thy fellow-traveller bright,
In vision—and, in thought, still nearer home;
Throughout the Universe thy soul took flight,
And touch'd at suns whose rays may never come.

Tho' star-tranced Tycho, and the thought sublime
Of Kepler, fathom'd Heaven's infinity,
To thee 'twas left to prove the laws that chime
Through spheres and atoms—being, and to be:
Profound alike in thy humility—
A child that gather'd shells—kneeling beside the sea.

R. H. H.

APPENDIX B.

THE REPRESENTATIVE IDEA.

A FINANCIAL EPISODE.

THE ruling faculty of man's mind is the imagination. Before it bow the reason, the judgment, and the will—not consciously, but unavoidably, by its so subtle influence. As Lord Peter said to his hungry brothers, "Bread is the staff of life;

bread contains within itself the essence of beef, and mutton, and veal, and partridge, and grouse, and quail, and plum-pudding, and custard;" so the millionaire, with a far more generous intention (could he venture to betray his secret) might, in certain cases, thus paraphrase Lord Peter's logic and the Barmecide's feast:—"The imagination of man is the most potent mover and sustainer of the commercial world. It contains within itself the essence of reason, and judgment, and will; and when this master faculty is chiefly used in the combine form, which Hazlitt calls a 'reasoning imagination' (not necessarily contra-distinguished from a creative imagination), and applied exclusively to the science of making ideas represent substantial things, so that practical men shall believe one to be as good as the other, the product is what is called—*money*."

Now, the ordinary commercial man will, of course, designate this preliminary as rigmartole. It is certainly not his cue to understand it, nor to betray his secret. Very possibly he really does *not* understand it, which is no fault of the writer of this grim and unprecedented prose poem, but attributable to the limited education of our wealthy friend.

No matter; we shall proceed to show how instinctively a genius of this kind practises upon the world, to his own advantage and that of his chosen friends and followers.

On a certain day of a month not long passed, the Honourable the Commissioner of Files and Ingots issued the programme of a new Institute, entitled the "Grist-mill and General Receiving Company," to which was subsequently appended the further title of the "Saveall's Delight." The capital was announced at 2,000,000*l.* (two millions), in forty thousand shares of 50*l.* each. Ten shillings only per share was to be paid down, and ten shillings more in six months. It was foreseen by the keen visionary faculty of gifted minds, that this first ten shillings was probably the whole amount that would ever be required from the original shareholders; in which case the balance of 49*l.* 10*s.* on the value of each share was purely imaginary. No more than the first instalment being paid by all those who sold out at a premium within the six months, the balance of 49*l.* 10*s.*, for which they had made themselves "liable," was a visionary obligation, an ideal danger, or what Jeremy Bentham would have classed under the head of "fictitious entities."

The Promoter, *alias* the Receiver-General, to wit, the Honourable the Commissioner of Files and Ingots, appropriated to himself 20,000 (twenty thousand) shares, or one-

half of the whole concern, "representing" one million sterling. I believe this is not legal in England; but it is legal here, so there's an end of that question. Several gentlemen of influence in the Upper and Lower Houses, and others of the mercantile and professional community, who had faith in the monetary genius of the great Promoter, *alias* the Receiver-General, instantly applied for, and had various quantities of shares allotted to them. One gentleman takes 750 shares, another takes 1,000, and so on. Some of the parties do not possess a tithe of the forty or fifty thousand pounds of the capital for which they subscribe, the shares *themselves* representing such amounts in the "mind's eye." One of the best English dictionaries defines the verb "represent" in a truly financial manner, viz., "To exhibit as if the thing were present."*

By the above means, that is to say, the influence of, and implicit faith placed in, the exercise of this peculiar form of the imaginative faculty, nearly all the remaining half of the forty thousand shares had been "as good" as taken up before the publication of the Programme. Directly, therefore, it was issued, and the speculative and commercial public at large saw under whose auspices it was originated, and what names constituted the main body of shareholders, there was a rush for the remainder. All were bought up in a trice, and the shares next morning were at a premium, which rose in a few hours to one hundred per cent. on the paid-up capital.

Hence, those who took 750 shares were gainers either in value or in actual money, if they sold out, of 375*l.* in twenty-four hours; those who had 1,000 shares, of course became 500*l.* the richer; so with the others proportionately; while the Promoter and Receiver-General, to wit, the Honourable the Commissioner of Files and Ingots, who had appropriated to himself 20,000 shares, improved his financial position to the extent of *ten thousand pounds in twenty-four hours*, by the same subtle influence of the master faculty of the mind. There is nothing finer than this in the Arabian Nights.

"But what wrong have I done?" the Promoter may ejaculate; "and what novel feat of mental skill have I performed on this infant stage? Have not other speculative brains of 'bankers, merchants, and others,' evolved similar phenomena in the commercial hemisphere of Europe?" They certainly have, and with results quite beyond their calculations. The principle is a profound one. "Like the Lucretian ideas," says the *Saturday Review*, "wealth is to be ceaselessly flinging off

* Smart's Epitome of Walker.

its own shadows of visionary yet most real assignats, which, in a perpetual flux, are to be circulating upwards and downwards in the great universal barter-stores of the nation—like Charity, blessing at once giver and receiver—the whole community for ever drawing and for ever accepting typical and symbolical promissory notes upon itself, which both he who draws and he who accepts find impartially useful for providing all with all." That's it exactly! We have got the essence of the golden secret, far surpassing mere vulgar gold, in this most favoured city of Melbourne. The Honourable the Commissioner of Files and Ingots is the great Austro-Lucretian Plutocrat, equally the public and private benefactor and beneficiaire; and the metaphysico-political economist of the *Saturday Review* is an inspired penman, who wrote hypothetically in a state of financial *clairvoyance*, on what was actually working in the brain of the Plutocratic Promoter at the very same time on the other side of the globe. But our uninviting prose poem is not yet brought to a close.

Let nobody suppose the profitable result is completed with those ten thousand pounds. They are a pretty beginning, no doubt, but must only be regarded as a prelude to the play. The Promoter, no doubt, will, as usual, consider himself entitled to a good percentage on the net profits for his scheme, and as founder, responsible capitalist, manager, chairman, &c. He will say that he was "liable" for twenty thousand shares. We have admired the ideality of this alarming responsibility; but in showing this let it not be thought there is the least intention of questioning the great real wealth of this eminent colonial genius. The present transaction has simply been exhibited as a fine instance of making money by building and selling castles in the air. Nobody is cheated; everybody is delighted. The Sadleir and Merdle comparisons recently attempted to be made by wicked men of the press are quite inapplicable. To proceed. The Promoter may sell one-half of his shares at one hundred per cent. premium (though far more likely to reserve them wisely till he can obtain several hundred per cent.), in which case (the hundred per cent.) he will have got one-fourth of the whole concern—shares, profits, &c. &c.—for nothing. Moreover, as we may suppose the Company will take, as is usual, at least one-fifth (20 per cent.) of the profits of the whole, and as the Promoter has one-half, or one-fourth, if he has sold that quantity, it is obvious that in due course he will also be entitled either to one-fourth, or one-half, of the progressive profits of the whole concern. In brief, the whole of the original proprietors on imaginary grounds will

be gainers of substantial profits on the real money of other people—to wit, the public at large—who will insure in this Company. All this the work of twenty-four hours!

But for this prosaic poem, with all its shifting clouds and dazzling lights—its skeleton dunces of figures and fancies—its enchanting *mirage* verging upon reality—there might chance to be in store a tragic termination of an actual kind. Suppose the colony should be ruined by irrational contracts, prematurely ambitious schemes, or gross blunders of some very heterogeneous, or, for the matter of that, some very homogeneous, ministry—or by invasion—or by a successful buccaneering *coup de main*. Or, to narrow the danger to the mere width of a coffin, suppose the great Promoter of this Company should be gathered to his ancestors before its success is established, but after many people have bought shares at from one to three hundred per cent. premium, and that a Court of Chancery orders his estate, like the ashes of some great offender, to be distributed? The consequences must not be prognosticated. Silence equally becomes the wise, and the foolish, and the intermediate. The astute scribe of the monody would only venture to assert that the inauspicious retirement of the Promoter would be deeply deplored by all the dismayed shareholders of small capital, and that the crape on the high bell-toppers and low-crowned wide-awakes of the large proprietors would very inadequately express the kind of grief with which they followed his financial remains to the tomb.

