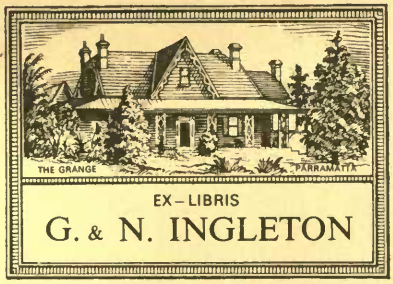
THE AUSTRALIAN AT HOME

EDWARD KINGLAKE



THE

Australian at Home

Notes and Anecdotes of Life at the Antipodes

INCLUDING

USEFUL HINTS TO THOSE INTENDING TO SETTLE IN AUSTRALIA

BY

EDWARD KINGLAKE.

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

LONDON:

The Leadenhall Prefs, 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

George Robertson & Company, Melbourne, Sydney, & Adelaide.

THE LEADENHALL PRESS,
50, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.
T 4,570.

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CHAPTER I.

IN the first book given to the world by the witty Monsieur Max O'Rell the following remark was made :—

"John Bull is a colonist if ever there was one."

To English ears this, of course, was a mere truism. Every Englishman takes pride in the fact that the colonies, past and present, of his native land are quite unparalleled in the history of the world. They have, in the case of the United States, been the foundations of a new nation. Time only will shew what they will be in the case of Australia. There is a strong party which confidently asserts that the continent of the south is to take her position in the future as an independent power in the world. Speaking for myself, I will only say here that I do not think the event of separation is very close at hand. In my opinion she will not sever her allegiance to England for many years, although there is no saying with certainty what the future may bring forth.

As for the present, in spite of the loud prophesying of a knot of politicians and a portion of the press to the

contrary, the idea of "cutting the painter" is not popular. Could a *plébiscite* be taken even at this time of strikes and labour agitations, the great opportunities for the promulgation of democratic principles, it is certain that there would be an overwhelming majority in favour of the old order of things.

But the most surprising thing about John Bull and his colonies is his absolute ignorance of what they are really like. A few better informed members of society, whose numbers are however increasing—after this book appears there will no longer be an excuse for any want of information on the subject of Australia—have some sort of appreciation of life in the colonies, but nobody who has not visited those portions of the Empire has really formed correct ideas about them. Indeed I may say that many who have actually been among us have gone away hugging unto themselves most grievous fallacies, and often have afterwards imparted their erroneous notions to the world. No less a man than James Anthony Froude is an instance in point. His book, "Oceana," contains no chapter about Australia that can be accepted in its entirety as correct, and some of his errors are almost inexplicable.* Still, a visitor to

**Extract from J. A. Froude's "Oceana."*—"We rose slightly from the sea, "and at the end of the seven miles we saw below us in a basin, with the river "winding through it, a city of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, not one "of whom has ever known, or will know, a moment's anxiety as to the recurring "regularity of his three meals a day." At the time at which this was written, Adelaide, the city referred to, was convulsed with the clamour of multitudes of unemployed workmen petitioning the government for assistance. Still, as Mr. Froude says in another part of his book, one can learn more from some people when they are wrong than from most others when they happen to be right. "Oceana" was a deeply interesting and instructive book—to one who already knew Australia—in spite of its many inaccuracies.

these shores, though many of his impressions may be false, actually sees us and knows what we are like.

When the first Australian Cricket Eleven went to the old country, fourteen years ago, and surprised all England by the excellence with which they played the game that John Bull had previously imagined was not understood out of his own island, there is a story that on a certain railway station in Yorkshire an old farmer, who had come to see their arrival, was heard to remark—"Whaat be's them thaāy? Why 'um baānt blaāk." He was genuinely astonished at the fact.

Now without saying that educated Englishmen imagine that their fellow-countrymen change the hue of their skin when they settle on the other side of the world, or that the wives of Australians are incapable of presenting their husbands with anything but sable pledges of their affection, I yet maintain it a fact that ignorance, not much less crass even than this, is rife among them.

Only a few years ago a young fellow who was coming to Queensland went shopping in London accompanied by a friend. He was buying things for his outfit. Presently he remarked to the other—

"Now I am going to my tailor to be measured for a new dress coat of thin cloth. The nights are so very hot in Brisbane."

"What!" replied his friend, in amazement. "A new dress suit for Australia! My dear fellow, I assure you no one thinks of wearing anything but riding breeches and a crimson shirt out there."

This same young man expostulated with his friend for including in his luggage a silk hat.

"You'll never use it," he said, "or if you do you'll be laughed at and probably get sunstroke. All Australians wear what they call a "cabbage tree."

What a sensation one would cause by appearing at a reception at Government House, or a garden party at Darling Point* or Toorak* in a "cabbage tree!" Not but that it is much preferable, merely considered as head gear, to what *Truth* calls "that hot and heavy and that hard high hat." But fashion shudders at the bare idea. The reign of the "stove pipe," or as the Americans have it, "the plug," is as secure in Australia as anywhere. Why it is so popular I do not know. I have been told that it is the preference of the ladies for it which makes its mode so fixed. I cannot say if this be so. It is quite unsuited to a warm climate, but one can no more discard it, at a wedding for instance, in Sydney than in Kensington. Fashion is quite inexorable on this point. Some of the governors of the Australian colonies and the members of their staffs have endeavoured at times to set more reasonable fashions in male attire. They would appear in cool grey tweeds and straw hats in public, but their example was seldom followed, and one noticed that after they had been some time in the country they gave up their well-meant attempts and became as irreproachable in their attire as costume plates.

* Fashionable suburbs in Sydney and Melbourne.

On the lawn at the great race courses, Flemington and Randwick, they would be seen in the sweltering heat of summer and autumn in heavy frock coats reaching to the knees, with almost enough stuff in the skirts to make a hammer cloth for a mourning coach.

Sir Hercules Robinson was the only governor I know of who stuck to his tweeds all through his reign, but even he was never bold enough to have them made into anything but the terrific frock coat. It is to be regretted that society will not allow a dress more in accordance with the demands of the climate to be worn. I think the idea suggested by Du Maurier, in *Punch*, some years ago, to elaborate our present under-clothing into outer-clothing, a better one for Australia even than England. But on this topic of dress I am digressing. The general lack of appreciation of Australian life by its mother country is my theme at present.

The ignorance of which I speak seems to arise from indifference rather than anything else. Why do people without relatives or interests in Australia or the other colonies want to bother their heads about these places at all? That seems the question implied by the attitude of many Englishmen.

This indifference of England to her colonies in ordinary matters is shown by the behaviour of the great daily papers of London. Just notice the number of cablegrams that come from them and compare with those from other countries. It would seem that England took absolutely no interest in the doings of her children, so very seldom does she care to receive any news of them.

A friend of mine who a year or two ago paid a visit home (expressive and universal term), and became for some time the guest of one of the fellows of a very celebrated college at Oxford, gave me a somewhat amusing account of his conversations at dinner in hall there every day. He had, of course, been duly introduced by his host to the other dons, who were all desirous of showing him civility and politeness. Hall, however, was the only place where they met together, and the routine each day was invariable. Presumably the dons were of the opinion that the gentleman from Australia could take no interest in anything not connected with that land. He was always addressed with some remark about it by one or other of them at the very outset. This was generally of a geographical nature, and I regret to record that it not infrequently showed that one may become a college don without any very extensive knowledge of the works of Messrs. Hughes, Keith, Johnston & Co. Thereupon the visitor would set to work with the handle of his fork and trace upon the tablecloth an outline of the sea coast of Australia, in the vain hope of correcting the erroneous ideas of his listeners. No use. The very next day they would have quite forgotten all he had explained to them. Though at the time they had been civilly attentive it would have gone out of their heads as completely as a schoolboy's lesson, and conscious that he had informed them of the position of the capital of South Australia only the day before, he would be surprised to hear one say, "Oh! Adelaide, yes; let me

see, you were saying that was the chief town of Queensland and very hot."

After the first day or two my friend found it best to restrain his inclination to correct the impressions of the dons. He began to have suspicion that they did not altogether relish his wholesale demonstration of their errors about such unimportant trifles of topography. Thenceforth he always acquiesced in their opinions, and quite gave up his sketch maps on the cloth.

One thing at least benefitted by this course—the college table linen.

It is my aim in these modest pages to portray, in a desultory and sketchy fashion, Australia as she is. I hope my future experience will not prove that I ought to have been warned by the widespread indifference to the particular colonies with which I am acquainted that I was choosing a subject wholly without interest to English readers. Though the college dons politely listened to the instructive discourses of my friend, I am positively certain that if he had taken the trouble to write them down for them they would never have been read. I can only hope such will not be the fate of these notes.

CHAPTER II.

ANY one who walks through the streets of the great Australian Capitals will find in them a very fair percentage of pawnshops, with their three golden balls dangling in front. I believe the origin of this sign lies in the fact that it was the distinguishing mark of the Lombards, the founders of the banking system of to-day, though I have heard it given as an explanation that the three balls are there because it is two to one against anything that goes in coming out again—this is merely by the way. In these pawnshops he will see, if he look, that the articles most commonly pledged are revolvers. There is always a great preponderance of them over anything else. Revolvers of all descriptions are there by the score—Colt's Navy, British Bulldog, tiny Derringers. If you happen to require such a thing here is the place to get one more cheaply than anywhere else. For a long time this plethora of pistols was a puzzle to me. "How," I asked, "did it happen that so many people who required the assistance of their 'Uncle' possessed revolvers?" At last I hit upon

the explanation. It seems that the very first contribution to his outfit that the intending "new chum" makes before leaving home is a six-shooter. When the unfortunate wretch, packed off to this country, too often like so much useless lumber, begins the downward path, it is the first thing he parts with. Hence the numbers to be seen in the windows of the pawnshops. Doubtless their original owners had vivid ideas of bush-rangers and desperadoes to be met with, who went through the streets of roaring Melbourne, or that lawless mining city, Ballarat, and infested the adjacent bush where the countless herds of kangaroo and emu roam at large beneath the dark and dreary eucalyptus. No doubt he thought he might have occasion before long to empty an ounce or two of lead into some grim ruffian who went seeking whom he might devour, or rather rob, in these outlandish parts of the world. The idea is only on a parallel with all his others about Australia. This young man who comes out to the colonies to try his luck has so many points of interest that I am going to say something about him first.

One can tell the new arrival, the young man from England, at once. The reason is that he has such a good complexion. He is ruddy and fair to look upon. He also, as a rule, wears higher collars than his Australian cousins, though there are not wanting plenty who follow his example in this respect. However, the colonial dandy may indulge in high collars if he choose, but the bloom on his cheek is beyond his attainment. The climate is against it. Few of the native youth

have a pink and white skin, their faces are generally a somewhat sallow monochrome and seldom very plump. The English boy of twenty is nearly always plump; and oh! don't the mosquitoes know it. They batten on him. If he happen to arrive here in the summer, his face in two or three days is so covered with pustules that one might imagine him to have the small pox. Insect pests always make for strangers. I am told that a certain interesting species, said to breed spontaneously in the mortar of London houses, returns the mosquitoes' compliment, having a particularly keen appetite for Australians. This, at least, should be a slight comfort to the smarting new chum; it is some sort of a set off for his inflictions. The statement, however, is given on hearsay evidence only, and I may as well say that my informant was a medical student. Perhaps this discounts its value.

The young Englishman is sent out here to make his fortune. He generally does nothing of the kind. Many a one returns to his friends at home again as soon as he can scrape together enough to pay for his passage. I know a case of a clergyman lending the son of an English general twenty pounds for this purpose. He had no security that it would be repaid beyond the word of the young man, whose story might have been a false one. However, he did receive, after some time, two ten pound notes from the general, but instead of any word of thanks for what had been done for his son there was a somewhat curt message which led the clergyman to infer that the general officer would have

been better pleased if his charity had not extended quite so far. He was evidently not overjoyed at the reappearance of his young hopeful.

It really is very hard on many young fellows to be shipped off in the way they are to Australia. They are fools in the first place to come, but really their parents who are older and ought to have better sense are most to blame. A boy of eighteen or twenty has, as a general rule, a healthy fund of sanguineness with which to start on life's journey. The best thing a father can do for his son is to supply the ballast necessary to steady him. He has, or ought to have, the experience that youth lacks. Instead of allowing his boy to profit by it, he sends him off into an unknown land wholly on his own resources, where it is ten chances to one that all his capital of hope and determination will be transferred into misery and despair.

Would any father think he was giving his son a fair start in life by providing him with a small amount of money and a few clothes and sending him, without a single introduction, to one of the large English cities where he was not known, to shift for himself? Say Manchester or Birmingham for instance. I think not. And yet men are sending their sons no better equipped to Sydney and Melbourne by every ship.

"It is different in the colonies," they say, "everyone gets on there." What a fallacy!

"Of course you know we don't expect that our sons will find things in Australia quite so—so—well, so civilized as in England. He must expect to 'rough it' a

little." Such is a remark I have heard. "That will not hurt him," they say.

Exactly: they do not expect to find civilization, but they expect to pick up gold in the streets. Some uneducated people absolutely think that in Australia gold can be had for the stooping. Many well-educated men are very slightly better informed, and they act on their mistaken ideas. That is the worst of it. They come here, or send their sons, expecting to be able to pick and choose out of any quantity of short and easy methods of making money, the one they like the best. Soon they find what a terrible mistake they have made. There is just as much civilization and refinement to be had in Melbourne as in London. Just as much luxury, though in a more limited compass, provided you can pay for it; as for the gold it is equally hard to get in both places. In London if a young man has a certain amount of brains, friends, influence, and capital, he will get on. So will he in Sydney, in Brisbane, anywhere. Without, he will fail on either side of the world.

But surely in the country where there is so much land—people object.

The answer is decisive enough. "You might as well send your son wandering over the Weald of Kent or Dartmoor as send him into the country in Australia without capital."

In the older colonies the palmy days of squatting are gone. The land is nearly all "taken up" now, and without capital is hard to obtain. A very wealthy but illiterate Australian grazier, who had made his money

out of the land held by him on pastoral lease from the Crown, is reported to have said, after a trip to England, that it was "very good country, very good country indeed. But all taken up." In Victoria and New South Wales it will soon be the same. I am not going into the land question here. Pastoral leases, pre-emptive leases, conditional purchases, mining leases, all these engines for the acquirement of Crown lands must be inquired into in other places. It is only my business to touch on the social aspect of Australia, and on this social question of the young man in search of fortune I say it is a blameworthy, nay, a wicked thing to let them come out on mere chance.

Properly equipped they will get on. In some professions and callings there is less competition necessarily than in the older countries. This is what they can take advantage of provided they are fit and competent, and of steady habits.

The "bad lots" and "ne'er-do-wells" of families who are shipped off to Australia to get them out of the way of the old folks at home, who prefer their room to their company, generally have short and inglorious careers. They run through their money, and then sink lower and lower till they become beggars, loafers in the parks, turning their hands to odd jobs now and again to keep things going.

Begging is the most lucrative course open to them. "It is a poor street," one of them is alleged to have said, "out of which a chap can't get ten shillings." If they could keep this average up they might make a

fortune in time. Unfortunately for themselves, as soon as they have got enough to get comfortably drunk upon, they generally repair to the nearest public house, and perhaps spend the night in the lock-up as a conclusion to their success.

Some try to reform. I have known several. One of my acquaintance "got religion." He did not express it in that way, I believe, because it was through the instrumentality of a rather high church Anglican clergyman that he altered his life. The clergyman found him on his beam ends, helped him, and got him a situation. He became a member of the choir and took a class in the Sunday School. His manners were those of a gentleman, and he made friends. Hardly any besides his benefactor knew to what straits he had been reduced. He kept in the right way for nearly twelve months, but one Sunday afternoon some of the Sunday School teachers on their arrival saw the children shouting and whooping round a man whose coat-tails they were plucking in derision. A leering, bleareyed figure approached them, and to their horror they found it was Mr. N. in a state of intoxication. He applied to each of them in turn to lend him a shilling, saying, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, "It's Sunday, but I know where I can get the drink." *

After this he disappeared altogether. The way to find out about young fellows of this description is to go round the public parks in the evening. They congre-

* Public houses are not opened in New South Wales on Sunday except at the back door.

gate here to sleep; on the wharves, too, you will find them at night. They are generally ready enough to enter into conversation, and the stories they tell are sometimes curious in the extreme, and I should not believe them implicitly. Many have sunk to this level through their own fault, some are the victims of misfortune only. For these we should have nothing but pity. One of them created a sensation once by taking up a piece of blue metal in the street, dashing it through a shop window, and deliberately waiting to be apprehended. He said he would have food and lodging in gaol, at liberty he could get neither. This young man described himself as a clerk. He could get no employment. He was told everywhere that there were more clerks applying for situations than situations to be filled. Another instance of the uselessness of promiscuous emigration.

A clerk's calling is not the only one overdone. That of the governess suffers from the same malady. Some very extraordinary disclosures were made a few years ago in connection with an agency that had been established in London for sending young ladies in search of situations out to Australia. The particular one to which I refer was nothing but a gross fraud. I am glad to say it exists no longer. One unfortunate young girl was actually induced to come to Sydney with no more cash in hand, after the expense of her passage had been met, than three pounds. She was told that this sum would be ample to provide for her wants for the short time she would have to wait before taking her pick of the

eligible situations innumerable ladies would anxiously solicit her to accept directly her advertisement appeared in the papers. She was soon undeceived. The first application she made was sufficient to show her the truth. She found herself one of forty anxious to secure the place. Fortunately for her she found friends who tided her over her bad times, though a good deal more than three pounds was spent before she was comfortably settled as a governess in a gentleman's family.

Parallel with all this is the fact that Australia has, and will have for years, room for a much larger population than she possesses. There is nothing she wants more than people to till her soil. The method of settling them upon it is a question in which there remains a great deal yet to be done. Irrigation, however, and other results of advanced civilization will work wonders in the near future. Rapid strides are being taken already in this direction, and when once the water problem is solved the prosperity of the land will far exceed its present point.

CHAPTER III.

THE character of the average Australian is in most respects the counterpart of that of the Englishman. Of the latter, Max O'Rell says : "For making himself at home wherever he goes, John Bull has a talent all his own. Nothing astonishes, nothing stops him. Cosmopolitan in the highest degree he is at his ease in the four corners of the earth. . . . John Bull is proud, brave, calm, tenacious." The same may be said with truth of the Australian. He is all that, and yet there is a difference between them. The Frenchman is far more enthusiastic than the Englishman. The Australian, as an individual, will be found less willing to shew his feelings than either. This is especially noticeable in youth. Ask an English boy if he would like to have a half-holiday from school. He will reply, "My eye, wouldn't I jist." Ask an Australian, you will get a languid "I don't mind." It is not from any reluctance to lose the full advantages of his educational opportunities, that he answers thus. It is only his manner. He will enjoy the recreation quite

as much as the other. Above all things, an Australian school boy dreads making himself ridiculous. He must be thought a man. He shews this in his games. The only ones that he really cares for are those which men play. As for any which exercise the imagination, he thinks them effeminate, and despises them. To pretend, or as he would say to "gammon," that things are different from the reality for the purpose of a game seems to him childish and silly. There is one exception, I remember, which was tolerably common at a school of which I had some experience. The boys used to pretend that they were a court of justice, and appoint a judge, jury, and policemen. The latter would scour the play ground for prisoners, who were duly tried and invariably found guilty, and sentenced to so many blows with knotted handkerchiefs, which were thereupon administered without any hope of commutation or diminution of sentence. I think, however, the love of using (or rather misusing) their handkerchief in this manner, had more to do with the predilection for this pastime than any delight in the exercise of their imaginations.

One result of this lack of enthusiasm, is that the principle of *nil admirari* is carried to excess by Australians. You have achieved something if you can get a colonial youth to express astonishment or admiration. He usually takes everything with an air of cool indifference. Not because he is cynical or supercilious, simply for the reason that it is not his way to do anything else. He can get as excited as anyone but he seldom thinks it worth while. He has a genuine hatred of fuss.

