

Life And Speeches Of Daniel Henry Deniehy

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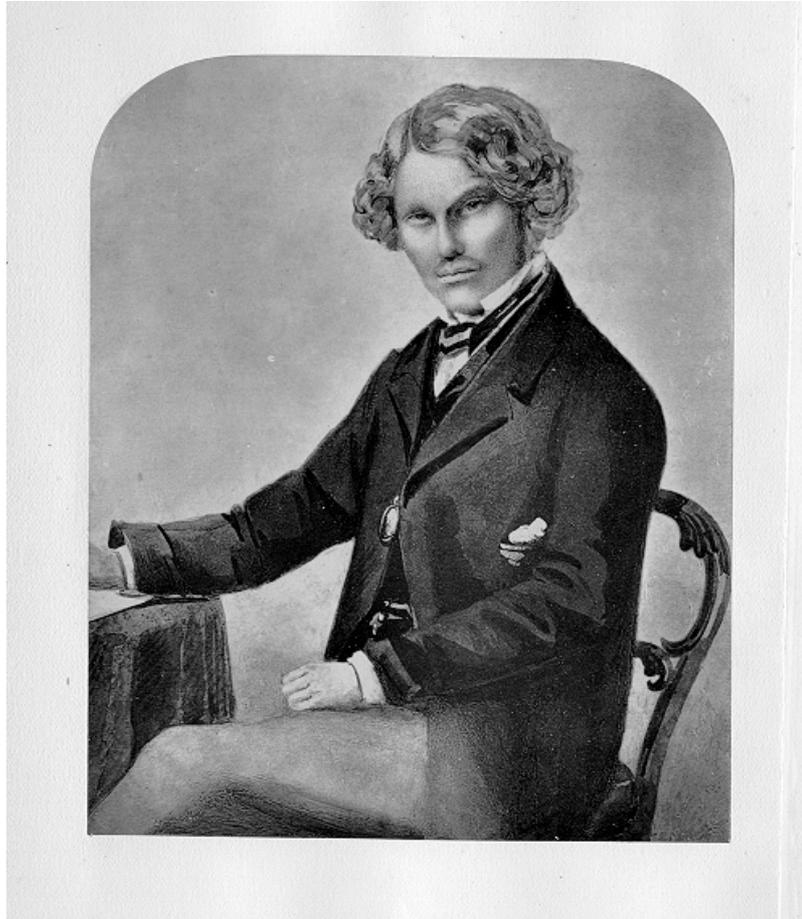
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MEMOIR.

E.A. Martin



Daniel Deniehy portrait.

DANIEL HENRY DENIEHY was born in Kent Street, Sydney, in the year 1828. His father, Daniel John Deniehy, a native of Ireland, was a man of limited education but of great natural ability, and early seeing in his only child indications of those talents which, if cultivated in himself, might have made the name of Deniehy renowned in New South Wales, resolved upon giving his son the very best advantages money could afford. The old gentleman, who had been for many years engaged in a large and lucrative business, that of a produce merchant, and by the exercise of rare capability had succeeded in getting together a considerable fortune, looked forward with pride and pleasure to the day when his boy should take his place amongst the foremost in the land.

After finishing at the Old Sydney College, and bearing off all the honours and prizes of that institution, to the enthusiastic delight of his companions, the future orator, accompanied by his parents, set out on a visit to England. Arrived there, his father at once proceeded to put into execution his ambitious project of entering him at Cambridge, but his extremely boyish, indeed childish, appearance and unfinished colonial training prejudiced the authorities against him, and they

consequently refused him admission. Nothing daunted by this, Mr. Deniehy insisted that his son should at some future time enjoy the high privilege, and as a preliminary placed him under the care of a professional tutor, a Cambridge man himself, with the intention of preparing him for admission. After a short stay in Ireland, the parents returned to Sydney, and Daniel Henry for some months pursued his studies with great earnestness and ardour. However, seeming all at once to tire of the monotony of his existence, he gave up all hope of a university career, and bidding his tutor a hurried farewell, set out to visit Ireland, whose mournful story and romantic history had for his poetic mind a singular charm. It was during his brief sojourn, "a swallow's season," as he himself called it, in that land of joy and melancholy, that much of that deep spirit of patriotism which afterwards so passionately, and as some thought destructively, distinguished him, came into being. I allude to his devoted attachment to Ireland and his enthusiastic advocacy of her cause upon all occasions. Prior to returning to the colony, Daniel Henry, who had received ample remittances from his father, ran through Europe, visiting on his way the principal cities of the Continent, and making himself familiar with all the renowned galleries, works of art, and objects of vertu which those centres of civilization contain. He spent whole weeks exploring the famous collections of Munich and the Louvre alone, nor did he, whilst engaged in this delightful occupation, neglect the most essential portion of life's education — reading, research, and study. At the end of a few years he gladdened his father's heart by his reappearance in Sydney, and was at once hailed by a crowd of enthusiastic and admiring friends as one of the most promising and scholarly young men of the time. Having evinced some predilection for the study of law, he was articled to Nicol D. Stenhouse, the father of literature and the bar in New South Wales, and in due course, after passing an exceptionally brilliant examination, was admitted to practice as an attorney and solicitor. It is remarkable that Mr. Deniehy was the first native born member of his profession on the rolls; the whole of the legal fraternity at the time he joined its ranks being composed exclusively of gentlemen who had received an English training and who had enjoyed the incalculable advantage of an English law apprenticeship; yet "little Deniehy" even upon the most critical points held his own with the best of them, and upon many occasions won the warmest commendations from the lips of such men as John Hubert Plunkett, Edward Broadhurst, Q.C. and Terence Aubrey Murray; nor was his chivalrous antagonist, William Charles Wentworth, himself slow or ungenerous in his acknowledgments of the attainments and talents of the boy-orator whose stinging satire was so often levelled against his mightiest projects.

The student's passion, however, was too profound with young Deniehy to devote himself with any great degree of assiduity to the dry details of his profession, and he chiefly occupied himself in literary pursuits, haunting old bookstalls and ferreting out those antique gems and rare works which the ginger-bread notions of the wealthy colonists passed by as worthless. Thus early in life he commenced to lay together the nucleus of that magnificent library, which for numbers, taste, choice, and elegance, no other reader in the Australias has ever approached. His

collection of books at one period weighed over four tons, and comprised some of the best and most costly specimens of English and Continental literature, for in all the languages of modern Europe he was as much at borne as in his native tongue, and in classical lore his young mind was deeply and richly stored. It was prior to his trip to England, in 1844, that he published his first literary essay — a novelette entitled “Love at First Sight” — in the pages of the *Colonial Literary Journal*.

The proof sheets of this manuscript were carried to the young author at his father's house in Chippendale by the Hon. Thomas Garrett, M.P., sometime Minister for Lands in New South Wales, then a mere boy engaged in the Government printing office. The little volume, though displaying much sweetness and delicacy of touch, is only remarkable as being the first legitimate contribution of the bright genius which afterwards gave to Australian literature some of its fairest, if most fugitive gems.

In 1854, he made his first appearance as a political speaker, on the occasion of the great meeting in the Victoria Theatre, to protest against Mr. Wentworth's Constitution Bill, in which that gentleman proposed to introduce a Chamber of Peers on the model of the British House of Lords,—an innovation which was regarded by the colonists with mingled indignation and derision; in any case, the warm opposition which met the wild attempt upon all sides was strongly flavoured with ridicule and contempt.

In moving the adoption of the third resolution, Daniel Henry carried the entire assemblage with him, as with fervid, passionate eloquence and scathing satire he analysed the claims of Mr. Wentworth and his followers to titles of nobility, immortalizing the clique as “the shoddy aristocracy of Botany Bay.” This address will be found under the heading of “Speech against the Constitution Bill.”

After this he freely took part in all demonstrations of public moment, and although his position in society was scarcely defined, he was invariably listened to with the utmost respect and deference, and frequently had amongst his auditors Gregory Blaxland, Dr. Bland, Wentworth, and other veteran speakers who had grown gray in the already troubled field of Australian politics. About this period he became acquainted with Miss Adelaide Ironside, the gifted Australian painter. The intimacy soon ripened into a warm affection upon either side, but, alas! with all Adelaide's brilliant endowments, and she was a woman of commanding intellect and rare literary genius, being one of the very few of her sex who have ever aspired to and reached the position of leader-writer on the press, she lacked the one thing which, to attach a temperament like Daniel Henty's, half poet, whole dreamer, was vitally necessary, a fair face, and his love soon calmed into a protecting brotherly tenderness, but which never wholly forgot its first devotion. A disciple of Art and a critic of the highest order, he saw at a glance the splendid and untried capabilities of her budding genius, and earnestly advised her to pursue her studies in Rome, where he was confident she only needed acquaintance and association with the productions of the great masters to perfect those talents which were even then rapidly developing in her. Woman-like, however, poor Adelaide was true to her girlish love, and long after Deniehy's marriage, refused many brilliant offers by which she might have been happily placed in life. Deniehy, with

the full knowledge and approbation of his highminded wife, maintained an unbroken correspondence with Miss Ironside up to the very last few months preceding his death.

Adelaide was at Rome when the sad intelligence was borne to her, and she told John Gibson, who was the bearer of the mournful tidings, “that there was nothing worth living for now.”

The following letter, written by Deniehy from Goulburn to Miss Ironside in Sydney, and whilst her young genius was almost unknown, will give some notion of the fond, brotherly affection with which he regarded the woman, and the chivalresque generosity with which he strove to encourage the development of gifts whose presence he had been the first to acknowledge, but of whose existence the forming of nearer and happier ties might have rendered him careless or oblivious:—

“MANDELSON'S HOTEL, GOULBURN.

“May 25th, 1856.

“MY DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—These lines in themselves will furnish evidence that I have not forgotten you — amid all the anxieties and the multitude of petty business details connected with commencing business as a legal practitioner in a country town, you will perceive that my friends though ‘out of sight’ are by no means ‘out of mind.’ I had, you will recollect, promised myself the gratification, before leaving town, of showing your excellent mother and yourself Mr. Claxton's pictures. Circumstances, which to make use of the common phrase, I had ‘no control over,’ and which necessitated my departure for Goulburn at an earlier period than I had calculated upon, prevented this. A day or two prior to my quitting town, however, I called on Mr. Claxton and mentioned your name to him, as also my hope that I should have the pleasure of introducing your mother and yourself to him. As my leaving Sydney was at a notice so short as not only to prevent this, but not even to permit my bidding you farewell, I do my best under the circumstances, and rather than you should, my dear Miss Ironside, lose such an advantage as seeing a collection of really fine pictures, and in the presence of the Artist himself, I forward you herewith a note of introduction to Mr. Claxton. Very, very deeply interested do I feel in the development of the finer faculties of your mind — those which are fed and nerved and strengthened by acquaintance with and loving study of the beautiful. May I therefore, my dear Miss Ironside, beg that you will make use of this note of introduction?

“I have quitted Sydney somewhat reluctantly, for a double purpose—the benefiting my health and the improvement of my worldly affairs. The former is, I fear, seriously shaken, and the latter are, from more causes than one, by no means what they ought to be in this Age of Gold, not however the ‘bell eta dell oro’ that Tasso so sweetly sung. I am anxious to live for my poor country's sake, for God knows she cannot afford the loss of one true son, fallen so low as she has these many dreary seasons. Make money I fain would, too, because I am conscious, and I have learned the bitter lore at the best of schools, that without a certain amount of worldly wealth a man can do nothing for his country or his fellows. And rather than live without the hope of doing somewhat of the sort, I would gladly welcome

the coffin and the roses that are to wither and crumble about my shroud before the midnight coming. In Goulburn there is a very good prospect of succeeding as a legal practitioner, and I have every hope that I shall ere long return to Sydney with my finances in a more satisfactory condition, on the van of an opposition that will, I trust, scatter to the winds the present corrupt and imbecile Administration — an Administration that has apparently done its level best since its accession to power to degrade and drag into contempt the great institution of popular government.

“This is a queer letter for a lady; but my affection for you, my dear Miss Ironside, is so mingled with respect for the soundness and strength of your feelings and your intellect as to justify it. I trust your amiable, excellent mother will enjoy Mr. Claxton's pictures—you yourself, being introduced by the enclosed note, can in turn introduce your mother. I think a capital task for you would be writing out descriptions and records of what you felt on the pictures and thought about them. I should like to see such a paper from your pen. How do you like Schlegel ? Trusting you will often let me hear of your studies and yourself, and with the kindest remembrances to your mother,

“Believe me,

“Yours faithfully,

“D. H. DENIEHY.”

“Miss A. E. IRONSIDE.”

This letter is memorable to me as being the first copy of Deniehy's own handwriting that had come under my notice. In 1855, the turning-point in his career, Deniehy met the woman whom he shortly afterwards made his wife, and who during the whole of his short life exercised a powerful influence, born of her rare personal beauty and high mental endowments, over one of the highest intellects and most encyclopaediac geniuses this land has ever seen.

This lady, Adelaide Elizabeth, only daughter of John Cassima Hoalls, Esq., of Kellsthorp, Notts, England, a gentleman of means, was highly connected, being grand-niece of Lord Gough, niece of Captain English of Her Majesty's 4th Regiment, and grand-niece of Major English of the 66th, visited Sydney, accompanied by her mother, in search of health. The visit was only meant to be a flying one, as Mrs. Hoalls, intended passing a year or two in Madeira. But *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*; Mr. Deniehy met Miss Hoalls at the house of a mutual friend, the Chief justice of the day, and with the vehemence which characterised his every action, fell over head and ears in love with the beautiful Englishwoman. Though dissimilar in many respects, and in a physical sense widely so, Miss Hoalls warmly returned his affection, and despite the urgent, entreaties and remonstrances of her mother and friends, became the wife of Mr. Deniehy. They were married at St. Mary's Cathedral by the Right Rev. Frederick Charles Davis, Bishop of Maitland and coadjutor to his Grace, Archbishop Polding. For a short period everything seemed to smile upon the youthful pair; Mr. Deniehy was only twenty-four, his wife five years less.

Daniel Henry entered with zest and ardour upon the practice of his profession, clients thronged his chambers, money flowed in upon all sides, and his charming home, presided over by a woman who united youth, grace, and beauty with the

gifts of a cultured understanding and polished English training, was the centre and the rallying-point of a brilliant and intellectual circle ; what were known as the “best people in Sydney” at this period were to be found on sunny afternoons and bright happy nights at Deniehy's house in Pitt Street. About this time, too, a number of people, who saw in the rising young solicitor and felicitous orator what they regarded as the germs of a great statesman, endeavoured to induce him to offer himself for election, assuring him of the unanimous support of more than one constituency. Mr. Deniehy was, however, firm in declining all such tempting baits, believing that it was absolutely necessary for a man to possess a settled and regular income before devoting himself to politics, in order both to place himself above all suspicion of interested motives, and to give that time and consideration to questions of public importance which their magnitude requires before deciding upon their adoption or rejection.

From his habits of careless and reckless generosity, and the utter want of business capacity which ever distinguishes men of genius, Mr. Deniehy's pecuniary affairs were now beginning to suffer, and he more than once found himself reduced to serious straits. This privation touched him the more keenly as it affected his young wife, who, with woman's characteristic unselfishness and devotion where she loves, had surrendered a high position in English society and all hope of inheriting her father's vast wealth by her rash Australian marriage. Mr. Hoalls would never again hear his daughter's name, and held Mr. Deniehy in absolute detestation, as having clandestinely won the affections of a young innocent girl in a strange land, with no firmer protector over her guileless inexperience than a fond and indulgent mother. He died unrelenting, and bequeathed every shilling of his fortune to the local hospital. The efforts of friends, who generously interested themselves in his (Mr. Deniehy's) behalf, however, soon brought about a better state of things, and he once more tided over monetary difficulties.

In May 1856, he removed to Goulburn, an important country town, where a large and lucrative practice was at once opened to him.

Here, as in Sydney, his hospitable doors were thrown open, and all that was refined and graceful in the society of the great squatting southern districts freely met at his house, and, with his accomplished wife, he at once assumed the same position amongst the princely landholders he had formerly occupied in the metropolis.

A letter addressed to his wife from Goulburn, prior to her joining him there, will furnish some notion of how he was regarded by many members of the stately country aristocracy of the day, of which there are few legitimate representatives left.

“GOULBURN, July 16th, 1856.

“MY EVER BELOVED ADA,—As my letters to you are necessarily long ones, I have on this occasion made choice of a full-sized sheet of foolscap to bear the burthen of what I have to say. Your dear letter reached my hands last night, and here, on Sunday, in the solitude of my sitting-room, I draw a little occasional table to the fire and jot down an answer as briefly as I may.

“When your loving missive reached me, I had only returned from Springfields, the princely seat of W. P. Faithfull, Esq., late Member for the county of Argyle, where I had paid a visit of three nights and two days. Mr. Faithfull came into Goulburn in his gig for the purpose of driving me out to his magnificent domain, which is about twelve miles from this place, and I was, in fact, forced to go. Very pleasantly I spent the time; nevertheless, so intensely do I detest visiting that when the white front of Mandelson's Hotel came in sight, as Mr. Faithfull brought me back to Goulburn, I felt almost as if I saw home. Faithfull is a grand specimen of an Australian, built on a scale of giant proportions, but with a mind honest, simple, and gentle as a child's. Walking over the hills and spacious plains of lordly Springfields, we spoke together even about his most private affairs as though we had known each other twenty years. His heart is entirely wrapped up in having his children mentally cultivated ; they have hitherto enjoyed the rare blessings of a home education, the grandest training of all, from their mother and aunt, and he wishes, if possible, to protect their purity by obtaining for them a polished domestic tutor, instead of sending them to school, with the risk of having them spoiled and demoralised there. His eldest son is one of the noblest looking children I have ever seen. Mrs. Faithfull and her sister, Miss Deane, are ladies in the truest sense of the word, cultured, amiable, and kind, and though each has the reputation of being proud as Juno, I got on with them charmingly. Now for something to startle your nerves. I, Daniel Henry Deniehy, poor as a church mouse, and without just now one hundred and seventy shillings to my credit, but who am nevertheless up here supposed to be well off, because of my style and the company I frequent when I do go out,—I, the aforesaid Daniel Henry Deniehy, during my absence at Springfields, was victimised by having my name forged to a cheque on the Bank of New South Wales for £170. There is a very sad element in the business, however. As these letters take the place of my home gossip for you, dearest, I shall give you the particulars of an affair which has utterly ruined the foolish and unhappy perpetrator of it. I have always, and always will, by precept and example, stand up against the world's cowardly cruelty of ‘throwing water on a drowning rat.’

“This man Kean, who had been tried, convicted, and punished for a forgery (you will remember I told you he was for some short period a client at Stenhouse and Hardy's), had been at Goulburn some time before me. I saw him striving and penitent enough, a clerk here at the office of the **Goulburn Herald**.

“No one in the town but an official, a kind-hearted, generous man, and myself, knew his wretched secret, that he was a Cockatoo Island expirée. One of the most ladylike and amiable young women in this same place, a niece of Captain Hovell, the Resident Commissioner for Crown Lands, was foolish enough to set her affections on the stout, broad-faced, elderly person of Kean. I did everything in my power for him, showed him every attention at my hotel, and would eventually perhaps have been able to use my influence in pushing him on. But Kean is a hopeless drunkard, and I may add also that his moral principles are like wax when temptation assails him. All his horrible sufferings have been insufficient to reform him. However, I kept his miserable secret from my most confidential friends,

those whom, as well as some of the most distinguished men in the country, he had met in my apartments at Mandelson's. This unfortunate and equally wretched and unprincipled man, while I was from town, in a fit of drunkenness, in his own language 'to raise the wind,' drew a cheque in my name for £170, and obtained £2 on it from a tailor. For two reasons it did me no harm — firstly, because I had no funds in the bank it was drawn upon, nor, God wot, in any other in this universal creation ; and, secondly, even if I had, the signature was quite unlike mine, and the whole thing was so clumsily done that, Heaven help the poor wretch, it was like a child's attempt at forgery. The cheque was drawn in favour of my esteemed friend, John O'Sullivan, Esq., Manager of the Commercial Bank at Goulburn. The strangest part of the business is that the man who gave the two pounds to Kean on the cheque, dropped it in the street, some one picked it up, who, seeing Mr. O'Sullivan's name on it, took it to that gentleman, who knowing at a glance that it was a forgery, hurried to the hotel to acquaint and warn me. I was, of course, absent at Springfields. But before I had returned, the matter had spread over Goulburn, and there is little doubt, such is the opinion entertained of me here, that had a bad use of the cheque been made amongst the storekeepers, some seventy or eighty pounds' worth of goods might have been obtained on it. I heard all about it on my return; and as Mr. Faithfull could not drive back his lengthy road till late in the afternoon, he, of course, dined with me. We met Mr. Francis Macarthur in the street, and I asked him to join us, which he did. At dinner, Macarthur said, looking very grave and uneasy, 'Have you seen O'Sullivan ? If you have not, go, my dear fellow, at once; somebody has been trying to play a very serious trick with you.' After dinner, Macarthur and myself walked down to O'Sullivan's, and there got the cheque. Kean, I believe, had no intention of defrauding me, although he thinks me as well off as when he first knew me.

"The talk about this matter has disclosed the existence, in Goulburn, of a man who had been a fellow-prisoner of Kean's at Cockatoo, and the fact is now, I fear, pretty generally known in the town, so that his chance here is blasted. Yesterday I met the miserable man on the promenade, as I was walking to the Post Office. He came up to me, agonised and white as a corpse. 'Oh, sir,' he implored, 'save me, save me from ruin.' I spoke sternly, though I only felt the deepest sorrow for the unhappy creature. I said, 'Mr. Kean, for your reputation and your chances here it is too late; never mind what you have done or tried to do to me, in the matter I have no feeling but pity with regret; what is it you wish me to do for you?' 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'the legal consequences of my act, the cheque which will bear witness against me.' I drew the fearful evidence of his guilt from my pocket, saying, 'Mr. Kean, do you know that? do you not recognise there a proof of your own unworthiness and want of principle—did you not write my name at the foot of that ?' He clasped his hands and groaned, 'Yes, yes I did,' 'Then,' I said, 'suffer not a moment longer;' and I tore the paper into a hundred shreds before him. I then told him how well I knew of all his dishonourable doings, springing from his wretched craving for drink; how he had borrowed petty sums from the very waiters at my hotel ; how he had carried away liquor from the landlord without paying for it; I reminded him that as those things would not have been

supplied him but for having been seen in my society, I felt bound as a gentleman to pay for them; I trusted it would be the last time such things would occur. I told him, too, that rather than see him criminally prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences, I would pay the £2 he had received from the tailor on the cheque,— I could do no less, my wife, since I had known him in better days,— but because of his disgraceful conduct our acquaintance must then and there cease. The end of this miserable story has brought me to the end of my sheet. I will write again to-morrow.

“Ever my Ada's

“D. H. DENIEHY.

“MRS. DENIEHY.”

The portion of this letter referring to the unhappy man Kean, whom he afterwards befriended, bears intrinsic evidence of a generosity and largeness of heart that was almost boundless, and which seemed second nature to Deniehy. In his coin, as he himself said of one who was similarly gifted and equally unfortunate, “there was no adhesiveness.”

In September 1856, Mr. Deniehy, yielding to the earnest solicitations of his friends, reluctantly consented to allow himself to be nominated for Argyle, and was triumphantly returned for that county.

The Government of Mr. Henry Watson Parker was at this period in power, and represented the high Conservative element to such a degree as to render itself obnoxious to the rising native party, amongst which Mr. Deniehy made a conspicuous figure, and it was chiefly owing to his efforts and those of some few others — names that have long since been forgotten — that that ministry attributed its fall. Mr. Parker was succeeded by Mr. Charles Cowper, the popular leader of the day, who went into office with the ostensible object of wiping out all the old abuses and introducing new and vigorous measures conducive to the rapid and healthy growth of a democratic country panting to be free from Old World trammels and antiquated restrictions. Mr. Deniehy, who was an industrious and regular attendant in his place in Parliament, gave his warmest support to the new Government, and was largely instrumental, both in this and succeeding Parliaments, in carrying those measures of popular reform which have made Mr. Cowper's name identical with progressive institutions in New South Wales. In conjunction with such leading spirits as Terence Aubrey Murray and John Robertson, he framed and introduced into the Cowper Land Bill the famous “Free Selection” clauses which afterwards came into operation in the Act of 1861. During the latter part of his parliamentary career, he threw tip his allegiance to Mr. Cowper, holding that that gentleman had fallen away from his early promises, and forfeited his claim upon the allegiance of his old adherents.

Upon this subject he differed seriously with many of his own best friends; his almost Quixotic notions of honour could never stoop to the doctrine of political expediency. What he believed he ever fearlessly affirmed, and was always ready to stand or fall by. The men who would have been proud to shake his hand he passed coldly by because they took a less strained view of public affairs and of the safest way to guide the helm of state through the troubled waters which beset it on

every side. It was only at the urgent instance of his wife and a few of his more intimate friends that he consented to retain his seat at all ; and at the dissolution of 1858, would have retired had he been permitted. This the electors of Argyle would not hear of, and again elected him, though had he listened to the promptings of his better reason he would have persisted in his first refusal. In corroboration of the statement I have made, relative to the high-toned but most mistaken view he took of politics, and the insuperable difficulty he found in associating himself, with any degree of cordiality, with those who held the leadership of affairs here, and also to account for his comparative failure in a field for which he seemed peculiarly fitted, and where it was once predicted he would have taken premier place, I quote the following opinion from Mr. W. B. Dalley's touching *In Memoriam* notice of his friend's death, published in the columns of *The Freeman's Journal*:—

“As a member of the Legislature, Mr. Deniehy's career was not marked by the splendid success which all who knew him had anticipated as the reward of his great ability. It may be urged in explanation of this disappointment, that he had few sympathies in common with the majority of those with whom he became politically associated, and that his nature was not sufficiently yielding to accommodate itself to the compromises of his party.

“He, however, took a conspicuous position in Parliament on all great occasions, and was uniformly listened to with a respectful attention rarely accorded to others. The intensity of his convictions and the irritability produced by extreme physical feebleness placed him in antagonism to many who would have preferred his friendship to his hostility.

“It was his misfortune that he was unable to recognise the possibility of continuing friendships originating in agreement of opinion upon public questions beyond the period of the maintenance of such political accord.

“To the deep regret of his friends, he alienated himself from most of those with whom he had entered public life and identified himself in the discussion of public questions.

“An unrivalled master of sarcasm, he employed his talents to widen impassably the breach between his former allies and himself. We abstain from pronouncing any opinion on the justice or propriety of this course of action. His rules for the government of his own public conduct were rigorous to the last degree; and he inexorably required of others what he himself laboriously endeavoured to exhibit in his own person, the highest consistency of conduct. Looking down upon his grave which holds so much that was once so loved and admired, and from which so many of the fruits of a great and honourable life were expected, his survivors will forget the bitterness of his hostility, and only remember the former triumphs of his noble intellect, ere sorrow and infirmity and disappointment had clouded, weakened, and broken his genius. Few, very few will think of the luminous spirit now gone from our midst without a tear of regret for so much power lost for ever, and of pity for a life which gave such promise of greatness and went out in suffering, in poverty, and bitter mental distress.”

The Damon and Pythias of Sydney life in the days of their bright, hopeful boyhood, Deniehy and Dalley were almost inseparable, and until unhappy political

differences estranged them, the two brilliant young Australians were verily “two in one,” so that none can speak with more absolute correctness of the causes which led to the early political extinction of his gifted friend than the cultured gentleman from whose elegant contribution I have quoted the foregoing passage.

During the last year that he remained in Parliament, Mr. Deniehy took little or no interest in politics at all, believing that with so much corruption and so much moral depravity it was useless endeavouring to stem the tide; but in the pages of *The Southern Cross*, a literary journal of which he was editor, and which counted amongst its contributors some of the most distinguished writers of the day, R. H. Horne, the author of “Orion,” Edward Whitty, William Forster, Geoffery Eager, and others, he denounced in powerful and eloquent sentences some of those shocking abuses which made the so-called popular Government a byword in the mouths of the colonists. These articles will be found under “Contributions to the *Southern Cross*,” and many of them will, I think, bear literary comparison with anything of their kind in the language. The “Pen and Ink Cartoons” display his versatile and singular genius in a marked degree — a genius of an order something akin to Lamb's.

Many articles of genuine merit which appeared in that journal I have forborne to republish, for the reason that, written at a period of almost insane excitement, when party feeling was at fever height, they not infrequently trench upon things that it does not now boot us to remember.

Perhaps when we call over the comparatively few pages Mr. Deniehy has contributed to Australian literature, his claim of having rendered any great service to his country may be regarded as only shadowy; but in other things, this man's passionate love for his native land, his loyalty to her best interests, his earnest endeavours to benefit her, and his efforts to teach the growing youth that there was a better and nobler aim in life than mere sensual enjoyment of the present, deserve some gratitude and some recognition.

He was the first man in New South Wales to propose, and advocate the establishment of a Free Public Library ; and kindred institutions he desired to see granted to all the large centres of population, as well as to the metropolis. He spoke on this subject both in public and in his place in Parliament, and wrote several vigorous articles in support of it, pointing to the necessity for such institutions, and describing in glowing language their advantages and influences in moulding the minds of the youth of the colony. The Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, too, one of the most flourishing and thoroughly educational establishments in the colony, owes much to Mr. Deniehy. He prepared the first catalogue for the library there, and delivered gratuitously some very able and interesting lectures in its aid.

“In those Lectures,” says Barton, in his “Poets and Prose Writers of New South Wales,” “he discussed the most eminent English, French, and Italian authors of modern times, and gave convincing proofs of his powers as a critical analyst.”

Those magnificent disquisitions, delivered in 1853, when he was only twenty-three years old, drew crowded and fashionable audiences, and did much to contribute to that enthusiastic admiration with which his fellow-countrymen

regarded him; but they did vastly more to popularise the institution, and make its provisions and advantages familiar to the ears and understanding of the people. Speaking of Deniehy as a literary and art critic, Barton, who had possessed himself of almost every scrap penned by this remarkable man, and who enjoyed facilities for making himself acquainted with his race and peculiar genius which were quite beyond my reach, says, "If we compare the literary disquisitions left by Mr. Deniehy with the ordinary run of critical notices in periodicals of the present day, we shall not exaggerate his merits in saying that his qualifications as a critic were of the highest order. It may be said, indeed, that we rarely meet with such criticisms as his in any journal whatever."

Whether we look at the "slashing" notices in the Saturday, or the more elaborate productions of the quarterly *Reviews*, we shall not easily find any criticism that can be read with greater satisfaction. The art of "cutting up" an unfortunate author has undoubtedly been brought to perfection some time since; and in this particular branch of analysis we can claim no praise for our countryman. He never desired it, nor have we any proof that he ever sought it. Perhaps he erred, if he erred at all, the other way. Like Leigh Hunt, whom he so loved, he was disposed to find something to admire in every book he took up, and when the book happened to be written by a personal friend, his judgment was evidently swayed by his feelings. This was the more remarkable in him, inasmuch as a gushing benevolence of disposition formed no part of his character. Few could be more cautiously deliberate in weighing the merits of others, and few were greater adepts in the use of biting and remorseless sarcasm. Except in matters of art, he had, apparently, no faculty of veneration whatever. But art, and all that appertained to it, were sacred in his eyes. With the exception previously mentioned, his judgment was rarely, if ever, at fault. Let us recollect that he brought to his task a knowledge of Literature and the Fine Arts marked as much by its accuracy as by its extent,—a knowledge gained by the intense and unremitting study of his early years. This is an indispensable "pre-requisite," to borrow a phrase from Coleridge, "of all criticism of any value. Before a man can conscientiously pronounce judgment on a work of art, be it a book or a painting, his mind must be familiar with much, if not everything, that has been done before in the same direction." Now it is evident that the criticism in our periodicals is, to a large extent, written by men whose knowledge of the subject may be profound, but is rarely accompanied by a full development of the higher faculties. Hence we have either dry, colourless scholarship, or the flashy pretentiousness of the Cockney school. It was Mr. Deniehy's signal merit that he combined both the qualifications of which we speak; that he was a ripe scholar, and at the same time a man of vivid imagination. Keen and subtle in the highest degree, he possessed a mind at once comprehensive and minute, equally capable of grasping principles and appreciating facts.

Analytical power was perhaps the individualising faculty of his intellect; in other words, it was the power by which his intellect could best display its strength, and through which its greatest triumphs could be gained. Recollecting the difficulties under which every scholar must necessarily labour in this country, we shall be able to appreciate the earnestness of his endeavours, at the same time that

we feel astonishment at their success. The want of necessary appliances is so great here, that deficient scholarship can never be without an excuse. We have only temporary substitutes for a library, while an Art Gallery has not yet been dreamed of by our legislators. The higher manifestations of artistic power must consequently remain more or less unknown to us. They can be only known through the medium of imagination, like the fair scenes in foreign lands.

What limitless credit, then, is not due to one who, barely arrived at manhood, had yet contrived to master difficulties which were little less than insuperable, who not only passed from one language and one literature to another, conquering as he went, but made himself familiar with painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and those minor arts in which human ingenuity is most happily displayed? Everywhere throughout his writings we find traces of these incredible attainments; we track the steps of one who followed Beauty wherever she led him, into her deepest and most secret recesses as well as on the open plain. We think of Chatterton in the garret peering into Mr. Canyage's coffer, and then of the fatal manuscripts which gave him both death and immortality.

That a mind so stored should have produced so little, may by some be thought a strange matter; and it may be thought that this mind, so rich as it was in other gifts, was devoid of creative power. As to these points, it must be remembered that Mr. Deniehy's early entrance on the political stage precluded, in a great measure, all hope of distinction in literature. The period at which he turned his attention to politics was a peculiar and trying one. Responsible government had just been introduced, and the country was anxiously watching the working of the new machinery. His powers of speaking made him at once a prominent figure, whilst his reputation as a man of letters served still more to arrest attention.

With the enthusiasm natural to his character, he flung himself wholly into the stormy strifes of faction; but he was not "cut out" for a working politician. That which acted as a gentle stimulant to coarser minds, was rank poison to his, and soon fretted the frail body to decay. Then came the reaction of the long and severe strain upon his constitutional energies during his years of study; and then, too, came the result of the disastrous remedy in which he sought relief. He died at the early age of thirty-five; but even in that short space the last year or two was little more than a season of torpor. That, he was not deficient in creative power will be readily believed by those who are at all familiar with his writings as well as his personal history, and perhaps it will not be doubted even by those who have no other means of judging than the few examples we have given. Minds of his stamp are essentially creative. They are never satisfied with absorbing the productions of others. Plastic power is part of their natural constitution. Instances are only too numerous in which the most brilliant faculties have gone down to darkness without leaving any adequate result behind them; and Daniel Henry Deniehy, unfortunately for us, adds another to the list.

As has been urged, Deniehy's premature entrance into the exciting whirl of politics, crippled as he was by his limited means and the exigency of having to provide for the wants of his family by the practice of his profession, cut off all chance of that entire devotion to study necessary to produce any great or lasting

work, yet his passion for books was so absorbing, and his nature so refined, so elevated, so far above every-day men and things as to render him incapable of understanding or appreciating the sort of political warfare recognised as legitimate in those days. His sensitive soul revolted against the petty shifts, the small dodges and miserable expedients the popular chiefs did not blush to resort to in order to keep anything like a decent following together; hence his failure in politics.

Yet during the short period in which he occupied a seat in Parliament, his position then was, as Mr. Dalley asserts, "a conspicuous one." He took a leading part, and, indeed, was believed to be the moving spirit, in passing the "Free Selection" clauses which now form part of the law of the land. Here is a letter written to Mrs. Deniehy in Goulburn during the first months of his legislative career, and making some allusion to the first land reform measure introduced by Mr. Cowper on the fall of the Watson-Parker administration, and which was afterwards withdrawn. The collapse of this Bill was chiefly owing to Mr. Deniehy's vigorous opposition, and that of the friends who worked with him.

"JOHNSON'S HOTEL, CASTLEREAGH STREET, Nov. 18th, 1857."

"MY DARLING ADA,—There is to be a call of the House this evening, when all members not answering to their names are liable to fine, still worse, to forfeiture of their seats. The Land Bill, the great measure of the session, is to come on to-night, yet Mr. Murray, from whom so much is expected, has not yet arrived.

"It is really too bad. I cannot express to you, beloved, how utterly sick and tired I am of being here. Sydney is to me, a public man with abundance of society, the 'miserable hole' I once, to my burning indignation, heard some one else call it. If I must feel it so, how must others less pleasantly situated regard it? I am keeping very quiet. in every way, and, indeed, with the exception of my attendance at the House, intend almost to bury myself in my room here at Johnson's. I shall not let anybody, not even Dalley, know of my whereabouts, but make all appointments for and give all interviews at stated hours at the Sydney Club. On Monday evening next I lecture at the School of Arts on the Poems and Writings of Charles Harpur. The ordinary night for lecturing at that institution is Tuesday, but as next Tuesday evening is set apart for the delivery of a lecture by the Governor-General, the Committee, to mark their sense 'of the honour done the institution by the Member for Argyle,' have fixed a special night, so as not to keep me waiting till the next week. I do not intend staying here more than ten days, or a fortnight at furthest. If the Ministry — and I hope to heaven they will — withdraw the Land Bill this afternoon, my delay will not be longer than a week. Are you better, dear, than when I left? God bless you, beloved, and my child, the dearest creature to me on earth. Often in hours when the cloud and the storm are black and terrible about my soul, when she whom De Quincey called 'Our Lady of Darkness' has laid her awful hand upon my heart, the pure thoughts of May and you come like a pair of white doves athwart the gloom and reconcile me to all things. We shall be happy yet, my wife.

"Your own,

"D. H. DENIEHY."

Even thus early in his career there is a dim foreshadowing of that melancholy

which soon afterwards enshrouded him as with a pall, though long after this some of his greatest intellectual triumphs were won, for when at his lowest he had an elasticity of spirits that could almost in an instant forget the weightiest of sorrows. Another letter, written in December of the same year, breathes a happier spirit: —

“SYDNEY, 9th Dec., 1857.

“MY DEAREST ADA— Another year is drawing to its close, and it brings with it, for me, one only joy,—the hope that I shall, ere long, see another of my beloved's children. God bless you, dearest, and bring you as gently through your trial as may be, and grant you a mother's happiness through all its depths. Politics here, Ada, are very disheartening and very disgusting. Mr. Flood is about to retire, and Dalley talks of resigning. I expect to hear in a few days, or weeks at furthest, Mr. Murray's resignation of his office, perhaps of his seat. There has been a great ‘torchlight’ meeting here lately, to consider the Land Bill. Do not make images for yourself of a myriad flambeaux throwing their shadows and their glare upon thousands of upturned faces. There were a couple of dim, very dim lights fixed to the poles of the platform, and that was the whole strength of the illumination.

“But the fun was that all Members of the Assembly, good, bad, and indifferent, were roundly abused by the various speakers-coming men, orators in train, that nobody ever heard of before, and whom nobody seems to know, except Mr. Henry Parkes, who is at the bottom of the whole thing. The affair has amused me greatly. ‘Dalley,’ said one of the gushing orators, “is turning into a petrification, and little Deniehy is too spiritual, too refined, too far up in the clouds to care about the people's wants.’ Now the best of the joke is, that I, in connection with Robertson, before any of these humbug meetings were held, moved, and we are now endeavouring to have inserted in the Bill, the very provisions these poor wretches spouting by the light of a tallow candle in the open air are clamouring for,— the right of selection before survey, deferred payments, and rule for residence and cultivation.

“Adieu, my love, the end of next week will see me home.

“D. H. DENIEHY.”

In the few years which followed his first entrance into Parliament, say from 1856 to 1860, Deniehy was at the pinnacle of his fame. No public meeting was deemed a success without a speech from the Member for Argyle, no banquet or social gathering was regarded as worth a rush without the presence of the dashing, the scholarly young native orator, “Brilliant little Dan Deniehy” as poor Charles Harpur in the exuberance of his love baptised him. In personal appearance, Deniehy was a slight, spare man, barely five feet two inches in height, with limbs slender and delicate as a girl's. His face, with large prominent features, might be termed excessively plain ; but the moment he became interested in his subject, his whole countenance changed, and his eyes, sparkling with fire and vivacity, lent a positive transformation to the man. Then his voice was of the most marvellous quality, low and sweet, yet pure and resonant, and magical in making its way to the hearts and sympathies of his listeners. Said a guest, a man of keen critical ability and large experience himself, at the St. Patrick's Day Banquet in 1867, at which Mr. Deniehy spoke: “Deniehy was called upon to respond to the toast of the

Patriots of Ireland, a task of no small difficulty in a mixed assemblage, and the moment he rose to his feet to advance into the centre of the hall a burst of applause greeted his appearance, which lasted for fully five minutes, and when he raised his finger for silence, it is no exaggeration to say a pin might have been heard to drop, a silence which was only broken by the vehement cheers that followed each one of his magnificent periods.”

On Thursday, 9th February, 1859, he moved his famous resolution condemnatory of the appointment of Mr. Lyttleton Holyoake Bayley, as Attorney-General to the Cowper Administration, Mr. Bayley at the time of his taking office having been only two months resident in the Colony. The resolution was to this effect, “That in the opinion of this House no appointment as a Minister of the Crown, or to any important public office of trust and power, should be conferred upon any individual, unless in the case of a member returned to Parliament by popular election, whose residence in the territory has been of sufficient length to afford to the country satisfactory guarantee for the fitness and propriety of the appointment.” The speech which followed this was a marvel of polished eloquence, legal subtlety, and unanswerable argument, was listened to with almost breathless attention, and after a splendid peroration, in which he implored honourable members to deal with the matter on its merits, to act up to the high dictates of principle and conscience, and not to leave such a work to be performed by the future Parliament, Mr. Deniehy resumed his seat amidst ringing plaudits from the whole House. The motion was only lost by five votes.

This speech, though reported *in extenso*, I regret to say came to my hands in too mutilated a condition to permit me offering it to my readers. From the lips of his contemporaries in the Assembly, I have been told that upon such occasions as these, when he rose for the purpose of denouncing, as only he could, some act of corruption or flagrant incompetency on the part of the Government, there would take place something like a private “call of the House” to hear “brilliant little Dan”; then the slight, boyish, fragile figure would dilate, the eyes would sparkle and glow, whilst the voice, pure, harmonious, deep and true, never jarring on the most super-sensitive ear, carried conviction with almost irresistible force to his listeners. Immediately he ceased to speak, no matter who followed him, minister or private member, the House commenced to thin. Then came those half-hours in the refreshment-room over the brown sherry, with the congratulations and enthusiastic handshakings of friends and admirers that laid the sure foundation of that ruinous passion which so soon enslaved that lofty intellect, and made mournful shipwreck of hopes high and holy as ever filled the bosom of a Pitt, a Fox, a Canning, or a Burke.

The last occasion upon which he addressed the House before the dissolution of this Parliament was in relation of the report upon Mr. Owen's case, in which that gentleman had exercised his right of voting, having previously accepted the position of District Court judge. His address, though wanting none of its ancient fire and fervour, was yet tinged with a melancholy which was then but too plainly overshadowing his young life. His conduct, too, upon that memorable occasion was characterised by the same manly principles which had marked his political

career from its start and followed it to its close. Having been in some way implicated in a conversation having relation to the appointment whilst the matter was only one of suspicion, and having given evidence before a Select Committee, he felt bound in honour to refrain from voting one way or the other, and walked out of the Chamber before the division bell rung. This parliament was dissolved in April 1859, and although he declared his intention of retiring, at least for a time, from public life, at a numerously attended meeting of the electors of West Sydney, held a few days afterwards at the Sportsman's Arms, Parramatta Street, Mr. Deniehy, in conjunction with Mr. John Hubert Plunkett, the gentleman who had occupied the position of Attorney-General before the introduction of Responsible Government, was proposed as a fit and proper person to represent the important metropolitan electorate, the second largest constituency in the Colony. The proposal was carried with vociferous applause, and an influential committee formed to secure the return of the two popular candidates. Although defeated in this contest, Mr. Deniehy's services were too important to long leave him out of sight, and many attempts were made to induce him to come forward for some of the country electorates. However, it was not until the next election that he took a scat, when he was returned for two electorates on the one day. He made his choice of East Macquarie, which place he continued to represent until his final retirement.

Few men ever entered political life with a higher sense of their responsibility and a loftier notion of the difficulties of the position. Pure and conscientious in his desire to serve his country, he willingly accredited others with the same feelings and principles, and was always anxious to afford public men every latitude and every reasonable chance of putting their views and opinions into effect. Here is an instance of this, of which there are few parallel cases on record.

On the defeat of the short-lived Forster Administration (a body of men with whom Deniehy was in entire accord) in March 1860, Mr. Jones having failed in forming a Ministry, the task was entrusted to Mr. John Robertson, who succeeded in getting together a fairly formidable team. Mr. Deniehy was warmly solicited by the leading residents of the Upper Hunter to allow himself to be put in nomination in opposition to Mr. Robertson, and addressed the following letter on the subject to the Editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*:

"To the Editor of the HERALD.

"SIR,— As it has to-day been intimated to me that, notwithstanding my, yesterday, declining an overture by telegram on behalf of various parties in the electoral districts of the Upper Hunter to bring me forward at the ensuing election in opposition to Mr. John Robertson, a nomination of me will nevertheless be persisted in, will you allow me, probably with the result of saving a contest and some expense, to say, through your columns, that I am not a candidate for the representation of the Hunter? I have telegraphed that, even if elected, I shall decline to sit. Of course I did this with every feeling of gratitude to the gentlemen who did me the honour of placing such confidence in me. I have, in fact, no desire for the present to return to political life. I make this statement for two reasons— firstly, that it has, both at and since the general election, been too largely the practice to bring me forward, rashly and injudiciously, without in most instances

consulting me, and in some against my will, under circumstances of disadvantage, where a person of far higher pretensions than the humble writer of these lines could not have a chance of succeeding, — the disadvantage to one who has once tried to serve his country faithfully, and who hopes some time hereafter to be of use to her, is obvious. and, secondly, for far higher reasons. I take a very different view of what is due to those men who, at a crisis, undertake to work our new institutions to that of Mr. John Robertson and those who in company with him from the very first hour of my honoured friend Mr. Forster's ministerial existence did their dear utmost to thwart him, to check and restrain his every effort.

“ Even if I had the certainty of being returned, — and with Mr. John Robertson at the Hunter few men in this country would have such a certainty, — Mr. Robertson having taken upon himself to attempt the government of the country, I should be sorry in any way to interfere with him in the achievement of his onerous task. The man who accepts the responsibilities of the present hour is entitled to a large measure of favour on all sides, though it is possible that this view is more generous than constitutional; and I may add that I am far from believing that Mr. Robertson's own public conduct renders him worthy of either forbearance or generosity. A severer code of ethics than I care to look at just now would deny the giving grace to an individual, even at a ‘crisis,’ when that crisis was brought about by his own discreditable conduct and shameless abnegation of the ordinary rules of political morality.

“I am, Sir,

“Your Obedient Servant,

“D. H. DENIEHY.

“Sydney, April 3rd, 1860.”

However, as I have said, in the teeth of his own declared wishes, Mr. Deniehy was sent back to Parliament as the chosen of two constituencies. He took his seat for East Macquarie on Tuesday, May 22nd, and at once assumed his former bold and independent position in the House. An ardent Liberal at heart, he passionately identified himself with the cause, even whilst his whole soul was in rebellion against the leaders of the party. On Thursday, June 20th, he made a powerful speech on the Indemnity Bill, which completely took the House by storm; and on Wednesday, October 2nd, he moved and carried the resolution for the establishment of a Free Public Library. On Friday, October 4th, he moved the adoption by the Assembly of the much-talked-of “Free Selection” clauses in the Robertson Crown Lands Alienation Bill. The House having refused to accept the Bill, Mr. Robertson obtained a dissolution on the 26th November, and went to the country on the popular cry.

For years after his final retirement from the Assembly, the gap left by the disappearance of this dazzling speaker remained unfilled. His place in the Chamber was left as it were sacred to his memory, and amidst the bitter and unceasing hostilities of conflicting parties, there was always one point upon which union might be secured,—keen and touching regret for the absence of “brilliant little Dan.” He was a perfect master of satire and invective, and could deal the most stinging blows at an opponent with a *nonchalance* and a coolness which for

the time was maddening, whilst he remained to all appearances absolutely unconscious of the storm he had produced. Upon one occasion, in defending himself from a charge of corruption in reference to his support of the first Cowper Administration brought against him by Mr. James Martin, the present Chief justice, he said, "If the honourable and learned member had been actuated by motives solely for the public good, and had taken action solely out of public spirit, he could very easily have passed his motion in a way not to have injured him, Mr. Deniehy, in public estimation, as well as to have conveyed no, false impression abroad relative to a matter capable of instant explanation. He might, for instance, have moved for a return of all moneys paid as fees in a specific case, and such would have been the course pursued by any other honourable members. But that would have been the honourable and the manly course, and, therefore, not the course of Mr. James Martin. That was not the course of the honourable member who, in so recently taking his place at the bar of that House to give the dark history of his latter political career, had, he feared, read but the epitaph of that career for the future." With Mr. Martin, as one of the foremost men of the high Conservative party, Deniehy frequently came into collision, and it must be acknowledged that even with that intellectual giant "little Dan" almost invariably came off victorious. The great barrister would have infinitely preferred his opponent's friendship to his enmity, but where a principle was at stake, Deniehy was deaf to all blandishments, and never could be brought to see the necessity for a compromise. Upon the measure for the abolition of State aid to religion, introduced by Mr. Charles Cowper, those two great spirits, although members of the same Church, Roman Catholic, differed very widely; Mr. Deniehy being an out-and-out abolitionist, Mr. Martin opposed it tooth and nail. It was on Tuesday, June 5th, 1859, that Mr. Martin, in a speech which, even for him, was one of exceptional brilliancy and merit, moved a resolution, rescinding one passed by the House which withheld the vote to meet additional expenditure under Schedule C. of the Constitution Act, State Aid to Religion. Mr. Deniehy opposed this in a speech of considerable length with equal power and vigour, which at its conclusion was loudly cheered from all sides of the House. The measure afterwards received the assent of the House by a large majority, Mr. Deniehy being one of its warmest supporters right through.