The force of imagination could no farther go. Its work has been accomplished; its ashes must be scattered to the winds. It bequeathes to the present age and to posterity no ennobling example, no useful moral, no touching sentiment, no sterling history, no grand poem, no refining harmony, no masterly painting, no “statue to enchant the world;”—the ideal faculty which has wrought these monetary wonders has wrought them to no good purpose, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves but a scrip behind.

APPENDIX C.

IMMIGRATION.

“THE intimate relation subsisting between the emigration from the United Kingdom and the peopling of these colonies, has been the subject of previous notice on the portion of our census returns relating to the birthplaces. Before proceeding to point out the distribution of the different nationalities

over the surface of the country, we shall enumerate some of the leading results presented in the tables.

“In the first place, it appears that the native-born Victorians, exclusive of aborigines, number 67,069, being within 10,276 of the total number of inhabitants the colony contained at the period of its separation from New South Wales in 1851; and the entire number of Australian born is 83,949, 16,880 natives of the adjacent colonies having settled here. England and Wales have contributed 153,457; Scotland, 53,798; and Ireland, 65,264; making the total from the United Kingdom, 272,519. The number born in British dominions is 360,871, besides the large number of 1,641 born at sea. British subjects form 89 per cent. of the population, or 364,632. The number of the foreign-born population whose birthplaces were ascertained is 17,703, besides the 25,424 Chinese. In addition to these there are returns of 1,280 persons who are classed amongst the foreigners, but of whom no certain information was obtained. From Germany we have 7,934, from France only 1,426, and from all other continental countries 4,976. The total of European foreigners is, therefore, 14,336. The natives of the United States are not so numerous as might have been expected from the prominent position they have assumed in mercantile and mining affairs. They amount only to 2,950. Altogether, the foreign subjects, as distinguished from the foreign born, are 43,180 in number, or rather more than 10 per cent. of the population, exclusive of the roving aborigines.

“As regards the increase since 1854 of the representatives of the various nations, it appears that the Victorian-born population has increased during the three years from 29,900 to 67,069, or 137 per cent. To the 11,237 natives of the neighbouring colonies who were enumerated at the previous census, an addition of 5,643 has been made, being an increase of 56 per cent. The augmentation of persons from England and Wales has been 53 per cent., or from 100,269 to 153,457. The Scotch have increased in numbers 17,754, or 49 per cent., having been 36,044 in 1854; and the increase of Irish has been 64 per cent., or 25,536 on 39,728. The French have increased 57 per cent., while the Germans have doubled their numbers; and the natives of other European countries have been more than doubled, having been only 2,373 in 1854. Only 189 have been added to the representatives of the great Republic; showing that, so far as gold-mining has attractions for that people, their own State of California offers higher inducements than Victoria. Of the increments here enume-

rated, the one most calculated to attract attention seems to be that of the number of persons from the continent of Europe, as we may augur from it that the reports sent home by previous arrivals, as to the suitability of this country for the practice of the particular branches of production these people are trained to, have been highly favourable. A large Rhenish, Italian, and Peninsular immigration would doubtless lead to a more rapid extension of vine-growing than is likely to occur amongst a purely northern population. Comparing the additions to the natives of the British Isles made during the interval between the two census with the departures from the United Kingdom for the corresponding period, it appears that 51 out of every 100 English have selected Victoria in preference to the neighbouring colonies; that of every 100 Irish, 63 have selected this colony; while the still greater partiality of the Scotch is exhibited in the proportion of 79 in 100.

“Another point to which attention is drawn in the tables, is the proportions borne by the natives of the different countries to the total population. Of every 1,000 persons, 219 are Australian born, 400 are English, 140 Scotch, 170 Irish; and the foreigners, exclusive of Chinese, are 52 in 1,000. On referring to previous census for the purpose of observing how far recent immigration has altered the composition of our population, we perceive that, foreigners excepted, these proportions approach more nearly to those which existed in 1851 than did those of 1854; or, in other words, that the ratios which prevailed previous to the gold discovery are in course of being restored. For example, the Australian born, which in 1851 amounted to 265 in 1,000, fell in 1854 to 176, while the English rose from 379 to 428, and the Scotch from 104 to 154. On the other hand, the Irish receded from 189 to 169 in 1,000. The Scotch element is still 36 in every 1,000 in excess of, and the Irish 19 in every 1,000 below, what it was in 1851.

“The distribution of the natives of the various countries throughout the industrial divisions of the country next engages attention, and is found to corroborate the remarks already made on the predilections which influenced the emigrants from the United Kingdom in the selection of their future homes. Of every 100 of the male population from England, 30 are located in the seaport towns, 45 on the gold-fields, and 24 in the rural districts; of the Scotch, the proportions are 28 in the seaport towns, 40 on the gold-fields, and 31 in the rural districts; of the Irish, there are 28 in the seaport towns, 37 on the gold-fields, and 33 in the rural districts. Thus, of an equal number of English, Scotch, and Irish

immigrants, the relative proportions in the mining districts are as 45, 40, and 37 to one another; and in the rural occupations the ratios are respectively as 24, 31, and 33 to each other. Of European foreigners, the Germans are lowest, proportionally, on the gold-fields, and highest in the rural districts; while the French are highest amongst the civic, and lowest amongst the rural population. With regard to the Victorian-born population, so far as predilection for particular pursuits influences the settlement of the people, they are as yet too young to have a choice; but their distribution is not without interest, inasmuch as it shows that the rural districts are here, as in most other countries, the nurseries for the growth of population, and for contributing to the enlargement of the towns. Though of every 100 of both sexes in the colony but 28 per cent. are in the rural districts, yet of every 100 born in Victoria 36 per cent. are found there. With reference to the settlement of married couples, and the consequent increase of births, on the gold-fields, it may be mentioned that the native-born population there, which, in 1854, was only in the proportion of 13 to 29, has risen to the ratio which 28 bears to 38. On looking into the relative proportions of Scotch and Irish in the pastoral and agricultural counties, we find the latter greatly preponderating in those where tillage is most largely carried on, such as Bourke, Dalhousie, Evelyn, and Mornington, South Grant, and Villiers; while the Scotch are far more numerous where grazing and sheep-farming is the principal occupation, as in the cases of Dundas, Follett, Normanby, Hampden, Ripon, &c. Coupling this fact with the increase observable in the Irish, as compared with the Scotch, since the previous census, it would appear that the former nation is more largely contributing to the rapid extension of agriculture. This will be more fully illustrated by stating that of the 33 Irish who are found in the rural districts, 24 are in those parts where tillage is most largely practised, and only 9 in the depasturing portion of the country; and of the 31 Scotch, the proportions 19 and 12 are to be allotted to tillage and grazing respectively."

APPENDIX D.

LECTURE BY THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

A LECTURE upon the American land system was delivered by the United States Consul, J. M. Tarleton, Esq., at the American Hippodrome, Lonsdale-street.

Mr. LOADER, who was formally voted into the chair, explained the object of the lecture, and concluded by introducing the lecturer.

Mr. TARLETON, who was warmly applauded on rising to address the meeting, said: "Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens,—In appearing before you to-night I do not wish to be misunderstood as to the reasons which have induced me to come here. I have not entered the arena as a public lecturer at all; I leave that to abler hands; but I am influenced by two considerations entirely different, in stating, as I shall state, the principles upon which the land system of the United States is constructed. One of those considerations is a wish to benefit—and I regret the night is so unfavourable—I was in hopes to be able to benefit the finances of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, by which a great deal of good has been accomplished—perhaps as much as by any society in the colony. The other consideration is a desire to set some facts before you with regard to a particular question, which has agitated this country for some considerable length of time past—the land question. I do not intend, knowingly, to say any one word that could be considered as having any political bearing at all, and I shall say nothing, I hope, that will be unwarrantable on my part. My only wish and desire is to vindicate history and facts, so far as the United States is concerned, in reference to the settlement of this paramount question—this question of questions—the right and just settlement of which is paramount to all other questions—I mean the land question. In doing what I propose I shall have to read a great many laws and enactments in reference to the land system of the United States as it has existed up to the present time. Although error may for a short time prevail, in the end truth is mighty and must prevail. I prefer giving facts to making unsupported statements. According to the Constitution of the United States, Congress has power to make all regulations with respect to the settlement and disposal of territory. I mention this fact, because I saw in the newspapers of this city a statement written by a lawyer, which did not represent fairly the real state of the case." (The lecturer read the letter, which stated that the Government of the United States prevented the occupation of land before certain preliminary restrictions had been complied with.)