In some cases his lack of interest arises from other causes. There is an authentic story of an Australian youth of good estate, who at the age of seventeen was sent for a year's travel in England and Europe, for the enlargement of his mind, under the care of a tutor. He had hardly arrived before he despatched letters to the trustees of his property, saying that he wished to return ; he did not desire to see any more old buildings, and he objected on the score of expense to the continuation of the tour. He was unwilling to go on with it as he did not see why his money should pay for a pleasure trip for his tutor, who insisted on putting up at the best hotels, and was spending a great deal more than Young Australia thought necessary. He got his own way and returned to the land of his birth, where he became a man of much influence. Though he had no romance in his nature, and above all things objected to the unnecessary expenditure of any portion of the plentiful stores of his wealth, he was endowed with much common sense and did some good work in the Parliament of his colony.

The educational advantages in Australia are great. Every child is compelled to go to school. In New South Wales parents or guardians are fined unless they send their children a certain number of days. In a school year there are about two hundred and twenty five, to escape the fine a child under the age of fourteen must make one hundred and forty attendances. If, however, the child be certified up to a certain standard, he can claim exemption from these provisions before

that age. Attendance officers, called truant inspectors, go and examine the books of the state schools periodically, and then visit the parents of those children who have not fulfilled the required conditions. Unless satisfactory reasons for the absence are given, a summons issues at once. The fee payable at these state schools is threepence per week, and it is remitted altogether in some cases. Persons, for instance, who take state children (that is, foundlings and destitutes), and bring them up under the boarding out system, are required to send them to the nearest school, but need not pay any fee. There are also in the cities ragged schools which are free.

In the country, wherever there are twelve children, a school may be demanded. When the numbers are so few it is generally a half-time school. That means that the teacher divides his time equally between two institutions, giving in the fortnight five days to each. Perhaps his two schoolrooms may be as many as fifteen or twenty miles apart. It is of course only in the back blocks away from the towns that these are to be found.

The bush children to be seen in them are funny little things. As different from those of the cities, as a London street arab from a young rustic, yet they are also quite different from the latter. There was one case I heard of where a "Zummerset" couple had taken up a "selection" on a squatter's run far back, their nearest neighbours ten miles away. They had several children who could have had but very little communication with

any but the members of their own family. There was no school near enough for them to attend. Both father and mother spoke the broadest dialect, not one of the children had a trace of it. They all had the colonial accent, which is almost identical with the cockney twang commented on in *Punch*, under the heading of "Poor Letter O," and "Poor Letter A," some time ago. *Ou* becomes *iaow*, through the nose, and *a* becomes *i*. Bush children as a rule are very shy and do not know how to play. I know a lady who sent for one to train her as a housemaid. When she arrived she was found to be much younger and smaller than had been expected. Charitable motives led the lady to keep her though she was too young to be of much service. Her mistress with kind intentions told her that she might have part of the afternoon for play. The child did not enjoy it. She simply did not know how to play. She had never done it at home, and after a while she came and asked to be given something to do. I must say that in this she was not following the traditions of her class. Though these children cannot play, they know quite well how to be idle.

Of course besides the state schools there are higher schools for the children of the wealthier classes, and there are innumerable private institutions. In no place in the world can a first-class education be obtained more cheaply than in Australia. It does not stop at the schools either, there are three universities in Australia proper, and one in New Zealand. They are open to women as to men—medical schools and all. The

severity of their examinations is the most noticeable thing about them. The work required for a poll degree in Arts at Cambridge or Oxford, is much less than for a pass at Melbourne or Sydney. In honours it is different. A first in greats at Oxford means a good deal more than first-class classical honours at a colonial university, yet the man who gets the latter has something he need not be ashamed of. The standard in mathematics is hardly up to that of Cambridge, though it is not many years since a Sydney man followed up his colonial triumphs with the senior wranglership.

I will say something more about the universities presently, we have not done with the schools yet. There are not in Australia any institutions exactly corresponding to the public schools of England. There are State supported high schools and grammar schools, and there are large establishments under the auspices of the different religious denominations, Church of England, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, &c. The latter, in that they are composed of boarders almost entirely, most nearly resemble Harrow, Marlborough, and others. The Church of England School in Melbourne, and the King's School in Parramatta, N.S.W., both under Anglican rule, are fine scholastic institutions

The Roman Catholics also have large and flourishing colleges in all the chief Australian cities.

Queensland is celebrated for the excellence of her state aided grammar schools, and the Sydney Grammar School, which receives a government subsidy, and is managed by a board of trustees, is a splendidly con-

ducted establishment. The fees at all these places are very low: for day boys, from three to four guineas a quarter; for boarders, very reasonable terms.

The grammar schools and high schools in the large cities are mostly attended by boys in the immediate neighbourhood, though some of the masters receive boarders from places at a distance. There is a very strong family resemblance between them and corresponding English schools. A large percentage of the masters come from England, and they follow the traditions in which they themselves were brought up. The one great difficulty of which they complain is the task of infusing public spirit into the scholars. This is especially hard in the large day schools. I am afraid the Australian boy is ever keen after his own interest. He believes in the substance, not the shadow. *Esprit de corps* is all very well, but he won't inconvenience himself in the least for the sake of it. He objects to be put to any trouble for such a trifle as mere sentiment. In his sports, about which he is so ardent, he acknowledges that the honour and glory of winning a race is very well, but he prefers it accompanied by a silver cup. Most Australian boys get on well in the world and perhaps this spirit is at the bottom of their success.

All the public institutions are efficient. Of course, the value of all education depends primarily on the boy or girl. If they deliberately set their mind upon it they can defeat the efforts of the best instructors. Hence, plenty who go to these schools do not derive so much benefit as they might. What I mean by saying that

they are efficient is that all have there a fair chance to learn, and are made to do so as far as they can be. With private schools it is quite a different matter. There are many of them and their characteristics are diverse. A few, a very few, are known as places where a boy will learn something. A great many have a reputation for the excellence of the table ; others make a point out of the fact that no corporal punishment is inflicted. These schools are the especial favourites of mammas, who suffer such tender solicitude for their young hopeful's comfort. The head-master of one I knew, always inserted in his advertisements that the use of the cane was unknown in his academy. It was, but his favourite method of punishing boys was banging them about the head with a book. Such little attentions as digging a sharp pointed lead pencil in their scalps, bumping their heads on the desk, or giving a sharp upward tug to their back hair, he was very fond of paying : a form of corporal punishment infinitely worse in my idea than flogging, provided that the latter is reserved for serious breaches of rules only. I may mention that in the large schools the rod has only to be used sparingly.

The private schools advertise largely. Every trick to attract attention and obtain pupils is tried. The daily newspapers are inundated with advertisements, especially towards the end of the vacations. They fill many columns, and are arranged in alphabetical order, according to the initial letters. One sharp witted individual used to take advantage of this fact in order to keep his name at the top. His notice began :

A backward boy quickly advanced in his studies at Mr. Fourstar's Collegiate School.

A, B, A, C. It would require some ingenuity to get in front of these letters. Another gentleman who was very lavish of space in his advertisements, was guilty of something much worse than this. The name of his school first appeared in large capitals. Then, Mr. Blank, head master, assisted by masters,

The senior classical master.
The senior mathematical master.
The junior classical master.
The junior mathematical master.
The first assistant general master.
The second assistant general master.
The master of the lower school.
Assistant master of the lower school.

Sundry drill masters, music and dancing masters, &c., &c., were thrown in at the end like the "supers" on a theatrical programme, and the whole formed a goodly array. It was nowhere said that all these appointments were held by different persons. As a matter of fact, they were all filled by one man, who was in the number of his offices, like Mr. Gilbert's "Pooh Bah," the Lord High everything else except executioner. Mr. Blank was Lord High executioner in this case I suppose. Oh, but no! This was one of the schools, I recollect, where no corporal punishment was ever administered. It was very successful. There is a great art in keeping a private school.

These are two of the principal canons:

Humour the parents. Please the boys.

You will do the latter if you give them plenty to eat and little to do.

Another valuable hint I would give to all who intend starting in this profession, is never to send a boy home with an unsatisfactory report. If you can't testify to his excellent work and conduct, say that he is making rapid improvement. The improving line is always safe. If you tell the truth and say the boy is idle and lazy, his name will promptly be removed from your books. There is a story of a teacher in a private school, a very able man and a good master, but alas! he had a failing—who has not, as Mr. Guppy remarks with a fine insight into human nature. At the end of the first quarter he was asked for reports of the boys in his form. He gave them honestly. However, they did not suit the headmaster at all. They were far too uncomplimentary. It was represented to the teacher that he had dwelt with undue weight on the boys' faults; he was requested to add something about their excellencies. His latter remarks were the only ones sent home to the parents. By the end of the next term his failing had come so prominently into notice that he and the school were about to part company. On being asked once more for reports of the progress of his class, he declined to furnish them.

"You may 'cook' them yourself this time," was his cruel remark to the headmaster.

However, there are many private schools conducted by capable men, where boys are well taught and receive a good education.

There are in Australia equal educational advantages for girls as well as boys. Girls' grammar schools and high schools are to be found. There is generally an entrance examination to these, and those who pass are educated at them for a very small fee. Of course there are numbers of private schools also. Some of them are excellent. The University Public Examinations, junior and senior grades, held each year in New South Wales and Queensland, and the Melbourne Matriculation Examination, are regarded as the greatest tests of efficiency. Every school vies with the others in the number of candidates it sends up, and prizes it takes. As many as twelve to fifteen hundred candidates will present themselves for examination by the Sydney University in one year. Besides these, large numbers annually matriculate and follow the courses of lectures in arts, medicine, science, engineering, or music. The universities are all supported by the state, and some of them have large revenues from private bequests. A gentleman who died in England a few years ago, left a quarter of a million to the Sydney University to use as the senate thought fit. The Ormonde College at Melbourne, was founded entirely at the expense of one man. Rich Australians find a very favourite mark for their munificence in the universities.

There are colleges within them, at which many of the students live. They are connected with the religious denominations. Thus, St. Paul's in Sydney, and Trinity College in Melbourne, belong to the Church of England; Ormonde College and St. Andrew's, in

Sydney, to the Presbyterian; St. John's, Sydney, to the Roman Catholics, &c. All students, however, attend university lectures, which are given by the professors and their assistants. In Sydney, special courses are given in the evening for the benefit of students who have to earn their living by day.

The medical schools and hospitals in Melbourne and Sydney, are fully equipped and perfectly appointed, and have numbers of students. No expense is spared to make them complete, and the examinations are exhaustive and require a high standard of attainment. It is necessary in order to keep up the prestige of the qualification to have them severe. The authorities by only admitting competent men to the degree of M.B., want to shew that some prophets are worthy of honour even in their own country.

The colonial universities are fine institutions. They are, however, making such rapid strides, that the question of finding employment for all the young men who go through them, is now looming ominously as a difficulty. It will be a serious one if their pace outstrips the progress of the country.

I remember hearing the surprise expressed by an eminent scholar in England, when he heard that a relative of his had been taking high classical honours at a colonial university.

"Why does he bother his head about Greek out there?" he asked, "I cannot understand so much attention being given to classics in Australia, I should have

thought that young men would be thinking of the land more than their books."

It's all very well to think about land; but a man without capital, or one who is not strong enough for the rough life on a back block selection, won't help himself much by merely thinking about it, his chance of success in a profession or business on the other hand may be a very good one. This is the reason why so much attention is paid to the higher branches of education.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the universities to the professions is in the natural order of things. Let us look at professional life in Australia.

First to be considered is Law. In some of the colonies they have amalgamated the two branches, not so far, as I am aware, with any conspicuous benefit to the public. The fact that a man may be solicitor and barrister at the same time has no very great effect in cheapening lawsuits. A sort of natural selection occurs under amalgamation. One man will only do one sort of work. He has to be paid. If your case involves other sorts, somebody else has to be paid also. It comes round to pretty much the same thing in the end as under the old order.

In New South Wales the most extraordinary and antiquated state of things is still in existence. This colony enjoys the distinction, I believe, of being the only English possession where the old system of pleading still obtains.

Obsolete and inadequate as it is, it yet sticks like a leech on the courts. It is, however, not that quintes-

sence of technicality which commended itself so strongly to Lord Wensleydale, who remarked when an unfortunate plaintiff was nonsuited because his action had been labelled "Trespass" simply—instead of "Trespass on the Case"—"No doubt it is hard on this particular plaintiff. I am given to understand he is completely ruined, but if you abolish the distinction between 'Case' and 'Trespass,' pleading, as a science, is gone for ever."

Behindhand as she is, New South Wales is not quite so far "out of it" as this. She keeps to the system in force in England from the time of the Common Law Procedure Act of 1854, until the much vaunted fusion of Law and Equity under the Judicature Acts of 1875 or thereabouts. The latter have not been conspicuously successful as "fluxes" it must be admitted. Common law and equity are still distinct, although they are not supposed to be, but at least a suitor who wants to go to law can tell a plain straightforward story of his case, and a defendant is at liberty to give a plain answer to it. The nonsense by which a man in his first plea denies the plaintiff's allegations, and in the second confesses and avoids them, or endeavours to do so, being specially allowed by order of a judge in chambers to take this curious course, is "gone for ever." No doubt Lord Wensleydale, were he alive, would deeply regret the fact. The thing is no more sensible or logical than the three celebrated answers of the Irishman charged with assaulting a peaceable citizen—

1st. That he did not do it.

2nd. That he was drunk when he did it.

3rd. That he had not been on the day of the offence within twenty miles of the place where it was committed.

The statements of one side in an action in New South Wales are often as compatible with one another as those of the Irishman, and yet they may be made by those who are in the right. It is the absurd system which is responsible for the anomalies. One result of retaining the pleading of the English Procedure Act of 1854 is, that the book of precedents compiled for that system by Messrs. Bullen and Leake of the Middle Temple, still finds a sale in New South Wales. It was published at £1 11s. 6d., but the third edition (the only one of any use) being out of print is hard to obtain, and a second-hand copy will now realise six or seven guineas in Sydney. I commend this fact to the notice of English barristers who have any old law books. The volume is absolutely useless to them and if they should hit upon it they have a good opportunity of making an honest penny.

The other colonies have Acts corresponding to the Judicature Acts of England, but in all, law reform is badly wanted.

The cost of suits is tremendous. It is useless to go to law without a long purse. The cases go from one court to another until the final appeal is made to the Privy Council. No civil action in which the interests involved do not amount to more than five hundred

pounds can be taken so far. It would be interesting to know how much of the costs five hundred pounds would satisfy in the majority of instances.

I once heard a very eminent Q.C., then a distinguished leader of the bar in one of the chief colonies, say in court that he would rather crawl on his hands and knees a distance of twenty miles than be involved as a party in a suit. He did not object to be involved as leader of a side in three suits at once with a hundred guinea fee and refreshers of thirty guineas a day from each. The system under which such things are possible is a pernicious one. It benefits only the three or four leading counsel whose names appear in every case. It is veritably a goose that lays golden eggs for them. The country is a goose also to submit to it. The obtaining of law and justice might be made much cheaper and easier, and this would benefit the legal profession quite as much as the public. The amount of litigation we have under the present state of things when the very name of "Law" is a bogie that frightens a man out of his wits, of itself proves that if once we could get a system of dispensing justice at anything like a reasonable price, the number of courts would have to be doubled, trebled, and quadrupled.

"That would be a great calamity," I hear some fossilized old battener on the high fees of the present state of affairs object. "Litigation should be discouraged as much as possible." This in a country which has for the very first maxim of its jurisprudence:

"There is no wrong without a remedy."

Many a wrong has to go without remedy, because if one tries to obtain it one has to submit to wrongs a thousand times worse than the first.

In most of the colonies the legal profession is overdone. In those where the barristers and the solicitors are distinct, the majority of the former have a bad time. The work is all given to a few. I do not say done by them, because they neglect half of it. A solicitor, for self protection, has to brief a big man, or his client will blame him if things go wrong, and say that if he had had decent counsel he would have won the case. This course is not open to him when it it equally goes wrong in spite of the services of the great Mr. Wigan Gowan, Q.C. The amount of his fees are amply sufficient to remind the client that he had as strong a Bar as could be retained on his side. Most likely the aforesaid Mr. Wigan Gowan has been popping in and out of two other courts during the process of the suit, in order to earn his refreshers there. In the meanwhile the Junior Bar starves. At present it is everywhere overcrowded.

There is more room for solicitors. They can go out of the metropolis and settle, and sometimes in the large inland towns they get into very good practices. There is on the whole far more scope for solicitors than barristers.

In those colonies where the two professions are not amalgamated, the most rigid system of etiquette is observed, just as in England. Red tape and sealing wax are in abundant use. The seniors, however, are

the only members of the bar who can make solicitors understand that it is one of the best traditions of the profession to receive the fee with the brief. They are able to insist on their cheque before going into court. The obscure junior has to wait for his money until the solicitor chooses to send it to him. Some of them never choose.

Barristers must not advertise, nor must they accept work except through a solicitor. These are the fundamental principles on which the etiquette of the bar is placed. Some counsel, however, do both. They are not, as a rule, popular in their profession.

The advertising barrister, generally, is one who travels the circuit of the County Courts and Quarter Sessions through the country. These minor circuits are held four times a year. The gentleman is never one who has much reputation in the metropolis. His method of advertising is clever, frequently he gets it done for nothing. He makes a point of being very civil to the editors of all the country newspapers, and never comes to their town without inviting them to dine with him at his hotel. In the next issue of their journals paragraphs of this kind are pretty sure to appear.

> At the recent Quarter Sessions held in this town, the most interesting feature was the able defence of William Sykes (arraigned for sheep stealing) by that eminent Counsel, Mr. Puffan Blow. A finer forensic effort, containing at the same time force, fire, and feeling, it has seldom been our lot to listen to. We are glad to be able to state that the jury adequately responded to the eloquence of Mr. Puffan Blow, and the prisoner left the dock without a stain on his character.

He is always throwing out hints about standing at the next Parliamentary election for any electorate he may happen to visit. One may commonly read such things as this :

> We hear that the well-known barrister, Mr. Puffan Blow, has declared his intention of offering himself as a candidate for Parliament for this district at the next election. Mr. Puffan Blow is a free trader with leanings towards protection, and if returned would be sure to serve his constituents faithfully and well.

He knows better, however, than to really go to the poll, or at least if he is fool enough when the idea first takes him to think he will get in, one attempt is ample to convince him of his mistake. He does not try a second time, though he still drops his hints about it.

There are also to be found members of the bar who transgress the other rule about being approached by clients only through solicitors. A legal friend of mine was once on a visit to some friends in the country. He was surprised one day to hear that a man wanted to see him on business. Going to him he found a rustic individual who said that hearing he was a "legal gent" he had ventured to come and ask him for the address of a respectable firm of solicitors who would conduct a case with reference to the recovery of some land to which he thought he had a title.

"I've got a barrister already," he remarked, "this is the last letter I received from him."

My friend read it and found it to contain an opinion that the case was worth fighting, and expressing hopes

of success. It was from a barrister whose name was perfectly well-known to him.

"I recommend you to consult Mr. Blank about the solicitor in whose hands to place this matter," he said. "As you know him already I think he is the best one to ask, as he might not care to work with the solicitor I should advise you to go to."

The rustic suitor acquiesced. "I shouldn't want to do any thing disagreeable to Mr. Blank" he observed, "he's been very good about this and he has agreed not to charge any fee unless we get the verdict."

My friend smiled grimly and congratulated the would-be suitor on his good luck in finding such a treasure. It is only fair to say that there are but few barristers in the colonies who are in the habit of doing things like this.

The incomes made by the profession of the law, taken all round, are very comfortable. One or two men in Melbourne and Sydney make as much as eight thousand a year at the bar. Those in the second rank will often earn three or four thousand a year; the young juniors who have friends among solicitors may reach five or six hundred. A great many, however, never get a brief. Solicitors with any sort of business make from seven hundred up to three or four thousand a year clear of expenses, some perhaps more, but not many.