It was upon this question his first rupture with the Church authorities occurred, as, holding very strong views upon the voluntary principle, which he never hesitated openly to give utterance to, he came into collision over the matter with Archbishop Polding and the stately gentleman who virtually ruled the entire ecclesiastical affairs of the Roman Church in those days, Abbot Gregory. Dr. Gregory endeavoured to win his young co-religionist over to his view of the question. Unfortunately, however, the means he resorted to were not of the wisest, and only served to more deeply embitter a man of his quick temper and sensitive feeling, who imagined that he saw in the attempt of the scholarly and courtly churchman the sign to infringe upon the sacred liberty of conscience, and to coerce him into the support of a continuance of that principle whose speedy death he hoped to see. In a moment of irritation Mr. Deniehy read the letter addressed to

him on the subject by Dr. Gregory to the House, a course in which he was followed by several other gentlemen, members of the Roman Catholic Church, who had received similar communications. For this action both Dr. Gregory and the Archbishop very severely censured Mr. Deniehy, holding his exposure of the letter to be a breach of confidence and good faith. Mr. Deniehy with equal warmth resented such strictures on his public conduct as unwarrantable, and the difference caused in a rash moment, born of overzeal on the one side and undue haste on the other, was never wholly bridged over. In consequence of this rupture with the Church authorities, which had nothing whatever to do with any one of its tenets or doctrines, it became the fashion, foolishly enough, to speak of Mr. Deniehy as an unbeliever, and to regard him as one who did not acknowledge a Supreme Being. No greater libel was ever perpetrated. His nature was too pure, too elevated to refuse to recognise the presence of the Infinite, and notwithstanding his political grievance with the heads of his communion, he was a sincere Catholic at heart.

Here is a scrap dedicated to his wife written during his stay in Victoria that does not look much like the outpourings of an infidel, or even of one indifferent to things of Heaven.

O pure of soul, and fond and deep of heart
For those who darkened be,
Lift up thy holy voice, at morn and eve,
And pray for me,

For me, who for this thronging world's hot strife
A prize hath brought to be
Among the known-but sweet too dearly earned
Ah, pray for me.

Not aye the scholar's path a track of peace,
Nor from the dread sins free ;
Hard by the Isles of Truth doth Circe prowl;
Oh, pray for me.

The spirits' hell-gloom and its hurricane
Round studious cells may be,
Thou patient Moon of Memory's dreary sky,
Oh, pray for me.

When through thy well-known window, ope'd beneath
The uneasy, whispering tree,
Burn stars we children two have tried to count,
Then pray for me.

At hour of rest, and when the moon makes pleas'd
The melancholy sea,
And noon's surcease of happy household toil,
Yes, pray for me.

Some solace for this wrung and rifted heart,

That, wheresoe'er thou be,
Thou wilt, God's holiest gift, thou woman pure,
Yet pray for me.

Nov. 1863. D. H. D.

Everywhere in his writings, and especially in his private correspondence, I have found a deep and real spirit of faith and confidence in that Power to which we all turn in our need running through and colouring all his sentiments. These letters, too, some few of which I give, written during periods of protracted absence and separation from his family, many of them penned in moments of deepest dejection, when the head and the heart both ached with unutterable misery, when the world looked its gloomiest upon him, show how true, how exquisite was the home feeling with the poet, the scholar, the politician, the refined satirist, and the man of letters.

The extreme physical delicacy of his little ones, who had inherited their father's feebleness of constitution, was a source of profound and unceasing regret with Deniehy. His wife had borne him seven children, five daughters and two sons, May, James Norton, named in honour of his godfather, the distinguished solicitor of that name and founder of the firm of Norton and Sons, Constance, Ginerva, Clarence, Hero, and Julius Charles. Of these seven but four survived the first tender years of infancy,— the boy Julius Charles, May, Clarence, and Ginerva. It was on this beautiful child Julius that all his hopes centered, and he piously and rigorously resolved upon guarding and sheltering his childhood from the errors and foibles which had made shipwreck of his own youth. But alas for the vanity and emptiness of human hopes and human designs, his darling boy only lived long enough to attach himself to his father's heart by his bright beauty, his endearing playfulness, and brilliant intellectual promise, when he faded away before his eyes. Whatever chance there had seemed of Deniehy rallying from the stupor of despondency into which he was so rapidly sinking, and of justifying the still hopeful aspirations of his friends, appeared to die out with this child. He slowly but surely sunk after this event into a species of torpor, both mental and physical, from which his recovery was only partial and fitful. His one desire seemed to hide himself somewhere out of the world, from every eye, even from that of his idolised wife, who, amidst all her own choking miseries, with her well-nigh broken heart, strove to solace and help him to struggle against the horrible nightmare of gloom that was settling over him.

Prior to this melancholy event, Mr., now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, having had some acquaintance with Mr. Deniehy, was so impressed with his journalistic talents, that he invited him, in 1862, to come over to Melbourne to take entire charge of and fill the editorial chair of the *Victorian*, a paper he had himself established under the most promising auspices.

The young Australian was already favourably known on the other side of the Murray, through his connection with the great measure of land reform, and had passed some months in the Victorian capital in the latter part of 1859. Although only a visitor in a private capacity to the southern colony, Mr. Deniehy's opinion

was equally sought on all questions of public moment, and treated with the profoundest deference. Melbourne in those days could boast of spine really massive intellects amongst her public men, but gray-bearded sages, who had worn the harness from youth to age, were not ashamed to stand uncovered amongst his audience, and learn a lesson in constitutional law or progressive reform from the lips of Daniel Henry Deniehy.

Upon the advice of his friends, he accepted Mr. Duffy's offer, and with his family at once took up his residence in Melbourne. For a short period he conducted the journal with marked ability and success. I have been assured by more than one gentleman of high literary standing, that many of Deniehy's own articles at this time displayed a power, depth, and vigour of truly marvellous capacity, equal in all respects to the best contributions in the leading English periodicals of the day. It was at this time, too, that he conducted the remarkable controversy on the conversion of Father Faber in the pages of the *Victorian* on the one side, and the *Age* on the other; upholding in either journal widely different views of that distinguished man's principles and conduct, yet each side of the question was supported by equal force, theological argument, and legal subtlety. This is another proof, if more were needed, of the man's genius; nor was it for some years afterwards, until accident revealed it, that the two brilliant controversialists were found to be identical.

For a short time in the society of Mr. Duffy and the leading men of Victoria, and under the immediate influence of his amiable wife, Deniehy appeared to rouse from the evil habits into which he had fallen during the last few years of his life in Sydney, and the hopes of his friends both in Melbourne and his own native city once more rose, and it was predicted, perhaps for the hundredth time, that he would yet redeem the glorious promise of his early manhood. But alas! and alas! those fair visions were doomed to black and bitter disappointment. The frail will once more yielded to the unholy craving, and the splendid intellect finally succumbed to the unnatural stress brought to bear upon it. In 1864 he returned to Sydney enfeebled in mind and body, but made as it were yet another effort to conquer his terrible passion by returning to the practice of his profession, and, in a touching letter to his wife, whom he had preceded to Sydney, he speaks of a hope of happier times; but the will and the energy had well-nigh departed.

“128, ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

“Oct. 7th, 1864.

“MY DARLING WIFE,— The number above is that of the new office I have taken. People are gradually coming round me; and without wishing to show myself over sanguine, I think I shall do very well eventually. For the present I am mainly engaged in literary matters, but these, except as a help, and not as a dependence, I shall quit at as early a date as possible. This, however, is certain, that while nothing at all was to be done at Melbourne, something perhaps in a little while, a good deal can be done here. Meantime the only thing is to go on steadily and patiently “to labour and to wait.” It is bad at this time of day, this beginning the World over again; but it must be done now or never. Occasionally, at night, I feel more depressed and wretched than I think any human being, in Australia at all

events, ever before felt. I keep at home, not going out or visiting anywhere, entering nohotels, and if from intense depression I take a little brandy, it is only in my own room at night.

“Things are really looking more hopeful to-day, and, please Heaven, we shall yet see better times.

“Here is something that will please you. Amongst the few men acquaintances I have made is a native born barrister, a Mr. Barton, the Editor of *Punch*. He told me that when studying at the Temple in London, ‘How I became Attorney-General of New Baratavia,’ reached there from New South Wales; and though they did not understand the ‘hits,’ or know the individuals sketched, he assured me the English law students and barristers resident in the Temple were charmed with it. But enough of this; I have no heart or mind to feel or write about anything but yourself and the children. I hope speedily to be in possession of sufficient funds to send for you and render your passage a comfortable one. Now, my dearest, if you care for me, and would preserve something to me worth living and striving for, take care of your health, and keep your mind as easy as you can. Think as little of the past as possible, for it will not be my fault if all is not yet well with us. Kiss my darlings for me, and believe me

“Ever your lover and husband,

“D. H. DENIEHY.”

“MRS. DENIEHY.”

I have omitted this fragment written before his wife joined him in Melbourne, and where his heart went out to his wife and child over the sea.

At St. Kilda by the sea,
Ah! the hours drag wearily,
Trouble ever sits by me
At St. Kilda by the sea.

From their graves past years arise,
And they gaze with sorrowing eyes,
As they whisper “Late” amid their sighs,
At St. Kilda by the sea.

They bring a bride all lily fair,
Then a beautiful woman wan with care,
And they murmur, “ See by watchings there,”
At St. Kilda by the sea.

They show a girl-child weeping on a stair,
Her father kissing through her tangled hair,
And they sob, “Too soon she knoweth care,”
At St. Kilda by the sea.

In this fugitive scrap, penned in an hour of bitter loneliness and grievous despondency, there is something of the verve and the fire as well as the wild, mournful spirit of Darcy Magee in his best days, to whose erratic and singular

genius Deniehy's bore no distant affinity. .

About the end of 1864, Mrs. Deniehy returned to Sydney, to find her husband almost a total wreck. Then commenced the long bitter struggle with poverty that brought the weary brain to the verge of madness. Picture this gifted man at the period I now speak of, with a wife and three children wholly dependent on his exertions for bread, physically unable for the strain necessary to keep the wolf from the door. His soul torn with agony at the prospect of that want which he saw staring those so dear to him in the face, it is little wonder, then, that he sunk for ever under the bitter burden of woe which gathered around and encompassed him, and that, like Edgar Allan Poe, he sacrificed the last coin to obtain even temporary oblivion from the biting cares and corroding miseries which rendered his once happy home a desert and a wilderness. He totally disappeared from public life and society, and the picture drawn of him at this date by an impartial and kindly eye-witness — the Hon. Geoffrey Eagar — is something very lamentable. Few would recognise the once gay and genial Member for Argyle in the poor, broken, prematurely aged man, tottering with feeble steps and staggering gait along the least frequented paths of the city where his bright, hopeful boyhood had been passed.

I do not wish to offer any apology for such frailties and errors as marked and darkened this man's destiny, but I would point to the fact that in all things he was more sinned against than sinning.

Launched at an early age, and against his will and his own better judgment, upon the troubled sea of politics, courted, petted, and sought out by the highest in the land; dragged into the whirl of Sydney society with no time left him to devote to his own business concerns, his pecuniary affairs soon lapsed into the most complete chaos; the success so loudly boasted of by his enthusiastic and ill-judging friends was, after all, but ephemeral; unable to meet the tremendous liabilities which beset him on all sides, and having, in early life, dipped rather deeply into those social excesses which were then regarded as only very venial trespasses, his extremely weak physical organization and highly strung temperament rendered him peculiarly accessible to temptation, and left him powerless to resist its influence. In support of my own view of this lamentable phase in a character that I would fain have painted as spotless, I cannot do better than place before my readers Mr. Stenhouse's version of the causes which led to his melancholy self-abandonment.

It was to this gentleman that Deniehy was articled on his return from England, and, proud of his brilliant pupil, he regarded him with an almost paternal affection, and through every vicissitude remained his best and steadiest friend.

This letter, as will be seen, was penned a few weeks after Deniehy's death at Bathurst, and in refutation of some statements with regard to certain events in his career which appeared in the columns of the metropolitan as well as the local press, and which had hitherto gone unchallenged

“DANIEL HENRY DENIEHY.

(Written expressly for the Empire, and Mr. Deniehy's friends in England.)

“Since the despatch of the last mail for Europe, Mr. D. H. Deniehy, who has

been justly characterised 'as one of the most gifted men this colony has yet produced,' has passed away. At the time of his death he was on a visit to Bathurst, with the intention of ultimately settling there if he should find, as he had reason to expect a good opening for the practice of his profession as a solicitor. But before he left Sydney, he would have required some interval of rest and retirement with other favourable circumstances to fit him for any course of vigorous and systematic exertion, as his always delicate health had been greatly impaired by a variety of causes tending to harass and oppress him, and gradually combined with irregularities and excesses which he would probably have avoided or renounced had he been, in the common acceptance of the term, a prosperous man.

"To these frailties I should have made no allusion if I had not felt it to be an act of justice to Mr. Deniehy's memory to correct some mis-statements which have been put forth, apparently in ignorance of the real facts of the case, and, I regret to add, accompanied with comments manifesting equal indifference to the feelings of innocent and sorrowing survivors, and to the mute appeal for peace which comes from the most erring, — from those, to use the pathetic words of De Quincey, 'who lie helplessly at our feet, and can look for either truth or justice, tenderness or forbearance, simply to the humanized condition of our nobler sensibilities.' It has been strangely asserted that Mr. Deniehy was 'a remarkable instance of immediate success in life, that he was at once placed on the topmost round of fortune's wheels, and that this was too much for even his strong brain to bear without becoming giddy and toppling over.' Now I, who happen to know much of Mr. Deniehy's history, much of what he was in his pure, thoughtful, selfwithdrawn, studious boyhood, and of the brightest and darkest periods of his subsequent career, down to its untimely close, fearlessly affirm that this sudden success in life,' if it can be so called, was confined to reputation alone, reputation for high intellectual culture and brilliant oratorical powers, qualifications for which, in mercantile parlance, there has been no steady demand in the Colony, and which have seldom, if ever, yielded 'prompt returns'; that this 'success' did not render him self-exultant or over-sanguine, and did not even interfere for years with his studious and industrious habits; that the legislative honours to which this 'success' ultimately introduced him, so far from being sought for or eagerly grasped at, were literally thrust upon him by importunities which he had long resisted, and under specious representations which were never realised, and involved him rapidly and irresistibly in difficulties and embarrassments from which he strove vigorously but ineffectually to free himself; that in point of fact, from first to last, any *substantial* gifts which he received from fortune were few and scanty, even when they were best deserved, and that he never either enjoyed or trifled with anything like ample or well grounded prosperity. But I must hasten to the last act of the mournful tragedy.

"On the morning of Sunday, the 22nd ultimo, 1865, he was seized with a violent giddiness and vomited a large quantity of blood. Medical attendance was, however, procured, and he so far recovered as to be able to go out in the afternoon. But as he was walking along the open street, between four and five o'clock, when the heat of the sun was excessive, he had another attack, which

seems to have been aggravated by the force with which he fell to the ground, and he became quite insensible. His medical attendant, who was instantly sent for, speedily arrived, and after doing all that appeared immediately necessary, had him removed to the local hospital, where every care and kindness were shown him.

“But, after his fall, he spoke only a few words in answer to inquiries, and remained in a comatose state until near midnight, when he had another fit, and expired. Thus ended the trials, long, weary, successive, urgent, and alternate of ' the brightest spirit that has yet moved amongst us.' Peace to his ashes ! Let those who wish to disturb them remember the words of the Roman consul, when he was told that some one intended to attack his character after death, ‘Cum mortuis non nisi larvis luctari ’ (That no one made attacks on the dead but evil spirits or worms). I had intended to enter into a minute analysis of the more prominent characteristics of Mr. Deniehy's genius, but I feel myself at present, from many reasons, unequal to the task. I may hereafter recur to this melancholy subject; meanwhile I shall merely add that I sincerely trust something effectual may be done for the assistance of Mr. Deniehy's widow, who has been left with three helpless little girls, wholly dependent upon her exertions ; and I think it but bare justice to this amiable and suffering lady to direct the attention of her late husband's friends to the following extract from a letter written by him a few hours before his death:— ‘Brave things have been written of the love, and truth, and goodness, and heroism, and courage, and suffering, and faith of women, but one year's history of your life would be sufficient for all that has entitled them to the honour and veneration and gratitude of mankind.’

“NiCOL. D. STENHOUSE.”

“Sydney, NOV. 21st, 1865.”

I am particularly pleased to have the opportunity of republishing this particular letter; as coming from one whose name and memory are held in veneration alike by the students of law and literature here, it will carry its own weight, and because it makes allusion to the very last epistle (unfortunately lost) written by Deniehy, in which he bears the testimony of one over whose heart the Shadow of Death has already passed to the heroic devotion, the love, the faith, and the changeless constancy of the noble wife who, in all the horrible privations and trials known to extreme poverty, the sorrow, the want, and the misery of years, was true and fond and loving to the last, and to the last supreme hour retained her hold over the wayward heart of the gifted and hapless genius.

The bright and genial R. H. Horne, the gifted author of *Orion*, whom some have asserted will be the poet of the future, a sound and capable judge, and one little likely to be influenced by mere dazzle, speaks of him after his death as “D. H. Deniehy, once the eloquent, the witty, the erudite, and Vigorous leader of the Opposition in the Parliament of New South Wales,” and goes on to say, “The fate of an American celebrity, whose genius and writings Mr. Deniehy so much admired (Edgar Allan Poe), had often been predicted with regard to himself; and, indeed, it required a very slight degree of the prophetic seer to know the fate could scarcely in the end be otherwise. For years past it had become quite evident that life had lost all its natural charms for him, and that if he did not directly court

death, he at least set the grisly terror at defiance, or treated its frequent approach with scornful indifference.

* * * * *

“Daniel Henry Deniehy, amongst all young men of Australian birth (and we might put the statement in a far wider form), was the brightest spirit, the most elaborate of readers, the largest of scope as to intellectual sympathies; one of the most varied in attainments with respect to a knowledge of the best and most *recherché* books in both the ancient and modern languages, the cryptic and archaic being to him as familiar as the merely elegant or evanescent; and this applies no less to the knowledge he had of pictures, architecture, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*.

“In addition to all this, he possessed a marvellous memory, and was gifted beyond all other sons of the soil with ready wit and genuine eloquence. These latter qualities with him were no mere clap- traps to serve for momentary effect; he had the thoughts that uplift, and the words that burn.

“The feeling for abstract and idealistic beauty appeared in Mr. Deniehy to be almost an additional sense ; he seemed actually to taste the beautiful; his mouth watered at words as if they were luscious fruit, he appeared to have a sensuous impression of the ideal, with such fulness and force did his imagination realize a graphic thought ; and yet he had so well stored and practical an intellect and understanding, and so keen and subtle a knowledge of men and things, that he might have risen to the highest position in the Government of his native land, but for the corrosive influence of one evil amongst all his great and splendid gifts. No man, perhaps, ever had a larger number of personal friends, friends, too, who were passionately devoted to him, and from whom any service or kindness could be obtained, and generally without asking; but he had one fatal enemy, — an enemy unceasing and remorseless, through the whole day, and through the whole night, pursuing him even in his dreams. He would speak of this himself, at times, in a most learned and no less cunning way, to disarm and cut the ground from under his hearer, and give as a psychological reason why it was not of the least use for him even to make any effort to master his accursed foe, that he was a victim to the fatal paralysis of the will! It was therefore illogical and unphilosophical for anybody to offer him any advice on such a subject. No man for any essential purpose could help another in this way, etc. This is not a time to enter upon any detailed outline of his brief career. It was brief indeed as to the too much light, and all the sad remainder was a grim and phantasmal nightmare, surpassing all experience and all belief. Peace be to his wasted and wandering genius, and may all those forms of loveliness and refined grace on which he most delighted to discourse hover over him and infuse their spirit through his now unbroken sleep! Those who knew him in better hours will join in this prayer; and those who only knew him otherwise may forgive this poor white stone now laid with dim eyes and mournful memories upon his untimely grave.”

Superadded to other and earlier causes, the death of his beloved boy Julius and the consequent wreck of all his fond paternal hopes hastened Deniehy's own end.

Immediately the little one was laid away in his quiet grave, the fever of unrest appeared to seize upon his father, and he hurried from place to place, ostensibly for the purpose of founding a new home and recovering his lost position in society, but in reality to avoid the eyes of his fellow-men, and to hide himself from the false glitter of a world of whose bitterness he had tasted oftener than of its sweets.

He finally settled upon Bathurst as a residence in which to pass the remainder of the few days he felt were allotted to him, and declared his intention of never again viewing with his eyes the city which had witnessed the destruction of all his hopes, where he had known so much joy and so much sorrow. In proof of how dead his heart was at this period, I quote the following from information supplied me by a resident at Bathurst who as a boy was in the habit of daily seeing Mr. Deniehy there : “I was a very little fellow then, but I remember Mr. Deniehy perfectly. I used to see him every day. He never appeared to take the smallest interest in anything going on about him. Seldom or ever speaking to men, to children he was particularly kind, and would play with them by the hour. He used to make us schoolboys very jealous by the notice he took of one very little fellow more than the rest of us. But he once told us this boy reminded him of a dear child of his own whom he had loved and lost; after that there were no more heart-burnings, we all seemed to understand it. I fancy I can see him now, a small, pale, delicately made man, not more than five feet two in height, and more fragile in build and appearance than any one I have ever since seen. Men used to call him ugly; to my eyes there was something more than mere human beauty in his face. There was no mistaking nature's gentleman when you saw him, and reckless, unthinking youngsters as we were, we all instinctively saw and acknowledged this. He was always well and carefully dressed, almost always in black, with his coat worn buttoned from the throat down. He used to walk with his hands behind his back, his head bent down, and his thoughts to all seeming miles and miles away.

“Whilst he shunned the society of men, and the leading folks in the ‘City of the Plains’ would have been proud to have him amongst them, he would laugh and chat with us boys, and not unfrequently play a game of ball or marbles with us. Upon a few occasions I have been present when he was forced into conversation with gentlemen, and child as I was, I remember how struck I was by his magnificent style and grace of speech. I was present with my father two or three times, when he defended cases in the Bathurst Court, and not Sir James Martin, Mr. Dalley, Mr. Butler, or any man at the Australian bar, all of whom I have since heard, could be named with Mr. Deniehy as a speaker or a pleader. Any case he took in hand, if there is virtue in powerful argument and irresistible eloquence, must have been a success. He could have had the entire legal practice of the town if he had wished; but he seemed to care for nothing but to be left to his own thoughts. I remember how awful I used to think it for a man to be so much alone as we knew Mr. Deniehy to be.

“I saw his funeral, too; only five or six mourners followed him to the grave in the Roman Catholic cemetery. We boys would have gladly gone, but we dared not

play truant from school at that hour.

“He had no funds, scarcely a shilling, at the time of his death, and would have been buried like a pauper, but Mr. McIntosh, a leading solicitor there, gave orders that everything should be conducted on precisely the same scale as if it were his own funeral. How proud we boys were then to see 'our friend, as we regarded him, borne away in a beautiful purple velvet coffin, with the name we knew so well in great gilt letters above his breast. Ah ! little we knew of the broken heart that lay under the costly sheltering. Mr. White, the police magistrate, read the brief service at the grave, and, strange to add, he was himself laid to his rest in less than a week afterwards.

“Youth is said to forget all things quickly, but I know it was long before we forgot Mr. Deniehy and the singular influence he exercised over us in that short period of our school-boy days. Self-withdrawn, and living in a world of his own, spaces beyond us, as it seemed, he never manifested the smallest degree or consciousness of intellectual superiority to the very humblest, either in manner or conversation; and would listen with grave and kindly interest to any or everybody upon any subject that was brought before them. And long after he had passed from our sight, I have heard men speak of the marvellous sweetness of disposition, the grace and the winning ways of the spirit that had gone from our midst.”

Mournful as is the picture sketched here of Deniehy, and strictly true, there were moments when hope came back to him, when in fancy he again saw himself in a home of his own; and how dear to his weary heart was that sweet sound “home.”

Here is a letter in which a gleam of light must have come to him

“BATHURST, Sept. 17th, 1865.

“MY BELOVED WIFE,— Before I had received your letter mine must have reached you.

“My darling, neither fear nor grieve for me, better days are coming. I have been ill, but I am tolerably well now. How Mr. Greville could have missed or met with any difficulty in finding me I cannot understand. Everybody at Bathurst knows me; and if not at the Court house, I could have easily been heard of at my hotel or at the Post Office. It is not my fault, dearest, that the children and yourself are not with me, yet you know how utterly penniless I was leaving Sydney. The struggle has been a hard and bitter one, and were it not for the children and, above all, for your sake, I should think no favour greater than for the Almighty to call me from this world to whatever the future may be.

“But I do not, and will not despair. I have the dearest stake that man ever had, and I will fight to the close. God bless and keep you, my wife and my babes. In a very few days we shall be together, and all will be well. Kiss my darlings for their father.

“Always my Ada's

“D. H. DENIEHY.”

“MRS. DENIEHY.”

Even this must have appeared to him in too sad a strain, and ever anxious to soothe and cheer the patient wife, who at this time had to make use of the graces and accomplishments acquired in happier days for the support of her little ones, he

followed it by another written on the same day.

“BATHURST, Sept. 17th, 1865.

“MY OWN DEAR, DEAR WIFE, — I had written to you this morning, but I fear it was in a tone of despondency, for I had, as I said, been ill, and the thought of you is never away from me night or day. In old times, Ada, it seems to me I never loved you enough. One day's absence from you, and I realise all you have been to me.

“I feel so well to-day, beloved, and the world looks bright. I am full of hope, more like your old lover than I have felt for years. You shall come to me immediately. Never mind the sorrow and the pain, all has passed away, and you shall be in your own home at Bathurst, in the pretty cottage I have taken for you, at the end of next week.

“My love, my life, God in His wise judgment has made me turn to you with all the love which years ago you poured out on me as water on sand. I am writing this hurriedly to catch the post, because there was a despondency in my letter of this morning which might have fretted and grieved you. God bless you, my sweet flower, for the letter that came to me yesterday. It was medicine and perfume to me in my loneliness; I have read it a hundred times, though, indeed, I know it by heart. I think God pities me while He sees and knows I have the love of the best and truest wife He ever sent to comfort man. No one born will ever know or understand all that my beautiful love has felt and suffered for me. Kiss my children for me, their father's heart is with them to-night. Ada, dearer than life to me, adieu.

“Your Husband,

“D.H. DENIEHY.”

“MRS. DENIEHY.”

The hopes and promises shadowed forth in this exquisitely moving epistle, the more touching because the spark of life in the frail tenement was already virtually extinct, were destined never to be fulfilled.

I have little more to add of the brief and fitful career of Daniel Henry Deniehy. His stay amongst us was all too short, the records of his track are too scanty to permit me to pronounce with any degree of positiveness or certainty upon what he might have been. Yet judging from the few evidences left behind, and which with some confidence I place before my readers, and from the testimony of contemporaries, men of keen critical skill and worldly shrewdness, I think that, with all his follies and failings, his shortcomings and his grievous falling away from the promise of early days, as a scholar, a philosopher, an orator, and a *litterateur*, this “New Britannia” has not yet given birth to his equal. Nor have I any hesitancy in asserting my belief that, more happily placed by fortune, with ample means at his disposal, his destiny might and would have been widely and brightly different. His genius was of an order so pure, so delicate and sensitive that it needed for its nurture and perfect development, not the luxury of “curtained case” but to be lifted beyond the soul-killing necessity of warring with the world for daily bread. Under such favouring circumstances, then, as these, I do not fear contradiction in saying that the name of Daniel Henry Deniehy would have been

found engraved in indelible characters on the fairest page of his country's history. I am not, of course, keeping out of sight or endeavouring to clothe with any species of sophistry the fatal physical weakness which was the curse of his young life, which was, perhaps, as mighty an element as any other in his destruction.

Of his sweetness of disposition, his generosity, and devotion to the sacred calls of friendship, none of those now living who enjoyed the privilege of his intimacy and companionship can, even at this lapse of time, speak without a dimness of the eye and a trembling of the lip, that tells eloquently of the nobleness, the loveliness, that dwelt in the frail form of "brilliant little Dan." In the old days the struggling children of literature always knew where to come for a kindly word and a helping hand. His criticisms of their often slovenly work, so gently and sweetly given, did more to mould many a colonial writer's style and build his fame than a volume of Macaulay.

In the midst of his own pressing business cares, it was no infrequent thing for his privacy to be invaded by an army of press stragglers, each with his bit of "copy" for Mr. Deniehy "just to take a look at." And Mr. Deniehy, though many a time and oft with a sick and aching heart, ever had a hopeful word and a cheering smile for "the poor brother in Bohemia," and none ever left his presence without the consciousness of feeling his burden lightened.

I will not say that under any circumstances Mr. Deniehy's career in politics would have been one of unmingled success. A lover of books and a student of art, politics, in the general acceptance of the term, were too coarse, too earthy for his elevated taste ; nor could his lofty nature take in or understand the miserable shifts, the dodges, the countless bargains and compromises at the expense and sacrifice of principle that were resorted to by those who clung tenaciously to the reins of power. But in spite of these drawbacks and hindrances, his political services were neither few nor unimportant.

His fire and passionate enthusiasm lent life and spirit to the great out-of-doors opposition which met Mr. Wentworth in many of his high-handed acts, and was the death-knell to his first Constitution Bill. Long before he entered the Representative Chamber, he was known to be intimately associated with many prominent men in the consideration and perfecting of the two great schemes of land and electoral reform.

He delivered, perhaps, one of the best speeches of his life in connection with the former before the members of the Victorian Land Convention at Melbourne, in the September of 1858.

On Saturday, November 13th, 1858, he made a vigorous and splendidly argumentative speech in moving a resolution condemnatory of the action of the Secretary of State for the Colonies declining to submit to Her Majesty for the royal assent an Act passed in the Colonial Legislature to incorporate St. John's College within the University of Sydney. This was afterwards carried by a large majority, but it was chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Deniehy that the Roman Catholic body so early won the enjoyment of that privilege. He lent a powerful support to and was largely instrumental in the carrying of the Abolition of State Aid to Religion Bill.

On Wednesday, July 21st, 1858, he carried a motion that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into and report upon the manner of the expenditure of the funds granted by the Legislature for purposes connected with the Sydney University, and also as to the manner in which that institution had hitherto fulfilled the purposes for which it was called into existence. He moved on the 9th November, 1859, and was only defeated by a majority of five, a resolution condemning in strong language the famous appointment of Mr. Lyttleton Holyoake Bayley as Attorney-General. The indecency of this step will be seen in an instant, when I remind my readers that the gentleman was barely two months resident in the Colony, and was consequently unfit for the important office he was suddenly and to his own amazement thrust into. It was with special reference to this celebrated political fiasco, that Mr. Deniehy published his satirical pamphlet, "How I became Attorney-General of New Barataria." This work, though creating a profound sensation at the time of its appearance, and having been spoken of in exalted terms by Barton and others will be found in an appendix.

Few now living would recognise the persons or incidents it so sparkingly caricatured, the purpose for which it was written has long since faded from men's minds. As some mention of this work is made in a letter of Mr. Deniehy's to his wife as having been heard of in England, I am pleased to be able to bear that statement out, as a fragment of a letter is now in my possession, addressed to Mr. Deniehy by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton), warmly complimenting him on the spirit and completeness of the *brochure*. Lord Lytton spoke of the poor and narrow field the Colony afforded for the growth, development, or appreciation of literary talent and concluded by inviting the young author to London, where he was satisfied a splendid future awaited him. This letter is dated from Lord Lytton's house in London some time in 1862.

The following tributes, after his tragic end, to the lost, bright spirit of Australia's glorious son are paid by men who well knew the power, the attainments, and the capabilities of the one who had preceded them into the valley of the shadow:—

"In a remote town of the interior, away from family and friends, died suddenly, in the 35th year of his age, Daniel Henry Deniehy.

"His death demands more than a passing notice from all who revere great talents and admire high intellectual culture. Mr. Deniehy may be justly regarded as one of the most brilliant of the native born youth of this country. Of rare natural abilities, his early years were marked by an impassioned love of Literature. At a period of life when with most of us the real business of education is only commencing, he had collected and arranged the rich and varied treasures of ripe scholarship. Many will recollect the child-like face and delicate form of the boy-orator and lecturer of ten or fifteen years ago upon the platform of literary assemblages, holding large audiences entranced with the magic of his eloquence, and inspiring not less admiration of his genius than wonder at the precocity and ripeness of his talents. An unrivalled speaker by nature as well as by careful cultivation, he devoted the best and earliest years of his brief manhood to the instruction and elevation of his young countrymen. He successively, on the public platform, treated the Literatures of Rome, of France, of Italy, and of England ; and It is not too much to assert that,

in this land at all events, no such admirable discourses were ever pronounced.

* * * * *

“Looking down upon the grave, which holds so much that, was once so loved and admired, and from which so many of the fruits of a great and honourable life were expected, his survivors will forgive the bitterness of his hostility, and only remember the former triumphs of his noble intellect ere sorrow and infirmity and disappointment had clouded, weakened, and broken his genius. Few will think of the luminous spirit now gone from our midst without a tear of regret for so much power lost for ever, and of pity for a life which gave such promise of greatness, and went out in suffering, in poverty and bitter mental distress.”

“May I be permitted,” says another writer in an issue of the *Freeman's Journal* bearing date Nov. 12th, 1865, “to pay a passing tribute to the memory of the late Daniel Henry Deniehy ? Your contemporary has touched upon his history with a tender and a loving hand ; I would wish to do so in the same spirit.

“Known only to me through his public life, I have never possessed the privilege of that familiar intercourse which seems to have charmed all who have enjoyed it.

“Upon one occasion, and one only, had I the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and the impression produced upon me by his extraordinary intellect was such that I have never forgotten it, and most probably never shall. We were weatherbound travellers at a solitary wayside inn, and, of course, thrown a good deal on each other's society for amusement. I soon discovered I was in the presence of no ordinary man, and indulged in many conjectures as to who he could possibly be. However, I was not long in the dark, for in the evening he grew communicative, and drawing his chair to the fire, indulged in a thoroughly Coleridgean monologue, I all the while, to borrow Carlyle's words, sitting ‘a passive bucket to be pumped into,’ and very contented I was to be so. I cannot say now whether it was the eloquence of his language or the vast stores of his knowledge which attracted me most; but between the two I was spell-bound.

“In the course of the second day at this place we were joined by another visitor. I know not who he was, but he must have been an artist, or some one intimately acquainted with Art in all its branches. Mr. Deniehy was soon in conversation with this gentleman on the contents of the different Continental galleries. With those of Dresden and Munich he appeared to be perfectly familiar, and you would have thought he carried a catalogue of the Louvre in his pocket. Presently the conversation changed to engravings at the Louvre, as illustrative of various styles and various processes in the art. He afterwards gave us a minute history of Gilhonette portraiture. Now, considering Gilhonette has been “out” for years, one might almost say for centuries, we may well marvel at his familiarity with such an out-of-the-way subject.

“To my fancy he much resembled De Quincey. They were alike in person—both mere tenements for the spirit within; alike in the copiousness of their information, in their magical eloquence and rare precision of style, in their irregular and unrestrained efforts; alike, too, in their frequent pilgrimages to that dreamland, that enchanted realm, that faëry ground of imagination, which has ever been a lure

SPEECHES

Speech On MR. Wentworth's Constitution Bill (1854).

MR. D. H. DENIEHY having been called upon to second the third resolution, said :—

Why he had been selected to speak to the present resolution he knew not, save that as a native of the Colony he might naturally be expected to feel something like real interest, and to speak with something like real feeling on a question connected with the political institutions of the Colony. He would do his best to respond to that invitation to “speak up,” and would perhaps balance deficiencies flowing from a small volume of voice by in all cases speaking plainly and calling things by their right names. He protested against the present daring and unheard-of attempt to tamper with a fundamental popular right, that of having a voice in the nomination of men who were to make, or control the making of, laws binding on the community — laws perpetually shifting and changing the nature of the whole social economy of a given state, and frequently operating in the subtlest form on the very dearest interests of the citizen, on his domestic, his moral, and perhaps his religious relations. The name of Mr. Wentworth had several times been mentioned there that day, and upon one or two occasions with an unwise tenderness, a squeamish reluctance to speak plain English, and call certain shady deeds of Mr. Wentworth's by their usual homely appellations, simply because they were Mr. Wentworth's. Now, he for one was no wise disposed, as preceding speakers had seemed, to tap the vast shoulders of Mr. Wentworth's political recreancies— “to damn him with faint praise and mistimed eulogy.” He had listened from boyhood upwards to grey tradition, to Mr. Wentworth's demagogic areopagitas — his speeches for the liberty of the unlicensed printing *régime* of Darling; and for these and divers other deeds of a time when the honourable Member for Sydney had to the full his share of the chivalrous pugnacities of five- and-twenty, he was as much inclined to give Mr. Wentworth credit as any other man. But with those fantasias, those everlasting varieties on the “Light of other Days” perpetually ringing in his ears, he, Mr. Deniehy, was fain to inquire by what rule of moral and political appraisal it was sought to, throw in a scale directly opposite to that containing the flagrant and shameless political dishonesty of years, the democratic escapades, sins long since repented of, in early youth. The subsequent political conduct, or rather the systematic political principles of Mr. Wentworth, had been of a character sufficiently outrageous to cancel the value of a century of service.

The British Constitution had been spoken of that afternoon in terms of unbounded laudation. That stately fabric, it is true, deserved to be spoken

of in terms of respect; he, Mr. Deniehy, respected it, and no doubt they all shared in that feeling. But his was a qualified respect at best, and in all presumed assimilations of the political hypothesis of our colonial constitution-makers, he warned them not to be seduced by mere words and phrases — sheer sound and fury. Relatively, the British Constitution was only an admirable example of slowly growing and gradually elaborated political experience applied and set in action, but it was also eminent and exemplary as a long history, still evolving, of political philosophy.

But, as he had said before, it was after all but relatively good for its wonderfully successful fusion of principles the most antagonistic. Circumstances entirely alter cases, and he would again warn them not to be led away by vague associations, exhaled from the use of venerable phrases that had, what few phrases now-a-days seldom could boast, genuine meanings attached to them.

The patrician element existed in the British Constitution, as did the regal, for good reasons — it had stood in the way of all later legislative thought and operation as a great fact; as such it was handled, and in a deep and prudential spirit of conservatism it was allowed to stand; but as affecting the basis and foundation of the architecture of a constitution, the elective principles neutralized all detrimental influences, by conversion, practically, into a mere check upon the deliberations of the initiative section of the Legislature.

And having the right to frame, to embody, to shape it as we would, with no huge stubborn facts to work upon as in England, there was nothing but the elective principle and the inalienable right and freedom of every colonist upon which to work out the whole organisation and fabric of our political institutions. But because it was the good pleasure of Mr. Wentworth, and the respectable toil of that puissant legislative body whose serpentine windings were so ridiculous, we were not permitted to form our own Constitution, but instead we were to have one and an Upper Chamber cast upon us, built upon a model to suit the taste and propriety of certain political oligarchs, who treated the people at large as if they were cattle to be bought and sold in the market, as indeed they were in American slave states, and now in the Australian colonies, where we might find bamboozled Chinese and kidnapped Coolies. And being in a figurative humour, he might endeavour to cause some of the proposed nobility to pass before the stage of our imagination as the ghost of Banquo walked in the vision of Macbeth, so that we might have a fair view of those harlequin aristocrats, those Australian magnificos. We will have them across the stage in all the pomp and circumstance of hereditary titles. First, then, stalked the hoary Wentworth. But he could not believe that to such a head

the strawberry leaves would add any honour. Next comes the full-blooded native aristocrat, Mr. James Macarthur, who would, he supposed, aspire to an earldom at least; he would therefore call him Earl of Camden, and he would suggest for his coat of arms a field vert, the heraldic term for green, and emblazoned on this field should be the rum keg of a New South Wales order of chivalry. There was also the much-starred Terence Aubrey Murray, with more crosses and orders — not orders of merit — than a state of mandarinhood. Another gentleman who claimed the proud distinction of a colonial title was George Robert Nichols, the hereditary Grand Chancellor of all the Australias. Behold him in the serene and moody dignity of that picture of Rodias that smiled on us in all the public-house parlours. This was the gentleman who took Mr. Lowe to task for altering his opinions, this conqueror in the lists of jaw, this victor in the realms of gab. It might be well to ridicule the doings of this miserable clique, yet their doings merited burning indignation; but to speak more seriously of such a project would too much resemble the Irishman “kicking at nothing, it wrenched one horribly.” But though their weakness was ridiculous, he could assure them that these pigmies might work a great deal of mischief; they would bring contempt upon a country whose best interests he felt sure they all had at heart, until the meanest man that walked the streets would fling his gibe at the aristocrats of Botany Bay. He confessed he found extreme difficulty in the effort to classify this mushroom order of nobility. They could not aspire to the miserable and effete dignity of the worn-out grandees of continental Europe. There, even in rags, they had antiquity of birth to point to; here he would defy the most skilled naturalist to assign them a place in the great human family. But perhaps after all it was only a specimen of the remarkable contrariety which existed at the Antipodes. Here they all knew that the common water-mole was transformed into the duck-billed platypus; and in some distant emulation of this degeneracy, he supposed they were to be favoured with a bunyip aristocracy.

However, to be serious, he sincerely trusted this was only the beginning of a more extended movement, and from its commencement he argued the happiest results. A more orderly, united, and consolidated meeting he had never witnessed. He was proud of Botany Bay, even if he had to blush for some of her children. He took the name as no term of reproach when he saw such a high, true, and manly sensibility on the subject of their political rights; that the instant the liberties of their country were threatened, they could assemble, and with one voice declare their determined and undying opposition. But he would remind them that this was not a mere selfish consideration, there were far wider interests at stake.

Looking at the gradually increasing pressure of political parties at home,

they must, in the not distant future, prepare to open their arms to receive the fugitives from England, Ireland, and Scotland, who would hasten to the offered security and competence that were cruelly denied them in their own land. The interests of those countless thousands were involved in their decision upon this occasion, and they looked, and were justly entitled to look, for a heritage befitting the dignity of free men.

Bring them not here with fleeting visions and delusive hopes. Let them not find a new-fangled Brummagem aristocracy swarming and darkening these fair, free shores. It is yours to offer them a land where man is bountifully rewarded for his labour, and where a just law no more recognises the supremacy of a class than it does the predominance of a creed. But, fellow-citizens, there is an aristocracy worthy of our respect and of our admiration. Wherever human skill and brain are eminent, wherever glorious manhood asserts its elevation, there is an aristocracy that confers eternal honour upon the land that possesses it. That is God's aristocracy, gentlemen ; that is an aristocracy that will bloom and expand under free institutions, and for ever bless the clime where it takes root. He hoped they would take into consideration the hitherto barren condition of the country they were legislating for. He himself was a native of the soil, and he was proud of his birthplace. It is true its past was not hallowed in history by the achievements of men whose names reflected a light upon the times in which they lived. They had no long line of poets or statesmen or warriors; in this country, Art had done nothing but Nature everything. It was theirs, then, alone to inaugurate the future. In no country had the attempt ever been made to successfully manufacture an aristocracy *pro re nata*. It could not be done; they might as well expect honour to be paid to the dusky nobles of King Kamehamaka, or to the ebony earls of the Emperor Souloque of Hayti.

The stately aristocracy of England was founded on the sword. The men who came over with the conquering Norman were the masters of the Saxons, and so became the aristocracy. The followers of Oliver Cromwell were the masters of the Irish, and so became their aristocracy. But he would inquire by what process Wentworth and his satellites had conquered the people of New South Wales, except by the artful dodgery of cooking up a Franchise Bill. If we were to be blessed with an Australian aristocracy, he should prefer it to resemble, not that of William the Bastard, but of Jack the Strapper. But he trespassed too long on their time, and would in conclusion only seek to record two things — first, his indignant denunciation of any tampering with the freedom and purity of the elective principle, the only basis upon which sound government could be built; and, secondly, he wished them to regard well the future destinies of their

country. Let them, with prophetic eye, behold the troops of weary pilgrims from foreign despotism which would ere long be flocking to these shores in search of a more congenial home, and let them now give their most earnest and determined assurance that the domineering clique which made up the Wentworth party were not, and should never be, regarded as the representatives of the manliness, the spirit, and the intelligence of the freemen of New South Wales. He had sincere pleasure in seconding the resolution, confident that it would meet with unanimous support and approval.

First Nomination Speech For Argyle (1856).

AFTER lucidly and comprehensively dealing with the chief political topics of the day, Mr. Deniehy said, —

The Land question is the cardinal subject for Australian statesmanship, and it is one which, because of the considerations surrounding it, considerations flowing from physical characteristics of the country, would imperatively demand the genius of a statesman of the very highest order. I claim such a settlement of this question, then, as shall-everywhere the necessities of the State require it—open up the public lands of the Colony to the industrial classes, as shall place land easily within every man's reach, not in theory but in point of fact, and in the broad and true spirit of colonization, in the spirit of that honest national policy, which, in the rulers of a new land, make the building up of a nation the end and aim of Government.

Meanwhile the interests based on pastoral pursuits have become, so to speak, one of the institutions of the country. However much I wish the present land regulations reformed, even organically changed, I shall demand for every genuine interest that has grown up under them equitable consideration, and this on grounds not only, as I have before remarked, of abstract justice, but of natural policy. As a great existing productive and commercial feature of the country, I wish the pastoral interest to be fairly and wisely dealt with, on a basis of severe justice, but on a basis not a whit more extensive. The immigration question I regard as allied to that of opening the lands. Without effecting the latter, any attempt at extensive and effective immigration I look upon as idle. Heretofore we have been mainly occupied in importing servants and labourers for the larger landholders. Our land regulations have virtually deprived us of the power of offering inducements to a class of respectable peasants in Europe, who would gladly come here to become small proprietors, — to be to us “the soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,” of national strength and prosperity, — to contribute, each one by his particular effort, to that general result which would make “the wilderness to blossom like the rose” —to give us, besides consolidating our material prosperity, those massive thinkers, those rugged, undaunted masters and confessors for truth, and right which the bold yeomanry of every European land and the giant American States have brought forth.

For myself, gentlemen, devoutly could I have wished this day of my nomination as a member of your parliament for some years postponed. I would have wished to build myself into solid proportions of wisdom and

learning. I would fain have known more of mankind ere I undertook to legislate for them. I would fain have abode longer in that atmosphere which Milton termed "the still and severe air of great studies." But a crisis, you tell me, and I believe it, is at hand, or is rapidly approaching, and you want me. When the signal fires are reddening the hills at midnight, when the sharp tuck of the drum and the fierce, taunting invitation of the trumpet are abroad, is it for the recruit to plead that his drill is incomplete? Going down to represent your opinions, as I shall, on a question of the highest moment, I shall do my best to serve the exigencies of the hour, with a humble sense of my present inexperience, but with no unworthy hope. I trust to hereafter lending a hand, in my poor way, to touch to great and beneficent issues the destinies of this "Land of the free, whose kingdom is to come."

Mr. Deniehy resumed his seat amidst deafening and protracted bursts of applause.

Speech On The Land Bill, Nov. 27th, 1857.

MR. DENIEHY, after a few remarks with regard to the importance of debating the subject, promised to combat with the cry that had been raised out of doors as to the competency of the present House to deal with the bill. He was sorry to say, moreover, that several gentlemen had joined in that cry for whose intelligence and patriotism he had the highest respect. As to the competency of the Chamber, he entirely concurred in the views of the Hon. Member for King and Georgiana, that if they waited until they had a House representing an entire community of opinion they would never see the Land question settled. He looked upon this question as one which could only be settled by approximation, in the same way that all other great reforms had been effected. If the people of England had waited for a Parliament embodying a community of opinion, the Reform Bill and many other beneficent measures would have been still in the dim distance. On reflection, it would be found that all great measures of national reform had been brought about progressively and by mutual concessions of opinion. The Hon. Member for King and Georgiana had pretended to argue that the principles of the Bill now before the House were the same as those of the late Ministry's Bill; but after all he was compelled to admit that the reduction in the price of land was really a new feature ; and he, Mr. Deniehy, contended that it was the most important feature that could be introduced into a measure of the kind. In fact, it was the only principle the Hon. Member for the South Riding had thought it worth his while to attack. Mr. Deniehy then proceeded to quote from authorities in support of his position, and in answer to Mr. Donaldson and other members who had expressed similar views, showing, amongst other things, that Mr. Donaldson had misquoted Blackstone with respect to the origin of property, etc. He, Mr. Deniehy, contended that it was the sacred duty of statesmen in dealing with a question of such magnitude to give the preference to agriculture, for it was that which mainly gave a love of home and country, and promoted industry, thrift, and happiness throughout a community. He said this without in the slightest degree desiring to damage the pastoral interest, which at present he admitted produced the chief staple of the Colony. The real issue to be fought out by this Bill was not against the squatters as a class, but against the greedy capitalist, who sought to monopolise the entire lands of the Colony and to deprive posterity of their fair inheritance. He was surprised that hon. members had brought against the Attorney-General (Mr. James Martin) the charge of having expressed an opinion equivalent to this — that the measure now before the House

would be considered as final by the Government. Now to have only imagined that the lion. and learned gentleman could have broached such a doctrine as this, would be to believe that that gentleman possessed a greater amount of impudence than Attorney-Generals were usually in the habit of possessing, and that members of that House were greater fools than ever were any jury that the honourable, learned, and exceedingly aggressive member would have to address, because, in anything that House could do, there could be no finality as regarded their successors. What the honourable and learned member had intended to say was this, that the arrangements should be considered final as far as the contract was concerned. The terms of that contract were defined in the present Bill, and no one could expect to find better or fairer terms than were there proposed.

Alluding to the speeches of Mr. Holroyd and Mr. Faucett, he combated the objections urged against the Bill by those hon. members. For himself, he was prepared to support the Bill almost solely on account of the proposed reduction of the upset price of land to 5s. an acre, as he considered that it had hitherto been kept up to a price that was all but prohibitory.

The proposed change was at all events one for the better in the present state of things, and in the clauses, which, in conjunction with his hon. friend, Mr. John Robertson, he intended to introduce to the House, that proposal would not at all interfere with the provisions of the Bill. It would touch none of its vital principles, but merely afford additional facilities to the people for acquiring land.

He had now only to express the hope that the Ministry and the House would faithfully carry out the sentiments so generally expressed, that they should do the greatest good to the greatest number, and that, step by step, they would proceed in the business of the legitimate settlement of the country; throwing open the lands, but jealously guarding the rights that existed under lease, for in such means, and in such alone, they would find the best elements of civilisation for the mighty tracts of country now waste, solitary, and unoccupied.

Speech On Electoral Reform, May 12th, 1858.