The lecturer proceeded: "The Government and Congress never wanted to restrain the people from settling on the land; but did want and intend that *the people should have the land as free as the air*. I just mention that. Now I say and maintain the wealth and the all-powerful source of national greatness is

natural manual labour, and this is in accordance with a divine law, that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In speaking of manual labour, I mean agricultural labour, which is of paramount importance as compared with all other labour. The wealth of the world is contained in the bowels of the earth, and it requires hard labour and huge force to bring it forth and make it available for human use. You may have mountains of gold, and silver, and precious stones, but none of these things will satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst. Adam Smith says labour is apt for all things. There is a great potency in labour—in fact, its importance cannot be overrated. In all ages and in all countries it has been needful. Very few take the pains to consider where the right to land originally came from. There is no foundation in the natural law why a certain set of words on parchment should confer an inalienable right to a piece of land. We do not get our title from human or profane laws—we get it from a divine law; we get it from the Old Testament. The earth, therefore, and all things contained therein, are the general property of all mankind, and he who first begins to use them acquires a title to them for all time after. Cicero compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to all, but in which each individual occupies a seat. Jefferson says the land belongs to the people in usufruct; but I say the title of every man to the soil is an admitted and undeniable fact. The first occupant or landlord holds the pre-emptive right, as may be seen by reference to the book of Genesis. We there find there were contentions between the servants of Abraham and Lot, with reference to wells; at that time water was considered of great value. We afterwards find Abraham asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and his son Isaac proclaimed his property over the Philistines. This was done entirely upon the pre-emptive principle and right of primary occupation. So in the case of Abraham and Lot; when their herds and flocks became great, there arose a contention among their servants. Abraham said, ‘Let there be no strife between me and thee, I pray. If thou wilt take the left hand I will take the right, or if thou wilt take the right hand I will take the left.’ A pretty accommodating old chap, I should think. And they did arrange their dispute in this manner. One went over the plains of Jordan and stopped, the other remained in Canaan. In treating on this subject I will not confine myself to theory, for I have purchased land both ways, and I have fully occupied land under almost all the laws in force in the States. The *public land*—not the Government

land—not the Crown land—not the United States land—is the name the land goes by in the States; it is *pro bono publico*, and is so laid down in the books. You will never see a word about anything but the ‘public lands.’ I say, the moment the United States acquires territory, by conquest or treaty, although they are sometimes represented as filibusters—and they had a little brush with Mexico—they whipped them handsomely, and then paid for the land afterwards. The very instant that a man comes into possession, that moment he has a right to squat, not in the same way as the squatters here. In the States no squatter can occupy more than 80, or, at all events, 160 acres at the outside. The Government have always protected that man to the full extent of 160 acres; they say to him, ‘You can occupy to the extent of 160 acres, and you shall have it anyhow, no matter who stands by.’ The public lands, since 1783, have been acquired by treaty or purchase.” (The lecturer read an extract containing a statement of the territorial possessions of the States, and the number of acres acquired by treaty or purchase. He then went on to say :) “But I ain’t very good at figures. At any rate, the territory of the States extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and away down from a little east of sunrise to the Rio Grande. Here are some little items. I hope you gentlemen of the press will report these remarks, anyhow. The average cost of obtaining a title is 14 cents, and a little over; cost of survey, 2 cents, and a little more; selling, 5 cents: thus making a total cost of about 22 cents, whilst the Government receive *one dollar and 25 cents*; obtaining, therefore, a net profit of a little over a dollar. *From 1833 to 1856, upwards of one hundred and ten millions of acres have been sold.* Now I will endeavour to explain the simple manner in which this system is administered. You do not have to go through the circumlocution office. The head office is situated at Washington, and comes under the department of a head commissioner, who has under him a staff of clerks and subordinates, numbering about 176. Connected with this is a survey office, with a staff of 124 clerks. But the great and most important business is transacted by the people at the *local land offices* in the different States, some of which have five, six, eight, or ten of them. Some of the older States have only one. The land, in the first place, is brought into the market by proclamation, issued by the President; but this proclamation does not interfere with the settler in the slightest degree. The land is then allotted off into townships, containing six square miles or thirty-six sections of 640 acres each; these sections are further

divided into forty-acre portions, so that a man can enter at once upon forty acres, or the sixteenth of a section. I say *this system of dividing and subdividing the land enables every man to sit down under his own vine and fig-tree, and worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.* Every sixteenth section is reserved by the general government for common school purposes. Besides which, grants are made for general educational purposes. We like to educate people there. Three months' notice is given when the proclamation is issued, and in so many words it says, 'Now, you pre-emptioners, you must go and pay for this land!' Perhaps they may have had *three or four crops off it before this*; they get the land, and get their terms, and the sale is over. The amount of land *sold by auction*, as compared with that *privately entered upon*, is a *mere drop in the bucket.* I have been personally to land sales, where there were not 2,000 acres sold in two weeks—because there was no object to be gained by going. What man wants to buy land when he has got his farm? Then I may say in some States—in the State of Alabama, for instance—*there has not been an acre of land sold by auction in twenty-five years*; but there has been a *great deal entered upon.* It is a very rare thing, when it is sold at auction, for the land to bring over the *dollar and a quarter an acre.* Now and then there will be a couple of land sharks bidding against each other, but the settlers look on unconcerned, putting me in mind of a lady I once heard of, who, on seeing a fight between a bear and her husband, said she did not care which whipped. Here is the proclamation. (Reads the proclamation.) How is this three months' notice given after the land sale is over? Here is the office presided over by a receiver and a registrar: you come to me and say, 'Mr. Registrar, show me, for instance, the map of township 15, range 15;' if you see a piece of land there you want, you enter it, and take a receipt for the patent. You then step into the receiver and pay your money. These returns are made every three months, and sent to the general land office in Washington. *Your patent comes out in three months, signed by the President.* The vast increase in the number of patents has caused the appointment of a private secretary to the President, who does nothing else but sign patents, and receives 1,500 dollars a year for doing so. There is *no delay and no expense* to the purchaser beyond the dollar and a quarter; no charge for postage; nothing of the sort. But then, some may say, under this system what is to prevent the speculator from buying his thousands and tens of thousands of acres? Well, if he is *green enough to speculate under*

such a land system, let him do it to his heart's content. In the land laws of the States, besides, there is another very serious obstacle to speculation; the moment a man completes the purchase, the land becomes liable to taxation. The tax-gatherer found me in a very short time. Well, as the legislators of the United States are the yeomanry of the country, they are opposed to all kinds of monopoly. They watch sedulously, and guard against all attempts to establish anything of that sort. There is no great fear of land speculators under such a system as that. In speaking of the Houses of Representatives, an honourable and learned gentleman said they consisted of the agriculturists, the owners of the lands, and the honest farmers with their frieze coats. So far as my country is concerned, I wish there were more frieze coats and less lawyers in the Houses of Representatives, and I believe we should have laws a little clearer than mud, at any rate. I say a representative body in any country composed of the hard-fisted farmers is the best possible security to liberty.