In all large Australian cities there are tribes of doctors, and New South Wales is the elysium of quacks. Victoria and Queensland have medical acts restricting

the practice of medicine. New South Wales has none, consequently the columns of the newspapers are filled with advertisement of herbalists, medical clairvoyants, system mongers of all kinds, who commend their cheap fees and remedies to the gullible public, and drive a roaring trade.

A select committee was appointed about three years ago by parliament to inquire into this state of things and report on the advisability of providing a medical bill for New South Wales. The evidence given before it was startling in the extreme. It was published at length in some of the daily papers. Intelligent men could come to but one conclusion on the matter, but there are as yet no signs that the bill is forthcoming.

Both qualified and non-qualified men were examined. The testimony of some of the latter was in the highest degree amusing. Here are some extracts from the official report:

Mr. Michael G——, called, sworn, and examined—

What are you? A herbalist. What do you mean by that? I cure all diseases of the eye with an external application and internal medicine. Of what character are your remedies? Purely herbal: no poisons. Are there no vegetable poisons? It is vegetable matter, vegetable extract not of a poisonous nature. You call yourself a botanical oculist? Yes. You give advice on other subjects beside the eye? I treat the stomach, the liver, spleen and heart, for these are connected with the eye. When did you study medicine? About twenty-five years ago. Under whom? My own, as it came into my head. You never had any teacher? No, only the Almighty. The Bible is my guide to botany, and the Almighty promised me every herb bearing seed on earth to be my food and nourishment, and I read in my own Bible that there was a man blind for four years and he could be cured; and I found out that cure from the Holy Scriptures. The Bible I study is my guide to botany, and

Almighty God is my physician, my teacher, my guide in every form. Which version of the Bible do you study? The Douay. In answer to a question as to what he was doing four years previously, before he began to practice medicine, this gentleman said: I was working at a circular saw. I was working as a labourer for the Corporation of Balmain and as a generally useful man. Do you have many patients? Yes, hundreds. They pay you certain fees I suppose? I charge them according to their means. But you are practising medicine for your livelihood? Yes, and the benefit of the public. But for your livelihood and as a means of gain? No! I had to leave my work. I was curing for two years for nothing and I got such a name that the public took me out of work. I could not serve both masters, so I made a little charge. I had to leave my work, the patients were shoving me. You always examine your patients before you treat them? Certainly. Have you any knowledge of anatomy? Yes, in my own idea, not the doctors' idea of to-day. My system is a new one. Have you studied it? Yes, upon animals. Did you ever study human anatomy? I learn more from the animal kingdom than the human kingdom a jolly sight. There is not a blind animal under the sun I did not take and examine him and had his eyes out. And I had pig's eyes and the nerves of pig's eyes is just like the nerves of men's eyes, and man's eyes is like the roots of a tree, and all diseases of the human eye comes through the nerves of the eye, and man gets blind from the morbid state of his body. Have you one special remedy in which you have more faith than others? Yes. How did you discover it? Experimenting on my own eye. And on nobody else's? On myself first. What gave you the idea that this remedy would be good for the eye? Well, I will explain. When I goes out in the morning to look for herbs I prays to the Almighty to direct me, and, if it is His will, to hand into my hands that which is requisite for me. I went out, month after month, and I used to give month about for each kind of herb. I went on this particular morning, 25th December, 1882, and I went forth in God's name as usual and I picked up this herb and I came home and extracted that and applied to my eyes, and in the morning when I got up my eye was closed, swelled, and when I opened the eye the putrid discharge that came from the eye flew into the glass. "Well," I said to my Missis, Mrs. G—— "This is what is blinding my eye. Now," I says, "I will stick to this and see what recompense I derive from it." I kept at it, using it every night in bed, and in six months I could see a little bit like a red spark of fire from a

candle. I kept on for six months and I could see daylight, and this was four years last Christmas night, and I am now able to see everybody. Professor Stuart, of the university, told me that if I found a remedy that would cure my eye it would be worth the university of gold, and Dr. Evans and Dr. MacKellar told me I would never see with it. And you do? Yes. How many times did you pray for direction? Every night and morning. And your prayers were only answered on one occasion? I prayed to the Almighty—"That Thou would enlighten my understanding, inflame my will, uplift my body, and sanctify my soul. That Thou will be pleased to have mercy on me and restore me my sight that has been lost through the disease that Thou had put on me when I was a child." In that prayer you said nothing about the Almighty directing you to a remedy? Then I went and looked for herbs and tried one one month, and another, another month, and I extracted all these herbs, month by month. I went out on this particular morning as usual, and mind you I was fifteen years at this, and at last I picked up this herb on the 25th December, 1882, and it has done good for me and others, and it is a grand thing to find it out. I should like to say I lost £5 by coming here and that my patients are being neglected. Four shillings does not pay me for coming here to-day. I am £5 out of pocket. I am run with patients and I am doing a lot of good and I think I ought to be appreciated for it.

So much for the botanical oculist. I may as well mention, however, that before the members of the select committee, who evidently showed a lack of appreciation for his talents, allowed him to get back to his anxiously waiting patients, they extracted, with some difficulty, from this pious person a few interesting particulars of his previous career, in which hurried and secret departures—false names—an illegitimate child, were among the things mentioned. With reference to his testimony that Professor Anderson Stuart, of the Sydney University, had said that his remedy would be worth a university of gold, evidence was given by the Professor that he had had an inter-

view with the botanical oculist, but remembered making no such statement.

"He came to me," said Dr. Stuart, "on the ground that I was a director of Prince Alfred Hospital, and he desired me to use my influence to have a certain number of patients placed at his disposal so that he might compete with the doctors at the institution in the treatment of eye cases. I answered that I could and would do no such thing, and after some parleying, which convinced me that the man was an arrant quack, I dismissed him." Did you examine his eye? No.

The following are some of the answers of a clairvoyant:

What is your calling? Clairvoyant and medical herbalist. You never had any other calling? As a boy I was a bootmaker. Explain the meaning of the term medical clairvoyant? That is an impossibility: the common name of the thing is far-seeing, or second-sight. What do you profess to do as a medical clairvoyant? To treat people, to diagnose. When did you find out that you had this faculty? Through a mesmeric influence. Are you influenced by some higher power not belonging to this world? That is beyond my power to say. Some say it is a lower power because it has been asserted that I am influenced by the devil. It is not for me to say. How the power comes I am unable to define. When a patient comes to you what do you do? You want to get at the secrets of my theory; I decline to answer the question. You are asked how you deal with a patient. I cannot tell: being under clairvoyant influence I do not know. Are the names of the remedies for each particular complaint conveyed to you through this influence? It must be so, because each diagnosis is quite separate, and each person separate. If I came to your rooms and wished to have a remedy for some complaint, what course would you take? I should not do anything whatever. What would be done to me? Well, I do not know. But you in corporeal presence are there: would you speak to me and see me? As far as I can ascertain the faculty of speech is the same, but I know nothing at all. Then how do you get into or when do you get into the mesmeric or clairvoyant state? It occurs every morning. Do you remain in it the whole day? No. You go into it for every fresh case? No. What are your hours? Nine to twelve. Do you remain in it from nine to twelve? No, there is a

break at times when the brain gets overstrained. Do you go into this state at will? No. It is impossible to inform you how I go into it. Does it come every day? Yes, unless the system is over tired. Does it come on Sundays? Never on Sundays. It omits that day of the week? Sometimes, if the system is overstrained it omits two or three days.

There were several of these clairvoyants examined, not one of them knew "how he did it." Some had to keep attendants to come and wake them up after they had been in their trance a certain time. There was much mystery surrounding their processes and the various influences seemed capricious in their behaviour, sometimes keeping their subjects enthralled for days, resolving themselves into cataleptic fits, and doing other strange and marvellous things, not the least of which was the extraction of many half-guineas from the pockets of hundreds of people in supposed possession of their senses.

These pseudo physicians had in some cases made fortunes. One had retired on his profits and lived on his estate in the Blue Mountains: from grooming horses he had passed to doctoring them, and from doctoring horses to doctoring asses (of the human species, male and female). Another, with airy impudence, informed the committee that he was worth "five or six shillings."

You are worth £50,000, are you not? asked the chairman. Yes, and another £50,000 added to it, was the answer. I am engaged in squatting. I am a landed proprietor.

He gave it as his opinion that he had treated from 15,000 to 20,000 patients in thirteen years. This man was unregistered and unqualified, although the holder

of a degree from a notorious Institution known as the "Edinburgh University of Chicago," which, for sufficient reasons is now extinct. He posed at the end of his examination as the friend of the committee in its inquiry, and said that he considered a medical bill necessary for the interests of the colony, only he thought, in fairness to himself and a few other "old identities," fathers of large families, some exception should be made in their case. His own words are best:

"Within the last five years Sydney has been inundated with a class of men of no qualifications at all. I do not say my diploma is worth the snap of the finger, and I never did. I never put any prefix to my name on my door-plate, so that I have not deceived the public; but within the last few years a large number of people have come to this colony who have placed letters to their names and assumed qualifications that they did not possess. I consider that a medical bill is necessary, but that it should not apply to about half-a-dozen of us in the colony—old identities, men who were really the pioneers of the place when there were very few medical men in the country. I quite agree that the profession is being overcrowded, and that there ought to be some law on the subject, but I hope that an exception will be made of the smaller number of men to whom I have referred, and who have been practising in the colonies for a large number of years."

Though it is open to unqualified persons to practise medicine according to their own sweet will, there are sharp distinctions between them and those who are duly qualified. The funny thing about it all is that with the sole exception of prestige and social position (for which they care nothing) all the advantages are on the side of the quacks.

A diplomaed individual who registers his name on the list of the qualified, has the courtesy of the medical fraternity at once extended to him, and henceforth

must follow the rules of their etiquette. The only other advantage (?) he reaps is his liability to be cast in damages at law if a jury should decide that he has not used sufficient skill or care in the treatment of any case.

It is no use sueing a quack. The answer is, why did you employ him? You know he is unqualified.

The quack always gets his money. His is a cash business strictly.

One curious result of the extraordinary state of the law in New South Wales is, that any person can give a death certificate. So long as it is signed by someone the undertaker may bury the body. Not long ago a new Registrar General was appointed, and this fact struck him with such amazement that he tried to institute something better. He found he was powerless to do anything except to demand that the signer of the document should indicate thereon whether he was qualified or not. The certificate itself states that the person signing saw the deceased before his or her death (the number of times and date of last visit is given), and what he or she died of. The diseases to which they succumb are often very curious. "Fits" is very commonly set down as the cause of death. "Worms in the Bowels," "Want of Breath," "Weakness," "Debility," there are a few more; as for the "Fevers," "Inflammations," "Colds," &c., without any more specific indications, their name is legion. One infant was certified of coming to an untimely end through the instrumentality of a cat. "Breath drawn by a cat"

was the entry on the certificate, I believe. I should like to know the end of that particular puss. I suspect it was a tragic one, and that he was the innocent victim of a silly superstition.

At the present time, doctors, though their numbers are so large and increasing every day, seem to do very well. Once a man's name is brought favourably before the public he will have plenty of patients. There is a marked contrast between the legal and medical professions in one thing; it is, that in the latter the fact that a man is a youthful practitioner is rather in his favour than otherwise. A barrister when he has been called ten years may, if he is fortunate, be just getting into some sort of practice; if in the same time a medical man has not already made his mark he is unlikely ever to do so. People imagine that the older men get out of date, and behind the age, I suppose, in medicine, and that the young fellows are up to the latest dodges, so to speak.

Old ladies are the great stand-by of the long established medicoes. "Dear Dr. Peps," they will remark, "I have the greatest confidence in him; he thoroughly understands my constitution."

The meaning of this is that Dr. Peps knows exactly how to prescribe for their (often imaginary) ailments so as to suit their tastes. To judge from the number of doctors one would not pronounce Australia a particularly healthy place. There is no doubt a great deal of sickness always prevalent in the coastal districts, which are of course those most numerously populated. The

warm dry climate of the interior—alas! often too dry—is healthier in all respects, and suits consumptive subjects admirably. Asthma, a very common complaint among us, is noticeable for its strange behaviour under different circumstances. If it developes in a person living inland nothing but a change to the sea air seems to give permanent relief. If those, however, who live on the coast are attacked, they are obliged to seek a dry climate and cannot stay near the sea at all.

Typhoid fever is a terrible scourge in Australia. It seizes all alike and the strongest man is often the one to succumb. It especially haunts the suburbs of the large cities, which are too often grossly neglected in sanitary matters.

"It can't be the drains, Sir," said the old landlady in *Punch* to the man who is fussing about an unhealthy smell, "Because there are none."

The same remark might be truthfully made about certain parts adjacent to Melbourne and Sydney.

In the former city there is so much cause for complaint that many ill-natured people dub it "Smellbourne." The lower part of the river Yarra is certainly a most unsavoury place. They have often sewers too in Melbourne which are objectionable.

The lovely harbour—just fancy gossiping for all this time about Australia without having mentioned the incomparable Port Jackson, Sydney's crowning glory—about which, people when they first come to that city are bored to death for their opinion; so much so, in fact, that one traveller affixed to his coat a card bearing

the inscription, "I admire your botanical gardens and I think your harbour is beautiful." I was going to say that the lovely harbour at Sydney is so polluted with sewage that nearly all the fish in it have been killed. What the sewage left the nets got. Once there was a time when a man in a boat could catch as many bream, whiting, flatbead, and many other kinds of fish as he wanted. That time is past. However, the bulk of the drainage is now carried far out to the ocean below the South Head of Port Jackson, but the fish have not re-appeared.

All over Australia the most stringent regulations are enforced on the subject of quarantine. Quite a little panic occurs if a ship approaches with a case of small pox on board. Six years ago when there were three or four cases in Sydney, the whole city was in a state of excitement and apprehension.

The fear of infection is a marked characteristic of Australians, especially those who live in the country. A case of illness in their neighbourhood throws them into a state of consternation, and they talk for a time of nothing else. Some ladies never go to the cities themselves and have a strong objection to send their children there to school or on visits to friends, because of the greater risk of contagion.

It is of course wise to take reasonable precautions always against disease, but many of these good folk push things to absurdity. They are excellent friends to the doctor: he is called in to attend themselves or their darlings on the slightest pretext.

Excellent hospitals, numbers of capable physicians and surgeons, and specialists, in many instances brilliantly successful in their subjects, are to be found in Australia, which always endeavours to keep up with the times in all things pertaining to medicine.

CHAPTER V.

THE professions of Law and Medicine are necessarily very similar in their aspects, whether they are practised in England or Australia. There is no essential difference in either place. It is otherwise with the Church. There is little analogy between the positions of clergymen of the Church in the old and new land. In Australia there is no Establishment, of course. The term Dissenter is strongly objected to by all sects. The utmost religious liberty and equality prevails.

Party spirit, however, runs high, and some of the organs of so-called religious freedom are the most bigoted and bitter in their intolerance. The sectarian press offers the choicest examples that I know of the want of that virtue without which all others are nought. It is almost incredible that such anti-christian principles should be promulgated in the name of religion.

The voluntary system, as it is called, is almost universal in Australia. The clergyman is the servant of his congregation, and must please them or go. If he

offend them they shut up pockets and "starve him out." The Presbyterians and Wesleyans have general funds from which all the clergy are paid it is true, but the pastors have to study their congregations quite as much as any other. If the contributions to the general funds fall off the consequences for them are not the pleasantest.

Vestrymen are proverbially quarrelsome. The elders, deacons, and churchwardens in Australia are the most pragmatical and cantankerous set of people it is possible to imagine. Only an angel from heaven could please them, and he, even if he suited one section, would, *ipso facto*, displease another.

There was a certain parish in one of the colonies wherein things ecclesiastical were very much the reverse of flourishing. A meeting of attendants at the church was summoned to take measures for establishing them on a better foundation. The clergyman was requested to preside. Numerous schemes were proposed but none suited the temper of the people. At last one outspoken individual, who had no delicate scruples against hurting anyone's feelings, got up and said plainly that Mr. Dash (the clergyman) was the real obstacle to success, and he ended his speech by formally moving that as Mr. Dash was disagreeable to the worshippers at the church, and did not possess their confidence, the meeting should pass a resolution calling on him to resign. This was seconded, and in due course put to the meeting by the chairman. On its being resolved in the affirmative he smilingly accepted the inevitable (he would have been starved out if he had not), ten-

dered his resignation, took up his hat and umbrella, and went.

On another occasion, and in quite a different place, the following remarks were made from his pulpit by an exceedingly eloquent and able, if somewhat eccentric, clergyman. We will call him Mr. Blank:

"Dearly beloved brethren, my stipend is this quarter thirty-five pounds short of its proper amount. I am given to understand that some people refuse to subscribe because they think that Mrs. Blank has private means. Such is not the case, and let me tell you that unless the arrears are made up by next Sunday you will find that my name is not Blank but Walker."

Then he went on with his sermon. I do not know whether the deficit was made good or not.

There is no end to the anecdotes one might recount about clergymen, but one must not think the worse of the churches because of them. There is true religious life and activity in Australia, and far be it from me to discredit it; these stories that I write down here are what one man will tell another and laugh good-humouredly over. They are all more or less true, but they are all exceptional cases, and by no means typical scenes from Australian clerical life.

When a parson is popular in Australia his flock take a delight in giving him testimonials. These always consist of an address and a purse of sovereigns. Testimonialising has been rather overdone of late. The people objected to such frequent appeals to their pockets. A good story is told about an old clergyman

who had held his position as incumbent for many years. Things had gone on in the same way for so long that but little interest was taken in them, and they seemed really more dead than alive. With great reluctance the clergyman admitted the fact at last and resolved to retire. The people of the place were in reality glad of this, as they had long ago grown sadly weary of the old state of affairs, but they had a genuine respect for the old man, and determined to make him a handsome farewell offering. It reached such a sum that he was fairly staggered when he received it. "My dear friends," he said, "I did not know I was so beloved. I will never leave you." And he stayed with them till he died.

Much comment was made a little while ago on the fact that young men in Australia shewed such a disinclination to enter the church. I do not think the reason is far to seek. The work requires ability and education, and it is very laborious and ill-paid. However I am sure that not one of these considerations would deter a man of any spirit who entertained an idea of entering the ministry, but the knowledge that the vocation is a perfect lottery, the prospect of his life being embittered through the vexatious opposition of some cross-grained parishioner, the certainty that he cannot please all, the risks to which he exposes himself, the very chance of critical situations in which he may be tempted to pander to the wishes of the people at the sacrifice of his conscience on account of his direct dependence on them, are all things that make strongly

against the popularity of the Church as a profession. Many an earnest young Australian clergyman would find himself more satisfied with his life and work on eighty pounds a year among the poor of the east end of London than in a parish in Australia with a nominal three hundred.

The extent of some of the parochial districts in the far away places is enormous. A man may have spiritual charge of a territory as large as England. He rides through it holding services at all the different centres at intervals, and puts up at the stations on his way, always being received with the utmost hospitality. The greatest insult one can offer to a squatter is to pass his place without stopping. The clergyman will hold a service on the station in the evening, and then go on his way next day. If he is popular he will have a full attendance, the hands on the station turn up to a man. If, however, he is not liked the messenger sent round to apprise them of his arrival will return with the news that they are all in bed.

A service in shearing season is often a curious sight, and some queer stories are told by clergymen of their experiences at such times. One runs as follow: The shearers on this particular occasion were a very rough set of men, and their camp, in the hours of leisure, was a rowdy place. The parson came to the station on Saturday afternoon and arranged to hold a service in the wool shed next day. He went down on the evening of his arrival to have a chat with the men. He found some of them playing cards. He tried to get

them all to promise to come and hear him preach. One of them said, "Look here, parson, if you'll sit down and join in our game to-night we'll promise to join in your's to-morrow."