HE (Mr. Deniehy) held the opinion that in a young country like this, every citizen who paid taxes, let his position be what it might, had a right to vote for a representative in the government of the country. He did not base that right upon such abstract theories of representative government as those brought forward by hon. members on the opposite side of the House. When hon. gentlemen pointed out to them the examples of Grecian democracies and the danger of putting large powers into the hands of the populace, they had forgotten to tell them there was not the slightest similarity between the popular institutions of those days and the representative system of England. The former were the primary assemblies of the people, and were often wrought to violent and hasty action by fiery and intemperate orators; and the great difference was, that the latter, the representative system, provided for the election of representatives who should calmly deliberate for the masses. Whatever might be the character of individuals forming a constituency, it was not likely to affect that of a representative; and hon. members would hardly contest what had been said by a high authority, "that no man, however ignorant, when called upon to vote, would do so in support of one whom he considered equally uneducated or low in character." And this formed the sure safeguard of representative institutions. As to the statement, supported on the authority of Sismondi, that the ancients enjoyed popular power and free institutions in the highest perfection; and the argument founded thereupon — that if they were now taken as models or guides, nothing short of national ruin could be expected—he might say that Socrates, Plato, or Demosthenes had as much idea of representative government as they had of the Acts of the Apostles. Turning to America, it was positively painful to hear hon. members on the other side of the House, so anxious to depreciate the men chosen by the popular voice there, some of whom had been of the most distinguished ability and irreproachable character. Amongst those might be named Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others almost as eminent, and the loftiness and the purity of the principles by which those men were actuated was shown in the choice of such statesmen for Ministers at foreign Courts as Hunt, Everitt, Irving, and Buchanan. So far as regard to character, ability, and attainments was concerned, she set a noble example to England by exercising what was purely a patronage of worth. Into any young country it was the duty of the Government to welcome new-comers, and put them in possession of the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, and that was to be done by giving them the franchise; and he believed that in

such a place, where a man lived by the reward of labour, none would wish for a destructive or revolutionary policy. But they had striven too long and suffered too sorely under the clique and caste system in England not to wish and strive for something better in the land where they sought refuge ; and it was the solemn and sacred duty of legislators to prepare for them a fair field where there was no favour. The real value of such a measure as the present was, that it would be the preliminary to a Land Bill, and it was possible that, in view of its affecting that subject, the foolish outcry of revolution had been raised. He would vote for the second reading; and he had never before recorded his vote with such entire satisfaction to himself, because he felt that he was discharging his duty to the country as a citizen, as a representative to those who had sent him there, and to himself as a man, a husband, and a father.

Speech On Mr. Cowper's Chinese Immigration Bill, April 10th, 1858.

MR. DENIEHY said he was surprised to hear hon. members asking for a postponement of so important a Bill after they had expressed their convictions that the subject was one which ought to be dealt with at once. Those hon. gentlemen who desired this measure withdrawn in order that a prohibitory Bill might be introduced, could not fail to see that they might attain their object by moving in committee that the amount levied be raised from £3 to £10, to £20 or £30. In consequence of the discovery of gold in the country, we were threatened by an overwhelming influx of barbarians, men of low social and mental development, and given to the indulgence of vices unfit to be named by a decent man. If this immigration continued on a large scale it would impart to the country a barbarous and degraded aspect, and the colonial descent would be of decidedly inferior caste. The simple question was this — The country stood upon the brink of a great disaster, and it naturally looked to its Parliament to check that disaster; and the Legislature had a right to deal with the matter on the grounds of policy and public expediency. He, Mr. Denichy, saw no more injustice in preventing the landing of this degraded race, who would not only lower and demoralize, but also endanger the safety of the country, than he saw in stopping the “running” of a cargo of contraband opium or brandy. He must say that opposition to the Bill came with a very bad grace from hon. members; but they always had to dread a latent and illicit hankering after the introduction of inferior races for the purpose of obtaining cheap labour. They had seen attempt after attempt made to bring here the Coolie and the Eurasian. He had much pleasure in supporting the second reading of the Bill ; and if hon. gentlemen were sincere in their expressions of the desirability of passing the measure without delay, they would, to a man, vote for the second reading, and make it prohibitory as they pleased when in committee.

Speech At The Nomination For Argyle (Second Election), Monday, 18TH January, 1858.

MR. DENIEHY, after warmly thanking the electors for the great honour they had done him in a second time returning him for their county, said that had it not been for the approaching battle on the great subject of electoral reform and the present ominous state of affairs, it was questionable whether he would have offered himself for re-election. At very great personal sacrifice, indeed at the risk of absolute ruin, he had entered the Legislature at all; and as a professional man resident in the country, his continuance in Parliament would be impossible, were it not for certain changes in his private affairs which he contemplated making. He had entered the Assembly at a crisis for the purpose of doing what as an Australian he considered his duty to his country, and he had done it.

In February last they had sent him into Parliament to aid in the removal from office of Mr. H. Watson Parker's Government. Ousted that Ministry accordingly was, and he (Mr. Deniehy) should for the present have rested satisfied with the share in the good work, did he not see that a season more critical than any since the inauguration of responsible government had come upon them. That had come to pass which was more to be feared than all the combinations of squatterdom. There was a disintegration of the popular party. The people had to some extent broken away from and turned upon their old friends and leaders — had for one error of governmental policy trampled upon the loyal and intrepid services of long years in their cause. The people's enemies had been favoured with a consummation they had never even dared to pray for. The popular foe, he believed, had uniformly looked to their own special strength for victory, not to that more potent force, disunion and strife in the people's camp, and a violent hand raised by the masses against the first Ministry pledged to reform, because its first measure happened to be defective. He had a right to speak in this tone, because he was one of those who strove to impart into the Cowper Ministers' Land Bill what would have met a very just and very equitable demand the people had made, and he was one of those who had led the movement which caused the withdrawal of the Bill. He therefore felt it was a time when the people wanted the assistance of every true friend — of every honest and intelligent man who loved his country, who had its best interests at heart, and he had again come forward. He would for a moment advert to some remarks concerning his conduct in connection with the Land Bill which had appeared in one of the local journals. He had with reference to this been branded as joining a band of conspirators against his

country's well-being, as falling into the ranks of place hunters, and turning around at the last moment to cover what he found to be a false move by endeavouring to introduce popular clauses into the Bill. In first addressing the House on Mr. Cowper's Bill, which, though extremely defective, he looked upon as a good beginning, as fraught with benefit by its simple enactment of reducing the price, as inserting the wedge into the present pastoral system, he had stated that he would seek in committee to introduce several new provisions into the Bill.

The Selection clauses prepared by his honourable friend, the present Minister for Lands and Works, embodied these principles in their entirety; and it is within the knowledge of the recent Member for the Southern Boroughs, Mr. Murray, that immediately after the second reading of the Bill, Mr. Robertson himself had declared his intention of infusing, if possible, into the measure a selection principle to co-exist with the auction system, and had several interviews on the subject with Mr. Murray, then Secretary for Land and Works. It was but bare justice to Mr. Murray to say that he was in favour of the proposed clauses. With the sober caution of an astute statesman, he had intimated his fear of experimentalising, but stated at the same time his thorough readiness to support the provision, if they could show him warrant for it in the land legislation of America, which he, Mr. Murray, regarded as one of the most pre-eminently successful of policies. Mr. Robertson and himself, Mr. Deniehy, undertook to produce American precedent for the principle; but so sincere was Mr. Murray in his expressions, that he himself was the first who produced authority on the subject in the Act of Congress, September 4th, 1841. As he was on this matter, and as it formed the most important part of his conduct in the Assembly besides, as principles embodied in the clauses in question had been pretty fairly assailed, the greater part of the explanation he was there that day to offer might be given at once. He for one would never support any Land Bill that did not give *bonâ fide* settlers a right, upon conditions which should guard the privileges for such settlers, of selection at minimum prices. Mr. Robertson's clauses proposed to give the *bonâ fide* settlers a right of selection and purchase, without auction or competition, of some 160 acres more or less on condition of residence thereon by the purchaser or his assigns for five years, and cultivation within that term of twenty-five per cent. of the total acreage. The purchaser was to pay twenty-five per cent. on making the selection, and the residue in five years. Now the introduction of these clauses, he was sorry to say, had been bitterly opposed by the Ministry and neglected by the Assembly. The Auction system pure and simple was alone what the Government and the House would hear of. The Ministry and several gentlemen who supported them

cried out with triumphant complacency that that was the system which obtained in America. Black and white, noonday and midnight, were not more widely different than the American and Australian auctions. But he, Mr. Deniehy, went further; there was, as regarded the *bonâ fide* settler in America, no auction at all. The immigrant could choose, anywhere it lay unsold, one hundred and sixty acres of land, without competition of any kind, upon the simple condition of settling there. The American land policy, he contended, lay at the root of the national prosperity of the United States. During the fifty-seven years it had obtained, it had peopled the country by tens of thousands ; it had created and added to the Federation sovereign state after sovereign state ; it had called into existence city after city in what had before been waste places of the forest. It had carried religion, law, letters, industry, and the human affections into the heart of the wilderness, and it had borne Anglo-Saxon civilisation, with freedom and plenty in its train, from the shores of the Atlantic to the sea-board of the Pacific. It had brought about a new state of things, in which the hand of the labourer could not hew out the line of railroad from one vast centre of population to another fast enough, but locomotive steam excavators must needs be sent to scoop out the way. By this policy was not the Union, if not the first power in the world, yet ere long destined to be so? By this Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, yesterday but barren names on the map of North America, were at this hour thriving and rapidly increasing states of the magnificent Federation. But by a policy directly the reverse of this, and brought about by the selfish, the interested, and the dishonest, had New South Wales stopped short in her growth, and, though the mother colony of the group, with a native population of her own, been flung to the rear by the junior Australian states. By it had immigration been strangled, her development totally arrested, and, after she had been plunged in debt for one-half of the few immigrants she had received, her exchequer left empty. He, Mr. Deniehy, was uncompromisingly in favour of the reduction of pastoral lands to 5s. an acre. This was the cardinal point of his land creed. And though the returning officer had some half- hour before certified to his, Mr. Deniehy's, return to serve in the Legislature in the coming session as a member representing the fair county of Argyle, yet if they thought him wrong here, or believed his opinions vitiated his fitness to serve them, he was that moment ready- to retire, and return into their hands the honour and the trust they had just invested him with. It was worse than useless, it had been sure destruction to the country's progress, this demand for 20s. an acre for what was frequently not worth twenty pence. It served the squatter's purpose, for in point of fact it gave him a fee simple of the public lands at a trifling cost. Till somebody appeared who would give a pound an

acre all round for the half million of acres, superior and inferior, as it was, which some people occupied, the said same people (they knew who he meant) might hold it till the day of judgment.

To the squatter himself, the *bonâ fide* squatter, who was willing to become a colonist if he were allowed to do so, it was unjust, and, in this way, as a national policy, ruinous.

Mr. Deniehy then proceeded to give his views on the electoral question which would be the battle-ground of next session, declaring that population ought to be the basis of representation.

Having defended his motion for making the magistracy elective, Mr. Deniehy concluded by remarking that it was no unfitting time, on that occasion of his second return without opposition for their county, to say to them with the sincerity that kindles itself in depths of gratitude, that it had been the cherished hope of his boyhood, and that hope was still bright and strong and warm within him, that he would live to be of some service to this his dear native land. He had even had the hope, — for images beautiful and benign as this ever haunt the path of boyhood, — and he said it with all modesty and with the humility with which some experience of the average abilities of mankind had taught him to regard himself, — that such talents as nature had endowed him with and sedulously cultivated, might even do some honour to his beloved country. They, the men of Argyle, had favoured him, comparatively a stranger to, them, with an opportunity of serving the country, and of testing whether he possessed the abilities which would entitle him to record amongst those sons of the soil, who, whilst, as every true man must do, making a position for themselves, had done services and evinced powers entitling their memories to honour amongst their fellow-men. For this he again thanked them from his heart; and what such humble intelligence as he possessed, directed to the advancement and protection of their interests, could do, and whatever of energy, of loyalty, and courage was in him, should be exerted in return. But it was a sense of duty alone, and a conviction that his country required the services of every faithful son of hers, which induced him to re-enter political life. He neither sought nor cared for place. He had long since made up his mind that every shilling he should ever own should be earned by himself, and he was proud of that determination. He had a right to expect that he should one day be in the government of his country, but that he confessed had for him nothing very alluring about it. He knew too well by how frail a tenure political power and political popularity were held to set store by that. It would go hard with him if their children yet did not regard with feelings very different to those with which a memorial of discredit is contemplated, the fact that Argyle had once upon a time sent into Parliament as her member a

young man who was the first native born Australian who had forged his way into the Legislature of the land on his own merits, and without the aid of wealth, family, or influence.

Speech On The Land Bill, Delivered At Melbourne, 15th September, 1858.

MR. DENIEHY, amidst the most vociferous cheering, rose and said :—

If anything could teach him how perfectly politic it was, irrespective of considerations of honesty and truth, for a man to walk in the straight path of duty, it was the reception that assemblage of the citizens of Melbourne had honoured him with. In politics, as in all other things, honesty was the best policy, and even an honest opponent men could afford to respect and admire, though they were not likely to treat him to such an ovation as he, Mr. Deniehy, had just received. He wished to do a plain and practical thing that evening, and having accepted their invitation to meet them, carry out his intention of giving a brief account of how opinion and action on the Land question stood in New South Wales. He would assure them that there was a desire as ardent and as deep in that colony for the settlement of this problem as there was in Victoria. The struggle they were making, the battle they were fighting, was no mere contest for theories, but a holy war to establish a final and equitable settlement of a question which, once wisely disposed of, would ensure the solution of all others. And if, as he, Mr. Deniehy, believed, the first great aim of statesmanship in a new country should be to people the soil — in a word, to create a great community, it was not saying too much to assert that an enlightened and progressive Land policy involved everything.

Now he had heard, and with deep pleasure, of what had been said and done in Victoria on this great question, and the opinions expressed at the interviews of the Land Convention with Mr. Plunkett were pleasant and heartening tidings to the land reformers of New South Wales. He had been but a fortnight in Melbourne, but of one thing he was profoundly convinced — that here this essentially democratic question, the battle for a Land Law, which meant a battle for the existence of Australia as a great union of free and flourishing states, would be fought, and he, Mr. Deniehy, had faith enough in the right to believe it would be won. It was quite possible that here, as in the sister colony, the men who propounded a land policy similar to that of America, were looked upon as visionaries, as dangerous theorists, with a strong spice in them of, the Jacobin — men who were exasperated, and perhaps very naturally so, by the state of things, — the bitter, grinding competition and the absence of breathing room in the older countries; were mad upon the possession of freehold properties. Perhaps authority and possession of the public estates, which possession was in Australian political practice as in law — nine points — imagined

that the diseased ideality of the masses pointed to *cottagé ornées* and model farms on savage plains fit only for sheep and cattle and the nomadic servants of the pastoralist. But by way of answer to this, without going into the political economics of the matter, he, Mr. Deniehy, had one important fact to communicate to them, and it was one of the principal reasons why he had come there that night. It was that the adoption of the American Land System, as far, at all events, as regarded the central point around which all its peculiarities revolved, had been proclaimed by two Ministers of the Crown in New South Wales, two Ministers for Lands and Works, as being the only sound, reliable, and expedient national Land policy. The first Secretary for Lands and Works in Mr. Cowper's Government was his, Mr. Deniehy's, distinguished friend, Mr. Terence Aubrey Murray, Member for the Southern Boroughs. In this gentleman they had, perhaps, the only representative of the old territorial aristocracy who had come out from those with whom he had been connected by long years of sympathy and association to join the ranks of the Land reformers. Mr. Murray saw, when Mr. S. A. Donaldson thought fit to assume the premiership, under circumstances which he, Mr. Deniehy, and those who worked with him, held to be of a most un constitutional character, an attempt on the part of the Tory Squattocratic party to wrest the prize of responsible government for the purpose of perpetuating their own dominancy. That gentleman then became one of the most fearless, active, and determined leaders of the Opposition. In Mr. Murray they had one of the most highly cultured, the purest, the most eminent of men in character, in social position, and property in New South Wales, and though he, Mr. Deniehy, had had sufficient experience in his life to know that the possession of vast wealth was no guarantee on the part of the lucky possessor, particularly on the Land question, he thought Mr. Murray's great stake in the country might be fairly taken into account in considering the value of the part he had taken and the views he had enunciated on the matter, for he, Mr. Deniehy, had repeatedly been told that nobody entertained selection notions but hare-brained Utopians, Jacobins at torchlight meetings, who not only knew nothing of the physical properties of the soil, but who never would have life, energy, or industry enough to know what the possession of landed property was, and who were certainly little disposed to recognise the sanctity of vested rights. Well, what was Mr. Murray's action in the matter? Not only did he hold, as the Land Convention of Victoria did, that the Land question was the only problem of national polity worthy at this stage of national existence of occupying a statesman's chief attention, — not only did he believe in free selection as they did, but he went even further. The Minister for Lands and Works, the highest type of an Australian

gentleman, whom even his worst enemies recognized as a standard authority in practical rural affairs, went the length of moving in the House resolutions to the effect that if the Surveyor-General's Department (which by the way was one of the most exquisitely Machiavellian pieces of machinery for the complete strangling of colonial settlement which a Metternich in a moment of supreme inspiration might have conceived) could not, or would not, survey fast enough, it should be competent for an individual to go in on the land on his own survey, and take his chance afterwards, if he had not acted honestly, of having his lot reduced when the late and lengthy hour of the Government surveyor arrived. Fully and thoroughly in his views on free selection did Mr. Murray know and feel the common sense of the principle that every man, in the choice of a piece of land whereon he intends to found a home, is the best judge of his own requirements. He knew that Free Trade as applied to the settlement of a country was as true as to any other imaginable thing. Mr. Murray knew that a Government composed of all the sages the world ever saw, and backed up by the scientific knowledge of all the surveyors living, could not point out to a community of men the spots on the earth's surface that would individually suit them best. No ; Mr. Murray knew that the true politics of the Land question were the scattering of human souls, men, women, and children, and all the bounties, the charities, the graces of life, over the land.

The Australian Governments hitherto had unfortunately dealt with this question, not as a means towards an end, not as the instrument by which a great nation was to spring into being on their shores, but as the stock-in-trade of gigantic land jobbers and real property auctioneers, who, in the fervour for fancy prices, had lost sight of their duty and their trust. A high minimum price, and restrictions as to where a man should buy, were, no doubt, capital things in a saleroom; but if they wanted to see how they operated in the creation of states, let them look at New South Wales and learn. Ay, to-morrow, if that Colony, with her almost boundless territories, had a liberal Land Law, she might with high hopes of winning run a race with proud Victoria, all her golden treasures notwithstanding.

The other Minister of the Crown to whom he alluded was his, Mr. Deniehy's, dear and honoured friend, Mr. John Robertson. In that gentleman, who was at present Minister for Lands and Works, not only did there meet all that was sound and sagacious in a politician, and brave, true, and generous in a man, but the topmost degree of rural experience, — the experience of a tiller and a dweller on the soil, — one, in fact, who had gone out with his flocks and herds, when squatting, for youth, energy, and small means was a living reality, and not an outlet for the greedy monopoly of the grasping capitalist.

Mr. Robertson's ideas on the Land question were pretty well known to most of them. He it was who moved the insertion in the Cowper Land Bill providing for free selection, with such guards and restrictions as would protect the provision from the land shark and wholly reserve its benefits for the *bonâ fide* selector. Besides a practical knowledge of the country and the people such as few could boast but the present Minister, for twenty years a propagandist and confessor for freedom in the gloomy days when was rampant an oligarchy sprung from the darkness and degradation of the colony's penal origin, — besides those things, the hon. gentleman was an immense landed proprietor. Was this then, the sort of man likely to be ignorant enough or designing enough to introduce an insidious evil into the policy of the land, where lay his all, unless he were convinced there was both right and expediency in the principles which he fought for? If the great land-owners ever did, and he, Mr. Deniehy, thought they seldom did, look upon this question as a matter privately affecting themselves, they knew that the settlement of the country must improve the value of their own possessions; and the huge, all-devouring squatter had, doubtless, as much sagacity on this point as they had. But the interest and the point of view were different. The squatter was oftenest a mere bird of passage, making use of land not his own, but the public's, on grossly unfair but gloriously profitable terms, till he had served his turn and filled his money bags. The squatter had but a passing interest in the soil, the people had their all; and whilst he, Mr. Deniehy, was on this subject, he would most emphatically warn the people to accept not of the intervention of "Liberals" — the so-called "Liberals," — in legislating for the settlement of the land. Those "Liberals" were in his, Mr. Deniehy's, opinion the respectable mild soda water of Australian politics — neither wine nor spirit. As this was a problem involving colossal private interests and sending ramifications through varying sections of society, they should have none but advanced men, men who went the entire zoology of the thing the great principle of free selection. Let them remember in this matter above all others, that those who were not with them were against them.

Now briefly as to the nature of the clauses introduced by Mr. Robertson, and which he, Mr. Deniehy, had the honour and pleasure- he never had greater in his life — of seconding. They would all recollect that the main feature in the Cowper Land Bill was the reduction of the general minimum price of £1 an acre, or rather the reduction of the class of lands used for pastoral purposes to 5s. an acre. On the wisdom and soundness of this proceeding all right-minded and disinterested thinkers in New South Wales were agreed. The present, as a general price, was prohibitory, and well did those who enjoyed the exclusive privilege know it; and besides,

whatever the land was worth to the people of the day, it would, in most cases, fetch. Of old, in New South Wales, when the premier object was to settle the country, land was given away, ay, and convict labour to boot with it. In Canada much the same thing was still done; and in America the figure was at most but a quarter of our upset price. He, Mr. Deniehy, did not say that the land should be given away; all that he asked for was the fixing of a fair price, and the granting of facilities at and under which the people could obtain the land which suited them best. But he did say, and fearlessly say, that that Government knew nothing of its business who would not, if there were no other inducements for attracting emigration to their shores, give land away rather than be without population, and leave the territory a vast sheep walk, instead of a land of happy, smiling homes, strong, honest men, and fair and loving women.

The chief features of Mr. Robertson's claims were deferred payments and permission to select wherever the applicant listed, on condition of actual residence and the cultivation of a certain quantity of the land. The details of the clauses were mainly of a character to protect the settler from the claws of the land-jobber and the trickster who fatten upon ignorance and credulity. The debate on Mr. Robertson's amendments settled the question of the admission or non-admission of free selection principles in the Cowper Ministers' Bill. His, Mr. Deniehy's, hon. friends in the Government were not prepared for anything so revolutionary, and in their minds intended to bring chaos back again. They seemed to coquette just a little—the least bit in the world—with squatting opposition, for they must remember squatting opposition was singularly seductive, and human nature — Ministerial human nature at all events — was not more shielded from temptation than others. Ministers refused to insert what would alone have made the Bill a reality and satisfied the country. Mr. Robertson thereupon moved the consideration of the Bill six months later. The squatting section, who believe in the *status quo* principle, of course joined the eleven good men and true. Ministers were driven to the country, and the Assembly dissolved. He, Mr. Deniehy, besought them to think and believe that any Land Bill which did not make free selection its cardinal point, its Alpha and Omega, was only a sham and a cheat. What was the greatest squatting interest of the hour, to which he, Mr. Deniehy, was no foe, but simply one who would not let it monopolise all, — what was it in itself but the grandest, the most signal, the most victorious proof of the soundness of the free selection principles as to the development of any interest connected with the opening up and making available distant lands ? What were the particular circumstances under which what was termed the land beyond the boundaries had been taken up ? How had the splendid energy of

exploration thrown open for productive purposes the vast acreage of the country ? Simply by the practice of holding that the squatter was the best judge of where he should go, by placing no impediment in his way, but rather inviting him to go out, find, and occupy where he interfered with nobody. Had the men who pushed civilization on from line to line, who dared with dauntless courage and adventurous energy the boomerang and the poisoned spear of unknown savages, loss of life and the destruction of their property by barbarians, — had they been kept idle and seen their money waste, not only till it pleased the Surveyor-General of his public grace to mark them out stations, but the good pleasure of the Executive to say where they should turn in search of fresh fields and pastures new, — would river and plain after river and plain be as they were now, fair and prosperous with flocks and herds ? And what but this applied to another form of dealing with the soil has sent life and industry, religion and human love, from New York to Nebraska. and Oregon, and is carrying, by its quick, free, genial operation, the Great American races from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific ?

Now he, Mr. Deniehy, had heard that it had been denied that there was any recognition of that kind of theory in American law. With all modesty and the most unfeigned. respect for the opinions of those who denied the thing, and. unless some dementing spell was laid upon men who got into the chaotic hurly-burly of land politics, he, Mr. Deniehy, had himself seen and quoted in the Parliament of New South Wales a statute in answer to a denial on the subject by the honourable member for West Camden, Mr. James MacArthur. And he, Mr. Deniehy, had reprinted the clauses of that Statute in the *Empire* newspaper at the time the Land debate was occupying public attention. But granting even that free selection was not statute law in the Union, it was practice and usage recognised by the Federation, and therefore the common law of America. He, Mr. Deniehy, as a lawyer, thought it mattered little as to consequences whether a thing remained cognisable at common law or was triable by statute.

They, the men of Victoria, in their new, thoroughly democratic country, had, a glorious task before them in this struggle. Every blow they struck here would be a blow struck for their brethren beyond the waters of the Murray; and he, Mr. Deniehy, had faith at all times in the Victoria people — a faith fresh kindled and ablaze since he had been amongst them, seen them, known them, learned to respect and find in them so much of the young, valiant, independent blood of Europe — that they would manfully help and assist his own countrymen. In doing this, they would not only benefit themselves, but open homes for those in the Old World who are fainting by the way for want of air and breathing room. It was a grand

thing for them all, a thing worth living for, to have a hand at once in the building up of a nation, and the redemption of the sorrowing and the unfortunate from that pain which comes of seeing want in the eyes that are dearest in all the world, and which make earth heaven. This was their work. He, Mr. Deniehy, knew that they would do it, and do it nobly, and in a moral sense as well as a material “make the howling wilderness to blossom like the rose.”

Speech At The St. Patrick's Banquet, March 17th, 1860.

MR. DENIEHY having been called upon to respond to the toast of "The Patriots of Ireland," rose from his seat and advanced into the centre of the hall, where his appearance was the signal for a burst of loud and prolonged applause. When the cheering had somewhat subsided, Mr. Deniehy said,

At that late hour of the evening he was, he found, to come forward and speak to a toast which must of necessity, and peculiarly so in that assemblage, call forth the deepest and holiest feelings of human emotion. He could have wished, so sensible was he of the difficulty of doing justice to the task imposed upon him, that it had fallen upon some one better qualified than himself to reply to the toast of "The Patriots of Ireland." It would require the sweet notes of Ireland's own mournful music, with its mixture of darkness and sorrow and military pride, to fitly sing their requiem, to evoke strains which could adequately celebrate the renown of the patriots of Ireland.

Ireland had sent forth her gallant sons by thousands to fight upon the bloody fields of France and Spain, of Belgium and Austria, of North America, and other quarters of the globe, and their daring deeds had reflected undying glory upon the annals of their country's fame. In every field of literature the fairest chaplet had been won and worn by Irishmen, who had distinguished themselves as scholars, poets, painters, sculptors, authors, and as aspirants and victors in every honourable path in life ; but of all those of her many gifted children, those whom Ireland loved best, were neither her artists, her painters, her poets, nor her sculptors, but her own dear patriot sons, who had struggled for her in her hour of need, and now sleep in their unhonoured graves.

Perhaps she loved them the more because their efforts on her behalf had not been crowned with those splendid successes with which patriotism elsewhere has been so often blessed. The Englishman was proud of his Hampden and the other great names which adorn his history; the Frenchman glowed with pride at the remembrance of those who had achieved so much for the freedom and greatness of his nation ; but in other lands, such as Italy, Hungary, and Ireland, there was a deeper and tenderer feeling connected with the memory of patriots. In those countries their heroic labours had not hitherto been blessed with a due measure of success, yet they were passionately loved and fondly remembered, for had they not done their dear utmost? They had ever bravely and loyally done what they

believed to be right, what they were convinced was for their country's welfare.

Mr. Deniehy having thus spoken of those of Ireland's patriots who might be regarded as the martyrs to ideas on political questions that were open to difference of opinion, passed on to pay a splendid tribute to those who might be termed the Constitutional Patriots of Ireland, to Curran, Henry Grattan, Chief justice Bushe, and others of that gallant band who had fought shoulder to shoulder for Irish independence.

In conclusion he warmly urged upon those present the necessity of purity of action in working out the idea of responsible government in this country; recalling in glowing language the time when the Union was carried in the memorable year 1800, — carried by the suicidal vote of a base, corrupt, and venal parliament, — carried in spite of the god-like efforts of Curran and the handful of brave spirits who had ranged themselves under his banner.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SOUTHERN
CROSS.**

A Public Library In The Metropolis, of N. S. W. (1859).

INTIMATION has been made, we are glad to see, that a sum will be placed on the Estimates for the ensuing year for the establishment of a Public Library in Sydney. The institution will, we trust, be founded in such a spirit of wise munificence as to make it really a national undertaking, and one that will reflect credit on the Colony. We earnestly hope to see, at no distant period, grants made to enable the municipalities of the larger rural towns to establish local libraries. But the metropolitan collection, quite irrespective of the large number of readers whose wants it is to meet, must obviously be built, so to speak, on far broader foundations and be far and away a vaster affair than any other library in the territory need be. A good average collection of standard works in literature and philosophy, and such an array of the latest scientific publications as will keep the student and the inquirer posted up in the yearly progress of discovery and invention, will be sufficient for years to come for the majority of country libraries in Australia. But the metropolitan library should be the storehouse and armoury of learning and knowledge for the whole colony, — the place whither youth and adult, learner and teacher, statesman and artizan, may alike repair, with a certainty of finding, as far as the public means will allow, whatever human intelligence has achieved and presented in his particular field of investigation. A good edition of Gibbon's "Rome," for instance, as regards the special object it proposes to itself, the history of the decadence and overthrow of the Roman power, is sufficient for any prominent public library in a colony like ours; but the National Library in the capital should have the Byzantine historians, as well as the other fontal sources at which they drew. Sismondi's literature of the South of Europe would perhaps be sufficient in the country; but the cycle of historians of Italian letters, Tiraboschi, Muratori, Ginguene, nay, the great works of Bouterwek and the learned Germans, the man of letters would look for, as a matter of course, in the National Library. A fair Greek text of Plato, Sydenham's version, and the translation of the contributor to Bohn's Series, and possibly, by way of luxurious addenda, Victor Cousin's performances in French, would make a tolerable rural item for Platonic philosophy, quite as much as for all practical purposes would be requisite; but in the metropolitan library there should be fairly accessible the files of the Neo-Platonists, the Italian Platonic thinkers, and as much as might be of the literature in later days of this most influential of all purely secular

philosophies on the mind of man. In the natural sciences, it is obvious that books of net results are those which must and ought mainly to be on the shelves of libraries for general use; but somewhere in the Colony, and most appropriately in the institution now about to be provided, should be kept available for society at large the books, weighty, voluminous, and expensive as they are, in which all scientific advances are originally and accurately registered — monographs, for instance, transactions of learned societies, publications made by commissioners and under the auspices of Government, and those frequently rare and gorgeous contributions to science which are actually only printed for princes and communities. Scarcely one man in twenty thousand in a community like ours is likely to have, or likely to want, a copy of the noble volumes which represent the labours of Agassiz; but the country at large, if it pretends in its public capacity to care about science at all, should have one. And hence one of the practical suggestions we would very respectfully tender to those likely to have superintendence of the promised Public Library, is to early possess themselves of such. The foundation, and much of the whole structure of the collection, should consist always, of course, of works valuable on further and other grounds than those of mere bibliographical rarity, - of those works the costliness of which puts them beyond the reach of the majority of readers. Books that anybody may buy anywhere at any time, inasmuch as such works are luckily amongst the very best, the highest literature being happily, like the highest beauty in the natural world, for the most part that most easily found, should be, of course, on the shelves. But it should be always kept in mind that the main object is to supply what the colonists at large cannot individually supply themselves with.

The Library must, if there be any force in the preceding remarks, be one in which the books are not allowed off the premises. Ample accommodation for reading and study must be made for ladies as well as gentlemen, as at the Queen's Room of the Public Library at Melbourne; and those wishing to avail themselves of the advantages, must go to the building and do so. This is the fundamental rule at the British Museum, and at the Bibliothéque Imperiale, and the public libraries of Paris and the other continental cities. Those latter were public libraries in the truest sense of the word, whose leaves of books were alike turned by the jewelled finger of the peer of France and the hoary hand of the artizan long before anything of the kind was thought of in England. There the national repository at the British Museum was for years practically as much a sealed treasure to the people at large as the private collection of the Duke of Devonshire or Earl Spencer or of Mr. Heber before its dispersal. Quite irrespective of individual dishonesties — in which, as concerns matters of

this kind, we are, by the way, no great believers — and the drawback of unconscionable retention of favourite volumes by somewhat selfishly enthusiastic readers, it is plain that various casualties will in the nature of things connect themselves with the removal of books from the premises. To accumulate a great, essentially valuable, and complete collection will therefore be a work at some point or other continually exposed to defect. For other reasons besides those of pecuniary economy, care must be taken on this head. It must be borne in mind that really fine editions of the books mainly worthy of national attention are not to be picked up every day even in London or Paris. There are always anxious and active persons, men of taste, wealth, and leisure, in those capitals, to pick up not only bibliographic gems and rarities, but the finer, the better edited, and more carefully selected impressions of scarce works. The United States of America are in this walk keen and active competitors, and it is a well-known fact amongst book buyers and booksellers in England, that very large sums of money are yearly sent to Europe from the Union, for the acquisition of all first-class property of the kind for sale. The library of Neander, by no means of extraordinary extent, but of rare value for patristic literature and ecclesiastical history, was purchased for and removed *en masse* from Germany to the University of Rochester, recently founded by wealthy residents of New York. It is painfully mortifying to think that one of the objections made for years in the mother Country to the opening of the public collections was the risk of loss to which the property was exposed.

At the Public Library at Melbourne, in a capital with perhaps, in the ratio of its size, the largest floating and unsettled population in the world, and at an institution frequented by crowds in the freest manner conceivable, only one instance, we believe, has ever occurred; and the experience extends over a sufficiently long period to afford a criticism, of a book having been abstracted, and it was then an ordinary sixpenny song-book.

Whatever be the period at which the Government will find themselves in a position to commence operations, the recurrence of an evil is to be guarded against, which has unfortunately vitiated and crippled the activity and the progress of public institutions of the kind in this country heretofore. We refer to the constitution of the governing body. Hitherto the administration of cognate establishments has been selected on grounds altogether connected with mere social position and wealth, in point of fact from cliques who look upon the whole thing as an additional symbol of local dignity and importance to those already in their possession, much as a K.C.B. would contemplate the addition to his chivalric style and honour of the initials G.C.H., K.H., or the *dilettante* of F.L.S., or F.S.A.,

supplementing the cardinal distinction already acquired of F.R.S. Individuals thus originally forming the governing bodies of these institutions have had the power amongst themselves of filling vacancies. Experience has shown, and a very slight knowledge of human nature might have anticipated it, how a *régime* of this kind eventually partakes of the worst qualities of a close corporation. A gentleman was some time since elected a Fellow of the University here upon no other ground than that of his enormous wealth; and vacated seats of another institution of scientific character have been filled, as far as human intelligence judging of things by ordinary means can find out, simply because the individuals chosen belonged to a particular set. If the Public Library is really to be the great success it may and ought, this kind of thing must not obtain. Fitness for this special office should be the only test; and the odious principle of close election in the administrative body be done away with. There are plenty of high places and to spare for sheer wealth and mere political and social influence.

For the sake of the country's best interests let those establishments sacred to learning and science be in the hands of men whose lives and faculties have been devoted to qualifying themselves to minister in them, and discharge intelligently and adequately the duties they demand. At least half of the board or committee should consist of men of letters, purely on the grounds that they are such, the poor schoolmaster to be as eligible as the Member of Parliament; for this would, while by no means a costly, yet nevertheless be a graceful mode, and one sure of appreciation, of recognition by the higher authorities of lettered worth in humble circumstances, — a species of worth in this bank-note-worshipping and pre-emptive-right-purchasing community getting generally more kicks than kindness. The other half might be composed of men noted for their business qualifications, but always, of course, of fair education. As the establishment will be a national one, and there is no constituency of persons specially interested in the matter, we would place the appointment of the Committee in the Government for the time being, holding it responsible for the fitness of those appointed. The utter absurdity of the old system of making Ministers members of such boards, already busy enough as they must be, is obvious.

Carlyle says, "The true university of these days is a library;" true anyhow, true ten thousand times over in a youthful democratic country like ours, whose young men who will govern the land and make the laws ten years hence are, perhaps, serving behind the counter to-day. Let those now entrusted with the affairs of the country and the interests of society look to this. Let them give those young men the only practical means of qualifying

themselves for great and solemn trust — fraught either with benefit or danger, according to the discharge of them, to the community at large. Let them place the appliances ready for those whose circumstances and fortune in life debar them from the privileges of a university, nearer at hand, in more senses than one, than the big toy in carved stone that, as in mockery and derision of its lofty object, is perched away at Grose Farm, away from everybody but those who, like Thurtell's "respectable man," can drive thither in "a gig," or can spare the hours snatched from earning daily bread to trudge backwards and forwards from the main quarter of the city to the *embouchure* of the Parramatta Road.

The Social Evil (1859).

A PUBLIC meeting was some time since held in the metropolis for the purpose of considering the best means of dealing with that most wretched and hopeless of all questions, the name of which, in the periphrasis of the publicists, stands at the head of this column.

A great deal was said on the occasion, a good deal of sympathy, and much spasmodic speechifying. But nothing pertinent was suggested and nothing practical was done. A great many of the gentlemen present were very admirable in their way, very admirable indeed; but scarcely, we suspect, the sort of men to grapple with this question. It was a matter of pitch, and they had gloves on, very white ones, too.

It may do excellently well for a number of reverend ministers of the Gospel to appear upon a platform and pronounce on the horrors and the woes, the curse and the corruption, of body and soul in this lowermost abyss of human misery. But that affair of preaching has been going on for centuries; and on this peculiar question, in the hearts of those most concerned, there lurks a grim satiric sense of differences between the world's talk upon the subject and the world's practice. And there is no use burking or shirking the matter. There are terrible psychologic difficulties surrounding the question which none other, not even drunkenness itself, presents, and which homilies and advices by themselves, even from the lips of angels, will not affect. All the preaching since the days of Him who dealt mercy to the woman taken in adultery never brought back an erring female to the forsaken path.

Preaching on the subject is simply preaching, whether the thing be worked up in the best infernal patterns and coloured with brimstone, or full of sympathies and sentiment and graceful mournings for what is holiest and loveliest in woman. Very few of the preachers know the pathology of the frightful disease they pretend to treat. They do not, and for obvious reasons they ought not. Their prescriptions for the evil are, therefore, in the main, practically idle. Whoever attempts to deal with it must know something about it practically and thoroughly, dark though the price which was paid for the knowledge, bitter as the curriculum of the loathsome study may have been.

There are two points of view from which the question is to be regarded, — as it concerns the individual, and as it affects society at large. The latter point, the only one upon which legislation and the exercise of statesmanship is demanded, because the only one upon which they can be practically effective, has been pushed out of sight and persistently ignored

in British communities. Unfathomable and immeasurable in some directions is the cant and hypocrisy of English social opinion and practice. Horrors such as the cities of antiquity and the vastest abodes of barbarians presented scarcely a shadow of, are allowed to fester and rot in English society under the pure eyes of cherished and guarded English maidenhood, simply because English masculine ears must not hearken, even in the service of God and God's most forlorn creatures, to anything that savours of what is "naughty." And then, of a surety, honourable members of the legislature, virtuous husbands and fathers, keep no "mistresses," and only sneak under cover of night into the verandahs of a brothel.

This goes on in this eminently practical nineteenth century, in supremely practical British communities, where practical men look upon the economics of public health, sanitary legislation, as the most practical of things. Ventilation in public lodging houses must be provided for by special Acts of Parliament, and fifty other matters which range themselves round the salubrities of sinks and sewers. But on matters that far more deeply and insidiously affect the health of the people, there the national Mr. Pecksniff, and the national Mrs. Grundy, and the Decencies of Society, all *dimanché* and in white neckcloths, meet one inexorable and impracticable, "melancholy train." God help us; and the father with eyes too and in their hopeless woe for a tear to wet the sockets, gazes on his son dropping piecemeal before him, a mass of hideous syphilitic carrion, the victim of some error in the climacteric of youthful passions which the Decencies of Society never committed in the calends of their youthful adolescence.

On the pavement beside the house, walks with those fresh cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, which Jeremy Taylor so touchingly speaks of, offspring cursed with the curse which will bask and warm its hateful life in the blood of the unborn, the children of those doomed little ones. The pretty little maiden but three months ago in honest service is "on the town" to-night, where she never would have been had she not seen Betsy This, or Nelly That, flaunting in King Street, in hat and mantle, satin flounces, and lavender boots, doing what the law seemed to take no notice of, and everybody looked at as a matter of course. Law, this, which with all the disgrace of police-office inquisition, and the heavy checks of large pecuniary penalties, and gaol confinements in default, meanwhile puts down the slightest approach to irregularity in the sale of spirituous liquors. British, and, therefore, Colonial law has, by the way, a logic of its own on this head. The wretched woman shall expose herself as ware for sale in the streets, nay, call attention by some horrible process of devices akin to those of the hawker and the chapman, and the law does nothing, and has power

to do nothing the while. But when the interests of public decency and the open scandal of the thing cease, and the abomination of it is about to be completed in secret, then the constabulary impersonation of the law dives into "houses of ill fame," then the majesty of Quarter Sessions is invoked, and the culprits punished much in a Spartan fashion, not for anything done, but for being found in places which the law regards as objectionable. How the creatures who ply their wretched trade on the streets try to reconcile this obvious contradiction in the regulation of things, if they do at all, we know not. Their opinion upon legislation and legislators, roughly and readily in their own simple and unthinking way arrived at, gives a practical result perhaps not very different from that of persons who have set themselves the task of watching parliamentary men and parliamentary proceedings.

"Hideous disorders," says one deeply learned in the dismal statistics of this province of human shame, Dr. McCormack, "attend the unlawful commerce of the sexes, blighting the infant unborn, inducing inevitable ruin and decay. The skin, throat, bones even do not escape. The beautiful structure of the eye is doubly implicated, first in syphilitic iritis, and then in gonorrhoeal ophthalmia, that wretched malady which, as I conceive, has housed itself in Egypt, and infects our race. These diseases are at once acute and chronic, nor does one attack yield exemption from another. The evil is urgent, the very remedy is dire. Medical writings are rife with details only to be surpassed by the yet more horrible reality. Very children even are found in the Lock hospitals of great cities, while millions, it may be affirmed, are lavished on the wages of debauchery. In Edinburgh, he counts one-fourth of the annual mortality as amongst the female victims to prostitution, this so brutish vice and utter violation of the loftier destinies of our kind. Brothels, and low lodging-houses, if possible worse, subsist in all our larger towns, and there prostitution and syphilis, the sin and the soil, go hand-in-hand. Forty thousand illegitimate children, according to the Registrar, are yearly born in England, besides those who perish, sometimes mother and child together, through the execrable arts of hired aborters. In London alone, two thousand women, it is said, annually replace those who die in their sin and misery."

Something more must be done, then, than preaching and making speeches. Upon this matter, as on all others which prejudice or are likely to prejudice its interests, society has a right to legislate on the grounds of self-protection. The affair from this point of view is simply one of police *correctionelle*. As things in this world just now are, and are long likely to be, it makes one's heart ache to think how long, to put down prostitution is impossible. But it is not impossible to keep it in check, and impose upon it

those regulations which will protect the morally untainted from the terrible scandals and temptations hourly paraded in public places before the eye, which will to some extent guard public decency, and while doing this, act as a discouragement to the wretched trade itself, by denying it the open facilities that at present obtain for pursuing it with success. One step, simple, summary, and easily taken, would, we think, in the course of a year revolutionise the abomination, in some of its most public and, therefore, most dangerous characteristics. Remove by law from the thoroughfares and highways all women of abandoned character, or whose demeanour or habit of loitering in the streets makes it fair to believe them abroad for improper purposes, and you will do it is impossible to say how much in the right direction. Without mentioning that portion of King Street adjoining the Prince of Wales's Theatre, or the neighbourhood of the Victoria Hall, there is one spot in this city which for everything that can disgust and demoralise and be a disgrace to a civilized community, is unparalleled by any locality in the world used as a public promenade, — the walk in Hyde Park. And often as we hear and have heard pretty lavish praise given to our police authorities, we have marvelled, as they were so admirable, with whom the blame of this crying evil lay.

We presume we ought not to be above taking some hints here and there from what French statesmen have thought and done upon this subject, especially as the results are very satisfactory evidences of the wisdom and the benefits involved. An immense amount of vulgar and ribald persiflage is talked in English society upon French police administration in this matter. But all honour, say we, to the brave and enlightened legislation that has dared to cope, for the benefit of society, with this darkest and wildest of all the evils that encompass it. Here are the regulations of the French authorities, and we put it to every sensible and reflecting reader, how much, by even a partial adoption of them, might be checked and diminished the present abominations left to welter and riot in open carnival of debauchery amongst ourselves, with a *nonchalance* on the part of our law makers that cares neither for the prostitute nor the victim : —

“Brothels are suffered, by license, to exist in certain quarters; but at and from the period of their establishment, they are placed under the entire management of a servile yoke of a portion of the police, whose office is to guard *attentas aux moeurs*.” What a check this of itself would be on visitants of a certain class, is sufficiently obvious. “Such places are not permitted in the vicinity of a public school or a church, or, indeed, of any public institution whatever. The keeper of the brothel is bound within twenty-four hours to forward to the Prefecture of the Police the name, for the purpose of registration, of every young woman who may seek to reside

in the house. Immediately after this formality, it is necessary that the woman should appear before the authorities; she is then cautioned and warned that if she enter on that course of life, she is under the surveillance of the police, and told her name, once entered as *une fille inscrit*, that name must always remain as a lasting record of her degradation. If her youth be remarkable, she is sent to the Hospital of St. Lazare, where she is employed in needlework; and if she be from the provinces, her parents or the mayor of her locality are written to for the purpose of interposing to induce her to return home. If she be friendless, she is received into the Hospital of St. Lazare. If this fail, she is then suffered to place her name upon the roll, and her residence is numbered in the books of the prefecture. She is forced to carry with her, and to produce to any person when required, a ticket showing the weekly medical report of her health made by the physician appointed to inspect houses inhabited by persons of her class, and those who dwell with them. Women of the kind are prohibited from wearing showy dresses, and (at Paris) from appearing in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, of the Palais Imperial, or the Tuileries, or other public promenades, and they are not allowed, upon any occasion, to appear at the windows of the houses they inhabit. For a breach of any one of those regulations, the penalty is two months' imprisonment. Those who live quietly in a similar course of life have also the eyes of the law upon them; even the *fille isoli* is tracked through her course of sin; and, in fine, upon the French prostitute every indignity that woman can suffer is inflicted by an active and vigilant police." Whether the best interests of society and those of the wretched women themselves are most consulted by English non-legislation or French law, we leave the intelligent reader to judge for himself.

How far some system, which for the female herself would render the walk of infamy an intolerable and odious road, shorn of the glaring riot and excitement which make its fascination and its reckless license, would drive her to some other calling may not be unworthy of attention. People who, with the very best intentions in the world, talk of voluntary reform in Magdalens and asylums, forget the terrible physical change a course of prostitution makes in women; and of n women; and of whatever worth this may be in the individual, it is too fragile and too precarious a matter, as far as society's own interests are concerned, for it to trust to.

Mr. James Martin As A Politician (1860).

IF Mr. Martin had had the persuasive declamation of the angels unfallen, and the debating powers Milton gives the angels damned, he could have done nothing with his motion of the 14th. Any amount of intellectual power which the honourable and learned gentleman might have exhibited, would have been neutralised by a recognition, on all sides, of his utter want of any one moral principle which should govern the conduct of public men.

In the eyes of the country, he symbolises a political profligacy; within the House he is a moral isolation, and he deserves to be. His proceedings are taken less as the results of anxiety for the public good, than as the activities of sheer personal spite. Men have made up their minds that the removal of Mr. Martin from office, tenderly as that was brought about after all, much more than any recent change in his former colleagues, had altered the honourable and learned member's point of view. His return to the present Parliament at all sprang far less from belief in him than from distrust of Mr. Cowper, and an opinion that the latter should be kept in check by any means whatever, even by Mr. Martin, *faute de mieux*. The history of responsible government presents nothing so disgraceful to the individual, nothing so painful to everybody concerned, as the explanation Mr. Martin volunteered the Assembly when, after the lapse of many days, he showed himself within the walls of the House as an ex-Attorney-General, there to give reasons why he was so. Mr. Martin seemed the only man in the Chamber insensible, as if by some disability and essential callousness of his moral nature, to the position of utter degradation in which he chose to put himself, by avowals altogether unchallenged and altogether uncalled for. A cast-off mistress on the flags before the door of her former *entreteneur*, shrieking out with aimless wrath her own shame, with the view of prejudicing the character of the once erring but now pale and penitent gentleman within, to passers-by and to a startled neighbourhood, would alone figure Mr. Martin pronouncing his own political infamy and the sacrifice of principle for the sake of "gratified personal ambition"; and all this amid the sardonic laughter and the contemptuous cheers of Mr. Donaldson and his followers, with Mr. Cowper the while, if he had a million faults, the injured one, *sur la scène*, looking very white and trying very hard to seem at ease. Universal suffrage is a cardinal point of our own political creed. Still we can perfectly comprehend and very fully respect the honest convictions of those who believe the making it law a final step for converting the country into a Gehenna. But what epithet can convey scorn sufficient, what expression deep enough of distrust in the man, who,

looking upon it as shipwreck of the best interests of society, could remain the leading member of a Cabinet whose only claim and perpetual appeal *ad misericordiam*, through a career of marvellous incompetency, of extraordinary profligacy and extraordinary folly, was that it had, under pressure of popular demand, been the instrument of effecting a reform of electoral law, based practically on manhood suffrage? To be sure, in a smaller way, another legal member of Mr. Cowper's Government had distinguished himself by an equally serious and equally suspicious change in his opinions on this fundamental principle of politics. Mr. Solicitor-General Hargrave, on his first public appearance as a lecturer on law at the School of Arts, went out of his way, travelled positively beyond the legitimate limits of his thesis, to denounce universal suffrage as involving madness and wickedness, much of such a kind as sober English society sees in Pierre Leroux or Louis Blanc. On his latest public exhibition of himself, returned at Illawarra in exchange for the big Breakwater bribe, to the end that he might be made a law officer of the Crown, he opened a great trumpet-stop on the somewhat stiff and tuneless organ of his eloquence for a *Laudate* and a *Gloria in Excelsis* of Mr. Cowper on manhood suffrage. But poor Mr. Hargrave, like *ce cher* Lytton Holyoake, was an adventurer: worse still, not only a barrister without a brief, but a barrister without bread. Our constitution embodies a provision for the relief of gentlemen of the upper branch of "the profession" thus unhappily placed. Mr. Hargrave, in becoming a Minister *in forma pauperis*, like Mr. Lutwyche before him, was simply human.