“ I will now read to you several laws which have from time to time been passed upon the subject of the public lands. I must begin at a very early date, as I wish to give you the facts as they are laid down in the books. I do not meddle with the land system of any other country but my own, and that I mean to lay before you as I myself know it. The first law was passed in 1791, for the Illinois country, N.W. of Ohio, and for the country of Vincennes. It directed that the land held by those persons who had settled upon them since, and from the year 1783, should be surveyed for them at their own expense, and that their patent should be given to them. Thus, you see, at the very start it was the determination of Congress to deal liberally with *those persons who had settled on the public lands*. The next law was also for the benefit of the Illinois territory, N.W. of Ohio, where a man named Lius had a large grant of land, which he sold. But then, he sold more than belonged to him, and the States, by this law, said to the purchasers of such lands, that although a mistake was made, they should have the lands. It was enacted that such persons should have a pre-emptive right at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and that the said lands should be surveyed at once, and the patents delivered. In 1800 a law was passed for Kentucky, also N.W. of Ohio, by which the Surveyor-General was directed to prepare maps of the territory, for the receivers and secretaries, and that all persons who had erected grist or saw mills should have a pre-emptive right. In those days a mill was thought a great thing. The survey

was to be in straight lines, two miles apart, and the corner pins to be well marked. In 1811, all persons settled on the lands in the State of Mississippi *were allowed until 1813* to pay for their lands. In 1819 an Act was passed, by which all persons who had settled on school lands were to be allowed a pre-emptive right on similar and contiguous lands of equal value and extent. These Acts show plainly that there was, at any rate, *no survey of those lands before selection*. That, at all events, is pretty plain. In 1820 a law was passed for the survey of lands into half and quarter sections, the dividing lines running north and south, and the price was fixed at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. This included the whole charge, and for it any man could make an entry on the lands. But, in 1832, *the most important law* was passed that ever the United States or any other country has passed. It was then determined to subdivide the sections into halves, quarters, half-quarters, and quarter-quarters. The dividing lines to be all in a north and south direction. Any man might enter upon any one of these quantities, but then he was forced to file an affidavit that it was taken up in his own name for his home, and not in trust for another. Two men might even enter upon one of the small divisions, and then they would also in time have a pre-emptive right over the next one to them. This is *a most important law for the poor man, and enables every man in the States to obtain a homestead for himself*. He may go in and enter upon the lands, but then he must make affidavit that it is for his own use. This shuts out the speculators. Many a man who could not get a hundred acres could take forty, and thus the States protect the weak, and let the strong take care of themselves. But this does not stop the settlement on the 640-acre sections. They remained the same while forty-acre lots were laid out for the poor man. Now we've got along down to 1832, and, as you see, improving all the time. In the same session a law was passed, by which all persons who since May, 1830, *had settled upon unsurveyed lands*, were allowed to enter within one year from the date of the Act, or before the country was brought to sale. No great doubt here but that the country was settled before survey. That is now pretty plain, I think; and if any one doubts after this, let him go to the books, or to the country, where he will find settlements without even a land officer, and where the farmer gets any quantity of crops off his land before it is brought to sale. There can be no doubt about the matter. The States desire to have their lands settled—they give every facility to settlers. Thousands have come to them, and 'the cry is still, They come.' In 1840, it was enacted that where a

settler resided on one section, and made his improvements upon another, he might make his choice of either before the survey came up to him. Another Act was now also passed relative to school lands, that was nearly similar to the former. You see, therefore, that the land laws are not only retrospective, but prospective, and that for the settler it makes not a straw of difference whether the lands are surveyed or not. Whether they are surveyed or not, the people have a right to the lands.

“ I now come to Oregon, where, so far from looking for a survey, they made an out-and-out gift of the lands; and although in most countries the land laws are made for the sterner sex, still, in Oregon they did not forget the ladies. They passed a law that all the white men, half-caste Indians, subjects of the United States in 1850, or naturalized, or who expressed their determination to become so, were at the age of eighteen entitled to 320 acres of land. This was for single men; for married men, or those who would get married in one year from the date of their entry upon the land, should have 640 acres. Capital country that for a young man to go to. (A voice: “ I wish I was there.”) *The husband's part is conveyed to him, and the wife's to her.* Each may dispose of it by will, but when there is no will, the survivor inherits. We will now examine what effect this law had upon the country. When this law was passed, Oregon was a territory; it was a waste; and in 1856, *two years* after the passing of the Act, the population was 65,000, and *they exported 65,000 barrels of flour*, or one barrel for every man, woman, and child in the country. The other exports, consisting of butter, bacon, chickens, eggs, and meal, amounted, with the flour, to the value of 3,200,000 dollars. I have heard it said in one of the papers—but I think it must be a printer's mistake—that this country could compare with America. And now, after this statement about Oregon, you will all say it must have been a mistake. Oregon was a wilderness in 1852; in 1856 it was a populous and a rich country. Its land is of the richest in the world. There trees grow to a height of 200 or 300 feet. Such is the American system. There is there not a particle of restraint upon the settler who seeks to form a home. On the contrary, every facility is thrown in his way. And some of the lands may even be bought at 12½ cents an acre. In 1854 a law was passed reducing the price of the lands remaining unsold after having been offered for sale. The price of lands that were unsold for ten years was reduced to one dollar an acre; at fifteen years it was reduced to 75 cents; at twenty years to 50 cents; at twenty-five years to 25 cents; and at thirty years or more the price was reduced

to 12½ cents. Lands at this price are certainly not river lands or bottoms, but any quantity of good land can be got for 75 cents an acre. This land would easily support a family. This does not look like a restraint on settlement, when a man can get 175 acres of good land at 75 cents an acre. He has only to declare that he will settle, and he has the land, and so he ought. One thing I will mention—no person connected with the land offices is allowed to take up a single acre—not an acre can he enter.

“And now I say experience is the best proof of an experiment; when we see a system work well in a country, we may be pretty sure that it is correct; and I have been almost all over the country, and I never saw a person discontented with the system. Not a petition has ever been presented against it. The people are all satisfied.

“Let us now glance at the workings of this system. It has raised the population of the United States from 3,000,000 to 30,000,000. It has given her more tonnage of merchant shipping than any other country in the world, besides all the ships, merchantmen, and men-of-war, which she has built for other countries. In 1828 we had but three miles of railway, and now we have more than the whole balance of the world put together. We have 28,000 miles of railway, and 12,000 under contract, of which 6,000 is that gigantic scheme that is to connect the two oceans. We have built 36,000 churches, giving accommodation to 14,000,000 of people, and this without State aid. We have no State aid there. No connection between Church and State there. And for common schools, there is not a town or a hamlet in the country in which there is not a school; and every boy and girl may learn to read, write, and cipher, with a little grammar and geography, if he likes. He can have schooling, at all events, for six months in the year. We like to educate the children there. In 1856 our exports to other countries were to the amount of 327,000,000, and of this 5,000,000 came to these colonies. There have certainly been many causes at work to produce these results. There were great inland seas, and noble rivers, and other causes which I need not now mention. But the great, the principal *cause*, which stood boldly out in relief from the other causes, was the *land system*, which placed the people on the lands of the country. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the attention with which you have heard me.”

The lecturer sat down amid loud and prolonged cheering.

APPENDIX E.

THE SQUATTERS' CONCESSIONS.

HAVING displayed all the prominent popular views, it will be proper to note some of the concessions which the squatters are wisely recommended by their friends to make. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, which must be regarded as the conservative paper of Australia, offers the following suggestions for the adjustment of the land policy of New South Wales:—

“We are totally opposed to the principle of free selection, understanding it to apply to the entire territory of New South Wales. Upon that point we join issue; and we are resolved to resist to the utmost every attempt to carry it. It would be, in our opinion, the destruction of our permanent interests, the sacrifice of our revenue, and the ruin of our flocks. It may, however, be admissible to apply this principle in some degree, and within certain limits ascertained by law. In the first place we would suggest the enactment of a law “to promote the settlement of New South Wales”—a law not merely having respect to the alienation of Crown lands, but to whatever might be requisite to facilitate the formation and improvement of agricultural districts.

“The following heads may, perhaps, express the general outline: Such a bill might provide, first, that, a certain district being proclaimed, the Government should be bound immediately to trace the lines of road and communication, and to mark off the reserves necessary for townships or for other prospective uses, and that all land within a certain distance of these roads or lines should be open to selection, allowing (say) 320 acres as the maximum, and the proportion of ‘frontage’ to be one-fifth. Second, that any person be permitted to go and settle upon such land upon first giving a general description of his location, to be entered in a register to be provided for the purpose by the Crown. Third, that within twelve months his land should be surveyed and proper boundary marks set up at his own expense, subject to correction afterwards, as was the case in the early stages of our colonization; *that the land so occupied should be free of charge for twelve months, at the expiration of which a licence should be issued upon the payment of 1s. per acre, renewable annually, for twenty years; this rent being redeemable at twenty years’ purchase, or 1l. per acre.* The licence to be sold by Govern-

ment in default of payment of rent, and the surplus, if any, after deducting rent, to be handed over to the defaulter.