His conditions were at once accepted, and the clergyman rose from the table the winner of several pounds. He folded the dirty notes into a little parcel and put them into his pocket. Next day he had a large audience who listened attentively to his sermon. He announced a collection in aid of the general funds of his church, and sent round a plate. When he gave it into the hands of the man appointed to collect, it was seen to contain his winnings of the previous evening.

The Roman Catholic Church flourishes exceedingly in the colonies, and the liberality of its people, which enables it to build such magnificent churches and establish so many institutions, is a pattern to other bodies. The Presbyterian confraternity is noticeable for the able way in which it is financed. The touch of the hard-headed Scot is abundantly evident. The other two most important religious denominations are the Wesleyans and Congregationalists. In the old times state aid was extended to the ministers of the three sects first above mentioned and to the clergy of the Church of England. Two hundred a year was the usual amount of their government salary. There are a few elderly ministers left who still draw it as it was given for life, but all the churches must now be self-supporting. Of what the man-of-war boatswain called "fancy religions," when the ship's company was preparing to go to church, there

are any quantity in Australia, and the Salvation Army makes a great noise if it does not flourish phenomenally.

Good preachers may be heard in the cities, and in the Anglican community one may suit the individual taste in the matter of high, broad, or low church services. Attention too is paid to the music in many instances, several excellent choirs being in existence in the colonies. The capital of South Australia, Adelaide, is noted especially for the prevalence of the ecclesiastical element, it is often called the City of Churches. Its bishopric was founded and endowed chiefly by the liberality of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

The churchmanship in Adelaide is supposed to be "higher" than in the other colonies, where the services and appointments in the churches are, as a rule, an exact reproduction of the order of things that prevailed in England fifty years ago. You will find three-decker pulpits still (but no clerks) and the old-fashioned red hangings with which everything used to be swathed in bygone days. Any attempt to brighten the service is regarded as Romish. At a discussion in Synod on the subject of making church services more attractive, a Supreme Court Judge declared himself unable to understand the term "bright" in this connection. The only possible meaning it suggested to him was the introduction of ritualistic candles to which he strongly objected.

All the churches in Australia, with the exception of the Romish, have their annual conferences, assemblies, or synods, which are in effect ecclesiastical parliaments. The way the dear parsons and the lay representatives

from their different flocks do quarrel and fight among themselves is truly awful. I suppose they think that they have scripture authority for sharp contentions.

Talking of flocks reminds me of an amusing story of something that occurred at a parochial meeting held for the purpose of introducing a new incumbent to his parishioners. The first speech was a stirring address from the pastor of a neighbouring town, in which the new clergymen was told his duty to his flock, and his flock earnestly exhorted to their duty to their shepherd. It was an effort of much eloquence on the part of the speaker, and by it the whole assembly was greatly edified. He was followed by another neighbour of the same cloth who did not pose as an orator. Half closing his eyes, and speaking with a languid drawl, he said, "My brother —— has said a good deal about flocks. If my young friend here will be guided by me he will find it the best plan to do with his flock as I have always done with mine. I leave them alone and they come home and bring their tails behind them." The peculiar sing-song intonation with which he gave the last few words sent his audience into a roar of laughter, and the gentleman who had just "spread himself" was very angry at having the effect of his speech thus spoiled.

The same eccentric clergyman was once asked to attend some distant meeting, but excused himself, saying, that he was prevented from leaving home by a circumstance over which he had no control—he alluded to his wife.

There are large colonies of Irish in Australia who make up the bulk of the congregations in the Roman Catholic Churches. The priests are nearly all Irish also, and some of them are jolly enough to have stepped out of the pages of Lever's books. The following incident, which actually occurred, is only an enactment of a scene very similar to one chronicled by that kindly humourist: *Place:* A chapel in a small country town in Australia. *Time:* The present. *Dramatis Personæ:* A Roman Catholic Priest in full Canonicals and his congregation gathered together. Service has just ended.

The Priest. I want some more subscriptions towards clearing off the debt on the church. Patrick Flannigan I've put your name down for five pounds.

Patrick Flannigan. Then ye won't get it, Father O'Maher.

Father O'Maher. Patrick Flannigan, I tell you it's your duty to give five pounds. You can well afford it.

P. F. I tell yez I won't, Father O'Maher, and I can't afford it at all.

F. O'M. Now, Patrick, didn't you tell me you made forty pounds this last week over that mot of cattle you drove to ——.

P. F. And what if I did, Father O'Maher, it's a good bit more than forty pounds that I owe in this town and I can't do it.

F. O'M. Well, Patrick, let's say four pound ten then.

P. F. No, nor yet four poun' ten, Father O'Maher.

F. O'M. Well, did ye ever hear the like? It's very forgetful of your duty that you're getting, Patrick Flan-

nigan. You wont give four pound ten to help clear the debt off the church you hear mass in? Bridget Flannigan, I wonder at you sitting there all this time and not trying to persuade your husband to do his duty. I'm ashamed of you both, that I am.

Mrs. Flannigan. Shure your riverence it's mighty little attention he would be paying to me. Yez 'ud say that yezzelf if yez only knew the trouble I had to get him to come to mass at all.

F. O'M. Well, I pity you. It's not much that you've got in the way of a husband to be sure. It's mighty little good Holy Church can do for such as him, but it's all his own fault entirely.

P. F. (*to whom his wife has been whispering*) Well then I'll give three pounds.

F. O'M. And little enough too, but it'll do this time. Patrick Flannigan, three pounds. James Murphy, I've got you down for one pound.

And so on through a long list.

Such a scene is not common, believe me, and would create an immense sensation if it had occurred before an educated congregation. Among the ignorant boors in an obscure little country place it passed almost without notice. The occurrence was described to me by an eye witness. I ought to mention also that the priest was one held in esteem by all who knew him, and his influence was by no means confined to members of his own communion. He was an honest man too, and I heard the following story told of him: A woman who, on her marriage with a Roman Catholic, had left the

Church of England and accepted her husband's religion, became, as converts do, most devout in her professions and enthusiastic in her new faith. Her father who was still, as she now thought, a heretic, was dying, and she was very anxious that he should turn at the last moment. She consulted Father O'Maher, who said he would receive him into the church if he desired it of his own free will. When, however, the old man saw him he said, "Do you honestly believe that my belonging to the Church of England will stop me going to heaven?"

"No," said the priest, "I don't." "Then," answered the old man, "I will die in the faith I was brought up in."

There was none of the conventional Jesuitism about Father O'Maher. I need hardly say that the name used here is fictitious though the person is real.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, the number of priests who are of Australian birth is exceedingly small.

There is a great difference between the laws relating to the celebration of marriage in England and Australia. Here it is the man who is licensed to perform the ceremony, not the place for its performance. The clergyman of any recognised religion, on his appointment to his cure or church, receives permission from government to marry. The very bishops themselves dare not tie the magic knot until licensed by the state, much less authorise their clergy to do so. In communions other than the Anglican and Roman the majority of marriages are performed in the house of the bride's parents. Clergymen frequently perform the ceremony at their

own residences when quietness is desired, and the fees they get are a welcome addition to their income. All that is necessary in the way of preliminaries is the taking of an oath that there is no legal impediment by reason of want of consent of parents or guardians, relationship, or any previous marriage, by both parties. Those who prefer it can be married at the office of a registrar at a cost of one guinea.

In the case of the apostles of the multitudinous "fancy religions" it is necessary for them to prove that they are the ministers of a *bonâ fide* sect. In one of the colonies the written statement of twenty-five householders that they belong to his congregation will procure for the shepherd a licence to celebrate marriage.

In some cases they continue to marry people after they have given up active duty at their chapels, and from the number of runaway matches consummated at their houses they have gained an unpleasant notoriety through the practice.

If a minister knowingly marries a minor without consent of guardians he is liable to a fine of £300 and imprisonment, but he is quite safe if the parties take the above mentioned oath.

These marrying gentry are not much given to inquiring into the circumstances under which their clients come to them, and if the young people can, without undue credulity, be considered to have passed their period of legal infancy no questions are asked. A case is mentioned, however, where the girl was manifestly so young that to ignore the question of age altogether

might, in the event of subsequent trouble, have proved awkward for the clergyman.

"Have you the written consent of your parents or guardians?" he asked the would-be bride.

"No," she returned, "I'm over twenty-one."

"Are you sure?" he asked, looking at her doubtfully.

"As sure as I stand here." And putting it in that way so she was, for she had taken the precaution of writing the number 21 on the soles of her shoes. A sharp young lady, she; the wonder is that anyone capable of such a thing should need a salve to the conscience of that kind. One is surprised to hear that she went to so much trouble when a simple lie would have been sufficient for her purpose.

The Sunday School is a great institution in Australia. From half-past nine to half-past ten in the morning and from three to four in the afternoon in the church schoolrooms or, where there are none, in the church or chapel itself, the children come to receive religious instruction from voluntary teachers. In the spring of the year every one of these Sunday Schools gives a picnic or treat of some kind to the scholars. The Australian child of the city is an astute specimen of humanity, and has a great deal more of its own way generally than is good for it. It often chooses its Sunday School with an eye to the picnic. Like the French dancing man described by Max O'Rell, who before he accepts an invitation to a ball will inquire if the hostess is in the habit of giving a supper, this shrewd little mortal, spick, span, and tidy in its best clothes will take counsel

on the relative merits of the yearly treats, and bestow its patronage accordingly.

The schools have had to make a rule that the privilege of attending their annual excursions shall only be extended to scholars who have a certain number of attendances to their credit. This was necessary because they found that before the excursions took place they had a large influx of fresh scholars, who left the school immediately afterwards. But in spite of this some pupils contrive to attend two or three picnics in the year. A superintendent told me that he had discovered one boy who managed to be present at six. His name was on the books of half-a-dozen Sunday Schools, and by going to one in the morning and another in the afternoon he managed to get sufficient attendances at each to qualify for all the treats.

A steamer is generally hired for the day, and the children are taken to some pleasure resort, where they run races and play games and are fed with cake and tea. In the months of September and October hardly a day passes that an early visitor to the city does not see the gay little processions of scholars marching through the streets to join the steamer or the train that is to convey them to their destination. The little girls are dressed in pretty white frocks with gay ribbons, and the boys in their Sunday best; banners and flags are carried and a band precedes them. All are bright and eager; but what tired, bedraggled looking objects they are when the day is done to be sure! I should think a school picnic was anything but a time of recreation for the

teachers who have to look after their lively young charges.

I may mention here that, with the exception of the children who sell newspapers in the streets, one hardly ever sees a child in Australia badly dressed.

No one can accuse Australia of being unwilling to assist in the emancipation of women from those chains which she has worn so long. At a church conference the other day it was actually proposed to widen her sphere of usefulness by making her eligible for the office of churchwarden! But this was a little too much in advance of the age and was not agreed to.

Melbourne has, however, an Anglican church where the female singers in the choir wear surplices and a sort of trencher caps. What will be the next development?

The following is a perfectly true anecdote, and illustrates young Australia's feelings with respect to their spiritual pastors and masters:

The curate in charge of a parish had walked up to tea with one of his congregation, who, when the time came for him to return offered to send him home in his buggy. The driver was his groom, a young fellow of about twenty-one. "Well, John," said his master, who was wont to be at times jocularly familiar with his servants, "how did you get on with Mr. —— last night?"

"Quite right, sir."

"Didn't upset him, eh?"

"No, sir."

"And did he give you anything, John?"

"Yes, sir. He gave me a long lecture about going to church and saying prayers and reading the bible, and he asked me if ever I had been confirmed, and got in a bit of a wax when I told him I didn't know."

"Oh, that was the sort of tip he gave you was it?"

"Well, not altogether, sir, for he gave me three bob afterwards. I didn't exactly like taking it from a poor man like him, but then I thought that standing that jawing was worth three shillings any day, so I didn't say no."

Sometimes the experiences of the clergy themselves are amusing. It happened once in the bush that one was called upon to christen the first-born babe of a couple who lived in a very wild part of the country. When he got to their hut he began the service without making any preliminary inquiries as to the name intended to be given, and was considerably startled to receive in answer to his "Name this child," the reply, "Name it yourself;" which however he did, after ascertaining the sex of the infant, to the complete satisfaction of the parents. He had the sense to choose an uncommon name—Brenda, I think—for he knew that Australians like high sounding titles.

"What are you going to call him?" said a doctor once to the mother of a child whose entrance into the world he had a few days previously superintended. It may be mentioned that she was in quite a humble position in life.

"We have not decided yet, sir," she answered, "perhaps you could help us."

The medico, thinking to have his little joke, suggested "Plantagenet."

"What a lovely name, sir!" she said, eagerly, "would you mind telling me how to spell it? It will do beautifully."

A clergyman who, to avoid mistakes, ascertained the names intended to be bestowed before the baptismal service was told one day that a boy was to be christened "Oscar Bewcamp."

"How do you spell the second name?" he asked, "I am not acquainted with it."

The mother thereupon produced from her reticule a page from the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and pointed out the name Beauchamp.

"The correct pronunciation of that name," said the clergyman, "is Beechum."

"Oh, what a pity!" said the mother, "Bewcamp is so pretty, and I don't like Beechum at all. It's too like the name of them pills."

Enter any state school in Australia and look at the roll containing the names of the children, you will find Irenes, Imogens, Violets, Rubies, Muriels, Adelaides, &c., &c., all of them high sounding; and among the boys, Horaces, Reginalds, Oswalds, Victors, Edgars, Cyrils, Alberts, Augustuses, Geralds, and others joined moreover to the most prosaic surnames, Jones, Smith, Brown, Jenkins, Higgs, Miggs, Biggs, Styles, Stokes, Noakes, and Thompson.

Personal nomenclature, like dress, is a subject in which the gentler sex takes great interest. In nine

cases out of ten it is the mother who chooses the names for her children, and of course she likes them to be as pretty as possible. The husband would be satisfied with plain John and Jane, the wife insists upon Vernon and Geraldine. There was a certain Foundling Hospital in one of the colonies which possessed a matron who had a very pretty and poetic taste in names, and a grand field for the exercise of her faculty. Her ingenuity was called into play to fit appropriate titles to the little abandoned infants it was her duty to receive, and she provided them all with christian and surnames. The locality or street in which they were discovered was often adapted with good effect, as for instance, Julian Park, Beatrice Lane, Alister St. George. The latter name was given to a child found in George St.; by a happy thought St. placed in front was made to stand for Saint, and sounded well. Many a nameless infant was provided with a style and title in this way.

CHAPTER VI.

EVERY Australian worships the Goddess of Sport with profound adoration, and there is no nation in the world which treats itself to so many holidays. Besides the ordinary festivals of New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Queen's Birthday, August the 1st (Bank Holiday), Prince of Wales' Birthday, Christmas Day and Boxing Day, each colony has one peculiar to itself, commemorating its own foundation. In New South Wales it is known as Anniversary Day, in some of the younger states, Separation Day, and there is also a labour carnival known as the Eight Hours' Demonstration, which demands the cessation of all business on the day on which it is held. It consists of an imposing procession through the chief streets of the different capitals, in which the members of all the trade unions take part. Huge banners of the brightest colours are carried, and triumphal cars typifying the various trades follow in it. It is the colonial edition of the Lord Mayor's Show. After it has paraded the streets, which are thronged with crowds of people to witness it, for one or two hours

in the morning, train or steamer is taken to one of the numerous pleasure grounds, where athletic sports and amusements of all kinds are indulged in. It is the very highest of the holidays for the working man and his family.

Besides, there are other occasional events which are given up to festivity. The opening of a great exhibition, the arrival and public landing of a new governor, the chief horse race of the year; occurences such as these are always observed. The last few years have been especially crowded with holidays. The Queen's Jubilee and the Centenary of the Australian colonies were times of great rejoicing. The illuminations of cities on the occasion of the former, were carried out on a grand scale, and Sydney had a week of celebration of all sorts for the latter and Melbourne International Exhibition. Nothing a true born Australian loves like a holiday.

Crowds go to the races, cricket and football matches, and shouting thousands will bellow themselves hoarse in acclaim of the victor of a boat race.

In summer everybody plays cricket. In addition to the well kept and perfectly appointed enclosures, where the important matches are played, there are numerous less pretentious grounds, and on Saturday afternoons many of the public parks are occupied by the players. It would be interesting to know the actual number of cricket clubs in Sydney or Melbourne. The season begins in September and ends in April, thus occupying eight months of the year. No climate in the world is better for the exercise of the game. On

some of the recreation grounds there will be as many as ten or twelve matches being played at once. Each club marks out the space for its game with flags, and any unwary traveller who wants to get from one side of the park to the other, runs a risk of receiving a blow from the ball, and the execrations from the players for interfering with the game. The manner in which the *gamins* trespass on the playing field and the risks they run, are something appalling. They never seem to get hurt though, it is the short sighted gentleman in a chimney pot hat taking an afternoon stroll on whom the ball finds its unmeant mark as a rule.

It is only the minor clubs that play in this open way—those whose members are of the better class of young men have rented wickets not on public property. A dispute is not infrequent. High words will pass and one club will have the ground. Perhaps it may even reach the dignity of a fight between two of the rival clubs. The Australian has a particular dislike to being beaten or swindled out of any of his legitimate chances of victory, and the class of young men one sees playing cricket in the parks, is always ready for an appeal to fisticuffs. Such a thing however, should it occur, is of very short duration ; it is invariably stopped after one or two rounds.

Fights are not nearly so common at cricket as at football matches. The latter game raises the pugnacity of the players terribly. The lower and rougher clubs, composed of young men who earn their living by manual labour, are those which appeal to fists most

often, though in the matches of the better educated players such things are not unknown. Excitement runs high over the most important contests, and there is often great rivalry between suburban and local clubs. Crowds assemble to see them play together, and much gate money is collected.

In addition to all its finer points, cricket has a great advantage over football in being uniformly the same wherever it is played. It has no variations. On the other hand there is a mighty schism among the devotees of football. One swears by Rugby rules, another by British association. The colony of Victoria has a game of its own. It is supposed to be an improvement on all other species in the matter of eradicating brutality. Whether it is so is a very open question. There have been more brutal fights in Melbourne over football matches than in any other colony. It is said that the game is not to blame for this so much as the rivalry between the clubs—the determination of Collingwood not to be beaten by Fitzroy, for instance—it is even contended, that the fact that it raises such enthusiasm, even to the point of broken heads and bloody noses, is a conclusive argument that it is the best of all games. Rather a curious way of putting it. However, for those who like such things, a toughly contested football match, when free from any display of bad temper, is an entertaining and exciting spectacle, and is in great favour in Australia and New Zealand. It is wonderful how the young Maories and half castes have taken to football and how well they play it.

Without wishing to give offence to anyone, I may remark that it is a game which commends itself to semi-barbarous races. The natives of Burma play it, though in a slightly different fashion to ourselves. With them the game is carried on in a room. They kick with their heels, not toes, and in order to keep the ball in play it must not be allowed to touch the floor. A bout or rally will sometimes last for ten minutes I am told. How the game is won or lost I do not know.

The great sport of Australia, however, is horse racing. This and cricket go as well together here as in Yorkshire. It is only to be expected among a people that in its youth takes to the back of a horse as a duck to water, and in a climate which seems to be exactly suited to the equine constitution. It is to be regretted however, that the spirit of gambling is so rife. There are acts for the suppression of betting houses, and the putting down of lotteries, and totalisator consultations, but in spite of the periodical infliction of fines and penalties, veritable coaches and four are driven through them again and again. For several years past there have been monster consultations on all the most important races, with prizes ranging from twenty-five thousand pounds down to five pounds.

Hundreds of thousands of people put a pound in the different sweepstakes got up on the Melbourne Cup. The best known promoter of these generally has two of fifty thousand members at one sovereign, and several others of smaller numbers. He has no interest in the result beyond retaining ten per cent. of the amount

they close with as commission, and at this rate must receive a very large revenue in the year.