But Mr. Martin's case was very different. He really belonged to the country, was bound up with its interests, and had run a career of some promise, and certainly of very remarkable success. Had Mr. Cowper not resigned on Thursday, it would have been worth his while to have offered inducements to Mr. Martin to continue his hostilities. While, on the other hand, till the Opposition had succeeded in making their disclaimer of being identified with the honourable and, learned gentleman fully known and fully believed in, they would often have been without the sympathies of the right feeling and the right-minded in the community. But Mr. Martin displayed neither angelic address nor diabolical dexterity in moving his vote of censure of the 14th. In point of fact, in homely language, he made a mess of it. A better vantage-ground could not have offered for attacking Mr. Cowper's corruption than his recent judicial and legal appointments and the perversion of justice, gross and patent, to which the Government had lent itself. Mr. Martin, instead of selecting signal and almost unquestioned instances of this specific corruption of Mr. Cowper, chose to adopt the chronological and exhaustive method, with the view, no doubt, of

showing that every legal appointment that had been made since the era of Mr. Martin's own resignation had been a bad one.

His case might have rested on the circumstances connected with Mr. Owen's appointment as a judge, and the purchase from Mr. Chambers of his seat, by an office refused him before he had been returned to Parliament; the conduct of the Administration in the committal in *Walsh v. Oxley*, and one or two matters of a similar character, and for which the Government had not and could not have offered even the shadow of an excuse. He lost time and lost ground by talking of the wretched fatuity of making Mr. Lyttleton Holyoake Bayley Attorney-General, and amusing the House by the electioneering tom-fooleries, the *naiséries* and ninny hammerings of that remarkably absurd person. The Bayley business, besides, is generally understood to be the work of a power behind the throne — of a political entity equally without discretion and responsibility, and, like Cupid in the pleadings of the older poets, “too young to know what conscience is,” — the honourable Member for Windsor, Mr. William Bede Dalley. The overweeningly parental fondness for this young gentleman of Mr. Cowper and Mr. Robertson made them yield, it is said, to him in the matter, and put into the hands of a stranger of two months' standing, and utterly unknown to themselves, as they have since confessed, the somewhat important function discharged in England by grand juries. This method of Mr. Martin's necessarily took in appointments fairly and properly enough, under the circumstances, made, as well as objectionable ones. For Mr. Hargrave as a politician, or any claim of his to be a minister of the Crown, we have, as we have already shown, ineffably small respect. But we do think no better choice could have been made for the bench of a District Court than the honourable and learned gentleman. Regarded simply as a lawyer, we believe him to belong to an order which Mr. Martin himself, with all his acuteness, tact, self-confidence, and best industry, will never attain. As to the remarks of the honourable and learned gentleman on Mr. Dalley's appointment as Solicitor-General, they were simply unjust and ungenerous, and no sufficient ground was presented for including him in the general indictment.

Mr. Dalley's acceptance of the office was, as Mr. Martin's before him, on purely political grounds, and the last-named gentleman should have recollected that his own political position and standing in the House made him a Crown law adviser rather than any professional *prestige* that was attached to his name. That came afterwards, and the memories of the public are not so bad as not yet to have traces of the way in which Mr. Cowper went about puffing his first law officer's success at the bar as justifying his choice of an Attorney-General.

And granting even that Mr. Dalley did commit some oversight in the conduct of some particular case, surely Mr. Martin is not so wrapped up in his own unchecked successes, and confined to so poor an experience of things professional, as to make that a ground for pronouncing wholesale unfitness for office. Did Mr. Martin never by any chance Commit a blunder in the management of a case himself? If he did not, he in one respect, from which lawyers, we have always understood, can claim no exemption as human beings, lies out of a category that includes alike Scarlett, and Follet, and Bethel.

Mr. Dalley's sins as Solicitor-General are of a very different order to those which flow from inattention to official duties, or such marked incompetence to perform them as made his tenure of office objectionable. For certain things we believe Mr. Dalley to be deeply answerable — to men of very different stamp and with very different opinions to Mr. Martin's — men who have seen in Mr. Dalley's conduct betrayals of solemn pledges, and also moral incapacities to perceive the sacredness and the real nature of purely political responsibilities, of a kind which but little trench upon the code of ethics Mr. Martin throughout proposed to himself as the rule of his public life.

No; Mr. Martin was not the man to move a vote of censure on the Cowper Government, corrupt, enfeebled, and unprincipled as it was. And if the honourable and learned gentleman has really the good of the country in view by keeping Mr. Cowper out of power, he will best and most effectually serve it by abstaining from action altogether.

Mr. Whaley Billyard And His Conscience.

A GERMAN philosopher, by name Immanuel Kant, was in the habit of declaring that two things pre-eminently excited his wonder — the starry heavens above and the moral law within. Worthy of marvel are both. But one who does not happen to have the habits of abstraction of a philosopher, and a German philosopher to boot, finds often enough something as wonderful in its way. Kant, it may be presumed, had perhaps never seen — certainly never felt — an attorney. Metaphysician as he was, and casuist, to him a lawyer's conscience was a thing unknown. And he lived and died there in Konigsberg without dreaming of a phenomenon connected with the municipal law far transcending and laughing at all moral law within or without, — an attorney's impudence. To him who pretended to map the mind of man, there was a *terra Australis incognita* requisite for the completion of his gigantic surveys. The critic of the pure reason never dreamed of such a moral and intellectual impossibility as Mr. William Whaley Billyard.

Once upon a time, the British Colonial administration, with that learned sagacity which has always marked its proceedings, determined to establish a new settlement on the northern coast of Australia. Of course the most important part of the affair, and therefore what the authorities “at home” understood best, was the duty of making the appointments. A governor was necessary, and so was a judge. In those days, perhaps, “the Bar” was not such a drug in the English market as to make the exportation of Holyoake Bayleys a profitable speculation; but, at all events, an attorney was chosen for the North Australian ermine. Doubtless Her Majesty's Government expected “a good stroke” in land in the new colony. For the judge was neither *nisi prius* nor a criminal lawyer. His sole qualification was that he had been a pupil of the learned Jarman and if he had no claims to what Mr. W. B. Dalley would term “lots of law,” he was a proficient in the law of “lots.” This judge was Mr. William. Whaley Billyard. He arrived at Port Curtis in an age of iron realities, preceding the *bell éta dell' ora* of Rockhampton and Canoona. He never ascended the Bench, for the unhappy fortunes of the settlement never permitted it to furnish board, much less a bench for the learned gentleman's use. He arrived in Sydney, carrying with him, as his capital for investment in the community, his claims upon the Imperial Government. In those historic days, such claims were like claims upon Mr. Cowper recently, of far safer and more solid nature than property similarly named in auriferous regions. Mr. Whaley Billyard's claim furnished an astonishing yield. After doing a little

journeyman jobbing for the profession, a particular breeze, which carried off a Mr. Cooper Turner from some of his creditors, was the ill wind that blew Mr. Whaley Billyard good. Mr. Billyard was made Her Majesty's Crown Solicitor for Civil Business. We ourselves, and we are told various honourable members of the Legislature at those searching eras when the estimates have come on for consideration, have found a fruitful subject for marvel in the necessity for a Civil Crown Solicitor at all. What the particular civil business is of the Crown Law Department demanding the presence of a solicitor, or, at all events, anything more than that of an expert clerk, we never could divine; nor have, we believe, the public at large yet learnt. That the Crown required a solicitor to do its business is obvious enough; and equally obvious, to anybody who understands such matters, that one solicitor would suffice for all the business the Crown has to do. With the exception of preparing bonds of sureties and similarly simple documents in connection with the public service, of certifying as to the right of parties to receive grants of land, and some other small matters, during the days of Mr. Whaley Billyard's salary and Mr. Whaley Billyard's perquisites, it is hard to see what a Civil Crown Solicitor *had* to do. An action brought by the Government was what that quotation in the Eton Latin grammar from the poet of an age of similes, prior to the investigation of our own interesting ornithology, calls a *rara avis*. The whole legal transactions of the Railway Commissioners, after even railway management had become a public department, were conducted by an eminent legal firm in this city, Messrs. Norton, Son, and Barker, at an expense to the public of about one thousand pounds per annum. And meantime, the actual, the positive law required by the Government, that for which an attorney charges you, interesting and interested reader, six and eightpences and thirteen and fourpences, was furnished altogether by the Attorney- and Solicitor-General. Mr. Whaley Billyard had, in point of fact, as a public officer, nothing to do. All that the Civil Crown Solicitor might have been asked to perform, besides signing his name, was done by a clerk, — a respectable person, by name Mr. Jackson, and who, except that high necessities of State prevented it, might have discharged his laudable functions for years past as clerk to a Crown Solicitor for All Business, as well as to a Crown Solicitor for Civil Business. Such was what persons in practice in the Courts of Equity call, we believe, “the state of facts.”

Mr. Whaley Billyard, fully as he recognised the propriety of persons of abilities and “claims” like his own being salaried, with a view of preserving that hold on social respectability which, let Mr. Rotten and Mr. Daniel Egan talk as they like, is a prime necessity of Government, had energies and activities, the whole of his time, and office accommodation

for a considerable period in one of Her Majesty's buildings, to spare. Mr. Billyard, therefore, went to work, and, to his honour be it said, founded and conducted a very large and lucrative private practice. But the extraordinary energies and powers of the learned gentleman had space and time for still further operations. He became an agent on a majestic scale for some of our absentee landlords, and to an impressive extent an "attorney," in the vicarious and not the professional sense, for money lenders in the British Isles. This was "pretty good," as an accomplished Scottish friend of ours is wont to put things with emphatic idiom. But "panting Time," to use a complimentary poet's line about Shakespeare, "toiled after" Mr. Whaley Billyard "in vain."

On the demise of a partner in a well-known firm in the city, still retaining his multiform duties, Mr. Billyard, as *locum tenens*, took charge of perhaps the most extensive legal business in New South Wales.

The Civil Crown Solicitor's department, we may remark by way of culmination, went on swimmingly the while. And though Government, when it required the presence of a solicitor to guard its interests in the inferior courts, was specially compelled from time to time to retain Mr. William Roberts, or some other advocate practising at the Police Office bar, at outlays of from ten to twenty guineas, the veriest tyro in the practice of the law will see *that* could flow from nothing defective in the purely solicitorial arrangements of the Crown business. And Mr. Whaley Billyard, a man of small proportions, being raised to the pedestal of the Civil Crown Solicitorship before the public gaze, which, as in the cases of men of similar merit, might otherwise have missed him, made his fortune.

But the most interesting portion of Mr. Whaley Billyard's nature, his *conscience*, had not yet come publicly into play. Hitherto it was operating apart, in tender shadow, "all there," as the popular phrase is, but by no means exhibiting or seeming disposed to exhibit before the public eye those remarkable proportions and qualities which have made us deem it a duty to render it, as far as our humble means will permit, historical. In the course of the present year, the Government, under the frequent remonstrances of the Assembly, abolished Mr. Whaley Billyard's functions as distinctive ones, and consolidated the offices of the Civil and Criminal Crown Solicitor into one. The new Crown Solicitor was to devote himself entirely to the public service, and to receive the handsome salary of £1,000 per annum. The office on the new conditions was tendered to Mr. Billyard, who refused it. Indeed, the thing, to a gentleman in his circumstances and with his views of the duties, was, in point of fact, nothing short of an insult. To the Criminal Crown Solicitor, originally, we are informed, a nominee of Mr. Plunkett's, though as far as right and courtesy went as fully entitled as

his colleague in the department, Mr. Cowper was pleased to refrain from making the offer. But Mr. Whaley Billyard, with a sagacity and prevision in themselves evidences of his high professional fitness, was prepared and armed for such a conjuncture. Shortly after the learned gentleman's appointment, he had applied, paid for, and secured from the proper office in London a patent, transforming him, through a colonially appointed functionary, to his own satisfaction, into an Imperial officer. The thing has the highest order of beauty about it that matters of the kind are susceptible of. And to pantomime constructors of the theatres in want of unlooked-for transformations likely "to pay," we recommend it as a study unparalleled in the range of "Colonial experience." "Mr. Billyard," quoth the honourable the First Secretary, on one of those golden Australian mornings, to the little gentleman who, having made his "pile," could afford to listen to a Prime Minister with a smile of philosophic irony, "we shall no longer require your services." "Very good," said Mr. Whaley Billyard; "but there is a little matter of compensation for the abolition of my office I shall expect." "Compensation!" echoed the honourable gentleman. "Why, you can no more demand compensation than Mr. Moore Dillon; you are both officers appointed in the Colony —" "True," replied the retiring guardian of the Crown's civil litigations, "but Mr. Dillon didn't take care to secure an Imperial patent of office as I did." Whatever be the grounds for this colloquy, as an historical fact, Mr. Whaley Billyard, shortly after the abolition of his office, presented a memorial to his Excellency the Governor-General, praying that an allowance might be made him, on the grounds of the abolition for purely political reasons of his patent office, of some two thousand pounds, or a sum of two hundred per annum. A printed copy of this petition, remarkable for typographical beauty, lies before us.

Considering "the unique nature" of the memorialist's case, as the document sets it forth, the mythical character of the main services for which the public money was paid yearly to Mr. Whaley Billyard, the fact that for the more tangible portion of his work he was remunerated by individuals in the shape of perquisite fees, and that if compensation be at all due in the case it is eminently owing to the public, not only for what it paid Mr. Whaley Billyard for very small palpable returns, but for what it helped him to, we wish to rescue it from an oblivion it might have fallen into, as the most memorable manifestation of the legal conscience that has yet been seen in this hemisphere, — a *monumentum vere perennius* of that conscience, we should say, drawing upon the few stock phrases of schoolboy Latin that still float in our memory, if brass itself were not the very material out of which the whole thing is fashioned, brass of more Corinthian quality than the Greeks, who had no "lower branch of the

profession,” and never reached that point at which a nation needs Civil Crown Solicitors, even dreamt of.

Worth A Trial (1860).

FEW more interesting spectacles could be presented to the eye of the political observer than Mr. William Forster's experiment in the formation of a Government.

Called to office evidently by the advice of those who hoped he would be neither able nor willing to undertake the task, he makes an attempt in which we believe he will have the sympathies and the good wishes of every man with an iota of fair play in his composition. Clearing the administration stage completely of the combatants who have hitherto filled it, and have been engaged in bitter conflict from causes, some reaching as far back as the old mixed Legislative Council, and some dating with the era of responsible government, Mr. Forster's aim is to try if the new institutions cannot be worked by new men, entirely unconnected hitherto with political warfare, and almost unidentified with party or faction. No man could so fairly attempt this as Mr. Forster himself, for whilst a damaging opponent both of the Governments of Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Parker, he signalled himself as one of the most uncompromising and indomitable denouncers of Mr. Cowper's corruption, nevertheless the while keeping himself aloof from any party or clique in the Assembly. He might be "crotchety," as some astute members of the House were wont to regard him; he might be "idiosyncratic," in the loftier phrase of the newspapers. But one thing was certain, that the measure or the motion before the House, on its own merits, and not as the issue affected anybody concerned with it, was what Mr. Forster dealt with, and dealt with alone. "Sworn to no master," as once went the motto of a leading local journal, "of no sect was he." In the hands of Mr. Cowper, as well as of Mr. Parker, responsible government has been in point of fact a failure. With the former infinitely more so than with the latter. From, the very beginning, Mr. Parker's administration was looked upon as a sort of resurrection of Mr. Donaldson's, masked and disguised. It had not only to contend with a powerful opposition, with the *prestige* about it which clever men have who have never tried their hands at defence, while acting in attack, but it had the public opinion of the country against it. There was no recovering the first false step of Mr. Donaldson. Election after election showed that the principles upon which it was believed the Government, wished to rule, far more than the men who composed it, were unacceptable to the country at large. When Mr. Parker and his colleagues retired and Mr. Cowper and his friends took office, no fairer chance ever yet presented itself for the completest and most beneficial success in any country under parliamentary

rule. The preceding Administration, instead of presenting a close, active, and vigilant opposition, seemed at the same time worn out, and convinced that the day for the policy they had throughout their colonial history been identified with had passed away. Almost every man of mark departed at once, and those who did not closed their political career with the dissolution of the recent Assembly. Mr. Cowper came in with the *prestige* of the victorious Liberal party entering into their long denied political inheritance. He came in with large popular confidence. Though still, by a very large portion of those who supported him, because of his identification with progress politics, the private character of the man, his sincerity and truth, were doubted, and doubted, as events have shown, with good cause. He came into power with a tremendous working majority — one which showed itself prepared not only to enable him to carry his measures of political reform, but even to back every act of his administration; ready, because of his connection with former struggles and the great things he was expected to initiate, to condone almost anything, truly with the charity that covered a “multitude of offences!” On he went; but his career to the close of the last session of the late Assembly was as pitiable and as wretched as it is possible to conceive of any course of administration. The ablest and most energetic of an opposition which gradually formed and threw itself into action was composed of men who had fought in the front ranks in order to help Mr. Cowper on to power. But they had recoiled, shocked and incensed, at finding the very privilege they had struggled to place in his hands made use of for purposes not only corrupt, but so mean and so base as could only belong to a man who with every dishonesty lacked the intellect and the courage to be greatly and boldly bad. Electoral reform was carried through the recent House. Mr. Cowper embodied in the measure, besides its benefits, a pet idea of so cutting up into small constituencies the country, as to give the various electorates the quality, as far as he could, of mere parish vestries; thus regulating the return of the members far more on a narrow basis of the municipal principle than a national one, and so trying to ensure that no man of a greater mental calibre than himself would be returned. Even this did not do; and though the country at the first general election sent into the Legislature no very remarkable new men, they sent in a great many who showed at a very early era of their parliamentary life that they thought Mr. Cowper no model man and no reliable leader.

Nevertheless so many difficulties, from an absence of any principle of party cohesion, were found in the way of replacing the honourable gentleman, that, for want of better, himself and his colleagues were allowed to go on, and every grace and indulgence given to enable them to

proceed. All did not do, and after a brace of Ministerial crises, during a very short parliamentary existence indeed, we have Mr. Cowper really out, and Mr. Forster's drama about to come before the political footlights, the curtain still down, but a cheery overture playing. There will be perhaps one interesting fact shown in connection with the new Government. We shall have a clear and certain chance of seeing this phenomenon very much talked about but never yet very plainly described — of factious opposition.

Mr. Forster has belonged to no distinctly marked side, and his colleagues are altogether new men, with no career, like poor Mr. Plunkett, before the epoch of free institutions, and no damning taint of having, like Mr. Hay or Mr. Murray, been constituent elements of former Governments. We shall therefore see how the gentlemen who have recently dropped the reins and those who have driven in their machine, now that there is nothing for recrimination or revenge, will comport themselves in the presence of the first Ministerial impersonation of *Novus Homo*.

The Equities Of “Liberal” Rule (1860).

THE Liberal Government which has just retired from power, however much abstract democracy it talked on fitting occasions, and however loudly it boasted of the change from the *régime* of Colonial Toryism to its own, on the hustings and in the Assembly, was by no means remarkable for the even-handed treatment it dealt out to high and low, rich and poor, of Her Majesty's liege subjects. The charge that for ends of its own it tampered with the administration of justice, has never yet been met or repelled. Mr. Jones, upon whom all the Honesties of Politics and the Decencies and Proprieties of Life waited as attendant genii, to carry to the Universal Public Heart as Gospel truths what, from the mouth of an honourable member of less respectability, would have been looked at as ingenious partisan sophistries, touched uniformly this state of things very lightly. Even Mr. Dalley, the parliamentary knight-warden for the late Administration, put his shining little shield into his pocket and sheathed the finely tempered little rapier of his debating canter in a walking-stick, which he forthwith proceeded to “cut” whenever this ugly fighting ground disclosed itself. Not only was what we refer to a sinister characteristic of Mr. Cowper's Government in its loftier public stages, but also when, in a purely administrative capacity, handling minor matters affecting persons poor and humble and helpless, and from whom nothing as regards the safety and comforts of the tenure of office was either to be hoped or dreaded, as from the culprits in *Berry v. Lang* (afterwards *Lang, M.P.*), and *Walsh v. Oxley* (afterwards *Oxley, M.P.*)

A very notable instance of this is presented in the history of the lamentable railway accident to the late Mr. George Want, placed side by side with the facts set forth in a petition ordered by the Legislative Assembly to be printed on the 11th October, 1859

The railway accident which took place in July 1858, be fresh in our readers' mind. On that painful occasion, a respectable solicitor, Mr. George Want, was — and we allude to the matter with genuine sympathy for those bereaved — killed. Various persons besides were seriously injured, and amongst others a Mrs. Frances De Courcey, a lady residing at Parramatta, poor almost to destitution, and, as we gather from the petition above referred to, supporting a large family, prior to her mishap, by her own exertions as visiting governess in Sydney and Parramatta, united with those of an elder daughter, who conducted an infant school. Her income she values as having been worth £150 a-year. She sets forth in her petition that the injuries she received were a dislocation of the wrist of the right hand,

and several contusions on the head and right eye, by which her eyesight has been permanently injured and the use of her wrist impaired. She states, too, that the injuries are of a permanent nature, and will preclude her in future from following the occupation by which she has hitherto obtained a livelihood. Corroborative certificates to this effect are appended to her petition from Mr. R. C. Rutter and Mr. Gordon Gwynne, medical practitioners resident at Parramatta.

Mrs. De Courcey also says that the Government, after the accident, afforded her medical assistance and other comforts, and advanced for some short time a sum of five pounds per week for the support of her family. In September last, the Government, under the impression that she would have been able to follow her professional avocations, handed her a sum of twenty-five pounds, and gave her a free ticket for the Railway for six months, and at the same time obtained a receipt in full for all claims upon them. Mr. Gwynne, the petitioner further states, told her her injuries were purely accidental, and that it was to the *kindness of Captain Martindale she was entitled to anything*; and that, under those circumstances, she signed the receipt referred to. Finding her health still impaired, and that she had, during her illness, lost her pupils, she applied for further compensation; and the Government paid her a further sum of twenty-five pounds, taking another receipt in full. Mrs. De Courcey owns that the payments made by the Government were under the impression that her injuries were of a temporary character. When this was shown to be otherwise, the Administration, nevertheless, on her application for further compensation, declined to make it, on the ground that she had signed "a receipt in full," but by way of charitable gratuity gave her a sum of twenty pounds, to meet her "immediate wants."

This is the case of a person in humble life. Let us now look how the widow of the late Mr. George Want was treated. A claim was, shortly after Mr. Want's decease, made by his relict on the Government. As the sister-in-law of a leading member of the Legislative Council and one of the wealthiest and most influential legal practitioners in the country, the claim seems at once not only to have been entertained with the respect it undeniably deserved, but with an amount of *empressement* somewhat beyond what mere sympathy with the loss sustained by the dead man's relations need have called forth in a Minister of the Crown, acting unquestionably under melancholy circumstances, but nevertheless in the discharge of a cool business duty that connected itself with a heavy demand on the public purse. On reference, we are informed, to the legal advisers in the matter of the Government, the first question those gentlemen wished to satisfy themselves on was connected with the

liability. At this stage there is good reason to believe that the claimants would have been satisfied, as they fairly might have been, we think, with a far smaller sum than was eventually obtained.

But all considerations of this kind, and all legal preliminaries, were suddenly stopped short by Mr. Robertson, who at once declared on the part of the Government that the liability was admitted, and that the sole matter that remained was the amount, and this was at once placed in the hands of arbitrators, who were pleased to rate the amount of liability at *seven thousand pounds*, and the sum was accordingly paid. Now we do not wish to place Mrs. De Courcey's injuries on the same level with the fatal catastrophe to the unfortunate gentleman mentioned. But the utter disabling from being able to earn bread for herself and a large family, of a helpless female, fairly throwing aside any arguments in the case connected with moral suffering caused to the bereaved, must have put Mrs. De Courcey and her children in pretty much the same position *qua* Mr. Robertson as Mrs. Want and hers. Both were to some extent deprived of the means of living from the same cause, — one directly, by having her bodily faculties impaired; the other indirectly, but by a sadder, deeper misfortune, in the loss of her husband. But how differently the two women were treated, and how infinitely beyond any real practical disparity in these respective cases the results; Mrs. Want at once receives some seven thousand pounds, and this dealt out with a species of eagerness which, whatever the amount of sympathy, people do not often show in paying away their own money. Mrs. De Courcey has a few pounds doled out to her from time to time, Her Majesty's Government upon the occasion of each donation securing itself by a receipt in full, in a spirit of huckstering below contempt, almost eking out the bargain by throwing in a railway ticket for six months. Then, when the injuries are at length discovered by Mrs. De Courcey to be of such a character as will invalid her for life, what is done by Mr. Robertson, so eager and so prompt to admit the liability in Mrs. Want's case? Why, he repudiates liability on the grounds that a receipt for a certain small sum (twenty-five pounds) had been signed, without caring to inquire or examine under what circumstances of belief in the passing character of her mishaps the lady had signed it. Mr. John Robertson is a very amiable man in private life, as ready as most men to give his aid to a charitable work. But he will perhaps pardon us if we take leave to suspect that if a very poor and humble professional man, quite as dear to his wife and children as the late Mr. Want, and with his exertions quite as necessary to their support as his, had met with a similar fate, Mr. Robertson would not have been such a cheerfully consenting party to the paying over of seven thousand pounds of the people's money as compensation in the affair.

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Mr. Cowper's Farewell To "The Big War" (1860).

OUR Caesar did not wrap his robe about him with decency when he fell. He might have done so with impressive dignity. He infused a deeper woe into the catastrophe than the career promised or spectators had a right to expect. The defeat on the Education Bill, Mr. Cowper made to involve not only his ministerial abdication but the close of his existence as a public man. The dying scene was not worthy of the materials that the retiring patriot and war-wearied and worn-out public servant had at his command.

There was stuff at hand for something artistically pathetic and memorable. A model might have been left for the native youth on such occasions as hereditary senatorial properties, like a mace or a speaker's chain. The thing might have been done so as to have furnished the subject of a picture in the *genre* of Copley's "Death of Chatham," with an absence, of course, of the deeper tragic element and fine imaginative promise hinted in the main figure, with foreground that, if ever the Liberal Chief was wanted for any of those affairs which connect themselves in Mr. Parkes' mind with "sacrifices on the altar of one's country," the retiring leader will, like a marked halfpenny, turn up again.

But the artistic sense, as well as another sense, that of common propriety, was wanting. Mr. Cowper, then, instead of doing the great Roman properly, made that august individual at once bully and whine, and tell spiteful fibs to boot. In his adieu he was pleased to tell his successors, whoever they might turn out to be, that they would find something more than common sense and common honesty necessary. No doubt; for a governing statesman, with the destinies of a growing nation entrusted to his keeping, a little sense is wanted that is not very "common;" something broader, deeper, and of longer range than Mr. Cowper's intellect or Mr. Cowper's education could help him to do; a sort of thing very different from that which placed the National domain in Mr. Robertson's hands, or raised Mr. Weekes from the sale of smoothing irons and Britannia metal tea-pots to that place where intelligence is required, by a sort of fiscal alchemy, to make gold and silver for public uses. Something more than honesty, too. Mr. Cowper is not a good logician, and when he used the accumulative formula, he doubtless meant, scarcely a thing extra so much as something which could effect what some other thing could not.

No doubt the honourable gentleman meant that the requisite was that which men too far committed to action to be scrupulous use when the better material is ineffective. If so, while he loves and cherishes his patriotic anxiety for the country's welfare, Mr. Forster has only to come to

his predecessor and succedendum that will fill the cavity long enough for practical purposes.

But for one thing, we should have thought it scarcely worth while to allude to Mr. Cowper's valediction in the Assembly, or to the terms of the address in which he thought fit to intimate his resignation to the electors of East Sydney. The real secret of that gentleman's retirement is pithily enough put by our contemporary, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, — his consciousness that his occupation was gone, that the time of shams (for him, at all events) had expired. And this perhaps furnishes a key to the principle upon which the ex-Minister's farewell remarks hinged themselves, and suggests why the quality of them was of so thin a fustian. Amongst the other delineances of an impotent vexation and a mortification which must talk, though it has nothing to say, Mr. Cowper alludes in his address to the attacks of "a venal press." If the honourable gentleman really cared to attach precise meanings to the phrases in his "long farewell," which certainly we do not believe, this, assuredly, as our Irish friends have it, "beats Banagher." It is a sublimity of impudence which it was left for a "People's Minister" at Botany Bay to arrive at. Till the very hour of Mr. Cowper's resignation, with the exception of an occasional grumble, such as that of the *Illawarra Mercury* at the Oxley escape and the Chamber's collusion; and stray suggestions from the *Goulburn Chronicle*, that really decency must be sometimes consulted, the whole rural press of the Colony did nothing but sing peans in honour of Mr. Cowper. His talents, his purity, his sacrifices, his services, were as a burthen that went up weekly or biweekly in all directions like the roar of many waters. Did any man dare to doubt Mr. Cowper's virtues or Mr. Cowper's talents? Though that man might have been baptised at the political font of Joseph Hume and been confirmed by O'Connell, — though he had fought with Kossuth and fasted with Mazzini, though he held doctrines too wildly democratic for an American "caucus," — though he might be ready to go to the stake for the five points of the Chartist's "Charter," yet he was no "Liberal." And in the metropolis, the case was, with the exception of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which gave opposition mild and intermittent enough to suit any Minister, precisely the same. Latterly, even the *Freeman's Journal*, which has been supposed to be the organ of a party which has always mistrusted Mr. Cowper for the narrowness and meanness of his bigotry, took it into its head to chant a *Magnificat* three times a week in honour of the "Popular Minister." It is well known that Mr. Cowper spared nothing at his disposal to buy wherever the press was purchasable. We use the word "buy" advisedly; there are more ways of arranging a bargain than on a mere pecuniary basis. We know not if Mr. Cowper's ideas are really final ones.

The pathos of the whole thing may, after all, have been got up for a purpose. When the main principle of a man's life is found to be a dishonest one, unfortunately, even for the honesty which circumstances force upon him, he gets no mstances force upon him, he gets no credit. It is suspected that he may dodge even Fate herself; and so thoroughly are we convinced that trickery and deception are the guiding principles, the very ethics, of Mr. Cowper's nature, that we should not be at all surprised to find him very shortly indeed bowing himself back where he has so recently said farewell. The coffin must be well nailed, the pit sufficiently deep, and the superimposed tombstone, — we care not what lies are engraved upon it — pretty heavy that will ensure the satisfactory political sepulture of Charles Cowper.

Quid Pro Quo (1860)

How often it happens that once a trader is, in commercial phrase, “gone,” and the capital act of insolvency has been formally consummated, day by day, all sorts of little transactions leak out, which even in the desperate hours of the closing struggle nobody suspected. Trick after trick opens itself up, and gradually unfolds the fact, that whatever the man might have been once, his later career was more a swindle than a struggle. Somehow those things never acquire a colour of positive and pronounced fraud till the actual “smash” has taken place. Before, really queer occurrences were scarcely noticed, or if noticed, they were held to be quite susceptible of explanation. They were matters that unfortunately *will* happen in the way of business, in otherwise very safe concerns indeed. Strange, what a light the practical ethics of life derive from the fact that roguery is occasionally unfortunate. When it succeeds, no one requires a lamp to trace the tortuous and dangerous lines of its course by; sufficient that it has arrived safely. The particular angle of the crooked causeway, at which it *might* have been upset, is an affair of no importance to anybody.

A sense of this fact somewhat softens our indignation, as every day brings out some of the dealings by which Mr. Cowper managed to retain for the last year his hold on office. It takes the edge off the keenness of our regrets that the late Minister has managed, by a precipitate movement, to escape much of what he deserves. It will be in the recollection of our readers that at the late general election it was thought advisable by the Government to secure Mr. Holyoake Bayley, their Attorney-General, a seat in the Assembly. The public will also remember that at the time there was reason to suspect that two Ministers of the Crown (Messrs. Cowper and Robertson) had opened communications with the electors of Mudgee for that purpose.

Mr. Bayley was returned; and a very fair presumption of how the “oracle” was “worked” by the Liberal Ministry may be gathered from the manner in which the oracular operators were recompensed for their noble exertions. We have no wish to be painfully Pharisaical in our political code. If individuals who have retired from the constabulary force are to be paid for public services — and, as the unsophisticated labourers of Mother Earth say, “people can't work for nothing” — we had much rather Ministerial fingers had been dipped into the public chest, and the honorarium paid in hard cash, than debts of the kind satisfied in trafficking the sacred offices of ministering justice. Half-a-dozen volumes could give no more vivid idea of the sense of the solemn nature and the responsibility

of their duties entertained by Mr. Cowper's Government, and the way it discharged them, than the subjoined form of resignation tendered by the full bench of magistrates at Mudgee:

THE BENCH OF MAGISTRATES, MUDGEE, TO THE HONOURABLE THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

“POLICE OFFICE, MUDGEE, Oct. 25th, 1859,

Sir, We the undersigned members of the Bench of Magistrates of Mudgee, beg leave (for the information of His Excellency the Governor-General, and the Executive Council) to express our deep regret at the appointment, recently made, of Mr. Myles Aratte Lyons to the magisterial office, for which we think him unfitted by personal character, position in life, and antecedents, having been an ordinary constable attached for some time to this court.

“We have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that this appointment is a direct acknowledgement of political services in the late election for this district.

“We therefore respectfully beg leave to resign our commissions as Justices of the Peace (which some of us have held for twenty years) into the hands of his Excellency the Governor-General; and to record our sincere regret for the course we deem public confidence in the magisterial office and self-respect imperatively demand.

“We have the honour to be, Sir, Your Obedient Servants,

“(Signed)

ROBERT LOWE, J.P. HENRY BAYLEY, J.P.

GEORGE ROUSE, J.P. C. K. LOWE, J.P.

J.T. BELL, J.P. N. P. BAYLEY, J.P.

W. W. LOWE, J.P. A. B. Cox, J.P.

G.H. Cox, J.P. L. F. HUDSON, J.P.”

L'Envoy (1860)

MR. COWPER has, yes, finally, retired from public life. The by means utterly insoluble enigma presented by his declining to say "yes", or "no" to his supporters before the East Sydney election, is now open enough.

The crisis involved the loss of Mr. Cowper himself, as well as of a Premier. it was a tide in the affairs of man which the great democratic constituency should have taken at the flood. Not only gratitude for the past, but hope for the future, should have animated it. There was a Land Bill yet to come, and a People's Minister was wanted to make it and embody it victoriously in law. There was Reform of the Second Chamber in arrears, and we needed a democratic leader, true and tried, to carry it. But the giant metropolitan constituency made feeble sign of matching its energies and power with the demands of the emergency. Only a small section of the electors polled, and though Mr. Cowper's position was the first, he was placed there but by a narrow majority. Worse still, Mr. Black, a man of yesterday, and an ingrate in the shoes of his patrons and protectors, was returned also. It was the "sunset of life," and Mr. Cowper practically exhibited the "mystical lore" befitting that critical time of day.

As Mr. Cowper is no longer a public man, we have no further right, and we have no wish, to say much more about him than has already appeared in the pages of this journal. Not a thousandth part of what might have been said has been said, or anything but a mere fragment of the charges preferred, upon which, before any impartial tribunal of public opinion, he would have been convicted. He has done well in more senses than one to retire. His deserts would have come, betwixt the retorts of those he might by bare possibility have screwed up his courage to attack in the House, and all sorts of journals without. He would have stood as fair a chance of being prominently pilloried for his treasons to principle, for the lowest and meanest of purposes, as he richly merited.

He goes back into private life, if he has anything in the nature of a conscience at all, with the sense that he has succeeded in utterly demoralising politics in this country for many years to come. His simple object was, of course, to keep his hold on office, and that with some men is, perhaps, natural enough. But few, we believe, would have consented to make the country pay the terrible price for it which he did. Before his Administration, men by no means fitted for the discharge of its functions might have crept into the Legislature. They were supposed to have done so from a variety of reasons more or less connected with mistaken notions of their vocations or with vanity.

It remained for Mr. Cowper to make a seat in Parliament the only chance of pecuniary success to those who had failed in or were unfitted for any other walk, or who looked upon political life solely in the light of a business vocation. Principles as a public man he had no more than the veriest black-leg who is matched by whatever means to keep his stake on the table.

But this is not all. He had not mental capacity enough to comprehend in all its bearings the tremendous results which would eventually follow his reckless game. If he had, whatever might have been his frailties, his hankerings, his tenacity to place, he would have desisted with an uneasy fear of consequences.

The poor fools and dupes about the city, led by those deeper than themselves, still babble on Mr. Cowper and Electoral Reform, Mr. Cowper and Democratic Progress. As if the great rushing organism of Democratic Progress wanted the puny aid of Mr. Cowper, in a new country like this, with free institutions, to allow it room and play. As if Democratic Progress had not controlled Mr. Cowper, as it would have done any other Minister, and not Mr. Cowper Democratic Progress. As if the question of Electoral Reform, overthrowing Sir Watson Parker, and armed and in the field to overthrow any Minister who faltered or hesitated a moment about it, was a grace flowing from the deepest and most ardent convictions of Mr. Cowper's inmost heart, though, generous chief, had he liked, he might have haughtily scoffed at it, as some patrician leader below the immemorial blazonries of the New Palace at Westminster! The poor "Tail" of the great "Liberal Party," that curls itself impotently, and writhes at the street corners, should flap quietly in this hour of supreme trouble, with the sense that Mr. Cowper took office with Electoral Reform as the condition of receiving it. He took office with an honourable and learned gentleman who had about the same amount of respect for the doctrine as that entertained by Mr. Thomas Paine for the Holy Evangelists. Our one object in saying this to the "Tail" just now in mourning for it, is to assuage the wild desolation of its woe by reminding it that though Mr. Cowper was a mild believer, such as peace-loving Protestants who marry strong-minded Catholic partners, he was no fiery enthusiast, and under no circumstances was he, in a political sense, prepared to go to the stake for the great popular dogma. A compromise far below manhood suffrage would have suited Mr. Cowper, if a majority of opinions lay in that direction, or a tolerably narrow franchise, indeed, if need were. Besides, Ministers will always be found, and in plenty, to give any number of popular privileges running from license to liberty so long as they are left in possession of power, and allowed to use it as they think fit. The Ministry could only have been, and

must be for years to come, "Liberal." We congratulate the country on being released from the peculiar theory of morals upon which Mr. Cowper's Administration was laid. When it will be the duty of any journal to congratulate it on its release from utter scepticism in principle, and the belief that the government and legislation of the country are other than mere games of personal interest, it would be hard to say.

A Melody,

To be sung at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on the Revival of “Lalla Rookh.”

“FAREWELL! O farewell to thee, Liberal Premier,”
Thus warbled old Lutwyche at Queensland afar,
“No such pearl of a Premier e'er dropped from its setting
Since faded in Europe keen Metternich's star.

“O pure as a patriot's bust in Carrara,
How radiant thy promise till Patronage came,
But that fatal caloric of Treasury benches,
As hot winds of summer, has withered thy fame!

“O deep in that heart with its bargaining caution,
O clear in that mind with dexterity fraught,
The truth that the price of the Fool was palaver,
That Wise Men alone by a billet were bought!

“As the rays of the sun on the sage's vast crystal,
O'er Sicily's wave and the ships of the foe,
All thy maxims of state to that axiom conveying,
Burnt Hay and his hordes with a furnace's glow.

“Away in the depths of dim commerce retiring,
A diver thou sinkest, both cunning and strong,
But the Wise Men moord'st to capital billets,
Will float on the surfaces thriving and long.

“Nor shall Dalley belov'd of thy spirit forget thee,
The Bar and yon Boxes he'll quit for thy sake,
And down at ‘The Wharf,’ on a mercantile tripod,
With toil sympathetic his station he'll take.

“O farewell. Be it mine to embalm thee in spirit,
While the pulses of joy in a lucky dog beat,
And Memory lifts up her torch to exhibit
The wonderful chances old buffers may meet.

“Farewell! O farewell, while one pale anxious lawyer
For place in the Colony wanders at all,
He'll mourn for a chieftain of forces on billet,
He'll moisten Gazettes for thy premature fall!”

Mr. Cowper's Resurrection (1860)

IT is upon record that the Right Honourable Robert Lowe once said of Mr. Charles Cowper that if he saw the gates of heaven thrown open, he would not walk through straight but wriggle in. As to the vermicular nature of that gentleman's entrance into the abodes of the just, we shall say nothing, because the fact of his ever entering in any style, rectilinear or otherwise, is, without any uncharity on our part, problematical enough.

But certainly, from the heaven of peaceful private life, he has within the last few days most characteristically managed to wriggle back to the militant earth of politics. Just as Mr. Oakes and Mr. Byrnes had wiped their eyes with cambrics bleached in the orange groves of Parramatta at the thought of their chief —

“In a mansion
Of peace whence no perils could chase him,”

that chief, like Harlequin, turns up again, and, as usual, by a dodge, is back in the midst of that parliamentary turmoil and strife, where the wicked have not the remotest idea of ceasing from troubling, and where the weary should by all means put the notion out of their heads of ever being at rest.

Whether the late Prime Minister, making use of his temporary absence from Sydney, visited the tomb of one who he believes was literally sacrificed by the Opposition to the late Government on the Moloch altars of their hatred, and whether at the sight of that holy urn he felt his wrongs incite him to return and take revenge, only Mr. Cowper himself and his more intimate friends know. At all events, it is likely something of the kind will be alleged by the honourable gentleman as the main ground upon which he allowed himself to be brought back into political life. If so, there will be about as much truth, decency, and manliness in the reference to buried affection, as a reason for coming back, as there was in alluding to it as a cause for retiring. When we hinted a doubt last week as to the fact that Mr. Cowper's political obsequies had at length taken place, there was, if not exactly prophetic instinct in the matter, something, at all events, like real knowledge of the true character and habits of the individual under manipulation. We reasoned from the internal nature of things, like philosophers as we are, and the event has pretty fully borne out the prediction and justified the predictor. Mr. Cowper goes back, of course, in opposition. He will take his seat side by side with Mr. Martin and Mr. Darvall, Mr. Parkes and Mr. Hay, and feel it a duty he owes the country to

oust as soon as possible from office Mr. Forster and his friends.

Opposition benches will certainly present as curious an assortment, pure and impure, as Noah's Ark or the Wandering Jew's museum in the American tale. Not only will the lion lie down with the lamb, but the leopard will have changed his spots.

Mr. Martin will at once discover that an Administration without a Minister who happens to be a lawyer, must of necessity be continually doing things which shake the safety of society to the centre. And Mr. Cowper, whom Mr. Martin so lately, by way of a practical joke, tried to upset in connection with the maladministration of the laws, will see that there are weighty charges in what has fallen from "the honourable and learned member." Of course, Mr. Cowper *cannot* call *him* "his honourable friend," he can never descend to that, but he will feel bound to give the motion of the "honourable and learned gentleman" his warmest support. Or Mr. Parkes will revive his warfare on the tea and sugar duties. Mr. Cowper, with the fresh feeling in his mind how spontaneously and with what ardent love and gratitude he has just been re-elected for East Sydney, whatever difficulties might have once been in his own way as a Minister, will ne'er consent to see the poor man's cup, "the beverage that cheers, but not inebriates," taxed in a country where the luxurious positively go free. Or possibly Mr. Darvall may jump up again, on that *bête noir* of his, the Moreton Bay Separation question. Mr. Cowper, now a free agent, no longer hampered in a manner men in office can alone know or fully understand, will do his *devoirs* to his constituents and the country at large.

How far the action taken from that new angle, from which a sense of duty strikes a gentleman who has recently left the position of Premier to take his seat in opposition, may meet the convenience of his successor, it is scarcely necessary to anticipate. Mr. Hay, perhaps, with the modesty of a man who has not practised law in this country, may hint a doubt or hesitate dislike at some judicial appointment hereafter made by Mr. Forster; for there is nothing we know of in that gentleman, his character and talents notwithstanding, removing him from the fallibilities and frailties of humanity. Then think of Mr. Cowper's dignified indignation in addressing the House at seeing a passing shadow thrown, much less a permanent spot fixed, on the purity of the ermine. Perhaps, too, the Tory Attorney-General of Mr. Forster's Cabinet — for if that promising orator, Mr. Richard Driver, Junior, is to be credited, Mr. Forster has already, to this extent, followed in Mr. Cowper's footsteps — may refuse redress against some corrupt and incapable justice of the peace.

A magistrate may have sat on his own case with the view of consummating, by the forms of adjudication, the robbing a poor man of his

beast. Hereupon the immaculate Mr. Cowper, who has taken the manufacture and preservation of the commission of the peace under his care, will feel bound that evening, before the question is put, to make a few remarks. If the public only receive timely warning, how the theatres will empty! And if photography could work as effectually by artificial as by solar light, what a moment for Mr. Dalton to take the living sketch, which, embodied in a full length on oils, will preach mildly to coming generations of Australian statesmen the clearness, the charm, and the beauty of honesty as a policy.

What exact position Mr. Cowper will take in the House it is hard to conceive. The shallowest man has often a surer and better sense of his own difficulties than the most sagacious of his friends. And we believe it was a feeling of this kind which induced the late Prime Minister to retire, for a while at all events, from public life. He had considered, probably more narrowly than those who have recently secured his re-election, the political horizon as it affected himself. A policy on any of the great local questions he had not, and had declared none for that simple reason.

He was not a waiter on Providence, — there might have been something in that; he was a watcher for stuff to make his measures, of whatever rose to the surface, as to the shifting majorities of the day. Had he had a policy in the real sense of that word, or any fixed and definite views of his own on cardinal public questions, he might have fallen as the greatest statesmen have, grasping his principles in his fall, and with that immortal basis of party which principles, good or bad, few or many, furnish.

Holding by a living political creed believed in by men, allying them by a common bond, interweaving itself with their interests, a Minister may go down, but he goes down with a strong likelihood of returning. The difference betwixt this, and a Minister who, having lived on credit, and kept himself up by mere personal props, tumbles, or rather *falls in*, without a scrap of political credit, worn out and found out, is terrible. As there was no inherent political life, so there is no chance of revival or resurrection. For the greater portion of his tenure of office, Mr. Cowper governed by the help of a mere *coterie*. In bygone times, the affairs of the country were administered by a clique at the Bent Street Club, in our day by a clique at the Victoria Club; formerly by irresponsible officials controlled by aristocratic squatters, latterly by responsible Ministers, with the advice and consent of a number of men, who, in most cases, with very mean pretensions to intelligence, had amassed money and so raised themselves to parliamentary positions. This fact of hole-and-corner government was pretty clearly pointed out and pretty plainly denounced by the Hunter's River constituency at the recent general election. They gave trouble, not

because they were specially hostile to Mr. Cowper, but because they felt indignant at being parcelled out in electoral lots betwixt this and that gentleman, members of the Government set, "thick and thin supporters." In a later stage, Mr. Cowper tried to galvanise his effete Ministerial existence by such a use of patronage as to make as many friends in the enemy's camp as his own. When this failed, for even the most extensive patronage must find its limits, he resorted to a device, perhaps more desperate than any Minister on his "last legs" ever dreamed of before; — he took to *resignations* so contrived as to involve the necessity of his being recalled to office. Practically the honourable gentleman put the matter thus: — "It is quite evident that I am not exactly the right man in the right place, but as I am the best you can get under the circumstances, you must take me, and take me on my own terms." It was a forlorn hope. It was the hope of a shallow schemer at bay; not of one hard hunted, but of one who had taken chase, having little or no wind to run with. The pitcher went too often to the well. A quiet, cynical young man of small experience, Mr. William Forster, disposed of the broken crockery on the disastrous occasion; and the well itself seems likely to turn out a Fountain of Oblivion for the distinguished personage who went to draw at it. Mr. Cowper's reputation as a leader was made in the absence of the *dii majores* who had controlled our public affairs with an intrepidity and an intelligence which elicited for the shabby little chamber in Macquarie-Street the admiration of enlightened avengers even. Before Mr. Cowper's small candle had caught men's eyes, the lights of Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Lowe had been removed, and Richard Windeyer's had been quenched for ever. Besides, the Minister's political *prestige* was made in Opposition. There a knowledge of details and of particulars made him effective in the hostile analysis of that mass of minor matters which make up the main business of official administration in a small community. Your man of this stamp is the drop of water on the stone; he kills by inches, but he kills. The man of larger brain sweeps down too often like the thunder shower, and the stone is either bodily swept away or it remains where it was. Mr. Cowper's head, without a high faculty of any kind in it, is, as was once said of somebody else's, a perfect nest of pigeon holes. Facts and figures in all Parliamentary papers and matters of public business are there stowed away, arranged and docketed with exquisite precision and matchless regularity. This has done good service in its way, and the Minister of State who has such an under-secretary may look upon himself as a fortunate man. But it became necessary to work out a free constitution, to construct a land policy, to give the country a sound and expansive apparatus of laws. With the need, came power as a prize of contest amongst men of keen and daring and powerful intellects, heretofore

kept outside the gates. Mr. Cowper, with undeniably good abilities of their kind, was not the man. The time for the mere analysis of local appointments and auditing items of estimates had passed; the hour for creation and construction had come. *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. Stringy bark is capital stuff for three rail fences, but useless for building purposes. With no pretensions to ability to deal with great questions, Mr. Cowper, in the older Legislature, and in opposition to Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Parker, won for himself, on the part of the country, something like a feeling of confidence, that if ever he got office, he was pre-eminently the man to exhibit administrative honesty. He obtained this prestige by a sort of reflex operation. As he was one who so well detected faults in others, he must assuredly be one also who possessed none himself, who over and above the honesty it was fair to assume in him, till the contrary was proved, was the person to guard and supervise others. The logic of this was open to objection ; there is a homely proverb about setting certain people to catch other people with weaknesses similar to their own; but it took.

Tried, and found grossly and signally wanting in the common honesties, and even the common decencies, which should surround, as with an impregnable and insurmountable wall, power and place, what is he to do now, when summoning others to judgment ? To fix opponents with corrupt practices was the only faculty and talent of Mr. Cowper's parliamentary life. He will resume his place once more on the Opposition benches, but where will the grace of his vocation be?

Competitive Examinations In The Public Service (1860)

IT strikes us that the main value of adopting a system of competitive examinations in the public service will reside, after all, in the purging from the great range of subordinate offices the purely political element which has hitherto controlled them. The trading in politics, which has, since the establishment of responsible government, found us so plentiful a supply of demagogues and stump orators, ashamed to beg, except in the office of a Minister, and afraid to work, would find its occupation gone. The town agitators, who supply to what they themselves choose to baptise "Liberalism" its main activities, would scarcely think the chances of office quite so proximate as to suit them, if those chances lay altogether in an examination as to specific competency for the office sought. It would be a poor speculation that for the sort of people who find nothing better to do in a new country than to work daily the oracle of professional agitation.

Those gentlemen take very little abstract interest in politics, and have very dim notions of the real merits of any of the questions which surround the advances of legislation or the stability of government. Their real object is to lay under obligations this or that parliamentary magnate, and so to invest claims to be honoured when the magnate's season of power shall have arrived. Fitness in the applicant is, of course, neither understood on one side nor the other at all to enter into the arrangement.