“Upon the issue of 100 licences, or grants, the holders within the district to assemble, and declare themselves a rural municipality. All unalienated lands within the district to be managed by the municipality for the general benefit of the district. One-half of the rents and sales of land within the district to be applied to local improvements; the other half to go to the general revenue,—provided that the arrangement should not take effect to the prejudice of any legal claims upon the territorial revenues of this colony, nor be applied by the local municipalities in any way except for material improvements, and except as approved by the Governor in Council. All lands not ‘located’ within five years, in any proclaimed ‘district,’ to be offered by auction by the Government, upon petition of the inhabitants, and if not sold, to be afterwards open to purchase at the upset price. The municipality to be authorised to levy a rate for the material improvement of the districts. That whenever there shall be a certain number of freeholders in a minor division of the district (as a ‘hundred’), they may be constituted into a separate district for the management of their local affairs, subject to the obligation to contribute their proportion to any expenditure for the general welfare of the whole district, to be determined by representatives from federated municipalities.

“Such a measure not to apply to any district of the colony, except specially set apart by proclamation. That authority should be obtained from the Legislature for each particular district by bill, thus preventing any needless sacrifice of the revenues, pastoral lands, or any political hostility or favouritism in the proclamation of a district.

“Such would be, we imagine, the safest plan to adopt in applying any new theory of land administration. It would tend to prevent the capricious dispersion of the people, and secure their concentration in agricultural communities, and thus prevent that barbarism which would be sure to arise by the permission of unlimited choice, or free selection, so called.”

A MIDDLE COURSE.

The following suggestions were made by the *Argus* (April 11, 1859), as the *juste milieu* between the squatters and the Land Convention.—

“In estimating the risk of the right of free selection being perverted into the means of an injurious acquisition of land in

excessive quantities by individual purchasers, we must take into account three different classes of capitalists who would be likely to seek this kind of investment. Some persons would purchase land in large quantities, with a view to its improvement and retail. Others would purchase without any intention of making improvements, but would look to the gradual progress of settlement in the vicinity for the increased value of their still waste land. Others, again, would purchase in large quantities for *bonâ-fide* pastoral purposes. Of these different classes, the first—the persons whose occupation it is to convert wild land into cultivable land, and who receive in the higher price of the land only the fair remuneration for the employment of their capital and skill—renders a good service to society. It is said that in America the clearing of land is a regular and separate occupation. The backwoodsman settles upon some piece of land in advance of civilization, clears it, and prepares it for the plough, and ultimately sells his improvements to some settler, and moves on from time to time as the wave of population approaches to reclaim some more distant portion of the wilderness. By this means, as by every other natural division of employment, the actual settler derives a positive and great advantage. He is saved from the severe and discouraging labour of preparation, and is enabled at once to proceed with the proper duties of his calling. If, therefore, any such system, whether in the hands of individuals or of associations, were of itself, and without any artificial encouragement, to spring up in this country, we should have no occasion for uneasiness, but should look upon it rather as the natural method of supplying a natural want.

“The position of the second kind of speculators—the mere idle engrossers of waste lands—is essentially different. So far from rendering a service to the country, they do it a positive injury. They neither use the great instrument of production themselves, nor will they allow others to use it. They rest their hope of reward, not upon their own services, but upon the energy of their neighbours. They, so far from promoting, actually retard settlement, and while they retain their land in hopes of an increased price, they diminish the value of the adjacent property. We ought not, therefore, to regard this kind of land speculation as a legitimate investment of capital, but rather as a perversion and abuse of the freedom of purchase, against which we are bound carefully to guard.

“The third class of persons likely to become extensive landholders are the squatters. They require for their purposes considerable tracts of land, and find it their interest to

purchase if they cannot rent their runs. Both the squatters and their opponents seem to regard pastoral pursuits and free selection as incompatible. The squatter declares that with the risk of constant interruption, and constant theft, and constant trespassing of inferior cattle, or scabby sheep, or mischievous dogs, it would be impossible to pursue his business. The friends of free selection dread that the squatters may buy up great tracts of land if they can obtain their choice of all the land in the colony at one pound per acre, and thus effectually exclude, or at least unduly disperse, the cultivators. Such abuses of the right of free selection are indeed possible, and when the power exists, we can never prove that it will in no case be perverted. We can, however, perceive that such perversion is highly improbable, and that all the motives under which men in such matters usually act would oppose it. Men do not voluntarily scatter themselves over a whole country. On the contrary, even in towns we find a tendency in persons having the same occupation to collect together. Much stronger and much more enduring is this attraction in the country districts. The *bonâ-fide* cultivator would there, for his own sake, seek the society of other cultivators, and the grant of free pasturage would form an additional inducement. For the fraudulent settler—the man who selects his land in the hope of profiting by the nuisance he creates—the laws are, or might easily be made, sufficiently stringent to render such speculations by no means promising. Once or twice, perhaps, we might hear of such a case; but there seems no reason to apprehend from this cause any serious practical difficulty. On the other hand, the squatter would have no motive in purchasing his run if he were able on any reasonable terms to rent it. It is only his present insecurity that drives the squatter to the auction-room. If he now compete with the cultivator, it is a competition unwelcome to both alike. We do not believe that the people generally, whatever may be the views of a small extreme party, desire to injure the pastoral interest. The hostility to the squatters is merely an expression of discontent at the present restrictions upon settlement. If the *bonâ-fide* cultivator can, without delay, and at a small expense, obtain the farm that suits his purpose; and if he be permitted—as under the Orders in Council the purchasers of lands in the settled districts were permitted—to depasture without additional charge the adjacent Crown lands, he would have no motive to dispute the occupation of the remainder with the squatter. If the squatter were permitted to occupy at a fair rent that remainder, he would have no

motive in competing with the cultivator for the purchase of the agricultural land. We think, therefore, that in the present, as in every other case, the just course is also the prudent course. However unpleasant the name of free selection may sound to the squatters, it is their manifest interest to support the final adjustment of the settlement of the country on the most liberal principles, and with the least delay.

“ If the people can readily obtain what they are entitled to claim, we shall hear for the future very little outcry against the squatters. It will, of course, be necessary to revise the terms of their present tenure when the period for such revision arrives. But such a revision—in any case inevitable—is a very different thing from the entire abolition of squatting. We believe that nothing except the obstinacy of the squatters themselves can lead to so unfortunate a result. If the squatting party assist honestly in framing a liberal scheme of settlement, they will establish a claim upon the gratitude of the country. If they adhere to their old traditions—if they make squatting the rule, and settlement the exception—they will only prepare the way for the entire destruction of what they seek to preserve. It was a wise remark of Canning, that ‘those who resist improvements because they are innovations may be at last compelled to accept innovations when they cease to be improvements.’

“ We believe, then, that *free selection will of itself bring the remedy for many difficulties.* The very quantity of land thus brought into the market will necessarily prevent such a rise in price as would warrant the excessive outlay of the speculator. Still more complete would be the security if a prohibitory tax were imposed on waste lands in private hands. *Certain taxation and uncertain resale are no small checks upon land-jobbing.* The liberty of choice and the facility of purchase would satisfy the want of the cultivator, and remove all causes of estrangement between him and the squatter. The squatter, no longer alarmed for his property, would cease to purchase land, and would quietly *recede from the districts in course of settlement*, to occupy, profitably to himself and to the country, those lands which are not, and which for many years will not be, required for cultivation. We may well pause before we reject a system that offers such advantages. To encourage *bonâ-fide* settlement, to guard against the abuse of land-jobbing, and at the same time to render productive all the waste lands of the Crown throughout the colony, are results which any statesman may well be proud to accomplish.”

OUR PASTORAL ORIGIN.

“ But there is a sense in which this colony (Victoria) is a pastoral country. Its antecedents have been pastoral. It sprang from Tasmanian flock-masters. It was reared in the pastoral traditions of New South Wales. In its earlier days, and even up to a recent period, the general tone of public feeling among the more influential classes, and the administration of the law, were favourable to the squatter. The pastoral tenant was the rule, the cultivator was the exception. The squatter did not think of limiting his desires to the unsold remnant of Crown lands. *He regarded the whole country as his*, and slowly and ungraciously made room for the cultivator. Thus, not so much from the actual condition of the law as from its administration, and from the influence which their wealth and their unity of interest, and the force of possession, gave to the squatters, the system of occupation has prevailed over the system of sale, and jealous and angry feelings have been rife between the tenants and the intending purchasers of the Crown lands.”

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

“ We may see in the case of this sister colony (South Australia) an illustration of the principle which must guide our policy. *Facility of acquisition is the true principle of any land system.* It satisfies the settler, it secures the squatter, it enriches the community. It was because the law was so administered in South Australia as to throw no impediment in the way of those who sought to purchase land, and because the occupation of the waste lands was held subordinate to their sale, that settlement has advanced, and that the pastoral tenants are unmolested. We may not, perhaps, desire to adopt the system of South Australia in all its parts, but we may well study its principle and admire its results.”