Why the Government allows such a pernicious system of gambling to be so openly carried on is a mystery. Betting, of course, there always will be, but open casinoes would hardly conduce to greater gambling than these sweepstakes. The promoters send their circulars inviting people to take an interest in their lotteries and consultations, in all directions, and they insert advertisements in a species of cypher which everyone perfectly understands, in some of the newspapers. Here is a specimen with altered names:

"Melbourne Cup. Blair Athol's. 50,000 at one each. Apply, 'Blair Athol,' care of John Smith, Such and Such Street, Sydney. Filling rapidly."

This indicates that Mr. John Smith is promoting a consultation of fifty thousand subscribers at one pound a piece, and if he succeeds in inducing that number of person to enter, he will himself pocket five thousand pounds for his trouble in getting it up.

Altogether, bookmakers, "tote" proprietors, sweep promotors, in spite of occasional fines of £50 and £100 inflicted on them by the stipendiary magistrates, under the provisions of the various Acts of Parliament prohibiting gambling, drive a roaring trade in Australia. Their numbers, however, are so much on the increase, that I should imagine they were feeling the pinch of competition as much in their calling as in any other. To see such a growth of a class of men who aim at making a livelihood without in any way benefitting the

community by work or trade, is a bad omen for the future.

Lord Jersey, the Governor of New South Wales, at a dinner given at the University of Sydney to the crews of the inter-university eight-oar boat race, after the victory of the local men over Melbourne and Adelaide, said in his speech that he was one of those who had a great belief in manly sports. He thought there was great use and significance in them. To them many owed close friendships; from them sprung that determination for pre-eminence which might be shewn, first on the cricket field and the river, but which afterwards asserted itself in public life. They also fostered that high sense of honour, that readiness of resource, that power of restraint, which to-day might form the adornment of youth, but which to-morrow became the safeguards of national character. He was not likely in a university to attempt to teach anyone history, yet he would say that Rome did not owe its decay to any manly sports, and that the pleasures of Capria were far more fatal than all the hardships of the Alps. All of this is admirably put, and it is a pity to think that such a fine sport as horse racing—which certainly does a good deal for our horses, and might do more still if greater encouragement by means of more long distance races were given to the breeding of stayers, instead of mere sprinters—should be responsible for the introduction of a perfectly useless and unprofitable class of men who live by gambling, and foster a desire to get large sums of money without giving any equivalent. If anything

is likely to sap national character, it is this. One immediate result of it all is the increase of embezzlement. At the time of writing this, one may see headings to columns in the daily papers, "Another victim to the fashionable epidemic." "More embezzlement, who is to be the next one?" "Another bank manager gone wrong, enormous defalcations." "A council clerk missing, supposed case of absconding," &c. The number of large embezzlements that have occurred lately is extraordinarily great. Several highly trusted bank officials have been ascertained to be the inventors of some very ingenious (but unpatented) schemes for the defrauding of the institutions which employed them.

One was managed in the following way. Suppose Mr. A. B., being possessed of some landed property, to have deposited the title deeds for safety in the bank of his friend Mr. C. D. The latter gentleman would take advantage of this and open what purported to be an account of A. B., and he would overdraw against it, of course, keeping the money himself, and shewing the deeds to the inspector as his security whenever that officer gave him a call. Another way was to keep two sets of books, the one containing the real accounts tallying with the constitutents pass books, the other the "cooked" ones in which large sums were added to the over drafts or deducted from the balances of substantial customers, the amounts of which, additions and deductions, went into the manager's own pocket. This was clumsy, and required the clerk to be either a confederate or a fool who did not know his business.

Whenever these gentry have been apprehended, they have always confessed that gambling of some sort, whether in races or mining stock, has first led them to embezzle money.

The story goes that in one case, the wife of a certain unarrested absconder was observed to have command of plenty of money, and it was suspected that her husband's employers had unwittingly been the source of the supply. She was told that if a certain amount was refunded, all proceedings against the missing man would be dropped. She refused to part with a penny, and said that she required all she had for herself and the maintenance of her husband, after he had served his sentence. However, he was never caught, and she subsequently disappeared, money and all.

In the case of one absconder who had made away with moneys entrusted to him, the disguise he chose in which to make his escape, instead of being an assistance to him, became the means by which his identity was discovered in a very curious way. He left one colonial capital in secret, a commercial man, he entered another in public, to all appearance a Roman Catholic priest, and went to one of the best hotels. He could not, however, play his part, and foolishly ordered the morning after his arrival a hot meat breakfast, such as he had always been accustomed to. It completely slipped his memory that Roman Catholic priests don't eat meat on Fridays, but there were those in the hotel who remembered it, and subsequent investigation led to the sham priest's arrest.

The ways of embezzlers are sometimes strange. There was one, an accountant, who found it impossible to conceal his crime any longer. He was on the eve of detection. What did he do? blow his brains out? Nothing of the kind. He went and married a young unsuspecting girl, and made a piteous appeal on his trial, three weeks afterwards, on behalf of his wife, who would be left destitute. This man deserves to be coupled with the young French ruffian, who murdered his father and mother, and then besought the jury to have mercy on a poor lone orphan.

Everyone knows what New South Wales can do in the way of sculling championships, and it would be strange if Sydney, with its unparalleled harbour, had not a flotilla of sailing craft of all descriptions. I have heard men of world-wide experience say, that for seeing the excellent handling and management of yachts and sailing boats, Port Jackson is surpassed by no place in the world. In the summer its waters are covered with silver sails, on the afternoons of Saturday and Sundays especially. On the former there is generally a race of some description, either for forty tonners, ten tonners, half-deckers, or the plain open sailing boat.

There are two yacht squadrons, and it is a beautiful sight to see them manœuvring on the water on a bright day. Anyone who is fond of aquatics can find ample opportunities for gratifying his taste in the large coast cities of this country.

There is hardly a single sport chronicled in *The Field* or *Land and Water*, which cannot be followed

by a man of means in Australia. There is no shooting at tame pheasants or preserved partridges though, and it would be useless to invest in heather hued tweeds, "So that the gwouse won't know a fellow you know," as the cockney sportsman said to his tailor; because there are no grouse, and there is no heather. But quail and snipe there are in abundance, and as for wild fowl, the lagoons and creeks in some places are black with them, and excellent sport is obtainable.

Preserving game is not practised to any extent in Australia as yet, and the shooting season is of nothing like the importance in sporting circles here that it is in England, even allowing for the relative difference in numbers of the leisured classes in both countries.

There are excellent marksmen, however, to be found, but I regret to say that they chiefly confine their attention to shooting pigeons from a trap.

Hunting and riding to hounds can be enjoyed by those who are fond thereof, though the country is terribly stiff to cross. Melbourne and Ballarat have very flourishing hunt clubs, and foxes are getting plentiful now, I believe, round the latter place. The high post and rail fences, which are almost universal in Australia, are the chief obstacle to the sport. Riding straight means taking one's life in one's hand. It is wonderful though what some of the Australian horses will jump. At the Wild West Show of Dr. Carver, now exhibiting in the colonies, there is an Australian horse which clears a panel of posts and rails six feet high at every performance. The steeplechase courses out here, too,

are totally different from those at home. There are no hedges and very seldom any water jumps, nothing but stiff iron bark fences of a height of from four feet to four feet six inches, and sometimes a sod or stone wall. If a horse hits them he will come down.

What strikes an Australian cross-country rider in an English hunting field, is the cleverness of the well-trained hunters at awkward places. Some of our mad-headed animals which can jump any fence they are put at would probably break their necks and the riders' into the bargain, where an English horse would pop on and off with the utmost ease.

Though there is much riding, there is not a great deal of hunting in Australia. Clubs are often formed, and the sport will be pursued for a few seasons, and then things will languish for a while until someone is energetic enough to resuscitate them.

Turned down dingoes or native dogs are often followed. They give excellent sport, generally choosing a line as straight as a die. Some of the clubs follow deer, which are bred for the sake of the sport. The hounds as a rule are quite catholic in their tastes, and will hunt anything they are laid on to, from hare to kangaroo, from dingo to aniseed.

Genuine kangaroo running with half-bred greyhounds, is of course a form of amusement peculiar to the land, because there are no kangaroos to be found anywhere else. Good chases may be had after them in some places, but the universal custom of fencing stations with wire, is fatal to the sport. Kangaroos, too, are

growing scarce. Since the French leatherworkers have discovered the capabilities of their skins, they have been assiduously hunted and shot. The government of the colonies pay a price for each scalp, as they are declared to be noxious animals, and some settlers in the back blocks add substantially to their yearly income by kangarooing. I believe the leather is found to be admirably suited to the binding of books, and the making of purses, bags, and things of that kind.

If anyone wants to read a good description of an old fashioned kangaroo hunt in the days of shepherds, before sheep runs were sub-divided by means of wire fences and paddocks, when one could ride for miles and miles without meeting an obstacle, except fallen trees and creeks, I refer him to the well-known book "Geoffry Hamlyn," by Henry Kingsley, which everybody who has not already done so, should read forthwith. Things are very different now to what they were in Governor Gipps time, the period of the book, but the unalterable spirit of the Australian bush scenery breathes through "Geoffry Hamlyn," the weird influence that prompted Henry Kendall to write his mournful poems, and, though times have changed, the book is a true picture of what was, and besides, contains a charming story, graphically told. To every Australian it is a household word, but it is not so well known in England.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS chapter is to be devoted to Society, for in spite of the incredulity of many of my English friends, there is something corresponding to the term in Australia.

"People in England," once said a new arrival in the land to me, "know that there is lots of money out here, in fact to be described as Australian is almost the same thing as to be called rich, but they do not think there is much civilization or refinement in the colonies. The general idea of life in them is comprised in the expression 'roughing it.'"

"But of late years a great enlightenment has come upon them has it not?" I replied. "The federation question has drawn attention to us, and the Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington has enlarged ideas about Australia a great deal, and the ease and quickness of communication, surely all these things are making people understand the reality better."

"Of course," he said, "but it is chiefly among those who are in some way interested in the country, either in business or by the fact of having relations here, or something of that sort. I am afraid that you would find very hazy notions still in the mind of the average member of the middle class, who from one year's end to the other never gives the colonies a single thought."

"The differences between us are always exaggerated it seems to me," I said, "and the fact that there can be a reproduction of the society world of the old country, with its round of gaiety and frivolous amusements of all kinds—balls, garden parties, 'at homes,' and dinners; the fact that there is a season here as in London; a clubland for the men and a shopland for the ladies; that fashion holds its court with all the usual concomitants of toadyism, frivolity, snobbishness, purse pride, folly, and fortune hunting, and sometimes, but as rarely as in London, true gentility and honour, is not realised."

"Universally it certainly is not," he answered, "and when I came here I was genuinely surprised at what I found."

To have Society in this sense it is necessary that there should be some class or clique which represents the aristocracy—the upper ten.

The aristocracy of Australia is of course a plutocracy, yet the possession of money is not the only thing necessary for admission to the best circles. The chief thing is to know how to spend it. A clever wife will often contrive this for a husband, who, while thoroughly

understanding money making and politics, is less conversant with the ways of good society.

In the old days of the colony there was as delightful a simplicity about admission to the upper ten as in England at the beginning of the century, when society went to Almacks, non-society was excluded. One had to have a landed estate—easy enough to get then, the manners of a gentleman, and no taint of convict blood in one's veins ; given these three conditions, everything else followed. The best known of the colonial families are those which settled here in the early days. The founders of many of them were imperial officers who retired from the service, seeing their opportunity in the new land, and settled down to grazing or wool growing pursuits.

They received grants of land from the crown that in time became very valuable, and in many cases made large fortunes which are still in the hands of their descendants.

There is a story though that shows how shortsighted people were to the fortune of the land. One man was offered, in reward for some services rendered by him, his choice between two parcels of land. One was near Sydney and of the extent of ten acres, the other was a thousand acre block out in the country. He chose the latter, and lived to see the smaller piece which he had refused covered with houses, and worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, while that which he possessed at no time of his life could have produced more than four or five hundred a year.

With the earlier days, when almost the whole of what is now a suburb of Sydney was sold for a puncheon of rum, I have nothing to do here. Space does not permit me to talk much about our past. It is of the present that I am supposed to be writing.

Enormous fortunes were made after the discovery of gold in Australia, when Melbourne and Ballarat and many another city of Victoria sprang up like mushrooms. The money has stayed in the land and education has done the rest. Society has grown, fashion has flourished, as was to be expected in this gaiety-loving land. Rich men built themselves palatial residences in the prettiest positions they could find; they had their villas on the mountains to which they sent their families in the autumn, and every luxury the world could produce and money buy was theirs.

Looking at Sydney from Port Jackson, one might well follow the example of Dr. Barry, its late Bishop, and describe it as a city of palaces. The headlands and heights overlooking the harbour are crowned with beautiful buildings, and terraced gardens adorn their sides.

All good Americans, it is said, hope to go to Paris when they die. I think we may adapt this to ourselves, and say that all good Australians hope to go to England when they die. Not only does everybody, now-a-days, go "home" when able to do so, but many stay there. Absenteeism is becoming common. The money that is drawn from Australia is spent in England. No doubt the reason of this is the breaking down of the old system of exclusiveness. People who in old days would have

been denied admission to society are now gladly received, and one cannot blame those who have leisure and means for making their home where they can enjoy their life most. Pleasant and prosperous as Australia is, it cannot of course offer to the rich man the same attractions as the old world. He wants amusement, and therefore he goes where he will find more companions and better opportunities for obtaining it. The majority of men in Australia are busily working for their livelihood and can only spare themselves occasional holidays.

Travelling has always been the chief resource of the rich man. You will find Australians as assiduous as Americans in the pastime of globe trotting; there are of course more of the latter, though I doubt if relatively to population their numbers are greater. I once asked a wealthy man, who was for ever going backwards and forwards between Europe and the colonies, and who did not often stay longer than three or four weeks at the end of any of his numerous journeys, the reason why he did it. The answer he gave surprised me, he said that he found travelling more economical than keeping house. The ways of the rich, however, are often unintelligible to their less fortunate brethren.

Australian society naturally takes that of England for its model. It is a kind arrangement of nature that the seasons in the northern and southern hemisphere do not coincide. By this providential state of affairs the colonies can take advantage of the latest Parisian and London fashions in the course of the year. The same mode that is followed in January in England is

suitable for the winter in Australia in the following June, and the summer novelties which are then delighting the ladies of England are duly transmitted to the colonies for the corresponding season in December. Thus the ladies are able to flatter themselves that they have the latest winter and summer fashions, although the time for wearing them is delayed a little.

The last London "fad" is always quickly followed in the large cities with slavish imitation by the sets that wish to be thought "smart." Æstheticism was not unknown among us, though it was chiefly confined to the sentimental girls; ladies who recited were once comparatively numerous; bubble blowing was for a time the acme of fashion; I don't remember that we ever had any *siffleuses* though, and "slumming" certainly never "caught on" (chiefly because our slums are not of the correct pattern I think); but an unfashionable person was likely to be surprised in shaking hands with a friend, to have his own hand suddenly elevated to the height of his nose, and there twisted with a peculiar motion and dropped. It gave one quite a shock until one got used to it, and ascertained from Mr. Du Maurier's pictures in *Punch* that the smart world at home had improved on the old grip in this way.

The "season" in Australia—by which is indicated the dance-giving period—is winter and early spring. The middle months of the year are those when balls and parties are most numerous. At any other time it would be too hot for them. One does hear of such atrocities as dancing at Christmas occasionally, but it is

nearly always in the country where gaiety is rarer at all times and among people who would submit to anything almost rather than lose the chance of a ball. The cities are then fullest, and days and nights are given up to social delights. A winter day in Australia is often the perfection of anything in the way of weather. In the morning perhaps there will be a white frost, just enough to make a blazing fire in the grate the cheeriest thing imaginable beside which to sit and eat one's breakfast. When that is over one may look from the window and see the silver beads of ice disappearing rapidly before the strengthening rays of the sun, until no trace of them remains except in the spaces of the still unbroken shade. Soon all are gone; nature has doffed her robe of white and resumed her usual garb. The air is delightfully fresh; quite cold if one stands still: and one blesses and seeks the sunshine. All day it will be bright and bracing, all day one will be more glad of the sun than the shade; one will feel no langour, no weariness as in the heat of summer; but when the evening closes in, the fire unneeded in the warmth of noon will be relighted, and at its cheery glow one may feel indeed what it is to be truly comfortable. Alas! just as one is realising this and taking a gentle *post prandial* snooze—a sort of foretaste of the completer repose in which one will indulge a few hours later, a *hors d'œuvre* so to speak of the banquet of sleep—lo! a female, besatined form, is at hand and a warning voice is heard to say that if we are going at all it is time to start. "Where? where?" you exclaim in dismay, "I didn't know you were going out

to-night!" Then in tones of withering scorn you will be reminded that the Polkington's are giving a ball, and the Talkington's an "at home," at which it will be necessary to show first. You give way with a groan, struggle into a top coat and call a cab.

Australian ball rooms are very much like other ball rooms, and Australian "at homes" are very much like other "at homes." On account of the mildness of the climate it is possible even in mid-winter to make much use of the open air when the weather is fine, and wherever there are grounds and gardens to be lit up there you will find, on the occasion of any festivity, the dazzling electric light, or the mellow Chinese lantern hung aloft to guide the footsteps of the promenading pleasure seekers through the kindly darkness of the night. Full well does the stately old chaperon comfortably sealed within know that outside there are innumerable nooks and corners with seats *à deux*, and she rests in her chair satisfied, or ill at ease, accordingly as she has seen her daughter disappear into the gloom in the company of an eligible, or a fascinating detrimental. I think these nooks and corners have a great deal to say to the fact that the majority of the nice clean young gentlemen, who in batches of four or five accompany every newly arriving governor, quickly take unto themselves brides from among the lilies of Australia's gardens. It is said that money and beauty are the chief causes. I don't agree with this. All have not married money it is quite certain, and all have not married beauty, though that perhaps is a matter of opinion. Man is fond of flattery

—some great writer, I forget who, says that any girl if she choose has the power of bringing any man to her feet—the nymph of Australia generally has a very good notion of what she wants, and I think the nooks and corners do the rest.

And now a word about the young lady one will meet in a southern ball room. One may, I suppose, with some hope of keeping within the bounds of truth, point out a few general characteristics belonging to those who are all individually different; what I say here in any case is only the record of my own impressions, which, as such, must be taken for what they are worth.

The Australian girl has plenty of that quality best described as *savoir faire*, she is self-reliant and unembarrassed, and so far from being *gauche*, is often capable of the very best style in all that she does, and she is often very beautiful, although the warm climate is fatal to the complexion, which quickly fades.

Fond of dress, she dresses well; fond of dancing, she dances well; and she is quick at looking out for and learning any fashionable novelty, whether it be a variation in the dressing of the hair or a new waltz step. One season everybody will be seen gliding slowly over the polished floor, and the next hopping wildly about as high and as fast as they can according to the capricious decree of fashion.

She is occasionally inclined to be "fast," though a tendency of that sort is looked upon with no leniency by society (Mrs. Grundy, without doubt, is domiciled among us). She is, of course, sometimes what is called

"impossible," but many, very many, are wanting in nothing that fits them to be described as ladies in the best sense of the term.

And now for their partners in the mazy dance, of which we are supposed to be spectators. Who are they? Whence come those young men with the white ties, black coats, and glistening shoes? They are young barristers, doctors, or solicitors, sons of rich squatters who may or may not have succeeded to their patrimony, sons of merchants hoping soon to be taken into partnership, clerks in government offices, mercantile and banking houses, engineers, socially minded stock and share brokers, &c., &c., every one of them does something for his living; there are very few idlers to be found in Australia. The mess jackets of one or two officers of the permanent forces may be seen, and some naval uniforms—the wearers of the latter, however, are not often of Australian parentage—commonplace young men, all of them, among whom are to be found gentlemen and snobs, good fellows and "beasts," honourable men and toadies, the polished and the churlish, the confident and the shy, the loud and the quiet. There is one thing common to them all, it is the determination to get on in the world. They know the value of money, and as the years go on they will settle down into family men of assured position and comfortable means.