The necessities of party government, however shocking the fact, forbid it. A Minister may hesitate and feel difficulty, from the fear of exposure from an Opposition for the edification of the country at large, when gross moral delinquencies happen to flow through a case of immense political devotion. But intelligence, training, knowledge of the technics of any office, business habits, or any other intellectual requisite, has never hitherto been for a moment held a preliminary indispensable for appointments made at a Ministerial bureau. We know what the consequences of this kind of thing have been in England.

The governing class, as the noble and privileged inhabitants of the United Kingdom have been called, have looked upon all public appointments as their prerogative and property. The affair has always been of the quality of blood, and not the quality of brain. It is for all the aristocratic intolerance, ignorance, and incapacity of the realm; and when this is provided for, then the creatures and *protégés* of those who have received shares according to the measure it has held good to mete. But in America — and it seems very likely, unless something is done at once, that we shall have the same here — the thing is, we cannot say essentially worse, but far more dangerous to

the interests of society and government, and to that process of the education of public feeling and public principle which the early working of responsible government, in every profound and permanent national sense, mainly effect. At worst the elegant and well-born imbecilities and nonentities of the mother country are kept out of harm's way, and enabled to live as those finer products of the Creator who have never handled any instrument of coarser character than a fowling-piece or a billiard cue should. There is a good deal of injustice, a good deal of hardship in all this, it must be admitted. But it is only men of talent who feel it; and if they cannot push themselves forward in independent individual circumstances, the Colonies are open for them. Political philosophers, sages not alone of Conservative colours, but philosophical writers on abstract polity far removed from the disturbing sympathies of party or even broadly popular politics, tell you in the abstract the country feels nothing of this. The mischief even Mr. Henry Vincent and his Chartist friends, however justly and naturally indignant at the monstrous wrong, would admit was but negative. In America it is positive, and threatens to be so here.

The late Government, we think, convinced every true friend of the country how all political principle, all idea of right and wrong, and all attempts to consider party action on grounds of public interest, became vitiated, corrupted, and degraded. Men who had in bygone days supported Mr. Cowper, and those with whom he acted, on grounds of sheer principle, began gradually to catch the infection, and yield to the belief that instead of the real task being only commenced, everything as citizens they ought to have done had been done, and now for a share of the scramble. What every one says must be true, says a proverb of equivocal authority. What every one does, argued these men, can hardly be unworthy of a citizen. We have no desire to point anew to what has been done in filling offices of the most sacred character. Enough for us to discuss the system of appointment on its abstract and general grounds, and with reference to its influence on the higher progress of a country just now taking into her hands the management of her own affairs. Two things Mr. Forster's Government can do to make itself memorable amongst public benefactors, and to secure moral and political advantages, with little splendour or pomp about them, but which go deep down into the groundwork of a pure administration, because they go to the very root of human nature itself. In the first place, by some restrictive enactments, binding on their successors, to purge the social and political element from the magistracy, and make it what it should always have been — a purely judicial body. And, secondly, to help towards the abolition of the traffic in appointments betwixt governments and partisans by establishing strict competitive examinations in the public

service. A variety of auspicious circumstances enables the present Administration to do this at a much smaller loss of party support than men who, longer in public life, are more or less, from the exigencies of things, committed to the evil that it is. Whatever time may show to be fatal in Mr. Forster's shortcomings, he has two premier qualities for this task, — the want of which in his predecessor, were he a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Pombhal, or a Peel, would have disabled him from effecting change in an apparatus of government, — courage and honesty.

Australian Federation (1860)

ONLY in New South Wales, where the importance of it should be perhaps most obvious, do people seem to look upon the great question of Australian Federation with indifference. It has been mentioned as an affair of moment in the speech placed by one Ministry in the vice-regal mouth, and extinguished, with the characteristic shuffle of Cowperism, by that of another. Our legislators can fight with the *acharnement* of a storming party, night after night, in the House, about questions too trivial almost for the attention of a rural municipality. But this great business of securing national growth and national advancement on a basis of territorial union, there is no one to call attention to. Mr. Deas Thompson did, we believe, take some preparatory action on the matter in the Legislative Council, but there it rests. Is the neglect because of a general belief that nothing good can come out of the Nazareth of that most ancient and honourable gentleman? Is the fact of a question, which is not only a party one, but transcends in magnitude and certainty of beneficial results all other general questions, taking inception at the hands of Mr. Deas Thompson, sufficient to have left behind a deterring trail of the serpent?

But however supine we in New South Wales choose to be in this business, the neighbouring Colonies view it as its paramount importance deserves. Victoria, South Australia, and Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) have for a considerable time past, by their respective Legislatures, appointed delegates for the purpose of meeting to consider the matter fully, and of endeavouring to fix the terms of a Federation. The mother-territory of New South Wales has alone neglected to send representatives, and mainly from this cause, we believe, nothing has yet been done: either, therefore, our Parliament is infinitely more sagacious than the combined legislative wisdom of the three Colonies, and stands aloof with haughty indifference, for a thing too puerile to be even worth talking over; or otherwise, our rulers and our representatives are guilty of a dereliction of duty quite as worthy of debate as, for instance, the motion on which some nights since that illustrious triumvirate, Messrs. Weekes, Pemell, and Robertson, divided in the prettiest minority that ever found itself "like honey pots all of a row," since in very recent times representative bodies have come to be a laughing-stock.

Surely some of the public time set apart for such performances as the juvenile Member for Windsor's scapegrace levities and the ill-chosen asperities of the gentleman representing Paterson, might be devoted to the examination of the policy of endeavouring to effect the great scheme of

Australian Federation.

The political benefits of Federation range themselves, we take it, into two classes. The first connects itself with the creation and preservation of a broad national polity. Though the advantages of this are directly and practically political, yet it is in its essential nature a moral and social gain. The curse of a small community in dealing with questions of State — that is, questions moving on great principles and liable to arrest from powerful interests — is the municipal spirit and the spirit of personality. These are intestine evils. But if the community be one of a group, it has external ones besides.

History, ancient and modern, illustrates this, — the wars of the Saxon Heptarchy, the feuds of the petty Irish monarchies, as well as the everlasting heart-burnings and strifes of the Italian and Flemish republics. Under the influence of this spirit, to hinder mutual progress and to do immense damage, it is not necessary that the spirit itself should take active practical shape, in vast armaments or invading squadrons. Its destroying power, under the conditions of modern society, when much of the military thirst of aggrandisement has given way to the commercial, may be felt in a variety of ways; and even in a group of British Colonies like our own strongly enough. It will be recollected, that during the period extending from the latter days of the American Colonial Confederation that sprang up to oppose British tyranny, to the times of the specific settlement of the Federal Union, the trade of these Colonies and their commercial honour were almost ruined by mutual jealousies and obstinacies. We suspect at this moment that there are Victorian and South Australian colonists who, as regards people from New South Wales or Tasmania, have the germs of that which in their native born descendants will ripen into national differences, and certain qualities of national feeling, about which resides some danger. And clearly, by way of a moment's digression, if the Australian Colonies are ever to become a powerful nation, it must for every conceivable reason, local and general, internal and external, be by union.

If, then, union be good, the sooner we have it the better, in order that the natives of the soil may as soon as possible feel themselves citizens of one great state and fellow-countrymen; particularly as there are immense practical advantages to come into operation the moment the thing is effected.

Let us have no local differences, some no doubt from ethnologic causes, but not a whit the more to be desired for that, and some for political reasons, both of which may be figured by the cases qua each other of the Englishman and the Scotchman, the Austrian and the Prussian. But of this first class of advantages of Federation, that which we would particularly

insist upon as a sure result, is the elevation and enlargement of the nature of administration and of parliamentary government on all great questions. The mischief to arise, and that has already arisen, by legislation on matters affecting Australian interests of general character, as contradistinguished from purely local affairs and local questions, would be kept in check, without interfering with the constitutional rights of the different colonies. We see here in New South Wales, day by day, election after election, what parliamentary government is coming to. The element to be most vigorously and thoroughly eliminated in a National Council is the merely municipal or parochial one. None brings in, while operating under motives perhaps honest and well intentioned enough, so much ulterior danger, none is so likely to prevent a new community from dealing with and treating all things in that advanced spirit which is creative of nationhood. We have men, worthy men no doubt, but altogether out of place, entering Parliament latterly, whom not only no employer would trust in matters requiring intelligence, capacity, and experience, matters of any profound, complex, or comprehensive kind, — but who, themselves, would claim no higher endowments than those which are loosely generalized under the phrase “common sense,” which means, in fact, the skill to drive a good bargain, to purchase store bullocks, or to do a “stroke” in land jobbing. To think of these men handling matters which may affect the country as a component of the Australian States, and so eventually affect entire Australian interests, is no very pleasant thought to people clearly alive to the possible power and glory and the benefits for mankind to flow from a great British Confederation in the Southern Ocean. In the administration of federal government on a larger arena we should have larger men; on a national platform we should have powers and sentiments of national bulk and comprehensiveness. Noble ambitions would have a noble field. Mr. A. or Mr. B., from various local causes such as we have seen exercising themselves around very little men indeed, in the recent Ministries in New South Wales, would on the floor of the Federal Chamber be reduced to the dimensions which really belong to small people away from Sydney, or Melbourne, or Adelaide, as the case may be, when challenged on the grounds of native and actual incapacity to govern, and their equivocal abstract of character to be trusted. The other class of benefits a Federal Union of the Colonies would obtain us are too obvious to enlarge upon. A uniformity of tariff, an assimilation of landpolicy, and ultimately a central power, somewhere, to *deal for purely national purposes* with the public *lands*, a harmonious because national management of mail systems, a large dealing with economics of immigration, a removal of all vexatious barriers of regulation likely to prevent the most fluent intercourse of the inhabitants

of Australia, such as affect professional men and others, are amongst the benefits.

One has been touched upon, especially in this journal, — the establishment of a Court of Appeal from the local supreme tribunals of the various colonies, which should supersede the only appeal at present existing, — that to the judicial Committee of the Privy Council, so ruinously expensive and inconvenient as in effect to be prohibitory. In times of war, by Federation alone could the colonies effectively protect themselves, with England with enough to do on her hands elsewhere, as when war does break out she will have. And this, as an able Melbourne contemporary — the *Examiner*, we think — puts it, and not Dr. Lang's *experimentum crucis* of “cutting the painter,” while the “painter” is an admirable appendage, is alone the way to meet war emergencies.

We have mentioned Dr. Lang. With that honourable and reverend gentleman we have few sympathies, and the measure of our respect for him is by no means large. But he is a man of great ability, and has far more of the statesman's perception in him than is generally found amongst local men. From his turn of mind, and his habit, for years, of looking at Australian topics through a medium of national largeness, we know no man in the House, just now, in whose hands the question of Federalism would be safer.

Pen-And-Ink Cartoons (1860)

PHILOSOPHICALLY considered, perhaps a *Punch* is objectionable. A laughing philosopher is an excellent thing in its way perhaps a better and a deeper than a crying philosopher. But you can't make a joke of everything. For instance, you can't laugh at a man's finding his way to office through the doors of the Insolvency Court, a gentleman who has gone in to be whitewashed, but because the dirt was unusually thick the cleansers of commercial immorality, in a place proverbially not fastidious as to its subjects, declined to apply the brush.

We can conceive then how the old *Empire*, as severe and stoical in its morals as the late *Empire*, — a young lady notoriously of questionable character, as loose and complying in hers, — would have arraigned the conduct of a special uncertificated insolvent, who with an effrontery no other man in the country, in his unfortunate position, could have exhibited, not only managed to slip into Parliament, but did all he could to annoy and obstruct honest and deserving men, because, forsooth, they hadn't made him a Minister of State, and to the end that he might make himself one. We know how that stern and rigid purist, the older *Empire*, used to bare all blushing to daylight the imputed delinquencies of Mr. Parkes' present friend and patron, Mr. Darvall, at seasons when it was most ungenerous to do it. And then Mr. John Bayley Darvall's imputed peccancies were peccancies that touched nobody's pockets but Mr. John Bayley Darvall's own. It is very unpleasant to have to say this kind of thing. But in politics you're forced to say unpalatable things. For, a reader who has continued that poetic and purely imaginative view of politics which mankind calls Patriotism, the most essential feature in politics is that it oftenest consists of the audacious attempts of an impudent and unscrupulous fellow, with assurance as the largest portion of his stock-in-trade, to get rule of his fellow-citizens, and his salary to boot, by any means whatever. Lay to your soul, O unsophisticated and tender-hearted reader, who thinks us unkind, the moral of our contemporary *The Sydney Morning Herald's* first leader on the fall of the Forster Ministry. It was admitted that the Administration was an honest one, but that it wanted “cleverness.” Cleverness! William Forster, poet, journalist, acknowledged political thinker, eminent debater in the House, not clever? Geoffrey Eager, sparkling speaker, thorough man of business, keen philosophic writer on political topics; John Black, most ornate of local orators, and framer of a land policy for the commonwealth; Saul Samuel, always a Saul amongst profits, and not only a financier but a Jew financier, — these men not “clever”! Pre-posterous, you say; the

Herald never does tell the truth. Ah, but, reader, look here. The Herald knows political technology better than you do. "Clever" refers to that particular idea of dangerous excellence which presents itself to your embittered moral mind in connection with a fellow who, having swindled you barefacedly, actually "bilked" you out of a hundred or two, has made everything so neat and clean, so right and taut, that you are bullied up in King Street as a vindictive Shylock, and your archetype of all human rascality is granted his certificate tenderly and with many condolences by that most credulous of men, considering the society he keeps, *ex officio*, Mr. Purefoy. And just again, reader, having got a correct idea of the meaning of the phrase, don't you regard Mr. James Martin, as a public man, of course, a very "clever" fellow?

We think it was right, or, at all events, acceptable, to say this before we showed you the picture. Now, Brunhilda, pull away the curtain, and let us look at the first cartoon.

There it is! It's a roaring place that, isn't it? You see the feeding-place of the lions of the fold of Judah, of the representatives of the people. It's the only place in the county where they really know how to make Badminton and dish up a turkey. You're thinking of Cheval's? Well, yes, Cheval's is a nice place for French kickshaws and a palatable pint of *vin ordinaire*. But for the solid supports of the British Constitution in Her Majesty's Colonies, you must steal a look at the refreshment-room in Parliament Chamber, Macquarie Street, just as the House has emptied for vesper-stomachics. Never mind that solitary, ruminative figure with the glass of pensive sherry and the cold fowl before it, and two big volumes, like law books, under its sturdy elbow. That's little Pid, as honest as gold, let them say what they like about him, whom Mr. Cowper, holding Jack Robertson, as he always used to do, as a fly at the end of his fishing rod (he hooked Chambers of Maitland in that way), once angled for. But look at the corner of the wine room, where the "Peers," as they call the Second Chamber within the precincts, take their hot whiskey during late sittings. The three figures — what a group! The colour is a little sombre, but what drawing! Henry Parkes has a pen in his hand, and he draws better than the Crown Law Officers when there is anything to be gained. But he knew that before he went into Darvall's Chambers. He owes that distinguished man nothing for the lore. Ask Wilshire.

Somehow, you know, the Eastern origin of the Jew comes out in his love of personal ornament. Up in George Street, he doesn't put an aigrette of diamonds on his Sabbath turban, because British Jews don't wear turbans, they leave them to their dowager ladies. But look at the big chain on the velvet waistcoat, and the showy ring on the little finger, not to speak of the

glittering stones on the shirt studs. The other figure — well, he is a beauty to be in the Parliament of an English community. He doesn't talk English. No, certainly. I don't mean to say he's a foreigner. He is, perhaps, North of England, or North of Ireland more likely. You who are not yet cured of your poetic illusion about politics, want to know why men without intellect, education, standing, or important services, in spheres other than political ones, are sent into the Great Council of the country, to make laws for and to guard the interests of the commonwealth. Well, do you happen to have the honour of knowing Mr. Terry, the honourable Member for Mudgee, or Mr. Lucas, who represents unepiscopal Canterbury out in the bush? Fit only to break stones or drive bullocks, you say; well, you are blunt, but you may be right. But, constitutionally, the majority has more right than either you or I have, and the majority (God bless it!) thought them, the democratic majority, fit men, mind you, to cope with Martin and Hay and Darvall and other very lofty-notioned people, to protect and do battle for popular rights.

You are amused; but really you must pardon me if I do not see the element of humour in what I say. I set out by saying Punch, as universal commentator, is a mistake; there are some things which have no possible joke about them. The honourable gentleman who took up the Prime Minister's glove, and moved the direct want of confidence forthwith, is Mr. Gray. Ask him if the functions of the judiciary are by any constitutions necessarily separate from those of the executive, or whether select committees of the House might not abridge the means of the Supreme Court business by hearing motions for new trials, instead of leaving them to the Court *in banco*: he'll settle it. What is he doing? Sitting there, listening to the strains of certain dulcet charms. Jack Robertson is patting him on the back; — Jack always does pat people he is managing on the back. And that political Stoic, that man of Roman virtue, quite plain enough, as the ladies would say, to be distressingly good, is perusing the words of a resolution for the Catspaw, the aforesaid Mr. Gray, who could not write his grammatical sentences in a petition against a king, — now gone out of fashion, the chopping off the head for treason, — if he were compelled to make prayer in that behalf. Candid, sincere, patriotic, and, at the same time, thoughtful, gifted Mr. Parkes makes the *balls*; poor, stolid, stupid Mr. Gray fires them. Mr. Parkes just now supports, but doesn't move votes of want of confidence in Ministries.

By the way, how poor Forster used to be praised in the old *Empire*. Forster, in those days, by some miracle, had no share in original sin. And how well Forster could write leading articles in those times, — the period when Sir Henry Watson Parkes cried like a child at the way he was

worried. But look at Henry Parkes, the figure, I mean, which is painted writing at the table the resolutions which some time later in the evening Mr. Gray, "big with the fate of Caesar and of Rome," is to move. He's a grotesque figure in that picture, certainly; all arms and legs, like some mischievous creature you meet in the grass. But that's nothing; from Æsop downwards, providence has pleased to lodge splendid intellects in very queer trunks. The ladies — bless them! with their instincts, infinitely surer than our masculine minds — know this.

John Wilkes, you recollect, said — with his squint even — the handsomest man in a room had only half-an-hour's advantage of him. But he's what they call a psychological curiosity, Henry Parkes, I shan't go into that. Who would have thought that he who commenced life selling little innocent blue and white toys for your small Marys and jemmies to break, would approach its zenith by himself breaking Ministries of the people in the Sovereign Parliament of the land? There was a powerful man here in New South Wales once, who ruled the councils of the country, William Charles Wentworth. He did once on a time go to buy toys of Mr. Parkes. Perhaps he did it on commercial principles — going to the cheapest market, gratifying his household angels at a low figure; perhaps he did it to insult one of the demagogues and supporters at public meetings of the day; for Mr. Wentworth *could* do paltry things for a great man. He thought he was an able and gallant man, bearding Mr. Deas Thompson and the imperially nominated officials of his day. Did he dream that the toyman would do greater things, in planning and executing the destruction of responsible Ministers in after times? Somebody once told us that Mr. Parkes, of all the toys in his shop, loved most the Chinese puzzle in ivory. As no one ever appreciated him as a man for a Ministry, perhaps, to beguile time, he takes to old fancies, and indulges in a love for political puzzles. But his puzzles are not as white or clean, though they are. almost as polished, as the old toys in "laborious orient ivory."

You see Mr. Gray has made up his mind to take in the resolution. Poor man! he looks as firm as when once he frightened a bull which Mr. Justice Owen allowed into his dairy paddock at Wollongong. But we, who love democracy and the people, are sick of the crimes committed in a sacred name, and the people who make democracy a trade. That's the first cartoon. We'll show you the rest. Brunhilda, draw the curtain over the picture, and ask Heraclea to bring in some cigars. Ah! Berenia, come at last, queen of Colonial lady politicians, what a delicious shade of colour in the feather and ribbons of that Argyle hat, the autumnal turn of the beech in Europe! Pray, what is Sir Daniel Cooper's next trick? He's been working — oh, I know! You went down harbour in a skiff, like the Lady of Shalott, and met

him trying to paddle his lonely dingy up in answer to the Governor-General, on the moonlit waves of Broken Bay. Reader, you have seen the picture, you must not hear the lady, and you don't smoke.

Cartoon No. II.

IT is a very absurd thing, that feeling of the relative superiority and inferiority of trades and professions which obtains in modern society. You shake your head a little. Ah, I am afraid you don't go along in democratic opinion with Mr. Cowper and *The Empire* and *The Era* and *The Southern Cross*, though the latter's notions on this point differ somewhat from those of the preceding authorities; the three former basing the business on what will pay, the latter on principle. Aristocracy was a capital spec before the passing of the Electoral Reform Bill. But there isn't a newspaper or an orator in the country mad enough now to go in for anything but democracy in some shape or other. There are pretty broad interspaces in democracy, however; for instance, between the mild ideas of Mr. Jones, the honourable Member for the Hunter, and the extreme views of the raciest of stump orators, Mr. White of the Land League. Mr. Jones, as you are aware, is a born democrat; sprung from the people, he should stand by the people. But then democracy, after all, must be cool and cautious in a man whose savings are in bank stock, who protects property as a member of assurance boards of management, and keeps an eye on incendiaries, which, you know, is a phrase as much recognised amongst steady and respectable politicians as amongst the newspaper reporters of arson and the police. Ah well, you will shake your head at my remarks on the distinction between the trades and professions. I presume, reader, you would rather have Miss Pincherwell at the Globe say, at her merciless tea-table, your wife was the daughter of a solicitor than of a shoemaker. Well, perhaps I'm a cynical philosopher, but I know which of the two vocations is likely to be the honestest. It is a curious speculation. But did ever any man, a widower for instance, who wanted his children taken care of after the death of his beloved — they're the most paternal of men these widowers — did ever any one hear of a man's wedding and taking to his bosom the daughter of his lawyer? There have been pillar saints and there are Indian faquirs; and Heaven only knows but there may be men unaccused of nympholepsy who have done this kind of thing before. Balzac, in all his diggings into human nature, never hit upon so abnormal a curiosity of human nature as the man who had married the child of his *avocat*.

Trades and professions! I have known carpenters and tailors, not only with more refinement of feeling, more honour and what is with greatest strength dwelt upon, more education, than two-thirds of your attorneys, — than, as a writer in the *Southern Cross* once called them, the Geebung Solicitors. Talk of the Hebrew lawyers at the Old Bailey! And how hard

some of the sharpest of them have tried at dodging the schoolboy examination in the ancient literatures and mathematics, which is made by law a qualification for admission to the bar of New South Wales. Even Mr. Martin tried to induce Parliament to legislate in this way once, at one stage of his career — to suit himself, of course, as Mr. Martin usually tries to obtain legislation. They wouldn't do it, for obvious reasons. Perhaps, as beasts of prey everywhere, but here especially, attorneys object to the Humanities. And Mr. Martin, who has pluck, if he hasn't principle, buckled to, and with the aid of old Dr. Adelong Suffix, went at his Greek and Latin grammar, to qualify himself for the silk gown which, candidly, he wore as well as he discharged the political charges connecting themselves with it, — basely and unworthily.

But why, O reader, I talked of the difference between the trades and professions was this. The next cartoon I shall exhibit to you represents a “Cabinet making” at the Victoria Club. I'm given to moralising, and if you had not intimated doubt, I was going to ask you which of the two vocations was most respectable, most moral, most purely beneficial to society, — cabinet making at Lenehan's or Sly's, where money is earned by solid, sober work, or Cabinet making as understood by Mr. Martin or Mr. Arnold? Trades and professions! I don't think the Greeks thought more of the man who gave them boluses, and knew a thing or two out of Hippocrates and Antaeus, than they did of the skilled, hearty, honest fellow who had squared the marble blocks for the pedestals of the glorious bronzes of Lysippus, or the breathing marbles of Phidias, and voted as he liked for the particular Athenian Dr. Lang of the day at the *bema*, without caring a rush for any physic man, even if his father had been an archon. You want to see the second cartoon. I promised you should see all the pictures, and so you shall. They are in Brunhilda's custody; but as that young lady is just now at church, Heraclea shall exhibit. Here she is. Heraclea, *ma mignonne*, show the reader Number Two, while I do *cicerone* for him. It is really a good room, you see, well-proportioned and nicely corniced, with French lights, with a verandah worthy of an Indian bungalow, with veils of mellow shadows given by the grand old fig-tree in front of the house. How delicious in a sitting-room in these noons of summer the twilight of a superb old tree's shadow! Everything is as calm as it is fair and cool. Though you are in Castlereagh Street, and see, when you look out of the deep verandah, the spire of St. George's Church, soaring with its vanes and its pure, graceful pinnacles into the sweet, deep blue air, you have as little noise as you might expect at Bong-Bong or Jurabit's Gally. The furniture is gaudy; more like the properties in a theatrical scene than the appointments of a saloon which men of taste and refinement and a

sense of elegance in form and colour could by any possibility have fitted up for themselves. The furniture was bought at a very great price for the old Sydney Club, by a very great man who was once a Law Officer of the Crown here. His notions of marbles were rather narrow. His ideas of the superb in that line being, in fact, gathered from the big rooms in Colonial hotels. His claims to taste really lay in cookery; and that is, you know, so easily and universally acquired, — a taste for which nobody needs an acquaintance with the entertaining volumes, on the subject of the Alison. Latterly, getting rich, this great man has taken to affecting erudition in the finer vintages of Europe, rather risky for a self-raised man of Colonial education. O James! do you imagine the Hocheimer you gave Isaacs had ever Teutonic origin at all?

Ah! we natives must not try the fashionable extravagances of Englishmen, unless we happen to be gentlemen to begin with, and have had a European education, like Sir Daniel Cooper's affecting to buy *chef d'oeuvres* in pictorial art. Genuine white Hermitage out here is only some degrees rarer than original sketches of Rubens.

Four interesting figures these, seated in the room. The one with the bald head and somewhat darkened teeth is Mr. Charles Cowper. Back again! Yes, and engaged in the congenial task of cabinet making. He doesn't care a fig, bless you, for office, and has lost all taste for politics. But the necessities of the country at this crisis, and his own unquenchable patriotism, have induced him once more to launch upon the troubled waters when the syren voices called. At his side is the restless Eastern figure you saw in the First Cartoon, the non-historical Robertson. O Murrurrundi, when you sent Jack down, did you ever dream he would be Prime Minister? A solid man of iron that to the left of Mr. Cowper, a man who says, "How do you do?" with funeral pomp of tone, and imitates what he thinks must have been Dr. Johnson's way, when he asks "What's o'clock?" Did you ever see or hear him rise to a point of order in the House, and administer grave rebuke to a parliamentary transgressor of the minor ethics. You haven't! Well, it's quite as good in the slow way as Vivian Grey or Don Juan is in the fast. Talk about magic: the true gramarye in the British Colonies is responsible government. Did Elias Carpenter Weekes, behind Burdekin's counter, ever dream that he should be Treasurer of New South Wales?

You hesitate and talk about men who have raised themselves from pauper boyhood to be chancellors and rulers of kingdoms. But, reader, I claim responsible government in the Colonies as endowed with witchcraft or wizardcraft on this particular ground. Your Chief justices and Chancellors in the Old World had intellect. Elias Carpenter Weekes was

never charged by his worst enemy with having a distinct idea in his head. He understands Britannia metal well enough, it is true, and is capital albata himself; though Cowper, who is nickel, is the better washed of the two. He's a big brawny man, the other figure, what the Irish would call "a clever man." The Hibernians use the phrase in a physical as well as a mental sense.

I'm no admirer of the man, but I'm not quite sure that he's not entitled to the epithet in both senses. Politically, I think him a profligate; but there are good qualities in him nevertheless. The big man is William Mumings Arnold. His opposition to Mr. Forster's Government was both rancorous and factious, on the very face of it a personal opposition. In political morals that sort of thing is unspeakably bad. But, as far as human nature goes, you must make this allowance for the Member for the Paterson. Forster really should never have invited Arnold's co-operation in forming a Ministry. The right thing was declining to act with Mr. Arnold, but the incurably wrong one was ever to have asked him to join. Alas for Forster! Asking a man of talent and education with a bad political character, like Arnold, you may condemn; but think of his inviting the quondam driver of the Bathurst mail coach to take a seat in the Cabinet. Still, you say, Jack Robertson is Prime Minister. Well, well, Heaven knows what we shall come to; Milton, you know, talks of something lower than the lowest depth. They're Cabinet making. Think of Mr. Charles Cowper back again to aid in that operation. People said he had an affection in the head; don't believe a word of it. There will always be something wrong at his heart, but his head, for such a head, is right enough.

Things are arranged, you see, as far as they can be. Jack says, — his face getting very red, just as at Christmas examinations you've seen a boy's when the blue ribbon to which the silver medal was attached was put round his neck, his mamma and his sisters looking very steadily the while at him, — Jack says, "I'll be Premier; in fact, I suppose I must." Cowper looks mildly at Jack, but says nothing; and Jack drops the Eastern eyes, and wonders so why people in Brussels make diamonds and squares *always* as patterns for carpets.

Jack thinks for a moment of his father's shop at the old Queen's wharf, with its chronometrical watches, and comforts himself with an image of poor old Robertson *père*. Then dreams an instant of his battles with the magistrates in the bush, and his attendances on Richard Windeyer, and he whispers to himself, "Well, old fellow" (he thinks of his boyhood, does Jack), "your son is Prime Minister of the Colony"; and another thought crosses him, "I don't know much about governing, but I'll try!"

Mr. Robertson In His Glory (1860)

MR. JOHN ROBERTSON is a remarkable man, a very remarkable one indeed. Not because he is Prime Minister. Because, under the present whirligig Government, the very humblest of mankind may be that next week. Transformations and changes are so rapid and frequent, that we find ourselves too experienced and too *blasés* at political marvels in Australia to feel even a throb of surprise, if some injured man under Government guardianship whose time is up to-day, and who took his farewell promenade on the penitential flags at Cockatoo last night, should, after the next general election, be found in supreme control of the Treasury.

But Mr. Robertson is a remarkable man, because, beyond all his compeers and political associates, his coolness is so perfect, his nonchalance is so consummate and so exquisite in its consummateness at throwing every atom to the winds, to-day, when place and pay are shedding their golden lights about him, of what rather than give up yesterday the honourable gentleman, as “principle,” was not only ready to die much oftener than the providential dispensation calls upon any man to die at all, but to devote the very children of his bosom to the flames. There is a thoroughness and a bravery about this — some people would call it barefacedness or shamelessness, but we are not cynics — that after the vermicular slyness of Mr. Cowper, and the arrant hypocrisy of Mr. Elias Carpenter Weckes, the political white chokerism” of that sleek, well-fed gentleman is as refreshing as a breeze, or a perfume, or anything else the reader chooses to accept as figuring a restorative.

Mr. Robertson appeared before his constituents at Scone — historic Scone — on Monday last. The honourable gentleman was in his glory. There was nobody to oppose him; he had his twenty auditors entirely to himself; and as regards some questions put to him, though Mr. Thomas Dangar may be a clever fellow in his way, Mr. Robertson is a clever fellow, too; and when the clever fellow who chances to be Prime Minister tries conclusions with the clever fellow who happens to be nobody, to foresee the result requires no great amount of mystical lore. Mr. Robertson built the exordium of his speech on allusions to his friend Mr. Deniehy and his friend Mr. Charles Kemp, at present a candidate for Liverpool Plains, who had been spoken of in connection with the representation of the district — the friendship of the former gentleman, we apprehend, being much of the quality that would hesitate to trust him and his colleagues with the making of a police constable on fit grounds, or the receipt of revenue at a suburban toll-gate. The speech was very interesting; and though the soul

of its wit was by no means brevity, it furnishes one or two valuable illustrations of the character of the new Administration, and more especially of the Premier himself.

Mr. Robertson told his Scone constituents that the Government merely intended to pass the Estimates, put an end to the session, and take a recess. The consideration of any measure connected with the Lands, or any public question of sufficient importance to endanger the tenure of office of Mr. Robertson and his party, is, therefore, postponed for something like six months. This may be very proper, may be only fair. Considering Ministerial labours and Ministerial difficulties, we are not prepared to say it is not. But a very short time since, when Mr. Forster took office after "those sent for" before him had refused to undertake the Government, on the 14th December last, Mr. Robertson and his colleague Mr. Weekes voted for the famous embarrassing resolution of Mr. Parkes, "that the Government should not be allowed to proceed with the Estimates for 1860 until they had introduced a Bill to regulate the sale and occupation of Crown Lands." This was the view Mr. Robertson took of what public interests demanded then. His idea now is not only that the Estimates should precede a Land Bill, but that no step relative to the public lands should be taken this session at all.

Something richer follows; "there are pippins and cheese to come." One of the shibboleths which the self-styled "Liberals" have borrowed from the genuine Democracy on whose shoulders they have climbed to power is Abolition of State Aid to Religion, and abolition without falter or parley of any kind. But what says the Arch-Democrat who now occupies the place of First Minister, with his foot on his own heather at Murrurundi? Is the Reverend John Dunmore Lang, M.P., alive and well; and if he is, is he still in possession of that neat little college building about which there have been so many whispers of nefarious acquisition? If both conditions are as we hope, has the honourable and reverend gentleman read the hyper-Democratic Premier on State aid at Scone? The honourable gentleman in point of fact abandons the principle, and with the magnanimity and large generosity of phrase of a great statesman who has reached the apex of power, "unbosoms" himself to the twenty men, women, little boys and girls who so frequently said "hoo-ray" over the three rail fences of Scone during the Premier's manifesto of state policy: "I will be no party to taking away from those gentlemen full pay during their lives." So that the Robertsonian reading of the doctrine of Church Aid abolition is, that the thing is to continue until the longest living of existing clergymen shall have been gathered to his fathers. The *point de départ* is the funeral of the strongest and youngest of the extant clerics, who is likely to put in his

coming forty years or more. Ah! if Mr. Forster had broached so damning and deceptive a reading of the State Aid text a month ago, how much labour Mr. Robertson would have given the unfortunate reporters of the daily press.

The Late Edward Whitty: In Memoriam

“ALAS for poor Whitty! He died last night in Booroondarra,” was the telegraphic message from a dear and honoured mutual friend of Edward Whitty's and our own, put into our hands on Thursday morning. The author of “Friends of Bohemia” and “The Governing Classes” has passed away in the very springtide of his youth, having given the world barely an indication of his extraordinary powers. For years few things have shocked and saddened us more than this.

Mingled with our intense admiration for his genius was a deep sympathy with griefs which made his case signal and salient in the annals of domestic sorrow. We had never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Whitty, but kindly letters had been exchanged, and mutual friends had created a mutual interest, and he once wrote of his intention to visit us in Sydney. Some weeks since, however, we met in the city the amiable physician who had attended Mr. Whitty with paternal care, and his sad notification at once quenched a hope we had very dearly cherished. In the opinion of the medical man, Mr. Whitty's health would not even sustain the slight fatigues of the voyage up from Melbourne.

But still we had no thought that the dark hand was so near. Only a few months since he arrived in Melbourne. In England his wife and two children had been carried off within the space of a fortnight by typhus fever. Far advanced in consumption, he was driven abroad to seek in change of scene some little relief from the weight of his anguish, some little solace, too, for his own poor withering frame. And with the darkness of these things about him, in a strange land — though well we know he had beside his pillow, in the last hours, friends as true and tender and loyal as ever man had — Edward Whitty died on the night of the 21st instant, in his thirty-fifth year, or thereabouts. There is, to our mind, no story in the whole melancholy chronicles of the misfortunes of men of genius, so sad as this of Edward Whitty. That he was something more and something higher than a man of genius, that his nature was moulded of the profoundest sensibilities, and that he altogether lived upon deep and passionate affections, is evinced by the utter shattering of health, hopes, and interests in the world which followed the loss of his dear ones. Others, and men of fine minds and fine feelings, too, would have perhaps come out of the typhoon dismasted and with broken timbers, but eventually to repair and to ride quietly for years on the world's waters. So young, too, so gifted, so abounding and ebullient with the life-blood of intellectual power; not the mere faculty of writing graceful verses or beautiful trifles of any kind, but

with that power, disciplined by learned experiences in the ways of life, to deal with men and things, hard and cold and clear, and bright and warm and joyous, just as they are. He knew life. He knew men and women, as it is only given to those destined in time to become masters to know them. And in indications of this lies the value of "Friends of Bohemia," as an implement for gauging the author's genius. The book, it is true, is a mere bundle of sketches, with no connecting thread of story, and a very shadowy and undefined plot. It was obviously no intention of the author to make it specifically a story. He only cared to present sketches of life and character of a peculiar kind. But there are scattered through it gleams of insight into human nature, worn and haggard and wilful as it is under the *régime de Bohème*, such as one seldom found beyond the pages of Balzac or Thackeray.

Any writer, with "adequate experience," can write of Bohemia. But to know and tell how the poor, jaded, wild heart beats in Bohemia, to see and depict clearly and keenly, without cloud or impediment of any kind, the story of a human life, flowing forward, all heartless and reckless, through the systematic vice of communities with an intensified civilization, only Edward Whitty could.

His creation of Nea, in "Friends of Bohemia," the poor girl-wife, that her father, a selfish peer, deeply in debt to an old commercial speculator, had given to the latter Bohemian's son, though but a sketch, is a picture of the very highest beauty, and positively a contribution to the imaginative literature of England.

Saddest of all, now that Edward Whitty has passed away, is the fact that his genius has developed itself in no adequate degree, and in no work commensurate with its power. "The Governing Classes" is a collection of the most brilliant and, as a hostile reviewer admitted, the "justest" political sketches of modern times. But they are the mere *croquis* of an artist that could paint, if he chose to work, like Hogarth. "Friends of Bohemia" was thrown off so hastily, and with so little purpose of matching his abilities with the task, that we are told Mr. Whitty never even corrected his proofs. But we have no heart to write criticisms of his genius or his writings now. Some other time, perhaps. Enough to pay this tribute to his memory. And to think, too, with a sad, sad heart of all that might have been, and all that never will be; to shape sorrowfully for ourselves some faint image of the man we admired so deeply, and hoped one day to know personally and to love. His last letter to us was as cheerful as if written by a healthy and prosperous man in the sunshine of a happy home. He spoke of several projects, and said he was then engaged in writing "a Frenchy little book." How that gay expression haunts us. Poor Whitty! it is to us somewhat like

the little watch and the trifles taken out of Jack Wortley's pocket, “ things that women who had loved him had given him,” when the poor youth fell with Diego's bullet in his heart. Alas! alas! poor Edward Whitty! many of the vastest and dearest projects that employ those foolish hearts of ours must yet lie away in that dim melancholy region where the “Frenchy little book,” which the pale, wasted hand was writing when the cloud descended, must stop for ever!

Bagehot's Essays

“Otium sine literis mors est, et hominis vivi sepultura.” —
Senecae, Epist. 83.

AN essay on the First Edinburgh Reviewers forms a not inappropriate introduction to this book of reviews. No inconvenient fear of man enfeebles the thrusts of Mr. Bagehot's lance against the once polished but now rusty cuirasses of these renowned literary paladins. No such dread of their once Rhadamanthine utterances, as the stern motto from Publius Syrus stirred of old in the breasts of authors, paralyses the tongue of this boldest knight of the craft in a new generation. Though we miss the grand composure of the early Edinburgh Reviewers in these products of a more effervescent age, yet they are not one iota the less confident in the tone of their decisions than were those masterly deliverances. At the same time, the merit cannot be denied to them by the most jealous critic, of exhibiting a rare analytic acumen, accompanied by a facility in choice and apt illustrations, and a certain trenchant colloquial vivacity which must win for them golden opinions. There is here a very marked faculty for letting one know clearly what is meant; and for this reason chiefly we believe the book will be popular. Some things, however, here and there, have not pleased us, for Mr. Bagehot indulges occasionally in fondling certain pet crotchets which all the fascination of his abilities cannot entitle to our admiration. For instance, our author is not content with correcting the extravagant estimate of the great Edinburgh Reviewers by a past age, but plucks at their reverend beards with a puerile animus, and unceremoniously kicks them from their pedestals into the mire with phrases of undeserved contempt. It shocks us to have the gods of our youthful worship thus treated, as it would to see some fanatical iconoclast knocking off the nose of the Farnese Hercules. Just imagine, gentle reader, such an apology as the following being offered for the nicely-balanced periods of Jeffrey's polished eloquence (page 29): “You must not criticise papers like these, rapidly written in the hurry of life, as you would the painful words of an elaborate sage, slowly, and with anxious awfulness, instructing mankind;” or such a rude and summary disposal of his claims to the respectful consideration of posterity as this: “He was neither a pathetic nor a profound writer, but a quick-eyed, bustling, black-haired, sagacious, and agreeable man of the world. A gentle oblivion must now cover his already subsiding reputation.” So partial and inaccurate a verdict revolts our British love of justice. Jeffrey had been sufficiently punished already for not being infallible, one

would have thought; but such a cool denial as this of his indisputable title to a place in the pantheon of Scotland's literary heroes, shows us how relentless and undying is the Nemesis that waits upon the errors of great men. Sydney Smith, too, the prince of subtle humorists and the keenest of logicians, is said to have "a heavy, jaw-like understanding"; and although he wrote that exquisite essay on Female Education, for example, which abounds with *curiosa felicitas* of expression, we are informed that "he had no acuteness for delicate precision."

Henry Brougham, the most remarkable man in the series, whose splendid accumulative sentences might at least have entitled him to some notice as a writer, is dismissed in a single paragraph as "of too fitful, strange, and defective greatness to be spoken of here." The fact is, "he would have marred the unity of our article." That is, "our article" had described the Whigs as the embodiment of "cool, impassive intelligence," a quality of which no one ever accused Brougham, and he was nevertheless a Whig. It was therefore more convenient to pop him down a trap-door out of sight, in theatrical fashion, than to explain the anomalous and brilliant phenomenon.

It may be fairly doubted whether Sydney Smith either, the only clergyman "who turned out to fight the battle of the Whigs," and in so doing displayed a somewhat unclerical warmth of partizanship, whose humour, moreover, is spoken of in this essay as the ideal of "popular, buoyant, riotous fun," can be appropriately considered a specimen of the cool, impassive intelligence which is decided by Mr. Bagehot to be an inevitable Whig characteristic. Still Mr. Bagehot's sketch of the great Whig party, of which he takes Romilly as the type, will amply repay perusal, due allowance being made for the tendency, to which allusion has been made, of forcing all facts at all pertinent to the matter, after the Procrustean method, into conformity with a pre-arranged theory.

The mission of the Edinburgh Reviewers is clearly shown, in some vigorous passages, to have been a systematic *contreversement* of that blind Eldonine adherence to the *status quo* which Kingsley has well compared to the uneasy condition of a boat moored in a running stream. One of the best things in the essay is a defence of Wordsworth's suggestive mysticism against Jeffrey's unfair demand for absolute definiteness and perspicuity in poetry, which we should be glad to quote; but our limit obliges us to pass on to the next article, "Cowper."

At the outset our author startles us with the statement that Cowper, the writer of the *Tirocinium*, or review of schools, which seems to have been penned with a settled determination to avenge the sufferings of his youth, that this identical satirist of schools had no particular personal dislike to such institutions, or only imagined that he had. It is true that, as Mr.

Bagehot tells us, "he always describes himself as having suffered exceedingly (at Pitman's) from the cruelty of one of the boys." Also that "he never could see or think of this boy without trembling." And further the critic says, "there must have been solid reason for this terror, since the juvenile inflicter of secret stripes was actually expelled." Still, in the face of this, we are informed that Cowper exaggerated isolated days of melancholy and pain, and "*fancied* that the dislike which he entertained for schools, by way of a speculative principle, was, in fact, the result of a personal and suffering experience," — *fancied* it, after the too solid reason given previously for his terror. "It is true," says Mr. Bagehot further on, "that from several parts of the *Tirocinium* it would certainly seem that he regarded the whole system of public school teaching, not only with speculative disapproval, but with the painful hatred of a painful experience." Yet a thousand passages, we are told (not one of which, however, is quoted), from his private letters prove the contrary, and the very poem written to recommend private tuition at home contains a pleasing description of a playground! The facts do not quite agree with Mr. Bagehot's singular notion; but *tant pis pour les faits*. Yet let us do justice; all the sad story of poor Cowper — his indolent, objectless residence in the Temple, his rather silly courtship of his cousin Theodora, the painful *dénouement* of his attempt to obtain a public office, his contemplated self-destruction, the last development of his insanity, his recovery, his religious struggles, his unfortunate connection with Mr. Newton, his subsequent relapses and partial recovery, his friendship for Mrs. Unwin and Ladies Hesketh and Austin, the genesis and progress of his various writings — all is told with a very praiseworthy abstinence from paradox. The difficult subject is skilfully treated, and we particularly direct attention to the carefully weighed condemnation pronounced upon Mr. Newton's well-intentioned but fatal error in forcing moral discipline upon the poor trembling invalid, to his destruction. As a poet, Cowper is ranked with Pope, being a sort of evangelical version of him, with especial reference to the thoroughly English and "round-about common sense" of both. The one dealt with fashionable and town life, the other with domestic and rural. Of course the Twickenham oracle had little sympathy with that "torpid, indoor, tea-tabular felicity it was Cowper's delight to describe." "The fashionable life described by Pope," says our author, "has no reference whatever to the beauties of the material universe, never regards them, could go on just as well in the soft, sloppy, gelatinous existence which Dr. Whewell (who knows) says is alone possible in Jupiter and Saturn. But the rural life of Cowper's poetry has a constant and necessary reference, is identified with its features, cannot be separated from it even in fancy." This

is doing but scant justice to the author of *Abelard and Heloise*, who there abandons himself, as in a magnificent paroxysm, to a passion of musical rhetoric, which tells of “a vision and a faculty divine” scarcely dreamt of in the meek philosophies of the Olney hymn-writer. Yet it must be admitted that in the nice sympathetic discernment and reverent handling of all domestic sanctities and sensibilities, Cowper went beyond most of his predecessors.

By a somewhat abrupt transition, not unlike those sometimes met with in ordinary life, the next paper introduces us to Edward Gibbon. The historian was a recluse, too, after his own fashion. He was a hard reader and a determined writer, who kept off *ennui* and its attendant evils, or devils we should rather say, more successfully by these means than did unhappy Cowper. He evidently, in fact, had penetrated that secret of life which Fichte shows in his “Vocation of the Scholar,” — the need that such men should vary contemplation with action. Gibbon made tours in France and Italy, vibrated between London and Buriton, Buriton and Lausanne, and became a captain of militia, studying Caesar's details of battles in the Commentaries meanwhile. It is questionable, considering Gibbon's habit of body, whether, if this judicious course had not been adopted, we should ever have had the truly imposing series of historical tableaux to wonder at, in which the decadency of the greatest of empires is pictured with a graphic vigour and a colossal dignity of style, together with a breadth, depth, and vividness of colouring, worthy of a subject so bound up with the destinies of the human race. Had it not been for the pleasing walks and rides, and the flirtations with Mademoiselle Curchod — the future mother of De Staël — on the banks of the blue Lausanne, and the evening amenities of the best society in that lovely spot, where the historian forgot his grave researches and recreated himself by turning neat compliments, being dressed for the nonce “in a flowered suit of velvet, bag and sword,” we might never have heard the enthralling Byzantine story with its admirable episodes — never have shared in the accumulative interest attached to the incursions of those picturesque barbarians from the North, never have enjoyed the erudition made elegant of the Zoroastrian annals; the rapid flowing narrative of Mahomet's famous deeds, in love and war, or the marvellous growth of his influence over the wild, volcanic Arab heart. The celebrated 15th and 16th chapters of the “Decline and Fall,” upon the progress of Christianity, have met with an apologist in Mr. Bagehot. He is far from agreeing with Gibbon's view, but he thinks his error a very excusable one. The defence is curious. It amounts substantially to this; that had Gibbon known how repugnant such a partial view of the rise and progress of Christianity would have been to the majority of English readers, it would never have been

written. Moreover, that there was no such admirable quality in the Primitive Church as deservedly to attract anybody's respect, save that it accepted a certain outline of belief, and that the false merits attributed to it by the writers of the time, were sufficient to excuse Gibbon for an equally erroneous statement of the case — shall we say — on the other side. The first excuse is simply ridiculous, and may be passed by with a smile; the second requires proof (at all events, the positive part of it), and even if true, is no real palliation.

But enough of Gibbon; he was a great man, but a greater than he awaits us. In Joseph Butler, the author of the “Analogy,” we have an almost direct antithesis to Gibbon. There is no fluent rhetoric in Butler's writings; no melodious march of moving speech meets us there, as in Gibbon's work, rythmical as the measured tread of Sparta's legions to the music of the Dorian flutes, but an inherent tendency to feebleness, hesitation, and obscurity. We look in vain through the pages of the Durham divine for any signs of that omniscopic research which astounds us in Gibbon's laborious tomes. The one revelled with more than military ardour in “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” the shouting of the captains, the neighing of the war horses, the garments rolled in blood; amused himself scornfully and defiantly with patristic contentions and disputes of rival heresiarchs, and took a militant position, as a matter of course, against the religion of peace and good-will. The other had no imposing enthusiasm of any kind, and no aggressiveness in his composition, but was essentially a man of peace. He studied to calm the perturbations of men's minds on points far more important to the world than imperial histories, so becoming more practically useful to mankind than it is possible for any chronicler to be, however brilliant or however applauded. The one was a type of the educated, self-confident man of the world, who regarded the authority of human reason and the dictates of human will as paramount; the other was an example of the modest, inquiring student, who is the willing servant of what he thinks to be duty imposed, and the earnest teacher of what he devoutly believes to be divinely taught truth. It is impossible to think of Gibbon with profound respect; for whatever his external life may have been, we have had ample proof that his imagination loved to wander in paths not over clean. It does not look well to see a grave philosopher suddenly putting his finger to his nose and whispering an unctuous story, his eye meanwhile “glittering with ungodly dew.” It destroys all the moral of his writings. We are apt after such a discovery instinctively to regard his finest passages as mere declamation, a huge *omlette soufflée*, which, notwithstanding its bulk, contains little but empty air.

No lurking suspicion of the soundness of Butler's character or the

sincerity of his intentions weakens the moral influence of the “Analogy.” On the contrary, the scrupulous conscientiousness with which objections are stated, and the modest hesitancy visible on every page, which is characteristic of the man who fears to speak loosely or unadvisedly, inspire confidence as by a charm. Besides, the gradual revelation, as the high argument justifying “the ways of God to man” steadily advances, of what pure, original, bare thought can do in elucidating a profound subject, without the “foreign aid” of rhetorical ornament, affects us with a kind of awe. The feeling is deepened, too, by the innate moral sublimity of the ideas that heap themselves upon us at every step. Butler was determined, like the subject of *In Memoriam*, “to beat his music out,” that he might prove what “harmony is in immortal souls.”