THE LAND QUESTION IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

“ The land question in New South Wales is that round which the fiercest waves of political warfare have long raged. The demands of the squatters were at one time inordinate, and this because gigantic private interests had been allowed to become vested, and had grown up in connection with it; and though a majority of the more intelligent and thinking of those who are connected with pastoral pursuits

have long since made up their minds for such a settlement of the question as would fairly throw open the Crown lands for public settlement, and permit a fair field for popular agricultural operations, there are yet a number of interested persons who would keep the country absolutely closed to any other form of industrial occupation but sheep-farming, and that on a scale so large as to exclude all from the benefits of the one favoured pursuit but wealthy capitalists.

“Meantime, a number of *pseudo* Liberals, who, though not squatters themselves, have connected themselves with local joint-stock banks, who are interested in keeping the present squatting monopoly on foot, amuse the Legislature and the country with such sophistry as the propriety of keeping the public lands in the hands of the squatting monopolists, *till population sets in large enough to demand them*. These gentlemen forget to say that retaining the public domains locked up as they are is the best way conceivable to keep a “large enough population” *from ever wanting them*. While selection is free in America and Canada, it is hardly to be expected that people will come nearly three times the distance from England to seek land where we believe they will, by reason of various difficulties of policy and difficulties of administration, be practically prevented from getting it at all.

“A blow, however, has been struck at this. In 1857 the Cowper Ministry was driven to the country on their Land Bill mainly by reason of their refusing to admit into their policy certain regulations for free selection of agricultural lands under certain restrictions. In the bill to be brought before the Assembly recently elected, and which will meet probably in October of this year (1859), the following clauses for free selection are to be submitted to the Legislature by the Ministry. But people favourable to the policy of free selection in the abstract object to deferred payments, and some other details of the scheme :—

“Upset prices at auction—town land, 8*l.* per acre; suburban, 2*l.*; other land, 5*s.* per acre; the Governor and Council having the power in each case to fix a higher rate.

“The price by free selection would be 1*l.* per acre, to be sold without competition, and with the condition of personal residence and improvement, and generally under the clauses submitted to the Assembly during the session of 1857. The quantity of land to be taken by one person, not to be (say) more than 320 acres, not less than 80, and the proportion of purchase-money to be paid at the time of selection to be one-

half. Unsurveyed farms taken under free selection, to be subsequently measured, at the expense of the Government, in accordance with the rules of the Survey Department, as to frontage, &c. Where disputes arise, temporary boundaries of the farms to be fixed, and marked by the new occupant and the lessee of the run, or other interested person; and, in the event of disagreement, by a third party. The Crown to retain the right of reserving from sale watercourses, lagoons, and lands for public purposes, &c., as may seem expedient.

“The rights of Crown leaseholders to be respected, but no new leases, nor renewals of leases, to be issued without provision to enable the free selection principle and right of pasture to be carried out, in addition to the provisions for resumption, under the 18th clause of the Cowper Land Bill. Any disputes as to the proportion of pasturage to be settled in the way stated in the case of temporary boundaries of farms. The term of new and renewed leases to be five years, except in the settled districts, where it will be one year, as at present. The rent of new runs, other than in the settled districts, to be 5*l.* for every 4,000 acres, and that of renewed runs to be determined in each case by the value to be assessed for the Government, the present holder to have the option of taking at that assessment; but should he decline, then the lease to be submitted to auction. Holders of new or renewed leases to have no right of pre-emptive purchase.”

APPENDIX F.

PIONEERS OF NORTH AUSTRALIA.

I GIVE this as an example of the extreme hardships and energies of prospectors for gold.

The *Geelong Daily News* publishes the following “extracts from a letter received by a gentleman well known in Geelong, from his brother, who started to explore the country inland from Rockhampton, &c., in September last:”—

“*Canoona, 8th March, 1859.*

“ . . . I have only just returned from an expedition which I shall never forget. We left Marlborough the last week in November, with five weeks’ rations, and travelled westward in view of Lake Salvator, and the beautiful peaks

eastward, a distance of 260 miles in a direct line from Keppel Bay.

“I believe that from 100 to 200 miles back from the coast is superior to any part of Australia, except some stations in Victoria, that I have yet seen, either for sheep or cattle. Nearly one-fourth of the country over which we travelled is unavailable for pastoral purposes, in consequence of the thick scrub, great scarcity of water, and innumerable native dogs and savage blacks; yet nearly the whole of it has already been taken up.

“I send you a rough sketch of the country over which we have travelled during the last four months; some of it is superior to anything I could have imagined. There is a richness and velvet-like freshness in the foliage, which, together with the beautifully shaped hills, conical peaks, and fine deep rivers, form a landscape grand and picturesque beyond the power of description; such scenery as an artist or a lover of the beautiful in nature might gaze on for a lifetime without wishing for a change. Indeed, I often felt repaid for many a weary day's journey, when I met with such lovely spots on the way. The air was filled with a rich fragrance from the herbs and flowers crushed under our feet.

“I have a good collection of seeds, but they are all mixed together, and would puzzle a botanist to class. The bottle tree contains a history in itself. . . .

“But I must now give you a more direct account of our exploration. When we arrived at the junction of the Comet and Mackenzie Rivers, the rain commenced, and continued without one hour's intermission for twenty-one days. During nineteen days we never saw either sun, moon, or stars. We had only about seven days' provisions, which we intended to divide into thirteen days' allowance, expecting by that time to reach a station. The country was everywhere under water. It was impossible for our horses to travel, as they floundered at every step, and became as poor as old working bullocks—literally nothing but skin and bone, having lost every hair except from their manes and tails.

“After many ineffectual attempts to make a few miles towards home, we were compelled to encamp on a clear patch of about half an acre, in the midst of thick scrub, surrounded by water, for nineteen days, during which time we scarcely saw a living thing—birds and animals had evidently gone to seek a higher spot and firmer ground.

“I spent many a weary day hunting for food, and saw only the tracks of where animals had been. A few small birds might occasionally be heard calling or answering each other

in mournful strains ; but it was music to my ears. So careless did they seem of life, that I often crept near enough to kill them with a stick. Opossums were not to be seen ; fish (that is, tadpoles), commonly called bullfrogs, were numerous, but very difficult to catch where there was so much water ; cray-fish of an inferior kind, huge frogs, iguanas, crows, snakes, and lizards were eagerly sought after, but very rarely found. Had it not been for small berries, roots of briars, and the bottle tree, I doubt very much if we should have been able to exist. If we had commenced killing our horses in the first instance, we had no way of preserving the flesh, our salt and sugar having been melted with the rain, and in the absence of both fire and sun it would have been impossible to dry it or keep it from decomposition. I have lost two horses, one of which strayed, and was probably eaten by the blacks ; the other, a valuable animal, got into a bog near the Isaac's River, and I was obliged to kill him. If we had had salt and bread, horse-flesh would have been a luxury, and I might have taken something equivalent to the value of my money out of him in steaks, &c. As it was, we lived upon it for eight days ; the latter part of the time it was rather high flavoured : the tongue and some parts of the inside were delicious. For eleven days three of our party dined off an emu, without tasting either flour, tea, or sugar, and it was the only bird or animal above the size of a crow that we were fortunate enough to shoot during that time ; by the way, I ate more of the latter (crows) than of any description of bird—I may say than all other birds put together, although I was much prejudiced against them, for from the day we started we were followed by as many crows as there were men in the party, and strange, if we separated at any time, the crows would also separate according to our numbers. If I travelled alone, a single crow was sure to follow me. I could not help noticing this, and although not generally superstitious, I regarded it as an ill omen. Whenever my unwelcome fellow-traveller came near enough, I lost no time in cultivating his acquaintance with a rifle bullet, and gave him a warm reception on the coals. Invariably the noise of my rifle or the smoke of my little fire would attract another solitary companion of the same species, which would continue to follow me until I settled his account in the same manner.