I read in my newspaper to-day that "manly independence, freedom from conventionalism, and originality in his ways, are accepted as the characteristics of the young colonial:" on the whole this is true, even though

at this moment we are watching those who are conforming to convention and displaying no originality whatever in the method of their amusement. The monotonous functions of society to be sure are not susceptible of much originality.

Speaking generally, both sexes, the youths and the maidens, in Australia are self-possessed, self-reliant, and precocious in childhood. As a rule they are ready of speech, and their manners are easy. Where they have not had the advantage of good breeding their manners too often are *free and easy*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THING which often strikes a visitor to these shores with astonishment is the evidence of culture he will see around him. There is no neglect of the Arts. On the contrary there are very active, though small, artistic sets in all our great centres, which make their influence felt. They are, as a rule, in close *camaraderie* with the men of the press, the journalistic and literary set, who are ever ready to do their duty in promoting the noble cause, and putting the claims of art before the public.

It would be dull work giving a description of the different galleries and homes of art in Australia. They are to be found in all the large cities. Such well-known pictures as Long's "Esther," Filde's "Widower," Leighton's "Wedded," Millais's "Captive," Luminais's "Sons of Clovis," &c., have their home in this country in the different national galleries, whose collections are increased yearly by means of a Government vote, liberal in amount, which always finds a place in the estimates.

The artistic fraternity, however, is still Bohemian in Australia, something like what it was thirty or forty years ago in London. Until very lately there was—I don't know whether it still exists—in one of the Australian capitals a club which was Bohemian in the fullest sense of the term. In a plainly furnished room with an unclothed deal table, the surface of which was used as occasion demanded as a resting place for pewters or a drawing board on which the facile hands of the members traced sketches and caricatures with chalk for amusement, would assemble men of art and letters to hold their symposia. The wit, the wine, the mirth and tobacco, were all good, and there was no stint of any of them. A merry set of fellows and clever too; but sets dissolve, the members separate, and vacant places are hard to fill. Like election committees and married couples, they have power to add to their numbers, but the additions are seldom satisfactory substitutes for the old ones gone, and I should be surprised to hear now that the club which I have in my mind still survives. I am sure that it cannot flourish as in the days of its pristine glory: it would be a libel on the memory of the dead to suggest such a thing.

The great drawback to the artistic life is the limited market for products. It is almost entirely confined to our own shores. The attitude of the old world if any attempt to bring artistic work from Australia before it would infallibly be a can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Galilee air. And, perhaps, not unreasonably, for it is

certain that for one good thing there would be fifty bad. There are some painters here capable of pourtraying Australian scenery and scenes, and of sufficient originality to be the founders of a characteristic school, but there are more who are not, though they unfortunately think otherwise.

The average moneyed man of Australia is not much of a judge of painting. If he wants pictures to adorn his new house he goes and pays big prices to eminent artists in England or on the Continent. The statuettes for the hall he will buy in Italy—must be right if they come from Italy, you know—and he trusts to the taste of others and looks down on anything done in his own land as necessarily second rate. If the latter works of art happen to be pretty, he may possibly be induced to buy some, but no big cheques here. He must have these cheaply or not at all, and perhaps the hard pressed artist is obliged to cut down his price. The big money is reserved for big men, who don't care a farthing whether the Australian plutocrat, or the proprietors of some peculiar kind of soap, buy their work, so long as they get what they ask for it; no fear of them being asked to abate; the higher the figure the more it redounds to the credit of the enlightened "Patron," who with great ostentation will call his friends to look at his "this," or "that," whatever the name of its creator may be. We have our annual exhibitions in the correctest style: private view, dinner and all, nothing is omitted, and one can see here the condition of art in Australia, and gauge its progress

from year to year. These shows are under the auspices of the various societies that are without doubt doing really good work among us. They have their classes and instructors in all branches of painting, drawing, modelling, &c., and a very fair number of students. There has certainly been a marvellous advance within the last few years. I can remember exhibitions of pictures which raised a smile at their ludicrous badness, but nothing of this kind will be found now, the quality of the work admitted is quite creditable, and in some cases excellent. In New South Wales the Trustees of the National Gallery spend a certain sum annually in the purchase of pictures by Australian artists exhibited at these shows, and they buy nothing that does not reach a high standard of excellence. They also offer prizes for original works by students, and hold a yearly audit of them, after which they are left on view for a short period.

Most of the resident artists do work in black and white for the illustrated papers.

The journalism of Australia is characteristic. The great daily newspapers, such as the *Argus* and *Age* in Melbourne, the *Morning Herald* and *Daily Telegraph* in Sydney, the *Courier* in Brisbane, are much like English papers of the same stamp. All of these that I have mentioned have wide circulations and are very valuable properties. They publish the news of the world every morning, and spare no expense to obtain it. There are also many evening papers published, which, as a rule, are less serious and staid than their

morning contemporaries, and cater for the news-reading public in a lively, not to say sensational manner. Relevancy (or rather truth) is apparently not a matter of so much consequence as thrill, as the man says in Mark Twain's book. The merest rumour suffices as grounds for the publication of the most startling news. It is contradicted next day perhaps, but the sensation has been created and the paper sold to the third and fourth editions. The name of one of these papers, on account of this little peculiarity, enriched the list of slang terms for an untruth. If anyone told a good anecdote with a dash of the snake yarn about it, he would probably, if he were observant, notice that the thumbs of the company were perpendicular and some one would ask, quietly, whether the *Evening Lyre* had come; the last word was not Lyre, but that doesn't matter. But the peculiarly distinctive feature of the fugitive literature of the colonies is the weekly newspaper: This is quite racy of the soil. There is nothing exactly corresponding to it to be found out of Australia. G. A. Sala, in his "Land of the Golden Fleece," talks of them as "colossal" weeklies; and they are colossal, about the size of a monthly part of the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*. They are not read so much in the city as in the country. The country people revel in them, the city folk are too busy; besides, they have the dailies. The country man only reads on Sundays, he is working all the week; his *Australasian*, *Queenslander*, *Town and Country Journal*, *Sydney Mail*, or whatever it may be, according to his colony,

is posted to him on Friday and he reserves it for his Sabbath pastime. He will find an *olla podrida* of the most miscellaneous stuff inside when he opens it. A sermon, if he is religious ; notes and anticipations on sporting events, if he is inclined to sport. The news of the week, social gossip, agricultural articles and essays, pastoral intelligence, accounts of new inventions, papers on every conceivable subject, a couple of serial stories and short tales, facetiæ, poetry. You pay your sixpence and you take your choice. If anything puzzles him, whether it be a point of law, or the best method of dyeing his hair, ridding his dog of fleas or the mange, he has only to write to the editor and his question will be answered in a week or two, in a special column set apart for the purpose. The answers to correspondents are often very amusing reading ; the most extraordinary questions are asked and answered. A friend of mine on the staff of one of these papers was put in charge of this column ; it was his business to supply the information required. How he managed it I don't know. A very common query related to the area of dams and tanks. Unmathematical squatters and selectors who had to pay their employes so much per cubic foot for excavations, would apply to the omniscient newspaper. My friend was allowed to retain as his perquisite a small fee of 5s., which it was the custom to charge for working out problems in mathematics, but all other questions were answered free of charge. I once was in his room at the office of the paper ; on his bookshelves was a collection of books of

reference, and dictionaries of universal information, such as I had never seen before. There are many sporting papers in Australia and many devoted to religion, and there is the *Sydney Bulletin*.

The last-named is a weekly and unique in its way. It is cleverly written, aggressively republican, and very outspoken. Its great fault is that it descends too often to personalities. It is certainly one of the wittiest papers published in the English language, but it does not stipulate for over refinement in its humour, and no one who has any feelings of loyalty to the crown should expect to enjoy its perusal. It says what it means, however, and panders to no one. It is illustrated after the manner of *Punch*, and has some first-class humourists on its staff.

Every township (horrible term, but universal in the colonies) has its local newspaper or "rag," as it is generally called, and, as a rule, it is an extraordinary production of journalistic effort. Some show of retailing what may be genuinely described as news is kept up, but the chief object of the paper is the publication of all the petty gossip of the town, and to enable the aldermen to write abuse of one another which all their friends may read.

It is wonderful how any opportunity for a newspaper quarrel is seized upon, and what a storm rages in the municipal teacup. The town is consumed with interest and curiosity, and wonders what B will say to A's scathing criticism next week. Sides are taken the dispute runs high, and how it will all end no one

knows. This is "nuts" for the proprietors; so long as there is a good "row" going on they will sell all their copies. They never can resist piquant personalities however, and the fatal propensity to publish them often causes trouble. An editor of a "rag" who has not been horsewhipped or the subject of an attempt in that way is a rarity.

One I heard of who thought fit to make some unwarrantable statements about the origin and descent of a fellow townsman, was flogged, not by that gentleman himself, but his wife—rumour had it that when the husband pusillanimously declined the task, the high-spirited wife seized a buggy-whip and gave him a foretaste of what she had in store for the editor.

On another occasion a local paper contained some illnatured remarks about the Anglican Clergyman of the place. He happened to be popular with his people who were indignant at his being slandered. To show at what price they held the press criticism they determined to give him a testimonial, which took the form of a purse of sovereigns. Meeting the editor the day after it was presented, one of the churchwardens said to him, "Well, have you got anything else to say about the parson? I don't suppose he'll mind, considering that what you printed last week has put seventy pound into his pocket. You did him a real good turn that time."

There is an amusing story told of an editor who was *not* horsewhipped. He put something in his paper about a certain member of parliament which

offended that gentleman, and he determined to punish the writer as he deserved. The member was a very big powerful man ; the editor small, but active and full of resource. The M.P. waited for his quarry at the top of some steps. "Look here," he said, as he saw him approaching, "I am going to horsewhip you for what you said of me, but as you are so small I won't hurt you very much." The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw the little man dart forward, felt a mighty blow on his nose, and by the time he had recovered himself sufficiently to look round the editor was nowhere to be seen. He did not get a chance of hurting him at all.

Eatanswill is not the only place where editors quarrel and fight. Whenever there are two papers published in a country town in Australia, the editors are almost sure to be at daggers drawn, and it goes without saying that they espouse opposite sides in political contests. There is an amusing story of an encounter between two rivals in this profession, which recalls the memorable fire shovel and carpet bag duel in Pickwick, though the circumstances were somewhat different. The name of the town where their respective papers were published we will suppose to be Hillborough, as it was situated on a hill. Hillborough was like Eatanswill, in the throes of an election, and on the particular day to which my story refers there were to be two important and rival political meetings in the neighbouring township of Flatville, six miles away. Between Hillborough and Flatville there ran a coach

which carried the mails, and on this occasion the two editors and some other passengers also. The issue on which the appeal to the country was being made was Free Trade *v.* Protection. The protectionist editor was fat and florid, and his nose showed unmistakably that it would have been better for him if the duty on spirituous liquors were even higher than at present. The free trade man, on the contrary, was small and spare with a hatchet face and a rasping voice.

The protectionist was already seated in the closed waggonette which served as coach, when it was hailed by his rival. He gave an angry grunt to indicate his repugnance at the obnoxious addition to the passengers, a compliment which the other returned by looking him in the face and then spitting on the floor of the vehicle. The passengers were all interested in the political situation, and a brisk discussion soon arose. It was not long before this resolved itself into a wordy warfare between the two editors. From politics they descended to personalities, and at last the fat protectionist gave his adversary the lie direct.

"I'd pull your nose, sir, if I wasn't afraid of blistering my fingers," cried the thin man.

"You're afraid of what you'd get if you tried to do it you mean," retorted the other.

"You whisky-sodden old miscreant, I'm not frightened of you," cried free trade, making a dash at him with his fist and catching him in the eye. The coach then gave a jolt which threw the thin man on to the fat bosom of old protectionist, who, quick as

lightening, passed his left arm round the neck of his assailant, and began battering his face with the right. The passengers tried to part them and roared to the driver to stop. He pulled his horses up with a jerk, and pushing back the sliding door in the partition that saparated the box from the body of the coach, demanded to know what was wrong. The jerk, however, had been too much for the contestants, who had occupied the outside seats, and when it occurred they were both sent sprawling on to the road, clinging to each other in their fall, and buffeting, kicking and struggling with all their might and regularly wallowing in the mud, for heavy rain had been falling. "What's the matter with 'em?" said the driver. "They're drunk," answered one of the passengers. "Well, I'm not bound to convey people who are drunk and disorderly," said the driver, who had been paid in advance, "I'm going on, they can settle it between themselves." He cracked his whip, delighted to have lost so much weight, as the roads were heavy for his horses, and the editors were left to walk. But they neither of them turned up at Flatville at all, and there were very meagre accounts of those meetings in the next issues of the *Hillborough Gazette* and *Independent*. No one knew where the two rivals hid themselves all day, but it was not until after dark that the bedraggled and mudstained forms of the editors appeared at their respective homes. It is a popular fallacy that a better understanding follows a fight. Those editors became deadlier enemies than ever, after that memorable encounter.

The Australian, though, is fond of an appeal to fists, and shows his thorough Englishism in this. In what may be called the flush times of our gold diggings, which were in some fields synchronous with those of America, there was never any of the lawlessness and reckless spilling of blood that made California and Nevada notorious. The diggers in Australia were never a set of swash bucklers. Rolf Boldrewood, the author, who was for years on the diggings himself, gives one of the best accounts of them ever written, in his book "Robbery under Arms." As is the case with other athletic exercises, the "Noble Art" finds able exponents here, and glove fights are common entertainments. On any great occasion, a crowded house assembles, admission being at the rate of a sovereign a head. It is a characteristic of the Australian always to be able to find money for anything he particularly desires. The audiences at these fights are by no means confined to the rich classes, quite the reverse.

I began this chapter with Art and I have come down to prize fights. What a fall! *Facilis est decensus Averni.* I think I had better start a new one.

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTRALIA is unique in the possession of one thing of which she is not proud. I mean the larrikin. Other lands have their roughs, their "'Arrys," their cads, their arabs, their hoodlums, their *gamins*, their *va-nu-pieds*, &c., but to Australia alone belongs the larrikin. The term was invented here and has remained here. I think the commonly accepted origin of the name is the correct one. Some young roughs in Melbourne had been behaving in a disorderly way in one of the streets, and had at last been "run in" by the police. At their trial next morning the Irish "bobby" (they are all Irish in Australia) was asked by the magistrate what the prisoners said when they were apprehended. His answer was "That they were larrikin, sorr." And larrikin they have been ever since.

This sporting or larking spirit is the characteristic of their band. The humour, however, is peculiar, and

it is not everyone who is endowed with a sufficient sense of the ridiculous to appreciate it.

Strictly speaking larrikinism confines itself to no particular class. Factory boys, and the youths and maidens of the low neighbourhoods of the cities, have by no means a monopoly of it, though such places would furnish excellent subjects for the study of this peculiar trait of human nature. It is to be found among the well educated. The universities even have suffered from the taint. On numerous occasions certain undergraduates have proved themselves by their boisterous behaviour and ill-timed merriment in the face of authority, to be nothing else than larrikins. Only the other day an anxious parent (not a mamma either) went and made his friend write to the newspapers to say that he was seriously thinking of removing his son from the University because some of his fellow undergraduates made rude remarks and interjections during the progress of a commemoration, and did not seem capable of any sense of decorum at such an august ceremony. Poor son! I hope his dear papa will wrap him in cotton wool and put him in a glass case. If it were not that he would lose the words of wisdom that fall from the Professor's lips he should be sent to lectures with wax in his ears.

An uneradicable Australian failing this propensity to larrikinism. There was a public correspondence some years ago as to its cause and cure. It was suggested by one that too much animal food was responsible for its existence. No cure has yet been found.

The person most prone to this vice is the youth of the lower classes, who has been "dragged up" by parents, themselves vicious and abandoned, or cast on the world at an early age to shift for himself; but the ranks of larrikins do not go unrecruited from among the sons of the more respectable poor, who too often exhibit a strange ignorance of their duty in bringing up their children. They will let them run uncontrolled about the streets, and stay away from home, mixing with companions who soon make them as proficient as themselves in every kind of precocious vice.

I am convinced that the laxity of parental control in Australia is one very important element in the production of the larrikin.

Let me give you a description of a typical male specimen as he may be found at the street corners about seven o'clock in the evening, expectorating tobacco juice and talking blasphemy. He is generally a weedy youth, undersized, and slight, but like all Australians, who are cast in a lanky not thickset mould, he is wiry and active. He has a repulsive face, low forehead, small eyes, a colourless skin, and irregular discoloured teeth. His hat is either small, round and hard, or a black slouch. He pays attention to his dress, which is always of dark colour and very tight fitting, the coat of the shortest, the trousers like fleshings, and his boots very high heeled and small, the impress of every toe being clearly distinguishable *en repoussé*.

Knots of these creatures collect in the evening, and the streets are not the more pleasant to walk in for

their presence. They call themselves "pushes," and there are often conflicts between those who infest different parts of the town. The larrikin is a coward. He is only courageous when there are numbers present, and he prefer his adversay in a minority of one to ten, or thereabouts.

Throwing lumps of blue metal is one of his favourite modes of attack. The agility with which he will discharge his missile and then dart round the nearest corner to avoid the return shot is wonderful. I could, if I chose, by referring to the police court reports in the daily newspapers, fill these pages with accounts of the exploits of the larrikin hordes of the cities of Australia, but I do not care to sully my pages.

The *Bulletin*, the Sydney newspaper mentioned before, was the subject of a famous libel action some years ago, and was cast in damages, for describing scenes alleged to have taken place at some picnic grounds near Sydney on a public holiday. The proprietors of the pleasure resort brought an action and won it, but though the paper suffered, it instituted a reform. Before that article appeared these public picnics were simply orgies, and outrages upon decency so flagrant as to be literally indescribable. They are carefully supervised by the police now, though occasionally the latter have had hard work to maintain order. The larrikin was unwilling to let his bacchanalia go without a struggle, and his efforts were turned against the officers of the law. On several holidays attacks were made upon them and riotous scenes occurred.

I was going to say something about the female larrikin, but on second thoughts I have come to the conclusion that the subject is too painful. She is worse than her correlative of the opposite sex because she has farther to fall.

The idlers and loafers who frequent the parks and wharves in the day time, and go begging round the town when the shadows of evening fall, and their drouth for ardent liquors returns, are not larrikins. Though he often takes a holiday, the latter is generally at work somewhere during the day, giving his nights to hideous revelry and riot. But the "dead beat," the professional beggar, never works. He will be deeply insulted if, before you give him the price of a "night's lodging," you suggest that he should give an hour's digging in your garden, and will probably decline. Besides he is generally old and decrepit, but not always, as the following scene which really occurred will show.

I was accosted one day by a tall young fellow, the picture of health and strength, who in a sullen drawling tone said to me :

"Give us the price of a feed, Guv'nor. You may as well. The price of a feed won't hurt you."

I stopped and looked at him.

"How is it," I asked, "that you are begging for your bread instead of working for it. I have to work for mine, why don't you do the same ? "

"I'm out of work," he replied.

"Of course. I never knew a beggar yet who wasn't. I should think a strong man like you would be ashamed to beg."

"When your stomach's empty, you find that you have to put them sort of feelings in your pocket."

"Come," I said, "I for one, don't believe that in a city like this an able man, if he really tries, won't find something to turn his hand to to keep body and soul together, especially if he only has to support himself. You're not married, I suppose?"

"No," he said, "I'm not."

"Have you got a trade?" "Yes," he answered, "I'm a wheelwright, but I can't get no work to do." "Hum!" I replied, "I don't suppose you try very hard. Begging the price of 'a feed' pays better, and is lighter labour, no doubt. Now look here, if you'll come over to the park and sit down and tell me the absolute truth about yourself, I'll give you the price, not of a feed, but of a spree. Mind, I don't want the whining cant of being out of work, I want the real unvarnished truth. You just tell me how you live, and I will pay you." He agreed, and presently we found ourselves on a seat in Hyde Park, and I prepared to take notes of his story.