Those mighty harmonies had long rolled and reverberated through the chambers of his own soul; the difficulty was how to interpret them to others. When he did succeed, the disciples of Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury were struck dumb. The Thracian musician could not have had a greater charm over the wild beasts.

Frederick Robertson's Lectures.

THIS very remarkable volume contains some of the best popular criticism on the higher poetry of the age that we have yet seen. The author was the incumbent of an Episcopalian Chapel at Brighton, in England — a man of fine and highly cultured mind, and who passed away in the morning of his promise. The main portion of the book consists of lectures and addresses to the working classes ; and if the order of prelections to which they belong were always marked with as much wisdom, we should look to Athenaeums and Mechanics' Institutes with a great deal more hope than we have recently felt upon such matters. Latterly, the platforms of such institutions have been made rather arenas of personal display for sciolism and shallow pretension, than the places where specific forms of instruction, as proper in their way to the adult as other forms are to the child and the youth, are delivered. We have over and over again pointed out the mistake into which people are perpetually falling, of confounding such institutions with a specific educational machinery for endeavouring to make good for the illiterate portions of the working classes the consequences of want and neglect in early life. As if two-thirds of those who never rank themselves at all with what is specially termed “the working classes” are not as thoroughly illiterate, in every true and deep sense, as the most culture-lorn mechanic who planes cedar or hammers leather; and as if every human being is not going through a course of education from the cradle to the grave. The truest symptom with “a subject” that decay has set in, is that from which Henry Taylor quotes from Ben Johnson the terrible phrase *ingeni stitium*, a wit-stand, when a man begins to feel he is beyond being taught any more. Adult instruction, even in letters, must go on in the cases of the best educated men. Schlegel at Vienna and Coleridge in London had to teach whatever of intellect, culture, taste, and feeling could array itself in two of the most splendid capitals of Europe, how far the archetypes of the poet which the world has yet produced had evolved the possibilities of dramatic poetry, and how eminently these poets had worked with the logic of law and the co-ordination and purpose of art. No man lives to whom Ruskin might not teach something in one direction, or Owen and Faraday in another. This proposition, however, is not enough for our purpose. There are in every community, Australian as well as European or American, persons who, from turn or training, are qualified to enlighten their neighbours on some one thing or set of things. And to secure this precious element of living and present instruction in the intensest forms, — that which connects it with the

teacher's voice and presence, and his personal suggestions, — is the main and only philosophical object of literary institutions, over and above the appliances furnished by a library and classes for particular purposes.

Mechanics' institutes have, of course, beyond this, the repairing of losses caused to the artisan and labourer by disadvantages of position. Certainly, the friend and the teacher of working-men was this Frederick Robertson; and with an intellect as pure and delicate as a camellia. His fertile suggestions aided to give form and pressure, and his admirable judgment and singleness of aim to preserve what was most valuable, in an educational organization at Brighton called the Working Man's Institute. He loved, we do believe, and he certainly honoured and taught, his artisan and labouring neighbours. But, somehow, a fault less in Frederick Robertson himself than what keenly infuses itself, too often, into the relations of social life in England, there is just the slightest conceivable aroma of patronage here and there in the book; a sort of thing too impalpable to fix or define, but of which, in the fine old ballad phrase, one is “aware,” and which one never finds in the writings of the great and refined and cultured teachers of America — never, for instance, in Emerson or Theodore Parker, or, to take up another great man, though of lower intellectual range, Channing. God wot, we say this out of no special love to most things in America. Turn to Emerson's chapter on “Manners,” where he handles the most delicate petals of the flower, Social Grace, with learned and subtle hand — a moral Linnaeus. He has Boston *proletairies*, in his mind's eye, as a possible audience, and he talks upon a subject on which it is unspeakably easy to be in a trice a vulgarian or a *précieux*.

But how large and composed and serene the utterance, and how perfectly you feel that Emerson talks with you as an equal in every sense, though in the philosophy of the particular thing in hand you may not be as accomplished as he is. In the older English authors there is much the same thing, the divines and prose writers of the seventeenth century; poets everywhere and in all ages speak to the common world, always talk as to equals. But then they were never addressing a concourse which had ranged itself round them as *exoteric*, and because it was *exoteric*.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. There is no talking or writing “down to the level” of popular capacity in this beautiful legacy of a noble and gifted teacher to his people. What we allude to, finds itself just as naturally in the addresses as atmospheric hues in a landscape. No simpler, and, perhaps, few finer or profounder discourses were ever delivered on cognate subjects to a mixed and promiscuous audience, certainly not to a provincial audience. The finest Greek assemblage in the days of Pericles, could it have taken in the whole of the lecturer's own horizon, might have

listened charmed; and the Platonic scholar would have listened enraptured to Mr. Robertson's exposition, *pro populo*, of Wordsworth. He does not lead into all the innermost shrines. He is content, and wisely, to leave just outside numbers of the people for a time, as one sees thronged Catholic congregations on high festival days praying on the steps without, far below the sculptured niches, in the shadows of the buttresses and on the steps of the porch, with the blue heaven above and around, and the morning breezes playing about the stooped brows of the worshippers, while ever and anon, from below the luminous tabernacle within, glittering far down the dusky nave, come the deep tones of the priest, and the jubilant power and strenuous grandeur of the choral response. But nevertheless, even to the antique thinker, Mr. Robertson's studiously plain criticisms would have given an insight into a poetry dwelling and nurturing itself in the inner heart of man deeper than anything he had before conceived of. In the palmy days of the Greek, philosophy alone was deeply subjective, as the modern phrase goes; the highest poetry, except to men with much of the seeing power themselves, was objective.

It is almost inconceivable how far in our modern system of adult education the imaginative sensibilities, as sources of power as well as capacities for pleasure, have been neglected. In some quarters, the cultivation of them has been even proscribed, and the consequence is, that naturally enough growing and thriving notwithstanding, they have manifested themselves in rebellion with a power and proportion like the Apeet from the bottle in the Eastern tale. Instead of aids to religion and morals, as God obviously intended, as scaffolding by which the soul should be built up into a beauty beyond the beauty of sun-sets, and by artifices more subtle and exquisite than those which sustain the fabrics of music, these things have been turned against it, and made the ramparts from which the deadliest and most destructive hostilities have been waged. Acknowledged, tended, and cherished, how different the result!

In the author of the book before us, a very pleasing and lively illustration of that result is presented. The work is one of rare excellence, and the author a man of very remarkable and graceful mind and character, who achieved something both pure and lasting in his day. But ingenitely and *per se*, we can see nothing to warrant the belief that he had genius, or any extraordinary, intellectual power. He had fine imaginative feeling, and the deep culture of this, together with other faculties by no means marvellous of their kind, made him the man he was, and enabled him to do service in his generation, — service, particularly with youthful minds, open to the operations of intellectual grace and beauty, as the flower to the dews, such as few modern clergymen have effected.

Leigh Hunt (1859)

“Otium sine literis mors est et hominis vivi sepultura.” — Senecae Epist.

IN the obituary of September, brought us by the *Malta*, is the honoured name of Leigh Hunt. He died at Putney on the 28th August, 1859, in the 75th year of his age. Forty years ago, Shelley addressed him from Rome, in the dedication of *The Cenci*, “One more gentle, innocent, honourable, and brave — one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer more than he can receive; one of simpler and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew: and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.” Loftier tribute of respect has rarely been paid, or sincerer — for the man was never born that Shelley would have flattered. How precious this truth of character in a world where our friends tell as many lies to please as our enemies to pain us!

Leigh Hunt's nature was of the most graceful and beautiful kind, fresh, resilient, and flowering to the last. Like the shepherd boy in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, he piped as if he never would grow old. His mission seemed, as Spenser said of the presence of Una, to make sunshine in the shady places of the earth. There was too much boyish goodness and sweetness in him to sympathise very heartily with the fiercer struggles of men. At his heart was for ever the whispering consciousness that things might be better brought about by that power of gentleness of which he has sung with a grace more delicate than the graces of the Sicilian muse he so loved. He was right, if men would only look upon the thing as the loving poet did. But, meanwhile, Leigh Hunt had philosophy as well as pleasure on his side. “Nothing,” says Goethe, “is an illusion that makes us happy.” No truer heart than Hunt's, and no more courageous intellect in the cause of right and what he held to be truth, will you find in the history of our modern literature. His faith in good, his unquenchable hope, his charity, tender and boundless, made his writings a fountain and an oasis in an era, “when Zahara, under the breath of the most lone simoon,” was thought a type of the higher ideal; and this will make them lovely and a solace for ever.

He had his own sorrows and his struggles ; and his circumstances in life were always dim and sorry enough, — now a poor man tossing with his family in Italy, trying to throw up a shelter under the somewhat bleak and gloomy ranges of Lord Byron's friendship, — now in late age flying into

such raptures, as seen in *Royalty* after its decided liking for the *Legend of Florence* at the theatre, something like an embodiment of all human virtues conceivable. We allude to this, because we see or think we see in it the pathos of an overflow of gratitude from one who had grown old in comparative neglect. It

“Flattered to tears that aged man and poor.”

Yet no shade of uncharity or moodiness or hate in his poetry the while. There the precious elements of his noble genius, its sweet airs, its sunbeams and its dews, the bloom and the fragrance of a nature more like Chaucer's or Boccaccio's than any in modern times, were gathered as his contribution in aid of the cause of human happiness, which he looked upon literature as altogether created to serve.

He was the Stothard of poetry. The region of grace, deepening ever and anon into beauty, was the haunt and vantage-ground of his genius. His poems were sensuous, but with a spontaneous, perfectly organic growth out of his own nature, which neither the sensuousness of the great living poet, Tennyson, nor Mr. Dobell's, nor that of any of the laureate's other disciples, possesses. Art is with them often conscious, and has to seek. The thing was in Leigh Hunt part of his temperament; the weakling tendril as much as the rich bough grew out of and belonged to Mother Earth. He was deficient in passion; and this disqualified him not only for dramatic art, but, combined with the sunny hilarity of his nature, made the depths of tragic strife and tragic woe distasteful to him. He shows in his preface to the “Stories from the Italian Poets” — one of those charming critical prefaces which Leigh Hunt alone could write, alike fitted for schoolboy and sage, from the transparency of expression and simple directness of thought — the superiority in Shakespeare to Dante, because of the large element of human gladness. We suspect, that even if Shakespeare had been inferior to the “sad Florentine” in essential poetic power, Leigh Hunt, on the one ground that the former had admitted more of the light of human gaiety and cheerfulness into his world, would have preferred him. The grim images of the Dolorous City were not a whit less in unison with his natural tastes than “the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes.” But this scarcely ever impaired his fine critical instinct. He devotes pages to an attack on the sort of taste and feeling exhibited in the mediaeval theology of the *Inferno*, for reasons which would make the *Paradise Lost* only a degree or two less objectionable.

But Carlyle himself, with all his worship of power, has said nothing finer of the intensity of Dante. A single passage will give one who has never read the *Divina Commedia*, either in Italian or English, a livelier, more

concrete idea of the general characteristics of the poet than a volume of tolerably good criticism:— “The invisible is at the back of the visible; darkness becomes palpable, silence describes a character, nay, forms the most striking part of a story; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighbourhood, where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window; or, *where at your feet, full of eternal voices, one abyss is beheld dropping out of another, in the lurid light of torment.*” And the ineffable majesty and beauty of Dante's angels, and the Elysian interspaces of repose in the poem, are described with almost equal felicity. He was the kindest and most genial, as well as one of the best of critics. He came disposed to find merit, high or humble, much or little, in the work before him. He had a word of praise — so wise and so gentle it was! — for the poor daisy that grew beside the field-stile, as well as for the most gorgeous blooms. Look through the whole range of his miscellaneous writings, from the days of the *Indicator* upwards, and you will find no one harsh, much less an arbitrary, phrase of criticism. A blow at cant he aimed whenever he could, but, his nature always overflowing with truth, in nine cases out of ten, when the blow fell the canter was dead and gone. A collection of Leigh Hunt's criticisms inclusive, as well of his special essays on books, and of the notices scattered throughout his numerous publications, as of such comparatively brief observations as occur in his notes and prefaces, would make one of the most fascinating books in the language. The *Legend of Florence* was his dramatic effort. It is very graceful, full of purity, gentleness, tenderness, pity. The husband is a wretch; the lover much to be sympathised with; the lady a sweet and noble creature to love and be sad for. But it is not a great drama. To compose one, there was, as we have just said, too little sympathy or self-identification in Leigh Hunt with the grandeurs of passion, the magnificent warfare of the daring spirit with circumstances.

He thought — far overmuch — this world too beautiful and too good, ever to be a great dramatic poet in any sense, much less, a tragic poet. The “burthen and the mystery” pressed on him too lightly, his spiritual being had struck no root deep enough in the Unseen, where the solutions wait. It is perfectly impossible under any circumstances to conceive Leigh Hunt creating such grand types of the struggle as Robert Browning's *Djabal*, or *Luria*, or *King Victor*, or Richard Horne's *Cosmo de Medici*, or his lordly *Marlowe*.

Bright is the day, the air with glory teems,
And eagles wanton in the smile of Jove:

Can these things be, and Marlowe live no more?

Circumstances long prevented Leigh Hunt's recognition as a poet, which show how much tact might have done in the world of letters, as it does in lower and coarser regions. He was saluted by the scribblers of the day as the Coryphaeus of the Cockney School. Keats, as his *protégé*, of course belonged to it; Hazlitt was sometimes ranked on the forms (as by Maginn in his parody on *Yarrow Unvisited*); and so was John Hamilton Reynolds, whose promise never gave fruition. So might have been Hood. Now if there were any internal weakness in the school, any affectations at all, Barry Cornwall, in his earlier and longer efforts, exhibited them in common with Hunt and his friends. But he had never written sonnets about Hampstead and the other pleasant environs of London. "He sang of Africa and golden joys;" he took himself, in fact, to Sicily, and

"The shores of old romance."

And if Hunt had consented to burn a great many occasional verses, written under suburban inspirations, he might have saved himself much annoyance. His beautiful story of *Rimini*, in its own history, affords a proof of how little ground, as regarded Hunt's poems, there was, either in philosophy or fact, for the cry of Cockneyism; how little a man of genius requires, the culture of "travel" to enable him to write fine poetry of which the scene happens to be laid in foreign lands: *Rimini*, with its landscapes, the wood of Ravenna included, was published before Leigh Hunt had visited Italy, and the beauty of scenic description sank into the soul of every reader of sensibility, to remain there for ever. After the poet had beheld the actual places, he altered the scenery, treated the thing photographically, but with so deep and pursuing a sequence of failure, that late in life, in the last editions of his poems, the original landscapes were restored as the "environments" of Francesca and her lover.

How the beautiful episodes of *Rimini* live in the memory, — the nuptials, the journey through the pine forests, the garden, and the funeral of the lovers at the close of autumn, with the last few leaves flying over the chill, darkening road, and the crowd awaiting till the sad *cortège* made its appearance, when

Turned aside both young and old,
And in thin hands, the gushing sorrow rolled!

But the poem of the Nymphs, so full of "the warm South," and the sonnets in the volume called "Foliage," long out of print, appear to us most

to exhibit the *spécialité* as a poet of Leigh Hunt. Of his prose writings — his romances of real life, his charming revivals of classic story, copies as it were by Fiamingo and Canova of the women and children on a Greek frieze, and his exquisite essays, forming in themselves the freshest and sunniest nook in the great literature of the day which saw them produced, — we have now no time to speak. They will never be read by a man fitted to appreciate the grace and the affection for all good that inspire them without a love for the author simultaneous with admiration for his work.

In that grave of Leigh Hunt sleeps as true a friend of humankind as ever drew the breath of life. An earnest, we trust, of the loving admiration which awaits on his memory wherever the language and the literature of the land is known, is the poor offering we have tried to hang up, as it were, in funeral honour, — the tribute of one born and bred in a community which had scarcely existence at all in the days when Leigh Hunt began the noble labour of his life long years ago.

Mr. Secretary Forster (1860)

As a literary man, Mr. William Forster has distinguished himself in infinitely higher and graver capacities than as a mere writer of sparkling *jeux d'esprit*.

In journalism he has flung into circulation some of the soundest and clearest political thinking on leading Australian topics that our country possesses. His contributions to the elder *Empire* evinced uniformly a remarkable faculty of dealing with the principles at the root of problems on politics, and also a masterly power in not only showing the errors of opponents, but in tracking the train of reasoning by which they had come to the wrong conclusions. His polemics in ecclesiastical polity in the *Church Sentinel* scarcely come within the scope of our criticism, but they deserve allusion, as showing the thorough Liberalism of the present Prime Minister. In matters of Church government, he proved himself a bold, intrepid, and ardent friend of liberty, and an untiring opponent of the autocratic and, as far as the Church of England is concerned, the unconstitutional assumption of the Australasian metropolitan. Referring, by the way, to the *Church Register*, there appeared in it, nearly half a year since, a paper, on the Land question, of Mr. Forster's, which has struck us as the ablest and most statesmanlike review of the subject that has been presented by the local press. Mr. Forster is a poet. The *Southern Cross*, as our readers have already seen, is chary of giving that title in any degree to writers of verse. Mr. Forster's poetical efforts have not been very ambitious, principally occasional rhymes, but always originating in and instinct with some great purpose. Irrespective of the character of the productions themselves, it may be, talking of the poetic faculty in the abstract, that Mr. Forster ranks with those of the loftier order.

The sonnet seems to be the form into which Mr. Forster has chosen to throw his deeper feelings. In the "Sonnets Replicatory," given below, to use Wordsworth's words, "in his hands the thing becomes a trumpet." We know very little political verse published for the last thirty years superior to some of those sonnets. There is the beauty of a Roman column about the third and fourth, distinct, chaste, unadorned, but with a certain grace beyond the power of a wealthier fancy to produce. What a lesson the first of them reads! Some lines in it might go, though Mr. Forster doubtless did not intend them, as homilies for Dr. Lang; some for the sort of people the recent general election so largely sent into Parliament, with so much wisdom, learning, honour, and all the guarantees of a high sense of their responsibilities as the law-makers of the future.

We recommend the truth embodied in the sixth line of the last sonnet as a very comforting reflection to the constituencies which returned Messrs. Rotton, Pemell, Broughton, Dunmore, Lang junior, Hamilton, and so many other parliamentary notabilities, in the still hours when the electioneering “is pretty truly done.” The best of Mr. Forster's verses, however, are, we think, his sonnets on the Crimean War. They originally appeared in the *Empire*, when under Mr. Parkes' management. The subject had been elaborately handled in the same form of the sonnet, in a sort of Beaumont and Fletcher partnership, by Mr. Alexander Smith and a man of far higher mark, the author of *Balder*, Mr. Dobell. The latter poems present far more of the especial vices than the peculiar virtues of the writers. They are as thickly swathed with imagery as a Red Indian capitalist, a Clerk Irving of the woods, with wampum; the accumulation of rich fancies, rather than the thought or feeling the sonnet embodies, is what most, sometimes what alone, strikes the reader. If, as we believe, deep feeling, kindling between whiles into noble passion, be a truer element of poetry of this kind than any imagery however beautiful, and that such imagery only helps to make poetry when it moves under and obeys the law of that feeling and that passion, then, though it would be ridiculous to make a comparison of Mr. Forster with the poets above-mentioned, on the abstract score of imaginative endowments, his verses on the subject are, at some points, better than theirs. The expression, too, is more masculine, more compact, more that of a scholar, and realises, as poetry on such a theme should do, what Quintilian said of the splendours of oratory — that they should present the sharp flash of steel rather than the rich sheen of gold. A perfect symmetry and scholarly closeness will everywhere be found a characteristic of Mr. Forster's verses. He had been well taught that prime merit of expression in the Roman poets in our old-fashioned colonial schools, before men dreamed of a local university.

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As a public man, Mr. Forster has had scant justice from contemporary historians. He has been studiously pictured as the bull-dog (the watch-dog would be the appropriate epithet) of the Assembly. “Irritable, waspish, snarling, always ready to snap at the heels or the calves of every conscientious and sensitive member,” — these are the characteristics of a cur, and Mr. Forster certainly is no cur; none but a clumsy and malicious limner could have so sketched him. We can carry our recollections further back than the days of Mr. Forster's assaults on the Cowper dynasty, which have provoked the hostility of unfair critics. We can picture to ourselves a thoughtful, earnest man, grave, but with an occasional flash of quiet

humour enlivening the portrait, — a man who had passed his early days in retirement, contemplative but observant, ambitious of display, but with a quiet consciousness of powers always ready for action when the encounter came, captious from exuberant honesty, but resolute in pursuing his object when he had a suspicion that there was political corruption to be exposed, or an object to be achieved for the public benefit; and deaf and blind to all Ministerial blandishments employed to turn him from his purpose. Mr. Forster is too recently in office to enable us to give his character as a Minister of State, but his career up to this time has given no lie to his early promise, and if he has not the knowledge of the world which is supposed to be the highest merit in a politician, there is much in his resolute and earnest, if cross-grained honesty, which many statesmen would do well to faithfully imitate.

Horae Otiosiores (1860)

DE QUINCEY'S style is, I think, the most organically, the most essentially metaphoric in any literature. I mean metaphorical in a deep and broad sense, reaching to the innermost machinery by which all thinking processes are carried on, and to every verbal revelation made of the results. Metaphor, not always immediately perceptible, delicately defined at times, as the serrations in the moonlight shadows of a leaf, pervades the Opium Eater's style with the ubiquity of an electric principle. De Quincey not only thinks, but expresses himself in and by things. To use a word he himself once applied to Burke, he is the most *schematising* of prose writers.

I think Heinrich Heine, of whom you speak so unkindly, Olga, had not only wit, humour, and intellectual power of rare order, but far more of the poetic faculty than all the later German poets, Uhland, Freiligrath, Schwab, *et ces garçons là*, put together. Can you, a woman and an accomplished Teutonic scholar, forget all the love-lays fresh and delicate as the pearls fashioned on the leaves of that myrtle by the shower which has just passed away into the dim, purple depths stretching within the arch of yonder rainbow — brief, but wild and sweet as the call of a bird in summer from the green vestibule of the woods — to be found in the *Buch der Lieder*, particularly in the *Lyrische Intermezzo*, *Du Chebest mir treu am langsten*, *Wenn ich in deine Augen seh*, *Die lotosblume anstigt*, and scores of others? His satire had the subtle edge and the nimble strength of flame. There was somewhat of Thackeray's man-of-the-world sense and judgment about him, but it flowed through an artistic temperament as beautiful and as fantastic as the scenery of a midsummer night's dream. Then, Olga, his criticism, "into the sap of his subject," in a few sentences.

I met these critical passages only yesterday; the translation is not mine, but that of a Mr. John Stous Smith, an accomplished man, who took it into his head, some time ago, to write a book in Carlylese called "Mirabeau : A Life History":— "The rose-tint in the poems of Novalis is not the hue of health, but the hectic of consumption; and the purple glow of Hoffman's phantasies is not the fire of genius but the flame of fever." And here is Heine piercing into the central idea of Cervantes in "Don Quixote," with the same subtlety and the same result as Coleridge:— "Has he in his tall, lean knight, represented Ideal Spirituality, and in the squat esquire, parodied Common Sense? Everywhere the latter cuts the more sorry figure; for Common Sense, with all its horde of thrifty proverbs, after all quietly fags along on its steady-going donkey in the rear of Spirituality; in spite of

its clearer sight, must it and the ass share all the mishaps that so often befell the noble knight. Yes, Idea Spirituality is of such a potent dynamic nature, that Common Sense, with all its asses, must ever follow in its wake.” And the *Reisebilder*, the finest perhaps of his prose writings, is full of profound observation and beauty, the style everywhere of as finished grace as the group on a Roman cameo. It is often alive with a humour that has that terrible *motif* of cynical pathos about it which trickles through Hamlet's talk to the skull of Yorick.

Some of the best prose descriptions of forest scenery in our literature are poor Charles Reece Pemberton's sketches of Sherwood. Ladies draw woodland effects beautifully. There are delicious glimpses of landscape in the “Francesca Carrara” of poor Letitia Landon (“L. E. L.'s” prose had a hundred times over finer imaginative beauty than her poems); in Mrs. Howitt's prose fictions; and, if I recollect rightly, in Lady Fullerton's “Grantly Manor.” But irrespective of the results of exquisite observation, there is in Pemberton's vigorous descriptions the moral element. You have the wild abounding sense of freedom and of joy of a great athletic spirit, who loved nature as the child its mother (always kind when everything else was cold), let loose in the woods among the silvery lady-birches, and the cool brown onyx lustre of the shadowed streams, and the aroma of the heather. Once in among the patriarchal trees, to quote his own words, “in twenty steps the world is quite shut out; you are in a strange, solemn, and old universe.”

Whately and Gilpin and Sir Uvedale Price work you in the effects of a landscape elaborately. They describe with the minuteness of Van Huysum painting a bouquet. The poor way-worn wanderer, gigantic of soul without neglecting essential detail, dashes you off his sketches with the *sprezzatura*, careless but consummate of the master's hand. The *genius loci* is caught and bound for you in the *croquis*, while he remains unknown in the highly finished and gem-like miniature. “Walk down that sweep of undulation,” says Charles, “like the mighty magnificent curve of a vast and green Atlantic billow, which by some omnipotent, some invisible hand has been suspended in its rolling and fixed thus as we see it.” What a grand and free, what an honest, robust nature poor Pemberton's was. With its gigantic strength, the sad, yearning character of the man had a mighty shaft of tenderness, loving tenderness surpassing that of woman, always pouring through its recesses like some shy, lonely waterfall of the hills, fed by thunderstorms, and through gates of savage shattered pines, throwing its columns of iridescent glory and its music into the gloom of the ravines, unheard and unseen for ever! He loved children with a feminine love, and

that man never lived that he feared. A thorough man he was, like Burns and my own dear friend Harpur. These are some stray verses of Pemberton's, more like the carol of a bird than anything that has been written since the matchless snatches of song in Shakespeare.

Political verse is seldom likely to yield essentially poetic results. What can, for the most part, alone be expected from it is terse, vigorous, and memorable expression of passing opinion-felicitous condensation of the dogma and argument of the day from one point of view. Only where a broad, lurid colouring is furnished by historical struggles, or the bitterness of the passion, which clothes lyrical denunciations of national wrong, will political rhymes ever ascend into any region of the poetic. Then they appeal to feelings and imaginative sympathies common to all mankind. Herein lay, and will live for centuries, the *verve* and power of the Irish songs and ballads of the *Nation* — the best political poetry in the language. And from kindred, though not strictly identical sources, Béranger drew that fusion so fascinating of patriot wrath and passion. (the *sacra indignatio* of Swift's epitaph), with his own ineffable graces of lyrical *vogue la galère* gaiety. The party politics of the hour can scarcely ever ascend above the temperature of the “squib.” There is everywhere a narrowness as well as a practical hardness, a character of business warfare, and business tactics, about actual politics which keep them within the domain of the understanding. When not attacked by argument, they are only assailable by ridicule, clothed as that ridicule may be with the sparkling opulence of a fancy like Winthrop Praed's, or Moore's in *The Twopenny Post-Bag*.

De Stendhal (Henri Beyle's) book **De L'Amour** is intended to be an exhaustive treatise on Love. The diagnosis of the passion in its earlier stages, though elaborate, is perhaps of necessity incomplete. One undescribed symptom of a nascent *tendre* occurs to me, which many will, possibly out of the fulness of their own experiences, recognise as worthy of tabulation in the schedules of Beyle's *gaie science*. When a glance, a tone, a gesture, or any little peculiarity of gait or bearing in a woman for whom you have no special regard, or perhaps casually meet, pleases because it recalls something not dissimilar in another, depend upon it that other is already on the marches of what is in old English termed your “fancy.”

Milton, you will perhaps recollect, in the *Eikonoklastes*, sarcastically quotes from the *Eikon Basilike* the words, “As the mice and rats overtook a German bishop.” I am astonished to find so great a scholar as Mr. J. A. St. John remark of this in a foot-note, “I have been unable to discover the story

here alluded to, which no doubt would have proved of a laughable character.” And as a parallel, he writes from Herodotus the Egyptian account of the destruction of Sennacherib's army by field-mice. The story alluded to is no laughing matter at all. The tradition is that Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, was devoured by rats at the beginning of the tenth century. According to some accounts, the catastrophe was brought about by mice. The legend sets forth that at a time of great famine, Hatto shut up in a barn a number of poor people who had come to beg grain, and then set fire to the building, burning to death all within. His grace of Mentz was pleased to remark, after this intrepid experiment in political economy, that “poor people were like rats — good for nothing but to eat corn.” “But God, the just avenger of the poor,” says the pious legend, “did not long let this iniquity go unpunished!” Rats were sent, who at all times and in all places attended the most reverend prelate, with a pertinacity as dread and as dogged as that with which the same members of the domestic fauna favoured the Flemings of Hamelin in Robert Browning's ballad. The archbishop at length retired to a tower on an island in the Rhine as an asylum. But his enemies followed him thither, swimming the river and scaling and entering his harbour of refuge, and eventually devoured him piecemeal.

Southey has a ballad on the subject.

Notwithstanding the wilderness of verse on Eastern themes in English and the languages of Continental Europe, I know of only two instances where the patriarchal grandeur, simple but massive, and the wild pathos of the finer Oriental poems, have been rendered. In Matthew Arnold's noble “**Sohrab and Rustum**,” you have the first of the two qualities. In **Les Orientales** of Victor Hugo, the lonesome primitive poetry of desert life alternately wrestles and weeps like the imprisoned night wind in the melancholy palm.

What a tract of imaginative grandeur, lying away, dim, sublime, and gloomy, like the isle Hy Brasail of popular legend, Irish writers of poetry have left untouched in portions of the early religious history of Ireland; Lough Dearg, with so much of what is mightiest and most lasting in relation to the heart and soul floating dimly about it, is an instance. Calderon the Catholic saw into this region, for the poetic; but the *Purgatoria del San Patricio*, though Shelley dug the finest image in the *Cenci* from it, is only a scratch on the surface of an auriferous soil.

What a royal movement there is in Bossuet's sentences! Only a hand clothed with an episcopal glove, flashing with embroidery of jewels, could

give gesture in keeping with the stately sweep and the aulic magnificence of his periods. He seemed born to preach only to congresses of princes. With the elegiac grandeurs of the funeral oration of Henrietta Maria of England still dimly floating about one's mind, as the echoes of the dying organ notes of some vesper *miserere* wander through the aisles of a darkening cathedral, how like the finger of Mephistopheles is History's, as she points to a picture (hung in an obscure corner of her gallery) of the widow of King Charles the Martyr beaten by her degraded paramour, Jermyn. She suffers, and history (with almost the fiend's chuckle) whispers, "*Avec quelle grace vous le savez, messieurs,*" from that sentence of Bossuet's sermon, engraved upon every educated Frenchman's memory, as one of the most exquisite in his country's language.

The amount in literature as well as life of respectable, learned lying, — lying with "a position," as the social phrase of the day goes, is positively frightful. You must get an idea of it when Lingard opens English history for you; or Dr. Maitland gives you, across whole mountain ranges and gullies of erudite falsehood, a glimpse of the actual state of mediaeval religion; when De Maistre calmly walks down and unlocks for the historical student the portals of the Spanish Inquisition, or Mr. Addison takes one into the torture-chamber of the hapless Templars, "the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," and of the Temple of Solomon.

The Late Thomas De Quincey (1859)

In Memoriam

“Otium sine literis mors est et hominis vivi sepultura.” — Senecae, Epist.

THE mightiest master of the English language, and one of the mightiest masters of style in any language, has passed away. All the opium excesses of his youth and the unappeased and pursuing griefs and misfortunes of his life, notwithstanding the small, frail, world-worn organisation, “life in its house of bones,” with that thin, luxuriously sweet voice which R. P. Gillies said “seemed as if it came out of Dreamland,” has survived to an age far beyond that allotted usually to the sons of men. To ourselves, personally, who are under intellectual obligations to Mr. De Quincey's writings greater than we owe to any modern author, the intelligence was literally a shock. The great critic said, in his earlier papers on Wordsworth, in *Tait's Magazine*, in one of those sentences no man but De Quincey ever framed in English, having that harmony subtle as organic beauty when compared with the mechanical forms, however clever, which are generally termed style, that the deeper admiration of Wordsworth would be found to grow in the hearts of men and women located in the austere melancholy lonelinesses of the American and Australian forests. It was one of the dearest hopes of our heart that we should ourselves one day live to see the great master of philosophic criticism, and of all forms of the expression of thought, imagination, and passion, and pour out at his feet the whole enthusiastic treasures of a life-long admiration and a life-long gratitude, of one whose mind the illustrious writer's influence had done so much to mould here in Australia, and to contemplate and understand all literature and philosophy from stern and majestic summits of the ideal and the spiritual, which but for him and that pure and pathetic medium of deep human affection, through which he loved to contemplate all things, would never have been afforded us.

To us, one of the saddest lessons in modern literary history is the slow and reluctant acknowledgment of the paramount claims of De Quincey. Not simply by the public at large — that is easily explained — but by literary men and critics. For years the most omnivorous of readers knew little more of De Quincey than that he was the person who had written “The Confessions of an English Opium Eater.”

To dozens of grateful persons with some real pretensions to letters, we have ourselves had the pleasure of introducing a prince in English literature

with claims as unknown to his natural subjects as the Russian verses of Puschkin or the *Diablo Mundo* of Espronceda. Dean Trench, in a foot-note to one of his books on the English language, couched in terms of the profoundest admiration, recommended De Quincey's writings. But the only worthy "appraisal," to use a pet phrase of his own, of his pretensions, were in *The Leader* newspaper, from the pen, we suspect, of that masterly critic, G. H. Lewes, and also in a paper which appeared some years ago in *Hogg's Instructor*, purporting to be the experiences of a German scholar in his study of English literature. *The Leader* said boldly that De Quincey was the greatest of the masters of the English language. And the writer in *Hogg* remarked with keen, critical truth, that it was literally impossible to know the capabilities and resources of English without an acquaintance with this great writer's productions. Perhaps one way of accounting for this obscurity of position under the magnificent proscenium of literary fame, was that De Quincey's writings were scattered through periodicals, and so embedded in strata of comparatively ephemeral and comparatively valueless matter. It is a fact that till very lately, till the American collection and the author's own reprint in serial volumes, De Quincey's writings had alone this disadvantageous form of book-existence. But where were the critics and intellectual teachers of the people, not to disclose the presence of this treasure, to quote what had been said on specific subjects by Mr. De Quincey, better than any other man, living or dead, had ever before spoken; and to show that there was a grandeur and a glory of expression, a music, a disciplined but almost lyrical passion in the English language which, and we know exactly what we are saying, we defy the world, ancient or modern, to parallel? At the close of last year, a stupid pedagogue in Edinburgh, a Mr. Demaus, brought forth a class-book of English literature, most elaborately arranged in historic periods, and so ostentatiously exhaustive, as to range its modern specimens of great English writers from Carlyle to Mr. Austin Layard, his claim to the honours of a classic in the richest of literatures being the book on the Nineveh excavations. But De Quincey, in a work published in the city, where in the intimacy of John Wilson, the most brilliant episodes of his literary life took place, is not even mentioned. Even Mr. Robert Aris Wilmott, one of the best judges living of what is massive and profound in alliance with beauty and nobleness of form, has no niche in his beautiful Parlour Table Book, ranging from Hooker, Sir Philip Sidney, Taylor, and Donne, to Coleridge and Landor, for the most powerful vindicator of Christianity in our language, for what Mr. Gilfillan has aptly called "the most gifted of scholars and the most scholarly of men of genius."

The range of De Quincey's acquirements were, as has been before

remarked, literally encyclopaediac. Seldom has imagination so grand and so poetic, so much passion and sensibility, been united with learning and knowledge so profound, so various, and so accurate. Burke's case is scarcely an exception. Burke is rather comprehensive than deep, though unquestionably among the greatest thinkers. But he had neither the subtlety of De Quincey, nor his philosophic instincts. De Quincey sees a truth at once; Burke searches, compares, and reasons himself into seeing it. Besides, with all the florid quality of his style, and his opulent fancy, he had not the Miltonic breadth and massiveness of De Quincey's imagination. Often, in a word, this faculty of the Opium Eater appears, as when speaking of the element of cruelty in heathen worship, he says of the gods, "their stern eyes smiled darkly" on human sacrifices. There are few things Burke has done that De Quincey could not have done. But Burke could not have written De Quincey's philosophic criticisms of poetry, nor, under any possible circumstance, the rapture, deep as the principles of love and grief in the human heart, of the *Suspiria de Profundis*. We think that De Quincey's mind had more of the Roman than the Greek quality. Power and grandeur were rather his chief mental attributes and the objects of his sympathy than the forms of pure beauty, of repose, and pleasure. In this, it strikes us, he contrasts with his great friend Coleridge, whose main heart and region, when he was not discussing theology and metaphysics, stood amongst the luxuries of beauty. De Quincey had a virility that would have made him a politician and a statesman; Coleridge, with his *Conciones ad populum* and his *Manuals*, never would have made either. The masterly writer in *The Leader* already referred to, notices what must have struck every reader of De Quincey, — the excursiveness which is so frequently a characteristic of his essays. He has a habit of wandering away from the main line into paths that diverge or rather branch off from his subject. The critic of *The Leader* suspects in this an infirmity of the will, arising, perhaps, more or less from a moral paralysis, induced by the use of that fatal drug with which the Prince of Dreamers has for ever connected his fame.

In this the writer sees, too, a clue to the somewhat fragmentary character of most of De Quincey's performances. Will in character he can scarcely be said to have lacked, for he conquered perhaps the most fascinatingly tyrannical, the most inexorable in its claims, of all evil habits — opium eating. And as a dear and honoured friend of De Quincey remarked to us some days since, there must have been will, and plenty of it, in the man who, a refugee within the precincts of the Abbey of Edinburgh, under pressure of misery so terrible as to approach positive want amongst those he loved so dearly, those to whom allusions of majestic tenderness threw

such delicate shadows and such rare pathos as never before fell over prose literature, could nevertheless contribute to *Blackwood* masterly disquisitions, the most calmly and deeply considered, and the most philosophic *de oninibus rebus*, and to *Tait* all the Ionic beauty of his Lake reminiscences. Then as to the excursiveness, though we think it very frequently mars the effect of much of his historical, critical, and polemical writing — for directness is in all speaking and writing one of the prime elements of power — we think it may be accounted for in another way. Where a very able writer indeed would see but one or two sides to his subject, the unique subtlety of De Quincey's mind would see sides and angles innumerable, examination of which he deemed collateral aids to the *approfondissement* of the theme. Then making the divergences from the man's point of inspection more signal, it is the nature of human character that the collateral question once started, a mind not only wealthy in speculative thought, but so richly furnished with almost all that could be known on the subject, thoroughly a master of the facts and opinions on the point of those who had preceded him, so full of illustrative anecdotes and historical suggestion, should employ it to a perhaps inartistic augmentation of a mere appendage. It was as if over-zealous and over-wealthy piety should lavish its appliances on making the side chapel in a cathedral so rich and so unduly large, as to leave what might have been an additional circumstance of beauty and state an excrescence on the mother-fabric. As to the fragmentary character, it must always more or less belong to all writing for the serials of the day, executed to order, almost under the pressure of immediate demand, and still worse, of immediate want in the executant himself. Think of De Quincey sitting calmly and comfortably down, surrounded by the magnificence and light of lake and mountain scenery, in the seclusion of Lausanne, as Gibbon did, to write, as the object of a life, some great cardinal history of a nation.

How much fairer, if, once so situated, he did no better than his still superb papers on the Caesars, it would be to seek for a key to the fragmentary nature of his essays on psychologic cause. Besides, we have a suspicion that all human speculations, so lofty and so grand as those in which De Quincey's intellect loved to dwell, as the eagle on lone cliffs that look out evermore on the mysterious and melancholy sea, and, indeed, all the higher exercises even of the imaginative faculty, leave on the mind a sub-consciousness — the word is De Quincey's own — of the incomplete and the fragmentary. We do not now refer to the unfinished character of so many of the great writer's magazine papers, when the causes are much nearer the ordinary circumstances of life and the meaner necessities and wants of our common nature. One thing we cannot help alluding to before

closing, — the pathetic profundity with which the religious convictions and the unfaltering belief in Truth of De Quincey everywhere show themselves. Even to one rejecting the writer's belief, this quality gives the speculations a deep and touching beauty.

O sad! sad! the life-story of this grandly endowed being. When we think of the lonely boy, a fugitive in the streets of London, and rescued from starvation by the generosity of the poor street-walker, Anne, her that he wished to follow, were it possible, “into the darkness of the grave, to waken her with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness and final reconciliation.” Then his lonely life in his eyrie in Westmoreland, his thoughtful visits across the hills at midnight to Wordsworth. His domestic bereavement, his deep sorrows; the interregnum of actual happiness and peace which must have stretched from the date of his commencing to his resigning the use of opium, a season of darkness, ploughed at times by weird lightnings and Elysian ineffable glimpses of beauty through the rifts of the abiding clouds, come before us mournfully. Equally melancholy, with all the surpassing splendour of his intellectual activities and his services to literature, his growing old unappreciated, while the Macaulays and the Hallams, with all the sparkle and finish of the one and the dry, weighty literature of the other, but runnels and fountains compared to the stately Danube of De Quincey's intellect, were amongst the *dii majories* of the nation! One recollects, too, his deep devotion to, his fervent admiration of Wordsworth, for whom his noble criticisms do more with “thinking hearts” than anything else that has ever been written about him; and for Coleridge. And the reader with an eye and ear for the grief which is too grand and too sacred for the slightest cry of resentment, hears in the occasional moan, as it were, of a self-sequestered sorrow, how bitterly the deep munificent spirit had been stricken by the coldness, cold albeit as his own Skiddaw of Wordsworth, and, perhaps, the selfishness of Coleridge. Both were good and great men, but there were those with infinitely less intellect and a good deal less of the severer virtues we should be inclined to love more. But the end has come, and the august dreams of the Unseen which girdled his way through life are long since, we trust, realised for De Quincey.

And this one thing is certain, that wherever the literature and the language of England exist, as that of one of the noblest of her intellects will the memory of Thomas De Quincey be cherished, and his writings regarded as one of the grandest of the national possessions.

Washington Irving (1860)

WASHINGTON IRVING, long with a household reputation in Europe as well as America for his calm and classic graces of mind and manner, died in December last. Irving, the son of a Scotchman and an Englishwoman, was born in New York, in April 1783, and was, therefore, at his decease in the 76th year of his age.

His education was of the simplest character, and after a little boyish scribbling in a newspaper edited by his brother, he, in 1804, visited Europe for the benefit of his health, and after the grand tour, reached England. Of course much of the thoughts and impressions which were afterwards expanded artistically into tale and sketch were gathered in those European travels, particularly his delineations of English life and scenery, for which Irving had the feeling of a poet and a painter, and entertained that refined genial enthusiasm different altogether from an Englishman's love and perceptions of his own country, but which only the native of another clime, deeply imbued with English literature and English in language and temperament, could have cherished. He returned to New York after an absence of two years, and though he never practised his profession, was duly admitted an attorney-at-law. Shortly afterwards, in conjunction with his brother William Irving, and James Kirke Paulding, the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside" and "the Book of St. Nicholas," and one of the most remarkable and versatile of American literary men, Irving brought out in a serial form *Salmagundi*. The follies and doings of New York life in or about the year 1804, form the theme of this really original and graceful satire, where Irving's *forte* was displayed, both as to nature and quality of endowment, — a humour more elegant and Addisonian, and at times a more delicate style of classic beauty, than has ever appeared so specifically since the days of the *Spectator* and *The Citizen of the World*. It has Irving's own peculiar English pathos, too. The story of "The Little Man in Black" is as exquisite in its way as that other memorable sketch of Irving's, "The Widow and her Son."

The pathos is more remarkable as the springs of sympathy in the tale are those which are seldom touched. As they do not connect themselves with ordinary sentiment, they yield responses only to a master's hand. In 1809 appeared, in some respects, Irving's masterpiece, "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York." A most amusing proof took place in connection with this publication of the "undoubting faith" of Teutonic scholarship in matters of letters. Goeller, the editor of Thucydides, in illustrating a passage of the historian, turned into Latin some sentences

with the suffix, "*Addo locum Washingtonis Irvingi, Hist. Novi Eboraci, lib. vii., c. 5.*" The Sketch-book, very elegant in parts, but very weak, and with a good deal of mere rose-leaf sentiment in it, appeared in 1820. It was, however, somewhat redeemed by the charming story of Rip Van Winkle, unique in the whole legendary lore of literature, and which Tuck himself has never equalled. This work may have more marked local interest, as it was the model upon which "James Martin," then "an ex-student of the Sydney College," and afterwards Attorney-General of New South Wales, cast a juvenile production of his, "The Australian Sketch-book," giving little indication of a right at any time to the *prestige* the honourable and learned gentleman has since attained. "Bracebridge Hall," which followed, exhibited Irving's gentle and delicate humour and his occasional pathos, reminding one of the best things in "The Sentimental Journey," or the fictions of Henry Mackenzie. Addison and Steele, could they have seen the book, would have taken to their bosoms the writer. In 1822, "The Tales of a Traveller" appeared. Irving visited Spain some two years afterwards, under Alexander Everett's advice, to consult for literary purposes the papers relative to Columbus in the Spanish State archives.

A couple of works on the great navigator were the result. The Moorish romances followed. In 1829, Irving was appointed Secretary to the American Legation in London. After this it was that "Astoria," and his books on Trapper and Prairie Life, were produced; all of them remarkably fresh and picturesque in character. In 1849, he was appointed Minister to Spain, and in that sunny land of love and song, from which his genius had drawn so many of its fairest and kindest inspirations, he remained four years. Some smaller productions of his afterwards appeared, but none of great importance. A very elegantly written Life of Goldsmith, to which we have not before referred, was pronounced by an American critic a bare-faced plagiarism from the brilliant volumes of John Forster. Hazlitt, in his conversations with Northcote, in referring to the novel and in its earlier stages vivid and brilliant power of Fenimore Cooper as something national that America had at last produced, called Irving "a mere *filagrée litterateur*." Hazlitt was often a *brusque* and hasty critic, but as ever with him, if you drop his offensive prefixes, you find a kernel of truth in his decisions. Irving had no great creative faculty, and few of the loftier powers which work out what is in the higher senses called literature. But it was his happy fate to have a genius for what is tender, meditative, and sad; humorous and grotesque under those conditions of grace and pleasantry; not too profound for the reader even who runs, which are the most acceptable to readers of fair cultivation and with a taste for geniality and sweetness. His writings have for this reason far greater chance of being —

indeed, many of them are — elevated into that order of books which are regarded as classics, than many a production upon which genius has left the brand of his burning grasp, and which search spirits kindred with the author's (*Ich gelebt und geliebt*) down to the very depths of their being.

A Curiosity of Criticism (1860)

“Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.”

AMONGST the English periodicals by the *Benares*, we have of course *The Illustrated London News* for July. This journal indulges in a “slashing critique” on the Poet Laureate's new volume, “The Idyls of the King.” In our last issue of the *Southern Cross*, the reader will find the *Athenaeum's* review of the work, from the pen, we suspect, from certain internal evidences, of Mr. Frank Fowler, and which was transferred to our pages for the sake of the very copious samples of the poem it presents, rather than the fancifully enriched *cadre* in which we find them set. Lord Jeffrey's school of poetical criticism is very far from being extinct yet. It has for some time been transferred from Edinburgh to London, flourishes in the high places of the Metropolitan press, and is nowhere more fully represented than in the columns of *The Illustrated London News*. All its incapacity for appreciating what is deepest and most real in poetry remains, but with an ignorance and charlatanry rarely, if ever, traceable in the elder Edinburgh reviewers. On the death of Sir Thomas Talfourd, some member of this journal's literary administration ranked *Ion* with Addison's *Cato*. Talfourd, though a fine dramatic critic, was in no sense a dramatic poet. For that he lacked the elemental fires both of imagination and passion. But to place his graceful *élude* from the Greek drama in the same category with Addison's play and its colourless, mechanical, eighteenth-century feeling, was to declare a parity betwixt the violet of Colonus or the hyacinth breathing of the mists of the morning, and a spray of our own metallic gum leaves arid with the dust of a brickfielder. A specimen, equally striking, of competence for the task of the higher criticism is furnished in the introduction to the smart and summary appraisal of Mr. Tennyson's poem. The first paragraph — a long one — is remarkable in its way. The exordium is as grand as the opening bars of some triumphal overture. “There is a true and eternal poetry,” says *The Illustrated London News*, “which touches the heart of humanity.” Good. “There is an inferior poetry which tickles the fancy of the educated and the semi-educated.” Cleverly put, and with a knowing air withal.

“The poets of the first order are rare; of the second, many. King David in the Psalms, Ezekiel and Isaiah in the Prophecies, and Shakspeare in his plays *and sonnets*, are of the first. Of the same class, though varying in power and degree of excellence, are Homer and Milton, Euripides, Æschylus and Pindar, Burns, Wordsworth, and Byron. Of the second order

are Anacreon *and Sappho*, Horace and Tibullus, Donne and Cowley, Dryden and Pope, Rogers and Campbell; and in his own day, Alfred Tennyson. Aristotle, an old authority, but by no means an obsolete one, declares that the poet must possess either 'frenzy' or 'art.' The frenzied poets are the greatest. Next to these are the poets who combine frenzy with art; and last of all, those who make 'art' the one thing needful, who have no frenzy; who cannot sit on the tripod of the Pythoness; who cannot look either far behind or before them; who deal with the understanding and the fancy, and not with the imagination and the depths of the inner consciousness; who are of the lawn, lawny and smooth shaven, and not of the mountain, mountainous, rugged, heaven-piercing, and cloud-capped. All the highest poets are the most popular, in the best sense of the word. Shakspeare and Burns speak to the duke, the doctor" (mark the alliteration), "and the ploughman, and one of these does not understand *him* better than another.

"But Horace, Tibullus, Pope, and Tennyson speak to the duke and the doctor only, or to the duke's duchess and daughters, or to the learned man and his charmed circle, and are unknown, or if known, unfelt and unesteemed by the great heart of the common people. The frenzied poetry," proceeds the reviewer, "knows nothing of rules; it speaks from an internal prompting, will not be restricted in its choice of subjects, considers nature superior to art, just as the greater includes the less, and will draw its ideas and its illustrations, its hopes and its metaphors, whence it will.

"Thus, Chaucer and Spenser were romantic and not classic. Shakspeare and Milton were both romantic and classic. Pope was classic, and partook but little of the romantic. Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, and Scott were romantic only. Shelley was great in both styles; and so was Keats. And all these poets were clear as sunshine. There is not the least obscurity about their writings. *The uneducated man can understand them as well as the educated.*" The Australian reader will scarcely need a commentary; after the lute of Apollo harsh are the words of Mercury.