“When I reached the farthest out station yesterday week, I met with the party that had been organized to go in search of us, equipped by public subscription. It was well known that we started with but five weeks' provisions, and had then been

out twelve weeks. I was of course gripped by the hand until the blood all but oozed from under my finger-nails. Some of the party came to meet us with half-baked damper; another with partly baked meat taken out of the pot to appease our supposed cravings, until a lot more could be got ready; but I could scarcely eat anything; for I experienced that gnawing, craving hunger which one will sometimes feel when a few days without food has passed away, and left weakness and exhaustion in its stead I was alarmed only to think that our absence and delay had been attributed either to starvation, death by floods, or murder by the blacks, and could not help looking round occasionally as if I expected to see you near me.

"I started from Marlborough the following day, and reached Canoona late last night. I am reduced in weight from 15 stone to 11 stone 4 lbs. This will give you some idea of the kind of animal hunger has transformed me into; but I hope to be as jolly as ever in a few weeks. I am well cared for wherever I go, and pressed in the kindest manner to eat something, as if people thought I should be able to eat day and night. My health is first-rate, and my appetite gradually increasing. I hope this letter will reach you before any other reports relative to our misfortunes.

"P. F. M."

APPENDIX G.

THE TWO THOUSAND YARDS RIFLE.

SIR,—You will remember that a number of correspondents in the *Argus* last year (September, 1858), were enthusiastic about the Minié, and some other rifles, which were said to carry 2,000 yards. The Government was loudly called upon to send to England for a large number of such rifles, and to arm whole regiments of militia with these costly weapons. With every respect for the patriotic spirit of those gentlemen, and all the experience or reading their communications displayed, I addressed you two letters (13th or 14th, and 22nd of September), directing the attention of your correspondents to a fact, always overlooked in this question, viz., that only a limited number of eyesights, peculiarly gifted, could see distinctly enough for an aim, in ordinary weather, any object the size of a man at the distance of 2,000 yards, not to speak of the soldier being able to hit it. I admitted exceptions, of course,

but argued that you could not have regiments of exceptions. These rifles might certainly hit large objects—such as a ship, or a squadron of men; but then a Lancaster gun would be far more effective for that purpose. Recognizing, however, the advantage of portability in these long-ranging rifles, I said that I looked forward to the invention of some rifle which would “be fitted with a *lunette*, or small *longue-vue*, upon the line of vision, so as to take in the ‘sight’ with the object.” I added, that whenever this was accomplished I should “withdraw my remarks on the long-ranging rifle,” though not entirely, because of atmospheric conditions.

Well, sir, only a few months have elapsed, and not only is the Lancaster gun superseded by the Armstrong gun (the range of ordnance and projectiles being thus increased from the sweep of a circle of one mile in diameter to a circle of four, then of eight, and now, it is said, of ten miles), and not only is the Minié rifle superseded by the Whitworth rifle (which shows how careful correspondents should be in urging any Government to great expenses upon shifting grounds), but the optical assistance I anticipated has been successfully brought into operation. The London *Spectator*, in an article on the late improvements in ordnance and projectiles, has the following passage:—“In India, artillery has been silenced by them (the Minié) at upwards of 700 yards distance; but by the Whitworth, the whole ordinary field space may be kept clear of all the common field artillery as well as of cavalry. Sir Charles Shaw provides for the most improved rifle a platform of twenty-five pieces, *à la* Fieschi, on a carriage, lighter than that of the lightest field piece, and enabling a telescopic sight to be used, with micrometrical adjustments of the elevations, so as to wield the Whitworth with unprecedented accuracy at its longest range, and with heavier shot than can be projected from the shoulder. On any hosts within a mile the death-storm will pour its iron hail.”

My anticipations having been so soon realized, I think I am fairly entitled to try my hand once more. Let us now, sir, make a clean sweep on this question—a question which you will perceive to become more momentous the more you consider it, inasmuch as the nation that is most advanced in the science of projectiles may suddenly find occasion to display its knowledge. My ultimate foresight—visionary, if you please, but one of those visions which may prove to be like the shadow of the advancing substance—is simply this: I think that steam-power will be applied to cannon, that some other agency (perhaps derived from a more potent vapour, but I do



not presume to any definite idea on this point) will supersede steam, and, after enormous expenses have been incurred by each of the great nations, the whole of these systems will be superseded by electricity. The highest powers of the science of optics will be brought to bear in the direction of missiles of war, after which the destruction of our species will be effected beyond the range of vision. The intervention of fields, forests, stone walls, or distance will be ignored, and the mathematical science, applied to engines worked by electric power, will finish all known theories and practices of war. Bravery will be out of the question; soldiers will not become insane, but on, the contrary, will never advance to meet certain extermination; and from this point mankind will begin to come to its better senses. The leading minds will then awake, like children, to the perception that the highest state of "civilization," with all its fruits—the perfection of destruction included—so far from being the noblest destiny of humanity designed by a beneficent Creator, is only a necessary step in our earnest but uncertain progress.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

R. H. HORNE.

June 24, 1859.

APPENDIX H.

RETURN of the Value of GOLD and SPECIE exported to Great Britain from the Colony of Victoria since the Year 1851.

Registrar-General's Office, Melbourne, 4th May, 1859.

Year.	Value of Gold exported to Great Britain.	Value of Specie exported to Great Britain.	Total Value of Gold and Specie exported to Great Britain.
	£	£	£
1852	5,111,765	100	5,111,865
1853	8,215,898	300	8,216,198
1854	7,919,468	549,140	8,468,608
1855	9,628,396	62,216	9,690,612
1856	10,599,372	424,214	11,023,586
1857	9,401,884	340,847	9,742,731
	50,876,783	1,376,817	52,253,600

WILLIAM HENRY ARCHER,
Registrar-General of Victoria.

RETURN of the Quantity and Value of WOOL exported from the Colony of Victoria since the Year 1851.

Registrar-General's Office, Melbourne, 4th May, 1859.

Year.	Quantity of Wool Exported.	Value of Wool Exported.
	lbs.	£
1852	20,047,453	1,062,787
1853	20,842,591	1,651,871
1854	22,998,400	1,618,114
1855	22,584,234	1,405,659
1856	21,968,174	1,506,613
1857	17,176,920	1,335,642
	125,617,772	8,580,686

WILLIAM HENRY ARCHER,
Registrar-General of Victoria.

RETURN of the Total Value of EXPORTS from the Colony of Victoria since the Year 1851.

Registrar-General's Office, Melbourne, 4th May, 1859.

Year.	Value of Exports.
	£
1852	7,451,549
1853	11,061,543
1854	11,775,204
1855	13,493,338
1856	15,489,760
1857	15,079,512
	74,350,906

WILLIAM HENRY ARCHER,
Registrar-General of Victoria.

As these returns go no further than 1857, it will be understood that some eighteen or twenty millions more might be added.

APPENDIX I.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

FULLY believing that the war with Russia was in earnest, the following lines were written, June 23, 1855.—R. H. H.

THE ALLIED ARMIES.

AN EXHORTATION.

Inscribed to the People of Australia, and the Promoters of the Patriotic Fund.

I.

After long years of victories and renown—
 Lions by land, on many a foreign shore ;
 Our “ wooden walls,” each like a floating town,
 Shaking the ocean with its battle roar,—
 Shall our dread banner rule the world no more,
 And great St. George sink bleeding and dismayed ?
 Shall his proud heart be harrowed to the core—
 Fool'd, foil'd, unsheltered, ragged, starved, betrayed—
 And England's glories droop, and drift into the shade ?

II.

Shall France—our valiant foe, our sister now—
 Brilliant in all things, most of all in war—
 Shall she her fiery crest to Russia bow,
 And let her soldiers' bleaching bones afar
 Mingle with snows beneath a blasting star ?
 Shall one who planted Freedom's noblest tree,
 Her noblest hopes, needs, sacrifices, mar—
 Fail in the grandest struggle Time can see—
 The old great cause of man—Freedom or Tyranny ?

III.

Oh, seize on Despotism by the crown !
 Tear it away with more than mortal ire !
 Stamp with mail'd heel upon its forehead's frown,
 And crush it like a potsherd in the mire !
 Combine, ye noble armies, your souls' fire—
 Scatter the system, with its Cossack crew—
 Leave not the son the footsteps of his sire—
 Plough deep the soil—bury the corse ye slew—
 So that man ne'er again shall need this work to do !

IV.

The King of millions, all of whom were slaves,
 Hath prematurely gone to his account—
 Wives', mothers', orphans' cries, and heroes' graves,
 And tears of nations, streaming like a fount,
 Making his reckoning unto Heaven to mount !
 Now solemn Death enfolds him all so pale,
 Whose Spectre still the council-board doth haunt ;
 His parting moments claim a sacred veil—
 But, while his spirit stays, war's direst fiends we hail !