"About this out of work question," I remarked, as I sharpened my pencil. "I know that at times there is much distress, much genuine distress, through it. There must be. But my experience has been that the *bonâ fide* labourer who is undergoing a penalty of enforced idleness is the last person who goes begging. More often his wife seeks the relief of charity, and sometimes

a child may be sent, though begging children are frequently the tools of imposters, but your working man in distress and really forced by his misfortune to beg is rare. There are plenty of mendicants who tell you that they are in this case, but as a rule, my friend, I have found them to be of the kind to which, I shrewdly suspect, you belong, 'dead beats,' 'park loafers,' professional beggars, who would do anything except work. Eh! what do you say?"

"Well," he answered, "as I'm on my word to tell you the truth, I can't deny that most beggars, no matter what the yarn they pitch, are frauds, regular frauds. And things are getting terribly overdone through them. People are much more 'fly' now than they used to be."

"Oh, indeed! and yet they are victimised pretty considerably even now are they not?"

"Well, a chap that is real good at the patter and can tell his yarn well doesn't do badly. The difficulty is to get people to listen. If they will only wait and hear you through you're safe to get something out of them. Or if they begin to argue with you, they generally 'part' in the end, even though they may not believe what you tell them. It's those that won't let you open your case, who stop you directly you start, and get away as soon as they can, who are the most hopeless ones to tackle."

"I, speaking as one of the tackled, have found out that beggars are most easily got rid of in that way, so that our experiences may be said to dove-tail with each other, but I am anxious to hear about yourself. How

is it that a fine, stout, healthy, and certainly not ill-favoured specimen of humanity, such as you are, is content to follow the degrading calling of a beggar? Why don't you earn an honest living? How is it that you have sunk to this at your early age? Tell me all. The truth, mind, is what I want, and only what I intend to pay for on the higher scale. For a faithful account I will give you the price of a spree, for the ordinary beggar's story, or patter, to speak technically, the price of a 'feed.' Don't interrupt me yet, I have not quite finished. I, of course, have no means of testing the accuracy of what you are going to say, but I have had large experience of the vagrant and mendicant class, and I am pretty quick at detecting a concocted story. I mean to trust my intuition in regard to what you tell me. If it seems to me to have the ring of truth, so much the better for you. Now to begin. You drink, of course?"

The commonplace tone in which I said this, seemed to disconcert the man slightly, and he hesitated a little before he answered. At last he said, "Well, I won't deny that I have been drunk." "If you had denied it, my friend, I should have taken my departure at once. I see that this idea of telling the truth is strange to you. Never mind, perhaps at first you will find the usual lies itching on the tip of your tongue, but try and remember that the truth is the marketable commodity this time, not falsehood. To resume; of course you have been drunk. Confess the truth that you get drunk on every possible occasion, though you are not old enough

yet for the poison to have ruined your looks or your health. Is it not so."

"I don't know why you call it poison," he whined, "the drink is the only thing that makes us poor chaps forget the misery of our lives."

"My good man," I exclaimed, in exasperation, "I really am afraid I shall have to give you up. Your mendicancy is so ingrained, that you don't seem able to put it from you, even when it is to your advantage to do so. You talk of the misery of your lives, and yet I ask you, would your sort live any other, even if they could? Not a bit of it. Now, what for instance, would you do if someone were to leave you ten thousand pounds?"

A grin came over his fat, sensual, face, as he said, "I'd make things hum a bit, I know."

"Exactly, and very soon you'd have run through the money and lapsed again to what you are now. Don't talk to me of the misery of your life. If you wanted to change it you would. That cant won't go down with me—tell me your true story now."

"Well," he said, "if you want the real truth I'll tell it you, though there aint much in my history worth talking about. I was 'prenticed when I was a lad in England to a wheelwright in Plymouth, but the work was too hard, and I ran away and got a place on a ship as boy. That's how I came out to this country. By the time I'd got here I'd had enough of the sea, so I left the ship, and when my wages were gone I started off up country, but I soon gave that up and came back

here. I've been in several places at different times. I've been barman at a 'pub.' I went shares for awhile with a chap who sold fruit in the streets, that was after I'd just left a place and had a bit of money. I've done all sorts of odd things, but I never stayed anywhere for long."

"Your value was not realised, eh!"

"Oh, I'm on the truthful ticket so I may as well say at once that I used to go on the spree too often to suit. Sometimes I chucked the place up, sometimes it chucked me. I'd loaf about the parks and wharves, sleeping anywhere on warm nights, though I'm never at a loss for a bed if I want one. I haven't knocked about for five years in this place without picking up a pal or two who are generally ready to help a chap if things go wrong."

"Five years! is that the length of time you've been in Australia?" "Yes, I was sixteen when I came, I'm twenty-one now. It would be odd if I hadn't learnt the ins and outs of the place by this."

"And how much do you make on an average when you are out of work; by begging, I mean?"

"Oh, I never kept count; sometimes more, sometimes less. But I never went in for begging like some I know. I'd go and see if I couldn't pick up a trifle when I wanted it bad, but going about to houses all day is too hard work for me."

"I see, lying face downwards in the park under a big tree is what you like better, eh!"

"Well," he said with a laugh, "it's about what I do with the most of my time."

"Thank you my friend," I said, rising. "Here's your money, I see no reason to disbelieve your story, and I have met many of your sort to whom with slight variations it would be applicable. I'll spare you the infliction of any good advice as I know you wouldn't follow it—Good bye."

CHAPTER X.

AN account of life in Australia would be incomplete without some description of a "Station." Considering that a very general idea prevails that "roughing it" in the bush is the commonest mode of living in the colonies, it would be unfair to my readers to ignore the subject altogether.

First, as to terms: I was amused once in England to see a notice board erected on a piece of waste land with an inscription on it to the effect that: Squatters and other vagabonds were warned off by order of somebody or other. I said to my friend, as I drew his attention to this, "We are at the Antipodes in more senses than one in Australia; with us the squatter is the aristocrat, with you he is the vagabond." I should have liked to see the faces of some of our pastoral lessees on reading that notice. In official returns, however, the name "squatter" is not used, there he is called grazier, or pastoral lessee, but squatter is the only term for him in colloquial use. His holding is called a "station," never a sheep farm or cattle ranch, in spite of the English novelists, who always pack their unsatisfactory young men off to one or the other. There are

cattle ranches in America and sheep farms at the Cape, I believe, but there are nothing but "stations" in Australia. It would be absurd to call a territory of 800 or 1,000 square miles in area a "farm," and that is nothing out of the common on some of the northern stations. Of course in Victoria and New South Wales the holdings are smaller, but one man will often be the owner of several, from which in good seasons he draws a princely revenue. But squatting is not always beer and skittles; a man may ruin himself as easily as make his fortune, and it requires a good capital to start with now.

The young arrival from England who lands here with a small amount of money with which he intends starting a cattle "ranch" or "sheep farm," goes first to a station to learn what is called "colonial experience." In this stage of existence he is known as a "new chum" or "jackeroo," and often his life is not a happy one. A jackeroo is fair game for everyone, but if he takes a few practical jokes good humouredly, and bears no malice, he will soon be left in peace by his companions. A good temper is the key that unlocks the Australian heart before anything. Those who pass their lives in the bush generally have their heart in the right place, though they do love to play a new chum.

If he can ride already he will rise fifty per cent. in their estimation. The first thing that a bush man thinks of is whether a man can ride or not. If the new chum is not at home in the saddle he soon will be. There is on almost every station some old rogue of a horse which can be depended on for a few accurate

"bucks" whenever he is mounted. He is always given to the jackeroos. "Bring up the old horse, Bill," the manager will say to the stockman, "Mr. Newcome had better ride him." "Been used to riding much?" he will ask the pink-cheeked English boy who has perhaps been on horseback half-a-dozen times in his life.

Mr. Newcome smiles faintly and says that he *has* ridden, but— "But not for some time, eh? Oh, well, you can take Old Scrubber to-day, he'll suit you I 'spect. Run him up, Bill."

Bills turns his horse and rides off, the grin on his face plainly discernible though his back is towards you. Presently sounds like pistol shots are heard and there is a thundering of hoofs on the ground as the horses to the number of thirty or so are dexterously wheeled into the yard by Bill who is wielding his stock-whip behind them.

"That's Old Scrubber, that brown horse over there with a snip. Let's see you catch him," says the manager, handing his pupil a bridle. The boy takes it and climbs the high stockyard fence and stands bewildered among the mob of rushing animals. There are ever so many brown horses, and he doesn't know what in the world a "snip" may be, but at last he makes a dash at one which promptly turns, with a sort of pirouette *à quatre pieds;* he is conscious for a moment that the two hindmost hoofs are somewhere in the neighbourhood of his nose; there is a snort and a wild rush, above the din of which he hears the loud laughter of his audience.

"Blowed if he wasn't trying to catch the Odd Trick filly," says someone.

"That isn't Old Scrubber, Newcome," shouts the manager. "Can't you tell a horse from a mare?"

Poor Mr. Newcome stammers out something about not noticing.

"There that's the horse behind you," says the manager, "go up to him quietly now. You don't catch horses by rushing at them."

But directly Old Scrubber, who is cunning as a fox, sees him approaching with the bridle, he whisks round and persistently presents his tail to his would-be captor.

"Look out, he kicks," comes a warning voice. Round goes the horse, almost jambing the baffled Newcome against the fence, and next moment he is on the other side of the yard. At last, with the assistance perhaps of Bill, he is secured and saddled. The contemptuous terms in which he has previously been alluded to have led Mr. Newcome to suppose that his mount is most likely the quietest old "prod" on the place. Once caught he stands as quietly as a sheep, and he seems to go off into a gentle little doze when his bridle is hitched to a rail while the manager's horse is being saddled. The innocent Newcome privately congratulates himself on having a quiet horse, for there is a sort of empty sensation under his diaphragm at the idea of his first ride on the station, though he would not own up to it for worlds.

But Old Scrubber is a delusion and a snare. If ever there was an arrant old humbug and fraud in this world

it is he. And there is a twinkle in the stockman's eye too. Hardly has poor Newcome, not without some difficulty, got his right leg over the saddle before the old rogue goes "into figures." Down with his head up with his back, a sudden contraction and expansion, and Mr. Newcome is kissing his maternal earth with a vigour which, had it only been voluntary, would have been accepted as a proof of the keenest sense of filial duty. Vastly amused are all the spectators, and poor Newcome does not know which is the most exasperating, their sham commiseration or their boisterous merriment. He is plucky enough however, and when the recaptured horse is brought back he tries again, and as likely as not finds his steed on a second attempt quite tractable and well-behaved.

If the new chum is, on the contrary, a good horseman, and manages to stick on in spite of the buckjumps, he will be looked on in the same light as a passenger at sea who has paid his footing.

Hard and monotonous work soon takes the place of practical jokes, for the life of a jackeroo is not easy.

Happy is he if he can regard it in the present as did the stockrider in Gordon's poem in the past :

'Twas merry in the glowing morn among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs ;
Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard.

There is an amusing story which shows the estimation in which those who are learning their experience are held on the stations very often. The incident occurred on a back block in New South Wales one day which happened to be the birthday of our Gracious Sovereign. It must be explained that the kindly government of that colony presents, on each 24th of May, a blanket to every aboriginal who chooses to apply for it. It is a humane act no doubt, and one which merits the highest commendation, for of course it is not obligatory. We have taken a continent, we give back a few blankets annually, and—I was nearly forgetting—the right to ride second class on the railways. Anyhow this is better than rifle bullets, which were the usual presents from the whites to the blacks in the old days, given in a way too that did not add to the pleasure of accepting them.

Well, to my story. An aboriginal who lived on a certain station had just returned from the nearest township with his blanket which he was displaying to the men on the place with much satisfaction. Some one told him he ought to be very grateful to the Queen for being so good to him.

"Where um Queen lib?" he asked. "Queen berry good, no gammon."

He was told she lived in England. "You know, Billy, over the sea, in England. Where the Englishmen come from."

Billy was puzzled and shook his head, smiling at the same time and showing his white teeth.

"Me no know Englismen. Me nebber see Englisman," he said.

"Oh yes, Billy," said the overseer, "you've seen plenty Englishmen. I'm an Englishman, and this gentleman here is an Englishman, too," pointing to the last "jackeroo."

"Ah!" said the black, "you Englisman. But," with the utmost contempt in his voice, "not him. You gammon Billy. Billy know him. Him —— new chum."

Wherever the Englishman goes he takes with him the common law and the universal adjective.

To one engaged in it the work on cattle and sheep stations is very similar all over the land. The same round of boundary riding, branding, mustering, drafting, droving, shearing (the shearers sometimes relieve the monotony), wool sorting, wool packing, &c., &c., goes on year after year, except when droughts, bush fires, or floods interfere and bring matters to a standstill, to the dismay of the anxious squatter, who often sees ruin staring him in the face, his place being in the hands of the bank, and himself dependent on a good season to tide him over his difficulties.

But on the other hand, to a visitor the different stations offer the most decided contrasts. You will go to one and find that the owner and his family live on it in a handsome stone mansion with every possible convenience: water laid on all over the house, being raised by a windmill from the river; the place lighted by gas throughout, which is manufactured out of fatty

refuse in a small gasometer close at hand ; the utmost comfort in everything. A beautiful flower garden surrounds three sides of the house. A turf or asphalte tennis court will be found. You array yourself in flannels and challenge the daughter of the house to a game. Very likely she beats you unmercifully, for excellence in athletics is not confined to the male sex in Australia. If you have been silly enough to suppose that you would not want your dress suit in the bush, and have left it behind you in town, your host will politely assure you, when you apologise to him before dinner, that such a trifle is not of the least consequence, but you will feel an awful fool all the same.

The routine of dinner, and the drawing, smoking, or billiard room afterwards is perfectly conventional, and unless you were to go out into the clear starlight and see the Southern Cross, and Orion hanging upside down, and notice that the Bear is missing, you might under cover of the darkness imagine yourself to be spending a week at the most respectable and humdrum country house in the England from which you have just arrived.

The daytime, however, will change all that. Vastly different is the unchanging grey eucalyptus bush from the golden glory of an English park in autumn, though the purple shadows of the cloud chariots thrown by the morning sun on yon range of distant hills, the broad plains intersected by gentle valleys that all trend towards where the silver stream glides sluggishly along, its banks fringed with the dark sheoak and the bend-

ing willow, are sufficient elements for a prospect of infinite beauty.

Such scenery as this you will behold, and if the day be not too hot you will go riding through it, and picnic perhaps in some cool spot beside a shady creek, or in a gully where the cabbage palm or the tree fern grows gracefully, and where you hear the sweet note of the wonga pigeon or the hoarse scream of the ganggang. There is sure to be a large company, for a squatter loves to have his friends staying with him, and makes them heartily welcome to his comfortable home, than which no more delightful place for a visit can be imagined. You will probably enjoy yourself immensely.

Such a display of wealth, however, is not very common, and squatters who could afford it if they chose often prefer to live in the cities and put an overseer on the station. The ordinary condition of affairs is an unpretentious life in a comfortable home. Hard outdoor work for the men and household duties for the women of the family, and much travelling about on horseback and in buggies. The latter is the universal vehicle in Australia, everybody drives a buggy, which runs easily and lightly and is not difficult to repair in cases of smash.

Of late, however, there has been a tendency in rough country to use an ingenious arrangement on four wheels called a "buckboard," and introduced from America.

In its original shape it consisted of a platform about twelve feet long and three feet wide, each end of which rested upon one of the axle trees. The seat was placed

in the centre and supported by oval springs. The horses were harnessed to an ordinary pole and that was all. It is almost impossible to upset one of these extraordinary looking things, and one can drive over logs and stumps with impunity.

I shall never forget the first time I rode in one of them. The horses seemed so far away as to be beyond any control, but in that I was mistaken ; the driver, with his long reins, had them well in hand, and off we went over the plain. Presently I saw a log about a foot and a half high in front of us which he did not appear to notice. "Mind the log," I said. "It's all right," he answered. The horses jumped it, I saw the front wheels rise, and immediately afterwards there was a slight jolt as the hind wheels passed over it. We had hardly felt anything, and yet the obstacle would have broken or overturned any ordinary vehicle. If the country gets too rough, however, you find the buckboard oscillating so much as to strike the ground between the wheels ; this is not pleasant, for you are seated just above and get considerably bumped. You must never try to turn one in a street, if you do you will come to grief. If you want to turn round it is necessary to make the circuit of a complete block.

Shorter buckboards than these are now much used. They will not jump very big logs, but they are cheap, light, and comfortable to ride in, and so have found favour.

They cost from twelve to fifteen pounds a-piece, whereas a good buggy cannot be bought for much less than forty pounds.

Horses are wonderfully cheap in Australia, so cheap in fact that it does not pay well to breed them. A horse is high-priced at thirty pounds, and it is only those breeders who, by long establishment, have made their name famous who can rely on getting more at their annual sales.

I am speaking of hacks and carriage horses. Thoroughbreds realize much more; they are on a different footing altogether, being bought as speculations which the liberal prizes offered at the numerous race meetings often cause to be extremely profitable.

Three thousand pounds for a horse whose winnings in stakes alone reach more than ten times that amount may be considered a good investment, even if from that a substantial sum is written off on account of other purchases which have turned out failures. But the world has not many Carbines—the horse I have in my mind—and the turf of any generations has rarely seen his equal.

Squatters generally choose a native name for their stations, used by the blacks to designate some hill or valley in the neighbourhood. Some of these are very pretty and melodious to the ear, others are simply atrocities in the way of nomenclature. What do you think of Gdejedgerick or Gerogery (both g's soft) or Bungeworgora? Strange, are they not? Cumbooglecumbong, Tantowanglo, Puttabucka, Balcoracana, are a few of the hard ones, while the sense of euphony is less shocked in such as Egilabra (g soft and a broad), Kanoona, Nimitybelle, Merriwa, Willandra. The

meanings of some of these words is poetically descriptive of the country. There is a district in New South Wales called Bega, which signifies "beautiful," and is quite applicable to the place. Yarra Yarra means flowing flowing, and is the name of the river on which Melbourne stands. Woolloomooloo (pronounced Woolomulóo, with the accent on the last syllable), the name of a part of the city of Sydney, is said to be derived from the sounds Wulla Mulla, which was the nearest approach the aboriginal tongue could make to the word wind mill. It is not so very many years since this district, now densely populated, had nothing on it but a few mills and scattered houses.

A feeling in favour of keeping up the native names is often expressed, and to a certain extent is to be commended, but against such cacophonies as Yarangobilly, Bungeworgora, &c., the afflicted ear revolts, and one feels inclined to say that a better choice might have been made. Can anyone imagine a man allowing his place to be called Pyweitjork a day longer than he could help?

The one thing that one misses in Australian scenery in the bush is historic association. Grand and beautiful as are the forests of Gippsland, the ranges of the Australian Alps, the fern gullies of the Blue Mountains, the river scenery of the Hawkesbury and the Clarence, and the tropical verdure of Northern Queensland, they all lack the same thing. Nothing that is not inherent is there to charm. All is left to the imagination. Doubtless they have been for ages the hunting grounds and

battle fields of that extraordinary race of mortals which Captain Cook found here when he first landed, but we have no record and scarce a tradition left, and could take but little interest in their forgotten fights and uncouth ceremonies and habits even if we had.

It is this absence of historic interest that gives the sense of sameness to the Australian landscape. It is quite distinct from that of any other country, but beautiful though the different scenes and views may be, they have all a close resemblance to one another. The universal presence of the eucalypt is greatly responsible for this. As I write, the words of Marcus Clarke, the Australian novelist, in his remarkable preface to Adam Gordon's poems, come into my mind. He says: "This, our native land, has no past, no story. No poet speaks to us. Do we need a poet to interpret nature's teachings we must look into our own hearts, if perchance we may find a poet there. What is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry. Weird melancholy. A poem like L'Allegro could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gum strips of white bark

hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out shrieking like evil souls. The sun sinks suddenly and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. All is fear inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of the mountains. Hopeless explorers have named them out of their sufferings, Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair."