Pen And Ink Cartoons, No 3 (1860)

The Jonesian Annunciation

BRUNHILDA, *caro mia*, you've had a long vacation from exhibitory duties. I was told Berenice and you were picnicing on Easter Monday with the honourable Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Oakes, the Members for Parramatta, a *partie quarrée*, in one of the pleasant nooks about Kissing Point. You needn't redden like summer's latest and lonest rose, *petite*; I admire the discretion and judiciousness with which you selected partners for the sylvan gaieties so appropriate to the day. With the honourable gentlemen you were safe in every respect, and pleasant, worthy fellows they are; I think honest George's Parliamentary breakfasts and dinners at the old-fashioned cottage at Parramatta the only true remains of the old hospitality which once distinguished Australia, and which, like a great many more of the decencies and charities of life, is, under responsible government, rapidly getting into the category of curiosities and antiques.

And Byrnes, right or wrong, always intended to go in the right. Now if you had spent the day with Mr. Parkes, who is a poet, I should have been alarmed for you. You may laugh, Dove of the Wilderness. But a Queen of France once kissed the sleeping Alain Chartier. He was — what expression shall I use? — well, a plainer man than he who murmured from the stream, and now murmurs from a bench with a great deal more vigour, because he hasn't got the particular bench he had set his fancy upon. The Majesty of France debited her august osculation to the account of the sweet things that had fallen from Alain's lips. Robertson would object to any analogy of this kind betwixt Monsieur Chartier and Mr. Parkes; but the Minister, of course, takes a party view of things connected with an opponent. Besides, Jack isn't a judge. His studies are more profitable than if they were among the poets, and his only poetry lies in his promises. In its own line, his late Scone Bucolic is one of the finest performances extant. But really I should have feared for you with Mr. Parkes, marvellous little *intriguanta* as you are. Nay, Brunhilda, I don't mean anything I ought not to mean. Mr. Parkes is not a bachelor; and if I were the Sultan of Turkey or the Shah of Persia, I should give him an appointment in the seraglio, in preference to any office at present retained by these polygamic potentates in that particular branch of their respective majesty's civil service. The honourable gentleman is not of an amorous temperament; and I am afraid he is human enough to compound in this business by dealing out Draconic severity to a sin he has no mind to. Besides, you know he goes in for heroic women; no inflated

crinoline and feathered wide-awakes for the coming man. Nothing for him under Joan of Arc or the Maid of Saragossa, or perhaps, lapped in the Lydian measure for a milder mood, Grace Darling. But what use he might have made of your *finesse*, the subtlety of your talents for diplomacy *couleur de rose*, upon individual members of an Assembly so rife with bachelors who have not “made up their minds” either in a public or a private sense!

Miss Fanny Wright, now Madame D'Arnsmont (in these Divorce days, ladies in England change names so rapidly), and the rest of the sticklers for women's political position, don't know what they are talking about. My strawberry-lipped Brunhilda, woman's political position is outside the House; she can do as much political mischief there, if she likes, as she can do mischief of another kind inside. Charles Fox and the Whigs of his day knew what ladies could do outside, and what they *did* do. And they know it at Paris, too. The greatest victories have been won in the *salons*, and not at the *centre-gauche* or anywhere else in the Chamber; although Pierre Leroux did, on one memorable twenty-first of November, ascend the tribune of the deputies to support an amendment of his the preceding day that all Frenchwomen of legal age should be added to the list of electors. It was a capital joke that, Brunhilda, although you do pout and pull so at that poor fuchsia as if I were saying something rude. I must tell it to you. There never was such a Parliament house before, though we have had a few rather telling performances of our own on the boards in Macquarie Street. Pierre went on for some time as grave as Mr. Weekes himself on a point of order which nobody but Mr. Weekes himself had the remotest perception of amidst roars of laughter, ironical cheers and jeers, and the interjection of such *mots* as only a French Assembly can hurl.

With regard to the alleged inferiority of the feminine intellect, Pierre said, there were numbers of women with a great deal more mind than belonged to many honourable members he saw about him. No doubt he was right. You smile; what would Pierre have said in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales? “Woman,” said Pierre, “has the right to ascend the tribune, since she has the right to mount the scaffold.” Masculine flesh and blood had stood a good deal; and it is allowed, Brunhilda, that the lords of creation have not the fortitude of your sex. “Has she also the right,” grumbled out a gruff fire-eater, a general in the Republican service, “to be drawn in the conscription?” What Mr. Carlyle is fond of calling “inextinguishable laughter” followed, roars followed, redoubled like the mountain echoes which called the name of Wordsworth's Johanna, and though Pierre tried to stand his ground, the first great move in any parliament for female franchise was at an end. But we

have been talking so long that we have forgotten the picture and the public, who are impatiently waiting outside to see.

It's a nice group that, and the *salon* is pretty, too, with its French white walls, with just a *soupeçon* of warm gold picked in here and there, the bell-pull depending from the centre of the ceiling, the luxurious morocco-seated chairs and the lordly writing-table. That, O reader, who art too honest to have ever had any political business there, or too humble to have had the honour of an interview with the First Secretary *chez lui*, is the Colonial Secretary's office. Litany of all the saints! what rogueries have been effected within those pretty walls since they were erected, especially with one short interregnum from official knavery, in the days of the Hon. Deas Thomson, and those of the present Primary Dodger of the Land! Mr. Richard Jones, about to resign, is the central figure. Mr. Cowper, with his head sorrowfully drooped and resting on his hands, is seated at the table. By a happy power of interpretation, the artist has thrown a number of letters, with the deep black border symbolic of mourning, before him; and through the window is seen, in the street, a hearse, probably an equipage of Mr. Robert Stewart's, with two red-faced mutes at a public-house drying their lips with their knuckles.

Mr. Robertson, who has evidently in agitation been acting on the Burmese principle of preserving youthful appearance by plucking the face-hair, has removed a number of the most silvery threads from that historical beard of his, and is looking as sulkily out of window as the honourable gentleman can. But that isn't much. For though Jack can "look blue," if you were to give him tenure of office for ten years, with an opposition just sufficient to tickle without scathing him, just enough to enable the honourable Member for the Upper Hunter to have a "go in," by way of "constitutional," after one of those heavy house-dinners at the *Victoria*, Jack couldn't in return look sulky. His talent at doing "the savage" when he is cast for the righteously indignant part in any Ministerial drama, and has to come "the goaded and the taunted, sir," is quite another thing. Mr. Jones has evidently spoken. To move from the purpose behind its expression that intelligent worn face, upon which toil has channelled its record as the sea engraves its restless workings on the melancholy cliffs, would be like challenging an iron lamp-post to debate. There was in late days, Brunhilda, a great man of whom perhaps you have never heard. His name was Coleridge, and he once said that "every human face displayed either a history or a prophecy." The face of the honourable Member for the Hunter presents a history — thoughtfulness and the labour which lays by thriftily, pound by pound, laboriously but honourably gained in a noble vocation through long years, enabling the worker to retire to and exchange with

credit his private toil for political life.

But there is no prophecy in it. None of the ardour, the will, the hope and trust, the patriotic *verve* of your true democrat — of your man who is weighing everything in the scales of “respectability,” who is perpetually looking at things less with a view to dealing boldly and honestly with them, come what may, than how dealing at all, or the style of dealing, will affect himself, “moderate Mr. Jones” and “moderate Mr. Jones's” reputation, of one who isn't the man to keep his hat off his head along the whole street, for fear Mrs. Grundy should happen to be, unknown to him, toddling along among the gay crowd of hatted and hooped dearies on the side walk, and he should by any possibility be convicted of not lifting his *chapeau*, and so acknowledging the Presence. Never mind, O reader, the Electoral Bill, particularly that Universal Suffrage clause, which perhaps not six men of the majority who carried it really believed in. But look at Mr. Jones's whole career; or, if you happen to have a parliamentary friend, and absolutely nothing to do for soul or body, and the day is rainy, borrow his copy of the votes and proceedings since the inauguration of responsible government, and examine it. If Mr. Jones has been and is a democrat, then what joy would suffuse the thin face of Mr. Pitt, revisiting “the pale glimpses of the moon,” if Mr. Richard Jones were exhibited to him as a democrat of the “New Britannia of another world.” Well, accordingly, in the days of Sir Watson Parker, patrician conservatives, who didn't acknowledge a single other friend on the Opposition benches, hailed graciously Mr. Jones — even did the Thane of Camden — as their “honourable friend.” And two youths, very tender and brotherly in those days, but who afterwards severed wide — “the pity of it, Iago,” like Sir Leoline and Sir Roland in *Christabel*, — used to chuckle, the irreverent dogs! and giggle to each other, “Yes, Jones is the Hay of this side, and Hay is the Jones of the other.”

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FREEMAN'S
JOURNAL**

Thomas Babbington, Lord Macaulay (1860)

PERHAPS no name is more intimately identified with what is classic in English literature than Lord Macaulay's. To perfect mastery of facts, and the whole field of opinion, as connected with the subjects he treated, Lord Macaulay added the charms of a style in some senses the most brilliant in the language. The purely rhetorical graces of composition, everything that mind could do, divorced from an impassioned temperament, were manifested in the writings of this distinguished man. His premier achievement, his "History of England," of course remains unfinished; but it is questionable whether any literature presents a work so unique. The noble author did not realise the ambitious project he announced in the opening chapter of his book, in phrases not unworthy of Cicero or Gibbon. But he did not achieve this; for the first time in history a man appeared to depict national progress, who had not only political science and vast learning, but who, with a knowledge of facts and events elaborately extracted from sources the most recondite, — muniment rooms, family journals, and forgotten books and pamphlets, printed when there were persecuted travelling presses in England, which no man in his generation but Lord Macaulay knew of, — combined a pictorial power of realizing and presenting scenes and actors never possessed by a historian.

The reader who wishes to see what the painter would term high art and low art in Literature, should pass from one of Lord Macaulay's *tableaux* in the "History of England," for instance the death-bed of King Charles II., to what is generally termed the "graphic" portion in the writings of the very best novelists of the day. You turn from an Italian master to Wilkie or Mulready. Both are "true," but the grandeur and the dignity which men associate with historic truth belongs to the one; the other gives the every-day *vraisemblance* of town and village life.

Lord Macaulay's reputation will be most enduring as the Essayist. His papers upon historical subjects are rather what the French call *études* than what we English ordinarily understand as essays. Everything that is known on the subject is exhibited, and exhibited in a masterly way, and sound critical inferences are uniformly drawn. But then the defect comes, — fine writing, great learning, exquisite handling of what has been handled, but no such turning over the topic in a fresh and unsuspected light, such as one would have from Coleridge or Carlyle, or De Quincey, or even John Sterling, and many an "inheritor of unfilled renown."

A gifted man Lord Macaulay was in a very high sense, and especially the type of an accomplished gentleman, but his success in letters among his

countrymen proves and illustrates the salient quality of the Anglo-Saxon mind. Macaulay could deal brilliantly with anything, but he took care always to deal with facts; and there lay the secret of his success. English readers, with small taste for abstract truths, who have the privilege of reading Emerson and Julius Charles Hare in their own language, preferred to either the American or the Englishman the point, the decision, the character of being posted up to facts, and the muscular grace with which Macaulay handled things on a level with every reader's intelligence. Lord Macaulay could be a slashing critic, too; and he extinguished Robert Montgomery. But as the noble Lord had no pretensions to philosophical criticism, he could be extinguished in turn.

One distinguished contributor to the pages of the *Southern Cross*, Mr. R. H. Horne of Melbourne, uprooted and scattered to the winds for ever, in a notice of Macaulay's Essay on Milton, in the new spirit of the age, the pretensions of the sparkling essayist to the character of a critic in aesthetics. Lord Macaulay had said that some degree of madness was inseparable from the poetic temperament in its higher manifestations. Mr. Horne triumphantly showed that a man who really had pretensions to the sacred name, must base his claims, not upon some sybilline frenzy, but upon a finer and clearer sense, a keener and profounder perception of great truths than belong to his contemporaries.

We have a word or two to say of Lord Macaulay in his character of orator and poet. And first as an orator. Perhaps the speeches smell too much of the lamp. We all know he wrote and got them by heart before he delivered them. So did Shiel, so did Plunkett, whom Lord Dudley and Ward called the first speaker in the House of Commons of his day; so did the old Greek orators. But read them; and there are no speeches in print so finished and so felicitous as Macaulay's speeches on Parliamentary reform and the government of India.

In earlier life, if we recall rightly, in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, Lord Macaulay produced some brilliant verses. The noble Lord could be always brilliant, but never poetic. Still "it is a question if there is anything finer in the English tongue than the *Armada*; and what heart has not thrilled to the inspiriting invitation of the fourth French Henry at Ivry:" —

Press where you see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre?"

But Macaulay's most ambitious production was the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The book showed that the writer, though not a poet, was poetic, and

unquestionably a scholar in whom the older literatures had kindled and become a fire. He himself has glowingly described triumphs such as the laureation of Petrarch at the Capitol, but here was the triumph of a scholar with the average endowments of fancy and feeling. So close, with all the art and the lore and the versified rhetoric, did it bring the author to the true poet, that the best judges were at times puzzled as to which was the true Dromio.

Gone to his grave! Perhaps his fame reposes on the exercise of those faculties which literary men, using philosophic terminology, call Talent as distinguished from Genius. But it is much to be questioned if any name of recent days will go down to posterity with higher prestige than that of Thomas Babbington Macaulay. Young men of genius, mark the moral! Men of the most splendid faculties and the richest endowments — William Maginn for example — have passed away and left poor traces upon their country's literature, which the next century will efface. Take the example of Macaulay, who husbanded every talent, who made use of every virtue of prudence and economy, and who, great as his abilities certainly were, has a thousandfold better chance of living as a British classic than men of almost infinitely higher powers.

Mrs. Jamieson (1860)

ONE of the first female critics in Literature, and the only woman deserving the title of a critic in Art, Anne Jamieson, is, we regret to find by the latest European obituary, no more. Thick as the autumnal leaves of Milton's Vallambrosa, the maturer celebrities of English Literature are, week by week, falling to earth. Each mail steamer brings us tidings that the place of some illustrious writer, whose noble part has passed into the "life of life" of millions, knows him no more. Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Washington Irving, Macaulay, — the fact that these men departed, one after another, some months ago, being successive obituaries, how it seems to loosen a link, beautiful as some golden clasp covered with the historical chasings of a Cellini, that bound the palmiest days of modern English genius with present time. Leigh Hunt, his tribulations, trials, and cheerfulness — for him enchanted Hope ever smiling and waving her golden hair — were of the days of "Lord Byron and his contemporaries," and far back therein. Shelley wrote to him, a lad at Oxford, fire even then at the root of his spirit, *Zastrozzi* and the "Rosicrucian" — all he could do; *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci* among the things that were not. De Quincey's Opium Confessions are incidentally mentioned in *Don Juan*. With Washington Irving — how far back it must be! — dates belief in England that a Yankee could write readable English prose.

But the other day, as it were, an American who handles English as only three or four writers have ever done, Emerson, painted British society a portrait of itself which made British society open its eyes.

A philosopher abroad on his travels was for the first time a fact; and something new realised in that most impertinent department of literature, voyages and travels, namely, persons and places, landscape and character, depicted from a philosophic point of view. Macaulay's youthful essay, "Milton," with its solid richness of diction and its aesthetics as deep as Burke on the Sublime, carries us on to the time of Robert Hall. The account of Dante made the fascinated preacher think of learning Italian at an age as advanced or more so than Alfieri's when the poet tackled the Greek conjugations. What a success, in the broadest and most emphatic sense, the career of the man, from the publication in the *Edinburgh* of his early papers, to the hour, almost, when Baron Macaulay of Bothwell was laid at the foot of Addison's statue in the august gloom of Westminster, to rest him in honour for all time. Though Mrs. Jamieson's *spécialité* was the criticism of Art, yet her rank as a critic of literature is very high. Her distinction was won, too, in the loftiest field — the Shaksperian drama.

Wilson made her "Female Characters of Shakspeare" the basis of a series of papers in *Blackwood*. The eloquence is Wilsonian, — that is saying a good deal, — but for real criticism, for fine analysis, the lady's book has stuff in it you nowhere find in the writings of the great critical authority. Judging from her books, no more exquisite womanly instincts could have existed than those of Mrs. Jamieson; and then with the finest sense of the ideal and of poetic art, she proceeds from the woman's point of view to examine and report upon Shakspeare's women. And she does it with consummate truth and grace and beauty. Neither Margaret Fuller, nor George Sand, nor Rahel, nor any of the great women, could have done it as well. Their really vast intellects — particularly in the case of Margaret Fuller and Rahel, both endowed with a high analytic faculty — left them scarcely *woman* enough for the task.

Talk as we will, extraordinary intellect, which means extraordinary strength in one specific direction, has a tendency to subtract from the *morale* of womanly nature, and to lessen somehow what Chaucer and the Ettrick Shepherd call *feminite*. Pallas, with the broad, lofty, and serene forehead, the gaze that, as Wiacklemann said of the Belvedere Apollo, looks forward, as it were, steadfastly into the infinite, and the straightly pure, calm, Greek profile, is very good in marble; but Pallas in charge of a baby in long clothes would be a bright idea! Vittoria Colonna must have been an august impersonation of womanly intellect and womanly character, and those noble Platonic attentions of Michael Angelo did him quite as much credit as they did her. But then the Signora Colonna was hardly the person that, restored to one's *Lares* after a long journey, one could suddenly throw one's arms about with a view to osculatory proceedings. Those stately and pensive lips could hardly be expected to utter an Italian synonym for "duck of diamonds." The style of the work is as pure, as fresh, and sweet as a flower. The man who owns a refined and high-bred woman, "yestreen a blushing bride," could, in the form of a wedding gift, pay his wife no more delicate nor truer compliment than the donative of Mrs. Jamieson's "Female Characters of Shakspeare."

This beautiful womanly element is the great charm of Mrs. Jamieson's writings. Beautiful it is, reader, when you bear in mind that this gifted lady was neither a poetess nor a novelist, with prerogative for all sorts of overflowing love for everything in the first instance, and unlimited right to put any amount of fine things into the mouths of her *dramatis personae* in the second.

She was a critic, as true and as thorough when she looked at historical fresco or at portrait as William Hazlitt. The result, as seen by woman's eye, and the effect on the feminine soul, she gave you clearly, steadily, with the

science of a *connoisseur*, with the gentleness and the mild truth of a woman. England had patronised Angelica Kaufmann, and had seen Horace Walpole's friend, Mrs. Damer (*Non me Praxiteles feceit sed Anna Damer*), and Mrs. Thorneycroft cutting marble; but no female critic in Art — and a critic in high Art is not quite so easily made as a critic in Literature, because of certain peculiar elements which are absolute conditions of existence — till Mrs. Jamieson appeared. The literature of France and Germany has no equivalent; and though George Sand has talked grandly and profoundly of music, for the highest type of female opinion upon pictorial art, every inquirer, either artistic or psychologic, must consult English literature and the writings of Anne Jamieson.

The Elder Roscoe And His Poems.

CHARLES THE FIFTH once cuttingly remarked, that although Scripture abounded with precepts to pardon our enemies, we were nowhere directed to forgive our friends. How many a distinguished writer, laid for his last long slumber in cathedral marble, or folded in the green rural sod, could he rise again to walk the world's ways, would bitterly echo the imperial *mot*.

Enthusiastic executors and legatees empty the waste-paper baskets of departed genius into the composers' hands, and conceive that they are supplementing the glories of the calm thinker, — so calm now, would men let that little terrene immortality he worked for wisely and won well but rest as he left it. Unfortunately, these assiduous friends have a passion for publishing in one dangerous direction, for the integrity of a great man's fame — that of verse. They seem beyond all things anxious that the world should be benefited by the *nugae metricae*, of however doubtful quality, of the illustrious dead.

In youth, as experimental efforts, or occasionally as a solace in melancholy hours, —

“Smoothing the raven down of darkness
Till it smiled,”

men with purely the faculty and afterwards the fame of great prose writers have written verses, trifles traced to amuse and vanish, like a child's inscription with his father's staff on the moist sands of the retiring sea. The thought that, after their reputation had been built up and they themselves had departed, those attempts would be paraded before the public eye as a claim additional on the remembrance of mankind, would only, and reasonably enough, have horrified them.

And who besides cares for such an embodiment of the axiom *non omnia possumus omnes*, as the hymns of so grand a prose writer as Jeremy Taylor, the verses of Burke, or the jingles of Gerald Griffin, a master in the provinces of prose fiction, or the sterile rhymes of women with such imaginative powers as the sisters Brontë? Indeed, here is a reason, and a philosophical one, why people should care not to see them. They go far to impair that ideal of plenary strength which every genial reader finds comfort in cherishing of a great writer who has taught and purified him, — an ideal which is beneficial, too, because it widens belief for the man who feels it in the capabilities of human power. No book has fully done its

office that stops with satisfying you as a work of art; it should enrich and exhilarate the spirit, by suggestions flowing from the very fact of the existence of a man who could and did produce it. A collection of the poems of William Roscoe, the historian, made within the present year, has just reached Australia. Roscoe belonged to an order of modern writers of which Hallam is the archetype. A class this, with the qualifications of solid learning, clear, vigorous understanding, and an honest purpose to find out and tell what it believes to be true. We have every respect for this class. But it altogether wants the philosophical and imaginative endowments which this age (so loudly abused as “shallow”), more than any preceding era, severely exacts in those who pretend to teach it. Within the range of facts, and in judgments upon facts, they can be pretty safely trusted. But in matters perceptible only by loftier and subtler faculties — such, for instance, as the sociological value of the Christian institution of a sisterhood of virgins, as giving a basis for the independence of women unknown in Pagan society — the scholastic philosophy, or the real nature and actual worth to mankind of Art and Ideal Literature, what they say, when they do say anything, is worthless enough. With William Roscoe, Italian literature was a passion, and his strength lay in it. Latterly the pretensions of Roscoe have been assailed by one of the highest critical authorities of modern times. But it is, nevertheless, questionable if any English writer was on the whole as well fitted as Roscoe, by specific cast of mind, united with the necessary attainments, to execute the Medici biographies. A man of Roscoe's temperament — breathing so ungenial a moral atmosphere as that of Liverpool sixty years ago, with an enthusiastic though an unintelligent eye for the finer world mirrored in pictures and prints, a keen sense of those elegances of life which in his earlier days lay at a distance from him, and, above all, with that intense appreciation of the particular sections of wisdom locked up in books, and the technical appliances of literature, which belong specially to the self-taught man — was pre-eminently the person to see the great pontifical reviver of letters and his magnificent father from the right point of view, — a point of view from which most men won't consent to survey them. The growth of Roscoe's own inner life was perhaps largely the social growth of the Augustan age of Italy.

In saying this, we by no means endorse all the admiration with which it is conventional to speak of Roscoe's biographies. Horace Walpole praised them enthusiastically, and so did Dr. Parr and the historian Gillies. “Pursuits of literature,” Matthias grew lyrical on reading, and blew a complimentary flourish on his scholastic cow-horn. For the critical powers of these “grave and reverend signiors” we profess no very extraordinary respect. But we have, as behoves us, for their scholarship, profound

deference.

It is easy to see that what called for and obtained the praises of these notabilities was that Roscoe's information was derived from fountal sources, and that his books, instead of being shadows of other books, were new and genuine contributions to historical knowledge. A historian of the greatest age of art since the era of Pericles and of the world's most magnificent *connoisseurs*, Roscoe labours under cardinal defects. We allow him, with the respect and gratitude due to one who has instructed us, to be genial, learned, and impartial. But his aesthetical criticism is valueless. It is doubtful if he had any higher idea of the creations of art than as "objects of taste."

He had never caught a glimpse of the calm majesty so sorrowing and so yearning of that strong spirit who dwells in the palace called *Beautiful*, while yet the mystery of doubt and the mystery of death prowl without at the gate that looks far over into the world. Unlike the German mind, and the mind of England and France, the Italian intellect has alone in plastic art adequately revealed all its grandeur and creative capacity. Dante, and at a later period a few of the great composers of hieratic music, threw themselves across this rule as exceptions. The man who cannot see, and see without a misgiving, that the business is mainly one of ornament or superfluity, with an eye at once pious and philosophical, into manifestations of power and character through Art, will be unable to tell what is best worth hearing about the times of Lorenzo and Leo. He can, in fact, know little of the great men upon whom the fame of the Medici rests, like an airy *baldacchino* of golden tracery upon the stupendous jasper columns of some august sanctuary. Mrs. Jamieson's brief notice of Correggio in her little book on Italian Painting, that he was "a true servant of God in his art," above sordid ambition, and devoted to truth, not only gives you a master-key to the higher criticism of Correggio, but opens a historical idea that reaches like a corridor into the heart of Correggio's age. A proof of how imperfectly Roscoe appreciated the masters of Italian painting, is furnished in the following lines from an ode, in the volume before us, on the foundation of a Society for the Formation of the Fine Arts in Liverpool. The theme is a parallel of Poetry with Painting:—

“Opposed to Waller's amorous song
His art let wanton Titian try;
Let great Romano's free design
Contend with Dryden's pompous line;
And chaste Correggio's graceful air
With Pope's unblemished page compare.”

Scarcely as much ground is there for any parallel here drawn as for one of Homer and Horace Vernet; they both paint fighting men. What could a man like this, who looked upon his Italian engravings through spectacles that might have been forgotten on the table of Button's coffee-house, or Wills', really perceive of the triumphant strivings of grandly endowed and religiously earnest human beings to bring out and bequeath the divinity within them? He has nothing to tell you of their relations to the great problem — the evolution, as far as may be, here below, of what is finest and purest in human nature. In the memoir of Lorenzo, after a few biographical details, he gets rid of Michael Angelo by an anecdote of a French painter, long incredulous of the master's powers, who exclaimed, after gazing at two statues Cardinal Richelieu had brought into France, "*j'ai vu Michel Ange; il est effrayant*" (I have seen Michael Angelo; he is terrific).

Roscoe's own criticism flows in a runnel of this kind:— "Of the sculptures of Michael Angelo some yet remain in an unfinished state, which strikingly display the comprehension of his ideas and the rapidity of his execution." Get an idea of your own out of that, reader, if you can! "Such," he proceeds, "are the bust of Brutus and the statue of a female figure in the gallery at Florence. In the latter, the chisel has been handled with such boldness as to induce a *connoisseur* of our own country to conjecture that in the finishing it would be necessary to restore the cavities." This "jargon of the *connoisseurs*" is the substance of what Mr. Roscoe gives you as the genius and the art of Michael Angelo. And he quotes from a wretched *silhouette* of a book on pictures written in French by a poor arid creature named Richardson, who stands in much the same relation to painting that old Nichols and honest Joseph Spencer the anecdote-mongers do to poetry. A judgment on Buonarotti as a painter is in effect avoided, and we can do nothing better than place what Mr. Roscoe says before the reader:— "Already it is difficult to determine whether his (Michael's) reputation be enhanced or diminished by the sombre representations of his pencil in the Pauline and Sistine Chapels, or by the few specimens of his cabinet pictures, now rarely to be met with, and exhibiting only a shadow of their original excellence." All the highest criticism on those great epic ornaments of the Leonine age has been produced, and they have shed their grandest inspiration upon the hearts of poets since Roscoe's day. Besides, Michael Angelo was no colourist; men of his Miltonic cast never are. The late gifted David Scott, who so worthily dwelt within the sublime austerities of art, for instance, was not. Men of this kind have the sensuous faculties too much subjugated.

Be this a comment on as much of the question of preservation as lurks in

Mr. Roscoe's remarks. The essence of the criticism, however, leaks out at the word "sombre." It is, in reality, objections to the conception and the *genre* that Mr. Roscoe echoes. "Sombre!" why, the sombreness of the thing — of the Last Judgment, — or, as the matter might be more fairly or more boldly put, the dark apocalyptic grandeur of it, the shadowing out of doom, would the supreme Michael himself be content to stand? And the improvement Michael's works effected in public taste is summed up as the claim upon posterity of that marvellous man, who ranks with Shakespeare and Beethoven as arch-exponents of that awful potential world that lives in the depths of our common nature, — a world of grandeur and of sorrows so sublimated as to be worthy the endurance of angels, of pleasure abysmal and ineffable, and of victorious and everlasting beauty that pierces the soul as flame the living flesh! Roscoe's reputation should have been left to stand upon a *cippus* of modest historical prose. William Stanley Roscoe and Mrs. Sandbach of Liverpool had done sufficient, with whatever amount of success, to represent the poetical family of Roscoe. The unlucky verses before us display scarcely an original idea of any kind, scarcely a single gleam of native fancy, or even a memorable felicity of expression. They are echoes of the tinkles of Pope and Shenstone and Dyer, without even an approximation to the merits of that meagre music.

Pope, like Boileau, had the good sense of a man *comme il faut*, and melody besides; and poor Shenstone held his varnished crook as prettily, and looked the sentiment *et ego in Arcadia* as nicely, as any gentleman that flirts in pastoral costume beside the sculptured fountain basins of Watteau.

How the name of Dyer evokes images of school-boy years, of the dim, secluded, somewhat sleepy schoolroom in Philip Street, in that dear city of Sydney, with small old-fashioned windows, encased with grape vines and honeysuckles, and darkened by antique and bowery lemon-trees, in which, on sunny mornings, with many a lapsus, we were wont to recite octosyllabic praises of "The Groves of Grongar Hill" from "Enfield's Speaker." Dyer had a good eye for "still life," and his modest landscapes have many a touch of sunshine and tender colour.

"The Wrongs of Africa," the longest composition in the volume, though dull enough as a poem, recalls one of the noblest of the many noble episodes in Roscoe's beneficent life, a life beautiful and unobtrusive withal. He took an early and intrepid stand against the slave-trade, and that in one of the chief marts of that horrible traffic, in a city "every stone in whose building was bought and cemented with the blood and marrow of the kidnapped and murdered African," as George Frederick Cooke, pointing his phrases with hiccups, in one of his fits of sublime drunkenness, once took occasion from behind the foot-lights to remind a Liverpool audience.

Table Talk

“I CANNOT,” said Dr. Arnold, “enter fully into these lines of Wordsworth —

To me, the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

There is to me something in them of a morbid feeling, life is not long enough to take such intense interest in objects in themselves so little.” Sad sort of talk this for so great a man as Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby. His remark might, to some little extent, apply to a more maniac entomologist, or to a man midsummer-mad in field botany. Wordsworth, though, according to the most illustrious of his critics, he saw by some rare quality of organization in the eye every natural object under forms of sublimated beauty unknown to mankind generally, was the last man to take an intense interest in a little object purely for the object's own sake. He gives no extraordinary attention to the trivial thing itself, if any product of God's handiwork can, rightly viewed, be called trivial. The flower may be “little,” but who shall say the “thoughts too deep for tears,” which it gives, are little? And why should Dr. Arnold have assumed that such thoughts must of necessity be altogether about the flower itself, when reflection wakened in its tenderest moods by the lowly blossoms may, when arrived at that stage of intensified pathos to which the poet refers, be a thousand leagues away? “The meanest flower” is only impressive to Wordsworth from the suggestive function it performs. Only in the profound heart and the Æolian sensibilities of a meditative poet would a stray meadow flower stir up ineffaceable things that dwell below the surface of tears. The homely memories of bygone life, “departed never to return,” not less than the yearning questions passionately, and, as Wordsworth himself says, “obstinately,” whispered by the soul, as to the meaning and purpose of this glorious equipage of physical creation which has so much to do with that soul, may have been thus called up. And what Wordsworth implies is, that he, as a poet, is endowed with a range of sensibilities so wide as equally to touch the grandeur of the mountain valley, with the rainbow resting, as it were, the basis of an aerial architecture in its elemental walls, or the tropical heaven, amid the thunders of the typhoon opening up its apocalyptic abyss of ethereal fire, or any other image of terror, of beauty, of splendour, alike with the fairest blossoms of the field. Not in a handful

of violets gathered from Arnold's early home at Laleham, simply as violets, would Arnold have felt the only interest about which a true poet would care to speak; but in the tender thoughts they would give, perhaps, of the time when Thomas Arnold took his bride to that happy home of Laleham. The distinguishing faculty, I think, of recent great American statesmen is not what we ordinarily call genius, great originality of ideas or splendid action under the direction of speculative wisdom, with the higher form of eloquence, as concomitant so much to a clear common sense faculty, altogether exquisite in its perceptions of the real palpable relation of things, as things happen to be in this world, and the best way of managing them. This, I think, applies to men ranging from Webster down to George S. Hilliard; even to Edward Everett with his rhetorical robes on. They have inherited the mind of the great painter who represented the infant republic at the magnificent court of Versailles; they are Franklins with the advantage of having been at college. Theirs is the intellect of the type of Paley's and Whately's; they only see ordinary things, but to see them as they see is a rare and precious gift; and sophistry has for them no more a principle of resistance than a smoke-wreath for the rushing arrow.

"Life's Problems" is a little book much in the tone of the Essays of Arthur Helps — the feelings and opinions of a thoughtful, thoroughly cultured mind put into pure and simple English. In his papers, "Sexual Difference in Mental Constitution," he approaches the real solution of that vexed psychological question of the superiority of the intellect of one sex to that of the other. "Created apart," he says, "with separate individualities, counterparts to each other, alike in what they have and have not, it was most palpably designed that neither should live alone, or singly achieve that which, united, follows in the order of nature. Each, mentally and physically, is the complement of the other. Two halves, both are necessary to make a perfect whole, and in their union only can each find its own most perfect development as an individual."

The two last sentences are, in substance, the property of Wilhelm von Humboldt, less known, but a man of greater native intellect than his illustrious brother Alexander. Humboldt alone satisfactorily answered the question of a superior intellect in either sex. According to him, there is an ingenitely masculine and feminine mind, two hemispheres of one orb; and to compare them is to compare things which, as the logicians say, are disparate and admit of no comparison. In that extraordinary book of the extraordinary Count de Montlosier, "*Des Mystères de la Vie Humaine*," there is this striking passage, which, as regards human existence, is perhaps not unworthy of notice: "We shall know one day that the distinction of

sexes belongs to the whole of nature; we shall know that the sex resides in the principle of life, and not, as is generally believed, in the external form.”

That charming writer, Robert Aris Wilmott, once said that, in Southey's biographies, the departed were laid in “tombs of crystal.” The figure is beautiful. But did Mr. Wilmott, who knows and loves the rich elder literature of England better than almost any of his contemporaries, extract his gem from this pebble-like conceit of Drummond of Hawthornden, in the lament for Moeliades:—

“The Muses, Phoebus, Love have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his work appears”?

The greater part of Madame de Staël's philosophy and criticism bears much the same relation to what is genuine in both that roses in *buhl* do to the living flowers. The melancholy copy has a flush of colour of its own about it; and the ingenuity that makes the artificial singularly like the real ought, perhaps, in strictly equitable appraisal of talent, to be taken into account. The only approach, as far as my memory goes, that Madame made towards a sound philosophical sentiment, is an expression in her recantation of her early ideas on suicide. When she first wrote, it was with the vivacity and the impertinence of youth: “*Mais à quoi servirait il de vivre, si ce n'e'tait dans l'espoir de s'omeliorer?*” (What would be the use of growing older, if it were not with the hope of growing wiser?)

What a fine wit “L.E.L.” had, though life did seem to her fancy like an Etruscan vase — *folatre* figures running on a background! Do you recollect her making Lady W. M. Montagu, in “Ethel Churchill,” remark that she found “with great mortification she was every day getting wiser?”

How touchingly true is that remark of a female friend of John Kenyon's: “To be happy, we must not only forbear to anticipate the future, but must teach ourselves to forget the past!”

There is a good lesson, notwithstanding the dash of sadness about it, in the fact that the powers and achievements of genius are bounded by the merest material circumstances. The being born a quarter of a century sooner or later, often makes huge difference in what the gifted effects in his day. What could not Bichat, the Napoleon of modern medicine, have done with the microscope, so ineffective in his time, as it became a few years after his death? And again, think of the harmonic grandeurs and splendours, such as human ear hath never heard, which the genius of

Mozart would have evoked from those recent colossal appliances of orchestral instrumentation, upon which, as on a plinth of Theban proportions, rests so much of the fame of Meyerbeer and Berlioz!

How beautiful to contemplate genius, undistracted by ambition or envy, perfecting itself for the life to come, amidst the quiet daily discharge of duties! I know one such instance — a person in whose society I have never spent an hour without leaving it a better man, with aims purified and elevated. Who would expect this in a man of encyclopaedic learning, and the finest perceptions of beauty, who could throw truths in exquisite forms, such as I am about to quote?

“Easily as the oak looseneth its golden leaves was he content here in Sydney to toil through diurnal drudgery, at a conveyancer's desk, satisfied to maintain those dear to him, and endeavour to keep himself, in St. James's words, ‘unspotted from the world.’” Is not this, which I once took down from my friend's lips, truly beautiful? “In seasons of grief, the effect of those grand passages of poetry which shake the soul to its very foundation, is merely that of the storm which leaves behind it a wreck without purifying influences; but the effect of that poetry which is based on Christian solaces, resembles the commotion of the pool of Bethesda, which indicated that, with the disturbance, healing virtue had been communicated to the reposing waters by the presence of an invisible angel.”

“The down on the breast of an eagle” — what a beautiful image of Charles Brocke's that is, in allusion to those gentle humanities which are never so tender and so pathetic as in the strong heart of a hero. With rough old Zachary Taylor the green waving of the cornfield was one of the sweetest things on God's earth, and visions of the autumnal uplands must have been his cheer through the crush and carnage of his splendid Mexican campaign, whenever the terse brain relaxed from attention to the stern matter of the moment. Priceless were the tears which coursed down the “iron cheeks” of Pitt, that terrible night in the Commons, when two hundred and sixteen votes were given for, and two hundred and sixteen against, the impeachment of Lord Melville, and the Speaker, after ten minutes' pause, recorded his casting vote with the Ayes.

Most people know something of Henry Taylor's “Philip van Artvilde,” but I am greatly surprised that his “Notes from Life” are not more generally read and more frequently quoted. For pure, ripe, weighty wisdom, the book is surpassed by few in our literature, and it foreshadows much of the tone which belongs to the writings of Taylor's friend, Arthur

Helps. Is not this passage remarkable? — “If there be in the character not only sense and soundness, but virtue of a high order, then however little appearance there may be of talent, a certain portion of wisdom may be relied upon almost implicitly; and that they will accompany each other may be inferred, not only because men's wisdom makes them good, but also because their goodness makes them wise. Although, therefore, simple goodness does not imply every sort of wisdom, it unerringly implies some essential condition of wisdom; it implies a negative on folly, and an exercised judgment, within such limits as nature shall have prescribed to the capacity.” One of the best commentaries on this noble passage will be found in the female character. There have been hundreds of worthy, high principled women, simple, unassuming, and without a shadow of pretension to being “clever,” who never could fall into the fallacies or perpetuate the follies of their lot, through brilliant brothers and husbands.

In Balzac and Thackeray, you have a deal of what may be called in a good sense the pre-Raphaelitism of literature.

There is largely in literature and life a practice of praising by comparisons, and the criticism, like the vehicle it employs, is odious. One celebrity can only be praised by some people as he operates to depreciate another; one achievement is lauded just as the eulogist conceives it throws another into shadow. In the heyday of Mr. Lever's popularity, one stupid periodical could only indicate its heaped up and overflowing admiration of “Harry Lorrequer” by exclaiming, “We had rather be the author of that book than of all ‘Pickwicks’ and ‘Nicklebys’ in the world.” This is a side-thrust at Mr. Dickens. Now I cannot see why the rollicking, dashing fun of Mr. Lever's book could not have been enjoyed without a growl of depreciation at the rich humour of “Pickwick” or the tragic power and delicate pathos which are the higher characteristics of “Nicholas Nickleby.” There is not only room enough in the world for perfectly new and dissimilar beauties, but for beautiful things that resemble each other in a great many respects. Even after the mighty explorations of De Quincey into that physical realm which obeys a law of material stimulants, there is place for the experiences of luxury and terror of the American Hasheesh, or hemp-eater. Bailey's idea of the Graces is welcome, even after Canova's has for half a century ruled our conceptions of a perfect embodiment of that exquisite myth. I felt much annoyed lately by meeting this kind of criticism in a notice of Stothard in Leigh Hunt's “Table Talk.” Stothard is there placed above Flaxman. Except in the divine purity of their ideal of the female face and form, the two men are utterly unlike; and it would be as unfair to back one against the other as artists, in a general sense, as to

contest if Milton or Spenser were in the abstract the greater poet. The genius of Flaxman was epic; Stothard's was idyllic.

Most men, when praising others warmly, are unconsciously praising images struck from the die of their own ideals of themselves.

Criticism should be gentle: all life, literature, politics, are but processes of approximation. "Even solar time," said Julius Hare, "is not true time." But it does.

The hope that suggests, and the achievement that embodies, our youthful endeavours bear the relation to each other of the Baptistery of Florence and the gates of bronze Ghiberti moulded for it. The building and the achievement are alike excellent things in their way, though

"A thousand such there are elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

But the young hope, and the portals of breathing imagery, — "they," as Michael Angelo said of the latter, "are worthy of Paradise."

John Mitchell As A Literary Man.

IN speaking of John Mitchel as a literary man, I, of course, think and write as one who, out in Australia, must form his judgment mainly from what he reads, partly from what he has heard. Among the *littérateurs* of an organisation which largely and in principle operated in literary forms, Mitchel seems to me to have been *le beau sabreur*, the Murat of the movement. Duffy, with devotion deep as the foundation of his soul to the cause, not alone of Irish political welfare, but of the whole regeneration of Irishmen, showed a literary character, broad, abundant, luminous as a river, and yet chequered with soft, sad autumnal hues, with wisdom which is ripened by mournful convictions, and which sad experience brings; and its movement had the “deep rush,” to use in a higher sense what Shiel so finely said of Yelverton's eloquence. In Davis you had the archetype of Young Ireland culture, and of the masculine purity of genius hallowed to lofty purposes. He, in the true meaning of the word in Fichte's, and not the grammar-school sense, was the scholar of his party. And he was their poet, too. Neither his imagination nor his fancy was remarkable, though in the *Sack of Baltimore* there are gleams of the former, the “starry trance” of the hushed landscape, and the waters, for instance, of exquisite subtlety and delicacy; and of the latter, the bane of Irish poets, if he possessed much of it, his nature was too earnest and too strong to play with the pretty things it might have moulded for him. His real power as a poet lay in that principle which is at the heart of all lyrical genius, — passion. Analyse Burns or Beranger, and you get a similar result. Not in flashes which reveal, as in ethereal fire, objects which for most lie self-withdrawn in psychical darkness, not showing ordinary things in that tempered and tender atmosphere which is to the region of logic and the understanding what the rarefied and roseate morning of the Alpine peaks is to that of the lowermost valleys, Passion pulses through every lyric of Davis, alike in the *Surprise of Cremona* or *Fontenoy*, and the *Bride of Mallow*, or that song which would have kindled every capacity of splendour in the eyes of Burns, *The Girl of Dunbruce*:—

“I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But your image comes up, and my longing eye fills,
And softly I whisper, Again, love, we'll meet,
And I'll live in your bosom and lie at your feet.”

The vital current rushes as powerfully and as fast through *Native Swords*,

or any other copy of verses justifying the political sentiments of the hour, as the proud stanzas of the *Convention of Dungannon*, or that heart-rending *caoine* at the grave of Wolf Tone, which itself ranks with the *Burial of Sir John Moore*, the *Convoi de David*, and *Who fears to Talk of Ninety-Eight?* the noblest elegiacs of modern literature.

“That man will go great lengths because he believes in what he says,” a remark applied to a very different person, might have been said not only of Davis's life, but of the promise that burned in all his literary efforts. What are Southey's “Life of Nelson,” Stanley's “Dr. Arnold,” Crabbe's “Life,” by his son, or any other recognised biographical master-piece, Carlyle's “Memoir of Sterling” excepted, and John Mitchel's “Hugh O'Neil,” compared with Davis's “Life of Curran”?

It has the fire and the living and lucid splendour which a statue of the orator struck by necromantic force from molten lava might present. It has the shadowed freshness and purity of the holy well under the twilight hawthorn, when the little offerings, affixed to spray and twig by peasant piety, flutter in the dying breeze —

“The summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.”

His studies in Augustin Thierry, in Scott, and the glorious old *repertoire* of Scottish ballad, suggested, and his archaeology and picturesque learning aided in imparting, to his poetry costume and local colouring correct and effective in an extraordinary degree. Mitchel's, it strikes me, is an intellect of noble and robust type, under the control of an arbitrary and ill-disciplined will. A man, methinks, born under some particular star presiding over revolutionary genius, ready at all points for wars of independence, — to talk what the Crown lawyers call “seditious and inflammatory harangues,” — to write articles in which the essence of all the rebellion of all the hereditary bondsmen on the face of the earth is condensed and intensified within *vade mecum* dimensions, — to govern “clubs,” beard judges, spit upon juries, lead armies, patent novel and readier types of barricades, ransack arsenals, and experiment with infernal machines on the naval property of Her Most Gracious Majesty, with a hand as cool as if he were addressing, before all Ireland, *battant le chien devant loin*, letters to my Lord of Clarendon and his logical and rhetorical Grace of Dublin.

With a strong, keen, swift intellect, philosophically cultured in one or two directions, there are pretty broadly defined imaginative and spiritual

characteristics about his thinkings. Lonely and narrow, we should think, but deep as a tarn amid mountain heather, is the ideal view in his nature, poetic feeling of his own, fresh, genuine, and thoroughly idiosyncratic, as the poetic feeling always is in the man of *caractère*; not the result of mere aesthetical results or hyper-refinement, as in the majority of scholars and critics, but the endowment nature only refuses to every strong man for some reason like those for which she sends imperfect physical developments into the world.

But it is the faculty which, when the lonely man broods over and reminds you, as he sits an exile, chained but not conquered, one might say, on the hot white crags of Bermuda, of the dear scenes in the land he “loved not wisely but too well,” till the moan and murmur, the gliding whisper and the swirling glee of sylvan waters, and the blossoming bushes, whose noontide photographs on the quiet stream are ever and anon broken by the darting trout, and the melancholy sunset that bathes the stretch, mile after mile of heather come before you, so sweet, so soft, so dear, so old in the intense shade of pathos, affection attaches to that simple word applied to persons and places so as to make the eye fill and the heart quicken its pulses. Even to me, an Australian born, who spent but a swallow's season in Ireland; there are passages in Mitchel's “jail journal” that affect me, I scarcely know why, and set my memory re-touching Irish landscapes, as I remember the chorus of Tom Campbell's noble song, “Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh,” did one night, sung by one of the peripatetic mimesingers of London, in a strong Munster brogue, to a harp of dilapidated pretensions on the pave of Ratcliffe Highway. They conjure up the places I know best in Ierne, however unlikely the spots they refer to, — the brimming Lee with a midnight flash of the mill-wheels at Dripsey, Gougene, Barra with its “pomp of waters unwithstood,” sung by poor Jerry Callanan, in strains where so often in martial music the victorious mingles with the plaintive, and the black waters shimmering by the home of Raleigh, and those sacred shades, wizard woods of Kilcolman, that with wild and shadowed beauty closed in about the visions of the dying Spenser.

It scarcely enters within the scope of these desultory remarks to say much about Mitchel's journalism. His articles were written at a desperate period, with a view of bringing about the crisis, and under feelings not only of strong excitement, but of that headlong bitterness which must always belong to the chief of an organisation, wherein, from the very nature of things, there must be from some quarters vacillating hesitations and perhaps conflicting counsels. The power, too, which Mitchel hated, as only a revolutionary tribune can hate, was also, he well knew, attempting to precipitate action before things on his side were altogether ready. As there

was little time for preparing weakened Ireland for her work, the stimulants applied were, accordingly, as powerful as might be. I suppose the world has seldom seen as strong leaders as those of the *Irish Tribune*. As literature, they come up marvellously close to Milton's canon of poetry; they were "simple, sensuous, and impassioned;" — splendid sarcasm, vitriolic in its specific quality as a destructive agent, argument close and conclusive, couched in eloquent execration, taunt, and curse, and defiance, jest and jeer as grim in their way as attainders or excommunication. The "thunderers" of the *Times* were, compared to them, weak rum and water to Russian quass or the Tartar distillation from equine milk. The denunciation of "Junius," the flimsy pretensions of which to power as political literature De Quincey has, among a host of similar services, shown the world, were as lemonade, and inferior lemonade, too, beside the arrack of the Mitchelian diatribes.

I have alluded to evidences in Mitchel of philosophical thinking and culture. I myself was certainly not prepared for anything like the criticisms of Lord Macaulay's remarks on the Platonic and Baconian philosophy, in the shape of entries in the patriot-felon's journal, trenchant, sparkling, but sound and solid.

The jaunty, devil-may-care tone might perhaps seem unsuited to the dignity of philosophical argument; but otherwise, after hearing the eminent essayist's case, and the advocate for Plato in reply, I think even Plotinus or Schleiermacher would certainly declare their illustrious teacher amply vindicated. I myself believe little in the prevalence of Platonic Greek; I am prepared to believe that Mitchel has read and can read it nevertheless; but perhaps the brilliant defender had sharpened his victorious blade not a little on those Alexandrian stones with which Emerson has paved his noble temple for the worship of truth and beauty. It is rare sport to see how the Irish attorney knocks about the learned and luxurious man of letters, the historian, critic, poet, essayist, orator, literary artist *par excellence* of the generation. The Ulster rebel, too, states his Lordship, on points on which, as involving the superiority of the eternal and super-eternal to the material and temporary, excellent and absolutely indispensable as many things in the latter category are, no man, with a just sense of what is demanded from a philosophical thinker, would like to be worsted.

Facts rather than truths, and forms the most fascinating and brilliant for the presentation of the former, seem to be alone within the domain of Lord Macaulay's intellect. Mr. R. H. Horne, now of the neighbouring city of Melbourne, has shown, in some volumes of masterly criticism, how incompetent Macaulay is to appraise the specific power upon which the intellectual character of a great poet is based.

Peter 'Possum.

POOR Peter 'Possum! With one frailty — one that, to use Bishop Hall's expression, too frequently “hung plummets on the nobler parts” — a finer being never existed. Genius (we use the word advisedly), a heart princely in its abounding generosity, a lofty sense of honour, and a modesty rare in those days, were all Peter's. There was no principle of adhesiveness in Peter's coin; half his last shilling would have been held “in trust” for his friend, half a shilling earned by labour, may you never know, reader, how bitter.

We have accredited Peter with genius. Writing for his daily bread, commenting upon passing events, upon men and things so small and so common-place that Heaven only knows by what ingenuity Peter ever screwed a comment out of his brain upon them at all, the author of the volume before us had little opportunity, and unfortunately cared less, for writing up to the higher mark of his powers. His humour, that when some donkey in position came athwart it broke fresh and glittering in a thousand atoms, as the phosphorescent wave of these Southern waters at the stroke of the midnight oar, was of the very finest quality.