V.

Behold yon little coffin in its tomb !
 Darkness and Silence its Imperial Court ;
 A wan cold image lies amid the gloom ;
 Worms are its flatterers in their foul disport :
 Decay now marshals legion and cohort ;
 Form melts into old elements again ;
 The crumbled pagod leaves us but—a *thought* :
 Think, then, ye nations, is it right, wise, sane,
One will should shed your blood as prodigal as rain ?

VI.

Dread Phantom ! in the pauses of the wind,
 A hollow murmur and a tolling bell,
 Warnings, life-deep, convey to all mankind,
 That 'tis the hour for Liberty to quell
 Her foe for ever ! Lose it, and the knell
 Of man's best hopes shall beat within his brain :
 Like an exterminating sea 'twill swell,
 Till despots o'er earth's choicest gardens reign,
 And science, letters, arts, clasp in one withering chain !

VII.

Oh, blood of heroes, wasted in mire and frost !
 What can repay devotion like your own ?
 Valour and fortitude, 'gainst host on host,
 Beyond Thermopylæ and Marathon !
 Naked, 'midst night-winds biting to the bone,
 Yet standing firm though death came thick as hail,—
 What shall in Europe's chronicles be shown,
 While ye adorn high song and heartfelt tale,
 If we, your friends afar, at this great hour should fail ?

Melbourne, June 23, 1855.

APPENDIX K.

THE YAN YEAN.

THE following, from my rough notes and memory, omitting all amplifications, is substantially the speech delivered by me at the *déjeûner* of the 31st December last. It involves several questions, to which we shall all have to devote a serious consideration.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

R. H. HORNE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I shall not attempt to add anything to the wishes so earnestly expressed by General Macarthur on the part of his Excellency the Governor, for the success of the Yan Yean works, beyond an echo of those wishes, and an ardent hope that all the best anticipations of General Macarthur may be realized to the utmost. To such a result, I think, we may all look forward with confidence.

Permit me, Mr. President, at the same time, to express my full sense of the great importance of the object which has induced so many eminent persons—eminent in so many different branches of knowledge and practical ability—to honour us with their presence on this occasion, and to record my conviction that the Yan Yean scheme should be regarded as a great national work. It must be extremely gratifying to you, Mr. President, to recognize this great fact—you who were one of the earliest promoters of this undertaking, and its constant supporter from the first. With respect to the distance from whence the water is conveyed, the Yan Yean takes rank as the fifth among the greatest hydraulic works of the modern world; but with respect to the magnitude of its reservoir, and the additional means within its reach, if ever necessary, the Yan Yean ranks as the first in the world.

I consider its nationality under two aspects: What it is in itself; and, secondly, the influence it will exercise over every branch of the hydrodynamic science throughout these colonies. With the success of the Yan Yean scheme is involved—not only an unlimited and continuous supply of water for every house in Melbourne immediately (and for its suburban localities as soon as we can obtain the pipes from England—in fact, as soon as the water-power can “raise the wind”)—not only is involved a supply to public gardens, baths, and fountains (some of which fountains may easily be caused even to gush out of a wall in

any of the streets)—not only a supply for private gardens and baths, and as a cheap means of engineering power on piers, wharves, and in warehouses and future factories—not only are all these advantages involved in the success of the Yan Yean works—but that success will incite the denizens of the gold-fields, and of the arid bush generally, either to construct hydraulic works, by which the water from rivers some miles distant may be carried to a given locality; or else cause them to adopt the most obvious means of arresting and preserving the water so bountifully sent us by Providence every winter. I do not only allude to this influence with regard to the gold-fields, but equally with a view to health in the bush, to irrigation, and the progress of agriculture. It is most satisfactory to observe by several able articles and letters that have recently appeared in the public journals, that this subject is receiving the attention of practical men.

Let me here offer a passing word of remonstrance against a too ready credence on the part of the public of any flying or floating rumours of disaster or failure, merely on the grounds of a pipe bursting, or of the water being accidentally discoloured. If the colours have sometimes reminded us of London milk, sometimes of hydromel, and once or twice of water from a tannery, all those appearances speedily pass away. Out of 11,000 main pipes, of course the enormous pressure of water from a reservoir 600 feet above the level of Melbourne, is likely to cause any imperfect pipes to crack, or burst during the "seasoning;" while it must be evident, on a moment's reflection, that in the long line of nineteen miles of these great main pipes, there must have been accumulations of red rust, and "brick-fielder" dust, and particles of earth falling in during the construction. It is not, however, in any case, the water of the reservoir that is discoloured, but the inside of the new pipes which has caused, if I may be excused the pleasantry, that fine chalybeate, which has been so misunderstood.


Nor must it be expected that even the water in the reservoir, though constantly becoming more pure and clear, can attain its highest degree of purity and clearness, till the remains of the terrestrial vegetation which originally formed its bed, and commenced long since its regular course of decomposition and dispersion, shall have completely given place to the growth of aquatic vegetation.

With the success, however, of the Yan Yean water supply, another equally important question continually forces itself upon the consideration of all those who are conversant with these subjects: how are we to get rid of the prodigious addi-

tion to the refuse water of our streets? One great engineering work has been accomplished; another is behind, and will soon cry aloud for our most serious attention. After the completion of the Yan Yean works thus far, everybody must perceive that the Commission possesses the services of an engineer whose power to grapple with the greatest undertakings—both with respect to practical knowledge, and in continuous day and night assiduity—is beyond all question. The Commissioners and the engineer were perfectly well aware that the construction of water-works and of sewers should be, if possible, simultaneous; and, in fact, the engineer devised long since and made plans for a system of drainage for Melbourne. But the Commissioners found that only one at a time of these great works was practicable in the colony at that period, partly because of the mechanical difficulties as to materials and labour, but equally on account of the enormous expense. The last point is still a great and unavoidable difficulty for us all; but there is another. Since mighty old London—mother of many cities at home and abroad, the patron of practical knowledge, of literature, of learning, and of all the arts and sciences—if old London, with all her experience of the past, and all her philosophy in the present, and all her wealth, has no satisfactory system of drainage up to this time; and if no new and satisfactory system has yet been accepted by her as worthy of the scientific progress of the age—if all this be true of old mother London, with her gray “front,” then I say young Master Melbourne, with his golden locks, and “shining morning face,” running so fast when he ought to be at school, has no need to be ashamed to own that he is precisely in the same condition. No; not precisely in all respects, for we are at present very healthy, and not yet overcrowded.

What, then, should be the first principle of our system in this matter? Underground drainage, or (using the best science of disinfectants, with a view to health and the fertilizing of our lands) a new system of surface drainage. Underground drainage has always been regarded as the only correct system since the time of the ancient Romans; and is so regarded at the present day by all the “old Romans,” and indeed by most people, including men of science. But surely we have advanced in science since the time of ancient Rome; and, at any rate, the climate of this colony is peculiar.

Deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, I some time since asked the opinion of a gentleman of great experience in the drainage of towns in the United Kingdom, as a sanitary question; and he was strongly in favour of the under-



ground system for Melbourne, as the result of his experience at home. I have also addressed a list of questions and queries to my friend Dr. Southwood Smith, the great sanitary reformer, late medical member for the Board of Health, Whitehall. I expect his reply by the next mail, which I shall at once make public.

I should, perhaps, apologize for touching on this branch of our Commission, on the present occasion; but I thought a few words were required to show that the subject had occupied the attention of the Commissioners long since, and that it will do so, more especially now that the first great work has been accomplished.

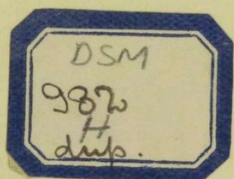
The success of the Yan Yean scheme as to Melbourne, we may now look upon as established. The bursting of a pipe during the first few days or weeks, with its temporary "troubling" of the waters, if this should occur, must be regarded in its proper light—a passing accident. But the success of these great works we can never regard as final, until they have supplied all the suburban municipalities and townships of the district.

I have great pleasure in responding to the toast so handsomely given by General Macarthur, on the part of his Excellency the Governor, and in expressing, on the part of the Commissioners and the engineer, their thanks for the cordial demonstrations with which it was received by the present assemblage.

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