The specimens in the book before us give faint idea of it. Peter's *facetiae* sparkled most about transient topics. He would encase with jokes some ninnyhomme's absurdity of the hour, as a jeweller enriches an emerald with brilliants in the beryl of a ring. The aim in the “Portfolio,” or republication, has been to reprint his papers of a more permanent interest. His faculty for poetic translation was something wonderful. There are in the book some specimens of northern poetry — *Gam le Norge*, the national song of Norway; *Nostalgie*, from the Swedish, and a charming copy of verses called *Birds of Passage*, originally contributed to this journal, which were rendered from versions of the original in French prose.

Now it hath never entered into the heart of man to conceive anything more barren, colder, or more dreary than a French translation in prose from foreign poems. An Irish bog is in comparison a lively suggestion of Eden. Blair's sermons, or the old English prose translations of honest Solomon Gessner's “Death of Abel,” are but incomplete types and feeble foreshadowings of the thing. A broomstick or the piston of a steam-engine is not more devoid of ornament than Peter 'Possum's media for northern song, of poetry, or music. And yet these translations, in common, indeed, with all Peter's, are almost equal to Clarence Mangan's renderings from foreign tongues, and quite the peers of Thomas Smibut's in *Chambers's Journal*; and this, those who know anything of the writers named will

consider no mean laudation.

Peter, with his really fine imagination and his opulent fancy, was not a poet. The original verses in the volume, except *Farewell to the Bow, Don Francia, Death*, and the really powerful *Soul Ferry*, are below the writer's powers. In some of the chapters of "Arthur Owen" it is that a glimpse of what was in the man, and a vindication of his claims to rank as a first-class writer, are alone, we think, obtained. The "Portfolio" contains some nineteen prose pieces, and forty or fifty poems original and translated. We know few ways in which our readers could better invest a few shillings than in the purchase. "Arthur's Owen's Biography," which first appeared piecemeal in the *Month*, is, in its collected form, worth the whole sum demanded for the book.

Some of the prose papers are remarkably fine — thought and feeling, genial and graceful, sparkling with novel images, and always characterised with felicity, frequently by very high beauty of style. The opening, for instance, of the pleasant paper, "Johnson's Chambers," is, to our mind, delightful prose it is a sketch of a classic locality in London.

* * * * *

Addison's courtly lips would have relaxed into a smile of pleasure at that delicately sketched full-length of his own Sir Roger. Honest Dick Steele, who has left on record how nobly, how chivalrously, how reverently, a scamp can love his wife ("Even a negro has a soul, your Honour"), — honest Dick would have sallied forth, had this sketch appeared in his day, and after the Lake Tchad sort of exploration necessary to find Peter at all, carried him to Wills's, with a view to what the missives of attorneys designate "further proceedings."

But we protest against a peccadillo of Peter in the matter of recasting "Johnson's Chambers." As it originally stood in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, we liked it better.

We are firmly convinced that all literary *rechauffées* are failures. From Leigh Hunt's "Rimini," this holds good down to the new edition of Father Faber's poems, where one of the deepest cries of anguish ever uttered over a lost Beloved is made to apply to a sister, not only with very bad taste, but in defiance of all canons of art; for men never mourn sisters in the way the passionate strains of the poet lament the catastrophe.

The *magnum opus* of Peter 'Possum, however, is "Arthur Owen." A degree of passion and imaginative power, a pathos and altogether exquisite delicacy of feeling, a perception of, a faculty for reproducing rural beauty in artistic forms, is shown in this remarkable story, of which there is not an inkling in all the author's minor sketches, with all their versatility, their

humour, their graphic talent. It is, in fact, the autobiography of a childhood.

The story is that of a deformed boy, morbidly alive — as what deformed being was not and is not? — to his misfortune, and making it tinge and shape the medium through which he sees and hears all things. Out of the hewn sandal wood and the bruised herb comes sweetness; and though hideous malformations only provoked the bitterness, the woe in “Arthur Owen” ended in madness. To Mrs. Marsh's exquisite story, “The Deformed,” in “Two Old Men's Tales,” we refer our readers for the psychology of depravity “figured” from another point of view. Not that we hint at anything wrong in “Arthur Owen,” in its conception, by this comparison; both are right; and both are pieces of high-class fiction. But Mrs. Marsh's tale, we think for many reasons, a fitting pendant to that before us.

Arthur Owen, the son of a clergyman, is born in Wales, and pictures of the scenery of truly imaginative kind, that is, coloured with deep human feeling, are given, which no sketches of the beautiful principality have ever excelled, save those in Mr. Downe's “Mountain Decameron.” He loses his father in early childhood, and the circumstances connected with this ruling event of his life for misery, the death-bed, the funeral, the changes in the household, the men and women drifted in upon the almost broken-hearted child's field of vision by reason of the catastrophe, are described with marvellous pathos and power. The boy's sufferings at school, his escape from the thralldom, his wanderings in dens and through depths of darkness, his glimpse of one creature who had been kind, to whom he yearned, for whom he felt in his lonely shattered soul capacities of love, carry the autobiography down to chapter xviii., where it abruptly breaks off in some disjointed fragments altogether lyrical in their passionate eloquence, hinting the author's madness, and his return to a drear sanity, to “a sluggish calm.”

Samples of inadequate extent we can alone give our readers of “Arthur Owen.” Did space and time permit, the entire transference to our columns of the second chapter, one charming and highly finished series of landscapes, would best evidence the literary excellence and the rare genius of the writer.

* * * * *

To his poetry we have already in general terms alluded. Our estimate of the original pieces, though they are often graceful and musical in expression, is, we feel certain, pretty much what Peter's own is, not a very high one. The translations, as we have before hinted, are of the very first order.

Perhaps no poet has ever been so often translated, alike by sage and schoolboy, as Horace. Yet, to our mind, nothing has ever equalled Peter 'Possum's versions of the *Ode to Pyrrha*, and the duet, *Horace and Lydia*. And his translations from the Greek anthology have a warmth and colour unknown to the scholarly and correct, but chill and frigid renderings of Bland and Merivale, are far more compact, and have, therefore, more of the special character of the Greek epigram than the brilliant and sparkling translations of William Hay, published in *Blackwood* some years ago, and about which so much was said.

**SELECTION, FROM LECTURES ON
MODERN LITERATURE.**

George Sand.

AMONGST the distinguished writers of recent times, generally regarded as representatives of the female intellect in its higher phrase, there is none comparable to this extraordinary woman. In *Madame de Staël* you have the very acme of talent, a brilliant and extraordinary mind — in fact, a female Sir James Macintosh, with a dash of romantic feeling superadded. Genius is the soul working through the organs of the intellect. Take this definition, and you see at a glance the difference between genius and talent; one not, as is often supposed, of degree but of kind. The latter is the operation of love, intellect cultivated by observation, by experience, by literary training, or by instruction in the technics of literature, or by any art or science.

Madame de Staël's talent was of the highest order, but in conceiving such a work as “*Corinne*” she struck into that particular path of literature for which her defect of artistic morale altogether unfitted her, and the consequence was that, like Chateaubriand, she perpetually confounded highly-coloured and impassioned rhetoric with poetry; the prettiness, the blushes, the language of over-refined sentiment with the grand simplicities of all elemental human feeling. She had a certain faculty of philosophic observation possessed by no other female writer; analytical powers, besides, of rare subtlety and keenness, and she wrote in a style superior to that of any French contemporary *prosateur*. The celebrated Jewess, Rahel, from what is recorded of her conversations, and the letters published by her husband Varnhagen Von Ense, seems to have presented in her beautiful intellect the flower of German idealism and German aesthetical culture.

In sweet Margaret Fuller, the American, coupled with a moral nature of serene statuesque grandeur, you have, to my thinking, the archetype of a female scholar. Her learning, though genuine and extensive, seems to have been built up (and this evidently without a shade of consciousness of the fact in the scholar herself, on a principle of eclecticism. Everything she studied seems to have come recommended to her by some animating grace or beauty; or as endowed with some refining influence, or as containing some spiritual truth, or some ulterior power of working good. An orbicularity or encyclopaedic completeness of erudition, or the pursuit of knowledge simply as knowledge or as a motive power, will never, I think, characterise female scholarship. I can hardly imagine, even with the exceptional case to the general rule of *la savante Dacier* before me, a woman devoting herself to chronological compilation, or Greek verbal criticism, or to the arid analysis of literary hypothesis; following at humble distance Porson's labours on the lexicon of Photius, or the Phalaris

Dissertations of Dr. Bentley, or storing the memory with obsolete expressions, like that worthy Dr. Samuel Parr, who wrought in exquisitely selected cantos and orthodox combinations of classic phrase, as a mosaic-worker does in porphyries and jaspers and coloured marbles.

But I can at the same time perfectly understand Mrs. Browning's ability to execute an excellent English version of the *Prometheus Unbound* of Æschylus; or Margaret Fuller's criticising the same tragedy in a manner admirable for the philological knowledge it manifested, and a perception withal so true and so profound of the distinctively solemn and Titanic grandeur of the play, that would have affected the great Bentley with a little of that amazement with which one of Coleridge's criticisms on the Shaksperian drama would beyond all question have oppressed Bishop Hurd or Mr. Mason the poet (and Precentor of St. Peter's Cathedral, at York), or Mr. Edmund Malone, or Mr. Garrick of Drury Lane Theatre, or that very clever man Mr. Murphy, who "did" Tacitus into English. Entirely different from the leading female intellect of latter years is George Sand, differing from them most of all in that colossal individuality which is behind her books, and overshadows them. Of her errors and her accountabilities, not less than of certain unjust and erroneous opinions pretty generally entertained concerning her writings, I shall hereafter speak. Her powers as a delineator of character we shall consider when placed beside those of Balzac, which we shall presently analyse. An artist, she has an imagination, the pure creative faculty, in a degree beyond any other French writer of the age. Her perception and her sense of beauty are clearer and stronger, too, and invested with a passion seldom found under the precise, rigid *régime* of French rhetoric.

For a broad, fresh, sunny loveliness, and a healthy treatment of the subject, and a certain delightful pictorial character, a resemblance to what I can conceive of the brighter landscapes of Gasparo Poussin, or the Venetian site pictures of Turner (we Australians can, for the most part, only dream of the *chef d'oeuvres* of painting), those "Tales" of George Sand, written during the middle epoch of her career, are unique in literature.

Perhaps, after all, her style is her most wonderful characteristic. French — that language in which it was a matter of astonishment to Walter Savage Landor that Voltaire could have written with such ineffable grace, that most artificial of European tongues — becomes, in the hands of George Sand, like a new and marvellous instrument that should emit every tone, from the roll of an organ to the dipping notes of a violin. Thackeray said, in his "Paris Sketch-Book," that her brief, rich, melancholy sentences affected him like country bells, provoking he knew not what vein of musing and

meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear. It is that quality of style for which you can scarcely account on any received principle of rhetorical arrangement. There is a certain bloom and aroma about it, that goes far beyond all that which Shelley evidently felt evaporating in the grasp of critical analysis when saying he could only describe Plato's diction as "something like the language of a superior being."

L'ENVOI.

L'Envoi.

E.A. Martin.

IN laying down the pen at the conclusion of the task set before me in this little volume, — a task oftentimes weary and disheartening, — I would appeal to the kindly feeling, the broad sympathies, and characteristic national generosity of Australians to make merciful allowance for the many defects with which, under the circumstances, such a work must teem.

For myself I care nothing; but for the spirit that has passed from us, for the children he has left behind, I would ask their gentlest, their tenderest, their largest forbearance. For the hours of toil spent in tiresome, dreary, and monotonous research, often with bare and profitless results, I claim nothing; for if with the men and women of this country I have to any appreciable extent redeemed from the cold night of oblivion and neglect the fame of Deniehy, — if my poor efforts have assisted in clearing away some of the doubts and clouds and mists which have enshrouded and obscured his memory, — if I have made more familiar to the ears of his countrymen the name of him who in his own time and age wrought earnestly and fondly and well for them, who loved the land of his birth with a passion almost amounting to idolatry, who would as gladly and as willingly have given up his life in her cause as he sacrificed for her his best interests and all those hopes and prospects of material advancement in the world so dear to every man's heart, dearer still to him who has laid upon him the sweet burden of home, wife, and babes, — I shall feel that I have not laboured all in vain.

E. A. M.

APPENDIX

How I Became Attorney-General Of New Barataria.

Originally Ascribed To L. Holyoake Bayley, Esq.

(From Table of Contents p.viii) [Key to Appendix “How I became Attorney-General of New Barataria,” *Wriggle*, Mr. (Afterwards Sir) Charles Cowper; *Tiptop*, Mr. W. B. Dalley; *Chalybeate*, Mr. Wm. Forster; *Cloncurry*, Mr. John Hubert Plunkett, *Quickington*, Judge Dickinson; *Twank*, D. H. Deniehy; *Red Rathcormack*, Edward Butler; *Big Tancred*, Mr. T. A. Murray; *Gilhooley*, Judge Therry; *Bouncer*, Sir James Martin; *Port Innocence*, Port Jackson, Sydney; *Budgee*, Mudgee.]

“PASS that Chambertin, Lyttleton,” said Harcourt, rising from his chair to draw together the heavy moreen curtains, as the wild gust of December rain, driving across Temple Gardens, fell like a shower of elfin arrows on the pane; “we shall have the Glenlivet and the hot lymph directly. And now, old boy, tell Fane the yarn about your being made Attorney-General of New Barataria. He hasn't heard it, and I wish him to enjoy the *editio princeps*, before those fellows at the Oxford and Cambridge give him the *variorum* they've got hold of.”

“By Jove,” broke in Crampton Moore, “that ancient buck, Rulehard, at the Colonial Office, — you know who I mean, — old Cockatoo they call him, says your story, Lyttleton, is the Thousand and Second Night. The old fellow positively swore, when my governor told him the affair just as you'd told me. Old Cockatoo, who pretends to know all about the Colonies, said, it was not just then the first of April — *canards* were out of season, and he'd be d—d if he believed such stories. He'd higher respect for sterling British sense out in the Colonies — people there weren't zanies and harlequins. Colonists,” the old buffer went on, “prized their new rights of self-government too much — and all that kind of thing. Stoneleigh, those nutcrackers, if you please.”

“But the story,” said Julian Fane.

“Didn't you hear it at Christchurch?” said a tall thin young man, with pale, weak, clearly-cut features and whiskers of a *prononcé* red, who seemed to be the person addressed by the first, and involved in the remarks of the second, interlocutor. Had the whiskers been black, and a little more “mind,” as the young ladies say, in the face, he seemed as perfectly cut out for the minister of a fashionable metropolitan chapel of ease, as a stone-cutter's cherub is for a tombstone. Of course I only mean the *physique*: the intellect and the oratory necessary, perhaps, for a preacher, I have nothing

to do with. He seemed the oldest present; and though evidently he could be the jauntiest as well as the most supercilious of gentlemen, he seemed somewhat thoughtful and depressed that evening.

“I did hear,” said Fane, quietly, holding before his eyes the thin clear crystal in which the Chambertin glowed against the December fire like the carbuncle of some weird Sultan — Prester John or Kubla Khan — and the hand that lifted the crimson glory was white and thin, and as delicately moulded as a maiden's, “I did hear from Whitehope, as I drove over Magdalen Bridge, that you had returned from New Barataria. Nothing more.”

“What's that! Lyttleton's adventures as a colonial minister,” shouted Hythe, stopping short in a discussion about a yacht that had been distanced the summer before at Cowes most shockingly, and afterwards bought cheap by some officers of the French garrison at Algeria, *pour passer le temps*, in African waters. “Capital, but it *is* a tough yarn. Fane,” he said, turning round to that notability, an Oxford prize poet, and the most accomplished Bohemian either at the universities or in the metropolis — “this new Baron Munchausen says, that out at New Barataria — golden country, you know, with all the talents flocking out to it from all parts of the globe — in only two months — no mistake my boy, — Lytty ‘of ours,’ whom nobody thought exactly a genius, was, before he knew where he stood — no asking, no ambition, or that kind of thing, Fane — made a Minister of State!”

“He goes farther than that,” cried Harcourt, the host; “old Lyt says, when made Attorney-General and Second Minister of the Crown, he had never, to his knowledge, set his eyes on the Premier or any of his colleagues, save the one who introduced him, nor they on him.”

“Glorious!” roared Hythe.

“Responsible government out there must have been going it,” said Stoneleigh, who sat balancing himself on a rocking-chair in a corner, under a Parisian print of Gavarni's, in a frame of golden filigree, — “Louis of Bavaria signing an ordinance of his new constitutional policy, to please Lola Montes.” “I shall certainly look in there in my travels, instead of going up the Plate.”

“And go in for it, my boy,” cried Clavering.

Julian Fane smiled quietly. He had the lips of an Antinous, had Julian Fane; and the smile flickered on and off them like a shadow.

“A minister who had not previously met his own colleagues!” persisted Harcourt, with his *enjoué* laughter and hilarious voice.

“Excuse me, Harcourt,” said Fane, “I can't think Lyttleton said *that*. But *contes bleus* apart, I am prepared for a romance of Eldorado — *bell' eta*

dell' oro — of the most astounding order. Lyttleton, the wine's at your elbow; — join me, O returned voyager on Pactolus! — and now, let us have this curious *memoire pour servir* of yours for New Baratarian history. Never mind the malicious poetry these fellows throw in, of your only having been two months out before you were called to office, or that *coup de theatre* of taking your seat at the council board *incog.* to your chief and his senior colleagues. The 'round unvarnished tale,' old fellow."

"It's all true though, Fane, — every bit of it," ejaculated Lyttleton, who had been stroking his whiskers and looking complacently into the fire — turning his eyes on Fane, but without shifting an inch his sitting posture before the fire — one rigid as that of one of the Assyrian statues exhumed by Mr. Austen Layard.

"Tell the tale," remarked Fane, with another shadowy smile.

"Here's the Glenlivet," cried Harcourt as a servant, laden with a tray which sparkled in the doorway with crystal and silver, like one of the plate and jewel-baskets Aladdin, when in love with the Emperor's daughter, sent "the old man" by way of propitiative. "Now, my lads, the warm blood of the barley and Lyttleton's story. The kettle here, Bellingham."

"Yes, the story," vociferated, in one breath, Hythe and his co-debater of the Algerine yacht speculation, Beaujolais Clavering. There was a boyish glee in the tones. But a soupçon as well, a bystander might have thought, in those same voices, that, after all, their owners wished to "draw out" Lyttleton — to trot him. Could they have suspected at all, that the stately pyramid of biographical adventure had but a small basis of historiapalfact in an episode of self-government in the British Colonies? Why that laugh on the face of Beaujolais Clavering, lieutenant in Her Majesty's Regiment of Foot Guards, commonly called the Coldstream — handsome Beaujolais, about whom there was so much scandal in the new Divorce Court, in Lady Flo Harrowven's case — as his eyes caught those of Fane, who never laughed — except with women, and then with a laugh like Lizst's or Louis Gottschalk's — musical, low, only half uttered — recoiling as a wave of summer that stops half up the clear golden beach, content there to spread itself, wimple and die — not going far enough *to break?*

Harcourt was busy, and calling aloud,

"The grog, gentlemen. Moore, that tumbler for Lyttleton. Attention! The honourable the ex-Attorney-General of New Barataria, General Prosecutor without intervention of grand juries for felonies and misdemeanours in that territory, one of Her Majesty's Ministers therefor, and a member of the Assembly of the territory aforesaid, duly serving for the independent constituency of — of what, Lyttleton?"

"Of Budgee," remarked the pale young man, gazing still impassively into

the fire.

“Yes, for the independent constituency of Budgee, here in the chambers of me, Harcourt Evelyn Harcourt, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, before the trusty and duly qualified gentlemen here present, proceeds to make full report of divers extraordinary facts which have lately been done, made, committed, had, and transacted in remote places appanages of the Crown beyond the seas, of weighty interest to us gentlemen aforesaid, who, with great talents, great willingness to make money-saving on grounds connected with our social position, working for it — and who know not but that the first knock at the door, this ancient and happy commemoration of Christmas-tide, may be that of one of the lower pursuivants, apparitors, or other subordinate officers of the courts of law, commonly termed a bailiff. Oyez! Oyez!”

A loud laugh, a clinking of tumblers, a tinkle of stirring spoons. Through the howling wind and the dash of rain on the area flags below, pierced, for an instant, from a house hard by, one note of a pianoforte, and one tone of a woman's voice, — how that voice came there, within the jurisdiction of the Benchers, Heaven knows! — Glorious and triumphant in its richness, it swept a way in among the strife of contending blasts. The tall young man of the pale face placed his tumbler on the chimney-piece, crossed his legs, and, with the air of an Indian who draws a calumet from his lips, ejects a wreath of smoke, and opens “talk” at the council fire, began to speak. And the speech he spoke was this:—

“It was a case of claret and cigars.

“Yes, you lift up your eyebrows, Fane. I repeat it. It was a case of claret and cigars. The claret was, I think, Chateau Margaux — but I am not sure of that. The cigars were Lopez; I took ten thousand of them out on spec to Port Innocence, which, as you know, is the chief town of New Baratania. You people talk a great deal in the old countries about great contests and historic catastrophes turning upon small things. There is that affair about the Diamond Necklace, at the beginning of the French Revolution. But they beat you hollow in those new places. There was a devil of a row in New Baratania when I was made Attorney-General. You have no idea, Fane, what ferocious savages in handling a gentleman the Natives are in that part of the world — particularly the fellows who have been trained up. But, by Jove! I don't think the keenest of all the wretches who kept pounding at me in their cursed Parliament, as regular as clockwork, till three or four or so in the morning — perfect demons, that didn't seem to require natural rest like human beings — I really don't think they ever suspected how much my little spec in wine and tobacco had to do with my being a Minister of the Crown. They exhausted a vast deal of imagination

and speculation, though, to find out what had induced Wriggle, the Prime Minister — Wriggle the Slippery, they used to call him — to make a Minister of State of a new chum only two months in the country. You laugh, but really I could scarcely go down two or three of the main streets of the city without losing myself, and knew hardly a confounded soul in the place, much less anything about their confounded business! The devils, they did wonder! But poor Wriggle himself, with all his faults, scarcely knew any more than they did, why I was made Attorney-General. Little Tiptop said it would be a good thing; Slapper, who was Minister for Lands and Works, said anything that Tiptop said he'd back. Poor Wriggle accordingly — the only good-natured thing he ever did — gave in. Ah! Wriggle, Wriggle, if he had only known! I am not sorry, though, at being shut of them. It was pleasant to strut about, and march down to the Club, as one of the rulers and powers, when one was dead beat with nothing to do of a morning, and take a hand at billiards with the Governor's Private Secretary, — and draw the salary; but ugh! To go on, however.

“It was pleasant weather when Laura and I and the servants landed at Port Innocence, and the harbour was pleasant — trees, perhaps a little too much like bronze castings, at a distance. If I had the honour of being a poet like you, Fane, I should attempt a description, but I confine myself to facts. Cousin John was kind, as he always is, though he *does* look like Mephistopheles come into possession of Chesterfield's property, and the duties which property of any kind entails upon a man. ‘Lyttleton, my good boy,’ said Cousin John, ‘this is a world where industry is often unsuccessful, and merit almost as a rule unappreciated. But nevertheless work on steadily and industriously, and in some years — no very great number, I trust, — you will occupy in this virgin land that position which, from the intense pressure of competition, is at home denied even to men eminently worthy. My advice is, work on, and believe that high moral character is here of as much value as in Europe — the *bienséances*, Lyttleton, are plants which thrive in every clime.’ How well I recollect Cousin John in his purple vest, his gold chain and light white silk coat, waving his hand, under the sculptured swags of ripe fruit over the door of the New Baratarian Bank, as he concluded his sentence and disappeared within the golden gate. Poor Cousin John! He was a consummate man of the world, — Cousin John, — elegant, accomplished, subtle, and as cased with cautious experiences as an armadillo's back with scales. After twenty years in that country of New Barataria, John was at the head of the bar and a political leader. He had reached the position of Attorney-General under Reponsible Government. I must confess, my friends, as a gentleman and a man of honour, that I was in no intellectual sense fit to carry Cousin John's

bag for him; but then, you know, he was almost an eternity older than me. Yet after two months' residence in the country, — without work of any kind, hard or soft, — I too was Attorney-General under Responsible Government.”

“That's a climax which deserves a replenishing of tumblers,” said Harcourt, gravely, pouring into each tumbler a *souçon* of the mountain dew and applying to each the steaming kettle.

“I had left money in the Funds at home,” continued Lyttleton, “some of Laura's and my own, and I had brought out some. It was lucky for me that I did — in two ways — it gave me high consequence in a place where money and the men who have it are worshipped, as you fellows in a country where, thank God, it can't do everything as it can in New Barataria, have no idea of. The prestige helped me politically, as you will see. And, then, unluckily, I got nothing to do at the bar — there are fellows there, Harcourt, who would make their way in Westminster Hall, three or four certainly. A thing turned up at last — a hanging matter at Port Innocence Central Criminal Court, and as even happens in New Barataria at times, the rascal about to be tried by his peers had no money. Quickington, the presiding judge — a fellow as cool as a cucumber, and as full of prickly points as a cactus — assigned me to defend. I had some work with Quickington, for I didn't understand the kind of thing, and to attempt bamboozling Quickington on the law of evidence I soon found rather a rash speculation. I did my duty, however, and the newspapers came out handsomely — those greasy reporting dogs, in the Colonies particularly, have a nose for a thorough gentleman that is quite astonishing. On this occasion I met for the first time little Tiptop. Little Tiptop was prosecuting for the Crown, and as he was the Angel of my Destiny, the amiable jolly little Fate that held the ribbons of my career in glory, I may as well give you my ideas of the youth at once.

“I never think of Little Tiptop without remembering that fleshy little Cupid, so strange a figure in one of Rubens' rubicund pictures, for his lymphatic, colourless hue, in the Common Hall at All Souls, in whose mouth Seymour of St. John's dabbed in with a burnt stick a cigar. Tiptop, it was thought, slept with a cigar betwixt his lips — and I think he must have regretted that the easier rule in this respect of American courts of law did not obtain in New Barataria. By-the-bye, Hythe, you recollect Goldsucker of Oriel, the famous little Tuft-hunter, who eventually left, after a row with Lord Guy Hoaxham, — he that would have a carriage in town, and sport a midshipman about, or anybody with a bit of gold lace on his clothes; or sometimes drive out the actresses, hatted and feathered, through town, and think it style. Well, Tiptop resembled Goldsucker in some things; they

resembled each other mainly in hopeless passion for *ton* and the aristocratic. Goldsucker indulged at his governor's expense; Tiptop did it at the State's — you stare, gentlemen, but New Baratavia is an odd place. I mean, he patronised people in such a way as to indulge the passion. Tiptop would sometimes balance it by flinging into “billets” a brace or two of shockingly coarse, low, and vulgar scamps, and so try and ease his conscience by the makeweight. The difference between Tiptop and Goldsucker was wide. Goldsucker was a vain brute, who inherited the butler instincts of his father; Tiptop was born one of Nature's gentlemen — mind, manners, even the lad's voice, — a mind, indeed, with so much instinctive grace and brilliancy, so much tact as, to my thinking, to manifest genius, and originally of a charming nature. When I said originally, I was echoing what the fellows out at New Baratavia used to say, for they held that the young gentleman's head had been turned by prosperity — a case of spoiled boy — and that his passion for doing and being with the aristocratic outran his attachment to principle. I found him always pretty well, considering. Sometimes I think I ought to hang a daguerreotype I have of him over the chimney-piece. But then I can scarcely help laughing at the poor devil and his boyish attempts to ape things and persons which people like him should know are hopelessly above them. Besides, indeed — that tumbler at your elbow will fall, Hythe — it was scarcely the thing to make use, as he did, of the power his position gave him. Perhaps, if the poor little fellow had worked his way up to office as Cousin John, who *is* a gentleman, has done through long years of toil, the thing would not have happened. There is an old proverb about the exercises in equitation of individuals originally in narrow circumstances in life. At all events, I do think if I had been in New Baratavia first, and Tiptop had come afterwards, — whatever my feelings of admiration for the young gentleman might have been, my notions of the duty I owed the country, some idea of the guarantees to be taken from a functionary to be trusted with life and property — you smile at my talking in this strain of seriousness, Fane, my good fellow, but I can't help it — would have made me act differently. By-the-bye, on this tack, an amusing rupture took place on the subject of my call to the duties and responsibilities of high office in the State. There was a little chap in the Assembly — the young dog was very properly put out last time — named Twank. Twank, sirs, had been Tiptop's bosom friend and companion; Palemon and Arcite in Chaucer — those are the names, I think, Fane — were nothing to it. Twank had been an object of Tiptop's early admiration, before Tiptop found out that he himself overtopped the earthen idols of his youth. Twank was an attorney, a literary man, something of a spouter —

the little devil certainly had the tongue of a scorpion, when he chose to be what I suppose one must term sarcastic. He was a strange animal, Twank, but a determined one. The contempt for me the young wretch chose to exhibit was unbounded. But a sense of what he chose to call betrayal of his duty, his trust, and his principle on the part of Tiptop, made him, shortly after my elevation, forswear in disgust that brilliant young gentleman's friendship for ever. Poor brutes! there had been some feeling, I suppose, on both sides. But it struck me that Tiptop always worshipped rising stars; and as Twank's orb, however luminous, didn't seem to go up, Tiptop got tired of believing in him. Twank, they told me, felt bitterly that Tiptop's new proceedings were anything but what Tiptop in early days had led him to believe. There was another thing in this business somebody told me, too. A rock upon which Tiptop seemed likely to split, was his wish to play the man of the world, without the precise amount of capital required to set up in that risky trade. For want of the proper funds, Tiptop was wont, in transacting things, to draw on his imagination — Fane smiles — and to treat divers people — Twank among them — with accounts of various dealings of his which were accounts often scarcely in accordance with the facts. Twank went into opposition, and mainly he, with that fellow Chalybeate, who is now, people say, Prime Minister, a dark saturnine subject, who wrote poetry and bedevilled with objections everything that any government tried to do, formed opposition on their own hook. Tiptop, though, was a popular man — a little idol, a jovial little joss, all jokes and *embonpoint* with hosts of supporters. I think I see him now — there was scarcely an article of his costume, from his exquisite boot to his pepper-and-salt merino hat, that enthusiastic tradesmen had not tendered gratuitously to him — if he would have taken them before he had opened his purse, as tributes and testimonials of popular regard, confidence, and gratitude for his great public services. On his way to circuit, over the Ultramarine Mountains, he used to say men almost adored him. I know on that route, like most others in New Baratavia, the wretches were scarcely civil to lady-passengers. But Tiptop they used to fight for the honour of carrying on their backs, or in their arms, I forget which, over what they called 'the pinches.' Others walked; Tiptop was borne. A happy man must Little Tiptop's governor have been, listening at the tea-table to his imaginative son's account of those toilsome ovations in solitary and desolate places!

“Well, Tiptop and I struck up friends at the trial, in which I defended my first and last client in New Baratavia. That night we went home, gentlemen. I introduced him. Tiptop tasted my Chateau Margaux — liked it, and smoked my Lopez cigars in such astonishing quantities that it seemed his

head, instead of being of flesh and blood, one exposed to nicotianic influence, had been the brazen head of Albertus Magnus. Didn't I tell him stories that night? Didn't I flash revelations upon his astounded and admiring faculties, of the Bohemia of the English bar and of Belgravia? I thought he would have worshipped me. I was merely, I thought, amusing a really clever youth thrown by chance into an extraordinary position. He had generous aspirations meantime, and an ambition which I thought pathetic — because it didn't happen to lie in the particular line open to him. Really he might have been somebody, legitimately enough, in power and position — perhaps in new Baratarian history, too. I fancied there was no harm in stroking down the plumage of the boy's poor plebeian ambition. I had no other thought — how could I, a young unknown stranger, have had any very particular thoughts about local politics, as they might affect me? But that night made things of the deepest moment to New Barataria, — a case of claret and cigars. “I don't know why it was, gentlemen — I don't pretend to say, but thenceforth it seemed as if I were the owner of a magic ring, and as if Tiptop were the slave of that ring. It may be a glimpse of something higher — something sublimated beyond the dull, coarse, low-toned experiences of a person of his origin and education, had touched his innermost nature. He was, you know, a colonial lad of the lower classes, suddenly tossed into power and position — all this, too, before he had arrived at years of discretion — in fact, made giddy by the fling *up*. Something, whatever it was, seemed to operate on him in this way like a philtre. Curious. You all know enough of me, Fane, Harcourt, Clavering, — so do you, Stoneleigh, Hythe, and even you, Moore, to be aware I arrogate to myself nothing remarkable. I pique myself on the character of a gentleman, but otherwise I have done nothing, in fact I never could, and I don't believe I ever shall do much. I am not ‘up’ in anything, and have a *forte* for nothing. It is strange, but, my story is in many respects a strange one. There is just this, though, — gentlemen by birth *are*, it seemed, perfect phenomena in New Barataria. When Wriggle was pushed hard in the Assembly by Chalybeate, old Cloncurry, Attorney-General himself in the old colonial time, big Tancred from the South, once a colleague of Wriggle's, and Little Twank, *why* I was made Attorney-General, he stammered out, ‘Why, he's a gentleman by birth.’ Wriggle was the model Democratic minister, mind. The astonishment I felt at Tiptop's devotion was never equalled but once. That was when Laura actually admitted that she loved me.

“Nearly a fortnight passed — perhaps three weeks. I frequented the Supreme Court, day by day, — of course without a brief. I used to sit and wonder idly to myself by what strange tissue of fortunes men who had

found their way out as strangers like myself had ever got on the bench of that court. Tiptop used to be there in his silk. He had often a batch of dirty-faced, scampy-looking little native attorneys, whose family bearings you'd look for at Newgate rather than the Herald's College, hanging about him. Tiptop used to manage those minute rascals beautifully; with them he was quite the colonial article. Tiptop was a capital mimic. Somehow, it came to my ears that he used to amuse his low attorney friends with some nice little photographs of how I comported myself in court, on the occasion Quickington was impaling me on his infernal points, as a wretched goat might be on a *chevaux de frise*. Quickington, on my soul, I do believe, would have argued every one of those points in his sleep, to the satisfaction of the judicial Committee of the Privy Council. How I detest your over sharp judges! However, at this caricaturing of Little Tiptop's, I was, naturally, a good deal annoyed, and a good deal mystified, too. How on earth was I to reconcile this sort of thing with the looks of reverent, *parole d'honneur*, really worshipping admiration with which the gay *débonair* Tiptop watched my looks and motions! I thought to myself uneasily, between whiles, What if this colonial youth, instead of honouring me as a glass of fashion at which he, a *parvenu* Minister, may dress and learn *se tenir*, and the upper secrets of high-bred *savoir vivre*, should be making game of me? I didn't know the *rationale* of Tiptop then. I afterwards found it was a way he had, to abuse behind their backs for all kinds of abominations, by way of waggery, no doubt, people he was doing his best to get appointments for. It was an original view of Tiptop of the dealing with others of a man of the world. You seem mightily amused, Fane; perhaps it was his colonial notion of diplomacy and statecraft. I recollect the case of Red Rathcormack. Red Rathcormack was a brawny Irishman in the law, who had gone gently and gingerly into rebellion, leaving the dock and the danger, out of modesty, of course, as lion's share to the leading men. Rathcormack, like many distinguished compatriots of his in the Colonies, took a strong fancy to the Saxon Government's salaries. 'The Saxon and guilt,' is one way of spelling the thing at home: the Saxon and gilt is another orthography abroad. Tiptop's critical notices of Red Rathcormack in private life were scarcely of that complimentary character adopted in the Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen we read of in the magazines they publish in Dublin. But Tiptop got Red Rathcormack the best situation he could, and — what a droll dog it was! — pretended to be utterly astounded at the fact of Red Rathcormack being gazetted to an important office in his, little Tiptop's, own department.

“But though Tiptop was making desperate game of me, he was doing something friendly besides — twining in roses with the rue. I said just

now, my reputation as a man with money had helped me in New Baratavia. So it did. Tiptop, I found, had circulated everywhere I had brought out tens of thousands for investment. Delicate health, too, Tiptop had proclaimed, was the cause of my leaving England for the Colonies. Port Innocence, the physician said, was better fitted for me than Montpelier, Nice, or even Funchal. I had broken down, my honourable and learned friend published, in the colossal task of consolidating the whole body of English law for the Government, and framing a code, on the basis of Bentham, for Sir James Brooke and the Sarawak natives.

“Just at this time it was, I recollect it well, that one morning at breakfast, Laura said to me in her nonchalant way — Laura never joked — “‘Well, love! they're going to make you Attorney-General.’”

“I looked at her, and went on scooping my egg. It was a duck egg. Those odious boarding houses at Port Innocence! The women used to say hen-eggs could be procured no nearer than Zoology Bay.

“‘It'll be very nice to write that home,’ continued Laura.

“I looked up at her again from my egg. There was the sweet grave face as usual — the smile of *persiflage* was as foreign to that calm face as a lode of tin to the slabs of Pentelicus.

“I felt astounded. Laura might be wrong, but Laura was in earnest and then I had been married long enough to know it was impossible my wife could be wrong. My ideas of connection with the Government at any time were humble ones, and in the distance, — perhaps in no shape at all for the next ten years. Possibly, I thought, that if Cousin John ever returned to office, I should occasionally be asked to hold a Crown brief. I recollected, too, how the learned gentleman who had been knighted, and had been Attorney when Cousin John was Solicitor, had commenced life in New Baratavia twenty years before as a chairman of quarter sessions. Gilhooly, too, the Irish judge, about to retire for the laudable purpose of depositing his respectable bones by the daisied mounds of his fathers at Ballyfullpay, had opened his colonial career, a quarter of a century past, as a commissioner of a small debts court. This was in the days when kissing went by favour. No better certainly could be expected under Responsible Government in the stern hands of Democratic Principle. Besides, the thing was political. As you fellows know, I knew no more about politics than I did about the canon-law. If I had had politics, of course my leanings, like our family's opinion, — just, in fact, as Cousin John's, — would have been to the only political creed of an English gentleman bearing coat-armour — the Conservative. Here again was a difficulty. Wriggle, Slapper, Tiptop — the Ministry, were politically Democrats to the back-bone.

“‘Impossible, dearest,’ I said; ‘this country is under what is termed

Responsible Government — a radical Government, too. We are strangers, — only here since yesterday, as it were, love. We know nobody but the persons we have met of an evening. How can I expect an appointment?’

“‘I don't care,’ was the rejoinder; ‘Mrs. Gilhooly, the Irish judge's wife, told me, and Mrs. Gilbooly congratulated me.’

“‘But, sweet,’ I urged, ‘you don't happen to know, the Attorney-General here is not merely a law-officer. He is a Minister of the Crown, and in some respects has powers greater than those of the Lord Chancellor of England.’

“‘Dear me,’ rejoined my wife, ‘don't tease. What have I to do with what it is or what it isn't? All I know, Mr. Lyttleton, is that you're to be Attorney-General. The ladies, yes, every one of them, if you *must* know all, have congratulated me.’

“‘When you are married men, my bucks, you will know, I apprehend, how perfectly absurd it is to import the usual grounds of reasoning into debates with one's wife. Mrs. Lyttleton, besides, I was always half afraid of as a logician. Often and often have I returned from that cursed New Baratarian Council, knocked to pieces by some beast or other who seemed created only to jaw and argue. ‘Why did you not put such and such things to him?’ Mrs. Lyttleton was wont to say; and, by Jove, her remarks seemed, if they had only occurred to me, as if they would have dumb-founded honourable members who had been grilling me dry as a devilled bone.

“‘This time, though, I only laughed, and went away to court. There was a buzz and a small stir in the vestibule, and in front of the Supreme Court buildings. The Attorney-General had just resigned. Old Haycock, the present Mr. Justice Haycock, of Lubberland, held that office when I arrived. He was a nice old fellow — Haycock. Bred in early years at some Tory's barn-door, late in life he had moulted into a Democrat. Fane will recollect the part his late father took on behalf of the old ultra-Tory candidate, Round, at Oxford. Haycock was a leading Rounder then. But as a Democrat Solicitor-General happened to be a scarce article in New Barataria, and a good price offered, and Haycock, something of a *gourmand*, saw infinitesimal mutton on his table and no briefs on his desk, Haycock went in for the new ideas;— thoroughly, ‘over his back,’ as that low fellow Slapper, the Minister for Lands and Works, used to phrase it. Haycock was President of the Universal Suffrage Association, and he used to spout occasionally about a political millennium at hand. Admirably fitted he was for the office of a Minister of State, and he had claims, too, for important services rendered the British people. He had edited a cookery book.

“‘Haycock had been made Attorney when Bouncer, who, like Jeshuron,

had grown fat, and kicked, showed his airs on some Insolvency returns. It's all over now, Harcourt, but at the bar — considering his vulgarity and his low origin, but they were all alike in that respect — Bouncer had something in him. I only wish I had had as much — the rise Tiptop gave me would have enabled me to net something in practice at Port Innocence. Bouncer, I was told, had been office-boy to poor Yorick, a deceased native attorney, — ‘a fellow of infinite humour,’ who, the elderly New Baratarians used to say, with tears in their eyes, was looked upon as the future Attorney or Solicitor-General of the territory, when ‘Freedom *did* dawn,’ — in days when Bouncer was running messages, and Tiptop, a mild brat, was carrying about his baby-sister or brother. A new province, meanwhile, was about to be made of Lubberland. A stationary judicial functionary was not in fact wanted at Lubberland. If it were, Lubberland Independent might have been left to choose one for itself. But Haycock thought that Lubberland, as the New Baratarian publicans say, would ‘stand’ a judge. And though all poor Wriggle's difficulties had been in the affair of Attorneys-General, and once Haycock had flown he knew not where to look for another, Haycock persuaded him to put him into the ermine. A selfish dog old Haycock was, and his cupidity made the Heavenly Muse of New Barataria long sing of ‘woes unnumbered.’

“The professional circles were in high expectation that day. In the evening, Little Tiptop came to my lodgings, springing over three steps of the staircase at a time. I think I see the stout little figure at this moment, as I saw it then under the hall-lamp. It had its pepper-and-salt merino hat on its head, its white handkerchief in one hand, its cane in the other — wide trousers, striped, *à la Neuilly*, and the fiery tip in the mouth that ever beacons its coming as, at dark, a red-eyed light on the waters does that of a river steamer.

“He had the cheeriest of voices, the heartiest of laughs. It used to ring through the hubbub of debate — that laugh — like the cheery crow of a clarion through the clash of kettle-drums. The frankest, clearest smile in the world was always Tiptop's, — the very sunshine of boyish hilarity, and quite enough to contradict what Twank and his crew used to howl about telling fibs, and playing the double-dealer. I am afraid, by-the-bye, I am myself growing sentimental and talking fine phrases. Fane isn't laughing, but I don't like the smile he puts on — too much like Voltaire's in the frontispiece to Charles the Twelfth of Sweden I used to read at school.

“‘Old man,’ said Tiptop, stepping across the threadbare Kidder-minster, as if an armed band in the next room would have rushed in at the slightest creak of his boots — looking under the chairs (they were all ‘occasional,’ so low-seated as scarcely to admit of a cat crouching under them), then

examining the interspace betwixt the side-board top and the floor, and finally peering into each of the four corners of the room, 'I have something important to say to you.'

"He then walked down the room, opened the door, looked uneasily out on the lobby — listened sharply an instant, as if his ear would have detected the pace of a cockroach on the wall, closed the door and returned — smoking the while like the chimney of a steam-mill.

"My dear Tiptop,' I almost whispered, 'what can I do for you?'

"It's quite confidential, you know,' said Tiptop.

"Anything between us is confidential, if you wish it to be so,' I laughed. 'I trust I know the degree of care due to anything a Minister of the Crown is pleased to make me depository of.'

"Nobody must know it — just yet at all events,' urged Tiptop, earnestly.

"Nobody.'

"Tiptop took a chair. He pointed to another, and I took it.

"The Attorney-General has been raised to the Bench,' said the Minister, with a spondaic measure in the syllables. I bowed. The utterance quickened to a dactylic movement. 'There's no use in beating about the bush:— will you accept the vacant office — it's a Ministerial position?'

"I started from my chair.

"Naturally, I suppose, you're surprised,' continued Tiptop, brushing some invisible dust from his coat collar and his trousers, 'but you may as well say at once if you'll accept. This I make as an offer on the part of my colleagues and myself.'

"Good heavens!' I said, 'you're not in earnest.'

"Aren't I though,' rejoined Little Tiptop, coolly, 'the period at which I was ever equally so is lost to memory.'

"I walked to the French light. I looked narrowly at Tiptop, who sat smoking with as much *nonchalance* on his chair as if he had but come to take me, as one of half a dozen, to his box at the Crown Prince Theatre. (Ever since those little publications in caricature of my scene with Quickington, for the amusement of the little attorney-dogs, I had the slightest shade of what they call in New Baratania 'a down' on Tiptop.) I was not quite sure that Tiptop was not a practical joker. Unacquainted, too, as I was with the humour of Ministers of State and with New Baratarian manners, I had no data as to what might be the probable circumference of the joke.

"Now look here,' said Tiptop, calmly turning the back of his chair towards his chest, and spreading his legs astride the chair — *à la militaire*, as you, Clavering, and your set do, when you prepare for chat. Tiptop had, perhaps, learnt it at garrison dinners — where he had probably been invited

in virtue of his high office. Or if not, then, with that assimilative faculty he had for all *distingué* things, it came to him at second-hand — from one of Phiz's etchings in Harry Lorrequer's books. 'Don't be afraid of shadows, old fellow. You accept, and I should like to hear any of the wretches find fault with *my* appointment.'

"It is of no use talking, Fane, I felt a little giddy. I laughed faintly, and said, 'Does the Solicitor-General appoint the Attorney-General here — both the People's Ministers?'

Tiptop hesitated an instant, as if taken slightly aback, but replied calmly, 'Why, old man, you see New Baratania is a queer place.'

"I see it is,' I said with a laugh, 'but a jolly one, I fancy.'

"In fact,' pursued Tiptop, 'I didn't come here, my good fellow, to talk the philosophy of the present state of colonial politics. I came to make an offer, and I have made it. What do *you* say?' And with perfect coolness he lighted a fresh cigar from the burning stump of that which he had been just smoking.

"But this is political in its nature,' I observed, 'and includes alike responsibility and power.'

Tiptop signified assent.

"It requires experience — it involves functions requiring knowledge and experience of the country — of the people, you know.'

Tiptop nodded and smoked on quietly.

"It is a Ministerial office, and I know nothing of local politics,' I continued.

"It's not necessary,' said the Minister, sententiously.

"With great respect, Tiptop,' I observed, 'I certainly must differ with you there.'

"Really, old fellow,' ejaculated Tiptop, 'you are talking in a way unworthy of a lawyer. Now, what do I know of politics? Do you think I ever thought ten minutes in my life on Land Questions or rubbish of that kind? Not I. If a man is called into public life, let him talk well, if he can, and mind what he's about — that's politics.'

"But I know nothing of general politics.'

"Politics are bosh,' sneezed Tiptop, through the smoke of his cigar.

"My dear Tiptop!' I remonstrated.

"Any more objections?' said Tiptop.

"But the Bar,' I objected, — 'I so much a junior — a man of yesterday.'

"I'm Solicitor-General,' uttered Tiptop, as if decisively on that point.

"In half a dozen words,' said Tiptop, settling his arms cosily on the back of the chair, and looking as much *en philosophie* as that jolly young face and the involuntary humour of his smile would let him, 'my idea of things

is just this, as a representative of the people, a Minister of the Crown, a statesman — in fact, as a native of this colony, my justification will be found in the idea, — I think it is a sound idea, — we are too young for what is called politics; we have, in fact, no politics; we don't want them. It is very well for the Port Innocence demagogues to chatter, and well for persons like myself to translate into something that looks like a train of intelligible reasoning in the English language what they *do* chatter about politics. My idea is that the whole thing is a social question. What we have to do for the present in this young country is to lay the foundations of society, and I say put in as many corner-stones and ashlar as you can, in the shape of thoroughbred gentlemen of the best stamp — by birth, — I go in for birth, as you see. The Ministry of the country are, to a great extent, blocks in the social foundation, let these blocks be from the stratum I speak of.' He paused, and then having lighted a fresh cigar, went on: 'You, I have long made up my mind, are a type of what we want. Talent, education, tolerably fair honesty, why, look round you, we can get those things pretty plentifully here — even flowing from the humblest sources. We want blood, sir, we want distinction, we want style. Mr. Lyttleton, do you accept?'

"I should like,' I hesitated, 'to consult my wife.'

"I think Tiptop whistled a low but shrill note at this. But I am not sure — it is rather a vulgar thing to charge him with; and I am not quite certain.

"Never mind that,' he cried, rising, and speaking eagerly — few things could be more persuasive than that open, frank boyish way, — say it's a bargain, old man.'

"I squeezed his hand. Shortly afterwards, I heard, he called upon Twank that night. Long and deep was the conversation on matters political, but no word of this scene did Tiptop breathe to him. That poor Pythias avowed in the Assembly, the first intimation other than vagrant rumour he received of my accession to power was the notification in the 'Government Gazette.'

"I was at once nominated to a seat in the Legislative Council.

"Some days after this, Tiptop took me down to a cabinet meeting, and introduced me to my honourable colleagues. I had known none of them before. Wriggle, who had a restless, furtive look, glanced at me for a moment, rubbed his hands, and said, 'Our new colleague!' Slapper pulled his silken beard and looked ill at ease, with a shade of watchful distrust in his Bedouin eye, like the expression in a captured hawk's when you handle him. I was thereupon duly sworn in Attorney-General of New Baratania.

"As I said before, there was a devil of a row in the Assembly a few days afterwards. Opposition raged for forty-eight hours like a typhoon. The storm was so furious that little Tiptop foundered and resigned. As the New

Baratarians say, he bolted out of office. Funny little dog! having got Wriggle and Slapper into a scrape in the matter of my appointment, he left them to get out of the business as best they could.

“I — I, of course, as long as the Fates allowed, did the duties of mine office.”

“And these are literal facts?” said Clavering, who had been looking intently at Lyttleton as he closed the story; “I mean that you have not thrown in a tinge of heightening colour anywhere?”

“Nowhere,” said Lyttleton, looking fixedly at his questioner; “I pique myself on the literal character of my narrative. My return for Budgee has a hundred times richer elements for the *raconteur*.”

“And what do you think of it, Fane?” asked Stoneleigh.

“That it is a pity Sir William Molesworth is not alive, and was not present to hear it. He would have added an addition of Spinoza to his reprint of Hobbes, and left Colonial Reform alone. I hear my horses below, Harcourt.”

Footnotes

Footnote p.207. Caoine: Irish, pronounced *keen*, a lamentation for the dead.