He goes on to say: "There is a poem in every form of tree or flower, but the poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia differs from that of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds, and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollections of her past magnificence, as the Suttee sinks, jewel burdened, upon the corpse of dead grandeur, destructive even in its death. America swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable, even as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa and the creeper-tangled groves of the islands of the South, arise from the glowing hearts of a thousand flowers heavy and intoxicating odours—the Upas poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the grotesque, the weird, the strange scribblings of nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the

subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphs of haggard gum trees, blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the Poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful riches of Egypt."

Nothing that I know, even in the poems of Kendall, or Gordon himself, indicates so well the character of our land in its primeval state as these passages here quoted. The chapter in "Geoffrey Hamlyn," which describes the loss of the stockman's child in the bush, may be compared to them, for the same spirit breathes through it. The weird fascination of the bush is there alluded to, which needed but the mind of a poet to discern the elements for the establishment of a new realm of song. There have been those who have wandered into this new domain of poesie, but the reader must seek them for himself. If he would know the rollicking side of bush life, with its hard toil, but merry gallops and moving scenes, let him read the ballads of Gordon. If the mournful and contemplative view of the drear and the gaunt, he will find it in Kendall, who is always at home among his native scenery, however much abroad he may be in other regions of poetic art. For this also

let him read, if he can get the book, which is rare, a small volume by a little-known Tasmanian poet, Rowland Davies, who was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the bush, and gave melodious expression to it in his writings. The *Humoresken* of Australia have been composed by Brunton Stephens, of Queensland, whose "Convict Once" is also one of the most graceful and polished of the longer poems of our literature. These works will give him a better idea of the land than anything else, but the stranger must remember that—

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

The coelum is changed but the animus is the same.

The straightforward, honest, pigheaded John Bull has members of his family over here, and they never forget their paternity or their mother land. They have all the characteristics of the English race under the southern sky, and they hold fast by the old traditions. Why should they change them?

The hospitality of the bush is proverbial. No matter who you may be you need pass no squatter's door without food and lodging. If you are of decent manners you have only to introduce yourself and you will be received as an honoured guest until the exigencies of your travel call you onward.

There is a species of tramp found nowhere but in Australia that spends its whole life travelling from station to station, getting a night's lodging and "rations" (a measure of flour, tea, and sugar) at each. He carries a swag containing all his personal property wrapped in a blue blanket which is folded like a horse collar. The

swag is called in the vernacular a "bluey," and the tramp is elegantly said to "hump it." From his invariable habit of making his appearance just before the sun sets, this personage has got the name of "sundowner," by which he is universally known.

The number of "sundowners," and the frequency of their visits, was the cause of the establishment of what is called the "travellers' hut."

The squatter found himself obliged to entertain these self-invited guests, so he built them a house. A tramp now-a-days goes as a matter of course to the kitchen or store and asks for his rations, and is shown the way to the travellers' hut. He cooks his tea himself and next morning will be again on his weary trudge.

Whenever these men get any money, either by begging or doing an odd job or two, they seek out a bush liquor shop where they proceed to enjoy themselves after their own manner, and get gloriously drunk on spirits of wine with a little cognac flavouring in it, or a fearful decoction called Queensland rum. The bush public often runs out of its supply of liquor, and in an emergency has been known to regale its patrons with a potent patent medicine yclept Painkiller.

The "sundowners," it is hardly necessary to say, are as a rule, arrant old scamps, who if they had the pluck would be capable of any villainy. More than one squatter has had his rum set on fire out of spite at some supposed wrong. Probably they have asked for more rations than custom entitles them to. The unwritten code for sundowners and squatters is that the latter

provides a night's lodging and sufficient food for two or three meals, one in the evening and morning and one to carry him on to his next halting place.

The guest is not supposed to remain on the station more than a night, if he does he outstays his welcome and the master will probably give him his *congé*.

At one time, when a certain gang of bushrangers were "out"—I forget which—they caused it to be known that tramps and such like were under their special protection, and bade squatters treat them well or beware of retaliation at their lawless hands. The effect of this was to make sundowning an intolerable nuisance within the district infested by these worthies. There is a story that after they were caught someone met a tramp and scoffed at him, saying, "Aha, my man, your day's over now that that —— gang of thieves is hanged."

"The ——s may be put away," he retorted, "but," drawing a box of matches from his pocket, "Bryant and May are not."

CHAPTER XI.

I CANNOT recall to mind a single novel with its scene laid in Australia, which does not treat almost wholly of bush and station life, or else of the lurid days and doings of the convicts and bushrangers. If one thinks of the books written by Rolf Boldrewood, Henry Kingsley, Marcus Clarke, Mrs. Campbell Praed, as well as those by writers of less note, one sees that there are none. The station in Australian fiction is as conventional as the village in the fiction of England, and yet it is the vast minority of Australians who live in the bush. To many persons, born, bred, and grown old in the colonies, the back country is a country as unknown as Patagonia or Greenland. As an instance I may mention a case, authenticated by the census returns taken up this year (1891), of an aged married couple, the husband being eighty-two, the wife eighty years old. They live in what Huck Finn would call a one-horse little town on the Hawkesbury, which is the birthplace of the man, and has been

the home of his wife since she was two years of age. They have never lived anywhere else or even been out of the immediate neighbourhood of their town. Such a thing as this is, of course, exceptional, but it is a fact that the evil of crowding into towns is already felt in the colonies, and the tendency is likely to be a very material obstacle to the progress of the people.

Many an Australian has never seen a station, nor been near what a squatter would call the bush proper, and has only an interest in it because it produces beef and mutton for his consumption.

The number of people in the two colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, is very nearly equal, a little over a million a piece. Melbourne and Sydney, their respective capitals, contain nearly half the population of each colony. New South Wales contains 316,320 square miles, the city of Sydney at most one hundred, there are therefore 316,220 square miles for the rest of the people, and it must be recollected that several large towns such as Newcastle, Maitland, Goulburn, Bathurst, Burke, Wagga, Albury, &c., besides the numerous smaller ones have to be supplied, so that after all, it is but a small portion of the community that lives the correct bush life so dear to the Australian novelist, and so invariably associated in the English mind with a residence in this land.

No. Australia's millions lead the same life as the millions in any other civilised country, by trade, by business, by all kind of work. She has, as the politicians frequently remind us, her horny handed sons of

toil, and she is a rather overdone Paradise of the working man.

She has also her soft handed sons of toil, about whom we do not hear so much at election time, though they are of course as honourable a possession, and as great an ornament to the country as their more muscular brethren. A few thousands live in the bush, and a few paltry hundreds hold the countless acres of the colonies.

When the rivers are locked and their waters conserved, when the arid land is made fertile with the plenteous supply of streams that hide within the dark recesses of the earth, when irrigation is the universal practice, and not the exception, gaped at in amazement, then we shall see Australia in all her glory. No more a land of melancholy and desolation, no more the home of the grotesque and the weird, but a country smiling with peace and plenty, with happy homesteads for a thriving population which tills the soil and sends its produce to all the ends of the world.

Such will be the Australia of the future, when under the hands of vigorous and industrious man, all the arts of civilisation are pressed into her service and made to do their utmost for her welfare.

In order to accomplish all this, however, a change in the land laws will probably be necessary.

But I am wandering from my path. I set myself the task of talking about the colonies as they are, not as they will be, and I made up my mind to avoid any reference to the "Land of the Dawning." "The Glorious future of Australia," and all such phrases that

one gets so sick of hearing. They are almost as bad as "Our beautiful Harbour," in Sydney, and "Our wide streets," in Melbourne, that visitors to those towns are being so constantly called upon to admire.

Between these two cities there is great rivalry. If you see a Melbournite and a Sydneian talking together, you may be positively certain that they are having a discussion as to the superiority of their respective cities. Melbourne looks upon Sydney as slow, Sydney regards her rival as flashy, and is complacent on the solid basis of her own prosperity, and always prophesying a reaction in Victoria, when she over-reaches herself by her high protective tariff.

Melbourne cannot compare with Sydney for natural beauty, but is well laid out in square blocks with wide streets. Her buildings, which are very fine, are built of sombre blue stone, that to my mind does not lend itself to architectural effect like the free stone universally used in Sydney.

But buildings and streets do not make home. Excellent kind hearted people, who like nothing better than seeing their friends, are plentiful in either city, and indeed in all the land. No one comes to Australia without making many friends whom it is a pleasure to know, and amongst whom one would be glad to live. It is warmth of heart that attaches one to any place, and Melbournites and Sydneians love their own cities because they are proud to call them home.

Sydney grew. George Street, its principal thoroughfare, perpetuates in its irregularities, the original tracks

of the bullock drays from "up the country," when what are now the suburbs were wild bush, and infested with bushrangers who were invariably convicts who had escaped. Some parts of it have quite an old world look, and it has its low neighbourhoods with narrow streets and dingy houses that are too often the houses of vice and iniquity.

The Australian novelist who has chosen such places as this for his field, or who has gone into our country towns and studied character there—and what original types he would find to be sure—is yet to appear. We have no one, no Australian Dickens; yet what scope there is for one. No Thackeray, and yet how a Thackeray would smile behind his paper in the reading room of one of our clubs, as, with his wonderful insight into the heart, he would study the manners and listen to the conversations of our men of wealth and culture—and the reverse. New types everywhere, yet strangely mingled with the old that one knows so well, that are characteristic of all ages and times. All this has to come.

Squatters, bushrangers, convicts, and gold diggers, are all that the novelist has given us yet, and so many changes have been rung upon them that they have grown conventional, even at this early stage of our literature, which is a great pity. But stay; there is another type. The heroine who rides the bucking horse that no one else dares to mount, and who prefers galloping over fences to riding along the road. She is really done to death. One feels grateful to Henry

Kingsley that he had the good sense not to make Alice Brentwood, the sweetest and best of all Australian heroines, of this class.

A large, large field lies open to the novelist if he will only study the human nature of this country.

He should go to the old world towns. Yes, old world towns, and I am writing about Australia. It will be a revelation to some people to hear that there are such things. Believe me, in New South Wales, the mother of all the colonies, there are many. They belong to the age that has passed away, and now are inhabited by a sleepy little population as somnolent as that of any old cathedral city at home.

They are generally the centre of an agricultural district, and they are the most dismal, dull, unprogressive places imaginable. Where is the bustle, hurry, and scramble of the new world, the haste to get rich that is supposed to possess all the inhabitants of this young country, and does possess each new arrival ere he reaches it? You will not find it here. Once upon a time this town was gay, fashionable, and lively, and many gentlemen lived round it. They are gone now and their houses are in decay or occupied by persons of a very different class. The flourishing times of the town were when a man could have as many convict servants as he chose to apply for, when he could get as much land as he wanted, when it cost him almost nothing to live like a prince. He filled his house with gay company; the officers of the Imperial regiments stationed in Sydney, Parramatta, or Windsor, friends from town, and friends

from the country, and lived in high style. These old world places remember all that, though it is fifty years since. The rush of progress has passed them, and left them behind. The substantial old buildings put up by Governor Lachlan Macquarie, who used so much red brick and mortar that the English government sent a special commissioner out in the year 1820, to ascertain why he was doing it, are still standing. They are used as hospitals, homes for old men, orphan asylums, &c., a class of institution for which these sleepy towns are a suitable habitat. They seem to cry aloud for the genius of a Nathaniel Hawthorne to restore them to their old condition and people them once more with types of past generations as that wondrous imagination did for the old world towns of his native America.

One will notice here with surprise, substantially erected mills standing idle, and often falling into ruin from neglect, and on inquiring how they came so, and why they are all in such a state of dilapidation, will be told that it is owing to the rust. "The rust," says the stranger, puzzled. "Yes, the rust in the wheat, which appeared in the year 1866, and has never allowed any to be grown here since; before that year, a great deal of flour was made in the district, now not a single bushel." It is too true. Maize, oats, and barley, are the only cereals that can be grown in the coastal districts of the east now, rust attacks wheat directly. Nearly all the flour is imported from South Australia. As the neighbourhood of the old world towns is always agricultural, it can easily be imagined that the loss of the

most profitable production gave a finishing blow to the progress of the district, which has remained stagnant ever since. The farmers grow their maize and their oaten hay and sell it, and are comfortably off. The town is sleepy, and if not very prosperous certainly not very poor, simply cozy; what does it want with progress? It does not change from one year's end to another.

Such places are interesting from the fact that they have a shred of history. Not very much, certainly, when we think of the centuries of record in the Old World, but yet there is something that tells us of a different time and quite a different state of affairs to those existing. There has never been a half century of such marvellous change as the last. Consider the England of 1840 and the England of to-day. The age of coaches and the age of railways. No telegraphs, no cablegrams. Steam in its infancy, electricity almost unknown. It was a different world in those days which were the palmiest for some of the old settled towns in Australia. Everything is changed now, and the convict times swept away altogether and become a mere memory. The difference between the old order and the new is emphasised by these stagnant pools lying as it were hard by the rapid stream of Australian progress. They are relics of the past and have had their day. Now they are content to go slowly round in the same circle without making headway.

One day I happened to be lunching, at a certain country house, in company with a gentleman who had lately

come from England to fill a high position in Australia. Various objects of interest in the pretty view to be seen from our host's dining room windows had been pointed out to him, and at last someone mentioned the fact that the patch of the broad beautifully made road which showed out on the side of a distant hill, had been the scene of a sharp conflict between the police and the convicts engaged in the work of forming it. The laconic "Oh," the raised eyebrows and drawn lips with which this remark was greeted, said as plainly as could be, "What imprudence and bad taste to mention the word convict." The great man immediately changed the conversation, and gave someone to understand that he had made a mistake. Someone chuckled. It was so palpable that the great man had been warned that he must above all things avoid that subject and consider it *tabu* in the colonies.

Now a little plain speaking on the convict question, if it were listened to, would do a great deal of good and remove many misunderstandings. The population of Australia in 1841, the year in which transportation ceased, was 130,856 all told. Five years previously it had only been 77,096. This great increase was mainly in free emigrants and settlers. In 1891 the population of the five colonies on the mainland is considerably over four millions. Of course the great bulk, the vast majority of these, are no more descended from convicts than from aboriginals. It was the discovery of gold in 1851 that "precipitated Australia into a nation," and drew the attention of the world towards it, and flooded

it with new settlers. From that year dates the rapid rise of Australia. The convict period is a past and forgotten epoch. Its traces are looked on with curiosity and interest, as relics of a time vastly different from the present. 'Tis fifty years since, and they are years not to be measured by months and days, but by vast changes and wonderful progress, the most wonderful the world has ever known.

Considering all this, it will not appear strange that when an Australian newspaper remarks that the son of one of England's greatest novelists has not been successful as a member of a colonial parliament, the taunt returned by an English journal that the descendants of convicts are not likely to appreciate a decent person, raises only a smile at its very ludicrousness.

I remember at a time when some gross exhibition of larrikinism had taken place, talking with a young gentleman from England who, as he happened to be the private secretary to a Colonial Governor, had probably received the same "coaching-up" as the personage mentioned above. Commenting upon it he said that he supposed it was due to hereditary taint.

"Hereditary taint of what?" I enquired.

"Their convict parentage."

I laughed. "Not one in a hundred are so descended."

"Then where do they come from?"

"From where the people who live in this wilderness of houses come," I answered, pointing to the part of Sydney known as "Alexandria," "certainly not from convicts."

He was unconvinced, but the cities have grown almost entirely since the days of transportation, and they contain fewer of the emancipist descendants than the country, though the whole number if it could possibly be collected would be but a drop in the bucket compared with the total population of the land.

To talk of Australian people as a whole as having any appreciable taint of convict blood is to talk nonsense.

There are families, however, some of them wealthy and influential, whose progenitors are known to have left their country for its good. What of it? All the more credit to the descendants for showing that they can be gentlemen. When one thinks of the trifles for which people were sent out, one sees that in many cases there was little to be ashamed of. It is doubtless not pleasant for the snobbish minded man who wants people to think that he is of high lineage, or of what he calls a "very good family," when he is nothing of the sort, to remember an origin of the kind, but that can't be helped. He should be man enough to look facts in the face, and bid the world take him for what he is and no more. There are some honest and esteemed men in Australia who do this. It is not their fault that their grandfather, perhaps, was seventy years ago a "government man," and they are quite indifferent who knows it. There are others who are extremely sensitive on the point, and it is out of deference to them that people are told not to moot the subject in promiscuous conversation in Australia. It is

great nonsense, for often they have nothing of which they need be ashamed. I know a case where the person from whom descent was traced was certainly a prisoner, though, it was afterwards discovered, quite innocent of any crime. A person who was honoured and esteemed by all who knew that person. Who was quickly set at liberty and who soon acquired a large fortune by clever thrift and management of a grant of land from the Government. Afterwards this person married and left descendants who should honour and esteem the memory of their ancestor, whose character was worthy of all reverence, far more so than multitudes of the proudest and highest who were never called on to bear a fate like that unhappy and unjust one. If there be any ashamed of their descent from this person they are unworthy of the stock from which they have sprung.

By Australians themselves the convicts are not very often mentioned it is true, but neither are the Jacobites or the Lollards, nor any other class of people known to ancient history.

No! One ordinarily hears more of the new than the old world spots of Australia, where the memories of the convict days do linger still. Who does not know of Ballarat and Bendigo, of Mount Morgan, and Broken Hill, perhaps the most wondrous of them all? Marvellous Melbourne, but fifty years old, grown to be bigger than its sister Sydney which is twice its age, is justly entitled to take a place among the cities of the world of first rank and importance. The large and

thriving towns where there are openings for work, and opportunities for the exercise of skill in the professions and the arts, are the places of which most notice is naturally taken. The old world has plenty of sleepy hollows of its own and expects to find the new world wide awake.

No country pays more attention to its public parks and gardens than Australia. You will find beautiful pleasure grounds in every city. The two most superb specimens are the Botanic Gardens at Sydney and Ballarat. Neither could be more lovely in its way. The situation at Sydney is perfect. The gardens lie at the head of a beautiful cove of Port Jackson, between two bluffs, on one of which stands Government House, while the other is noticeable for a cliff known as Mrs. Macquarie's Chair, named after the wife of Governor Macquarie, who left Australia seventy years ago. A great deal of land has been reclaimed from the sea, the wavelets of which now break against a handsome retaining wall of white stone, instead of flowing over a dismal swamp as of old. All this is admirably laid out, and the shrubs and plants and flowers of every colour and fragrance grow luxuriantly. The people at Ballarat, on the other hand, had no cove or river to give picturesqueness, always provided by nature, to the site of their pleasure-ground, so they made a lake for themselves, and a very beautiful lake indeed it is. Some sentimental Alderman once was struck with the idea that it would be nice to have some gondolas on this water, and mooted it in council. A brother

Alderman of prudent mind wanted to know how much it would cost to import them. A sum was named as being about what would be required for a certain number, and thereupon he said that he objected strongly to such an unnecessary expenditure. Why, he asked, did they want so many at first. If they insisted on having Venetian gondolas, surely it would be better to import a male and female and leave the rest to nature, buying so many of the birds full grown would be sheer waste of money. I don't know whether his advice was followed or not. If it were, something must have happened to those gondolas, for when I was there I saw no signs of any chickens nor of the original pair. I dare say the cold climate killed them.

CHAPTER XII.

IT is surprising that the Australian has not more resemblance to the American. There is a decided analogy between the conditions under which a great part of the two nations live, and yet it is only in very slight and trivial points that we notice them to be like each other, and unlike the original British.

Certainly one hears occasionally a dash of American slang, and one reads specimens of American humour, clipped from such papers as the *Detroit Free Press*, and inserted in local journals. The stage, too, is a means of communication between the two countries. Variety shows and minstrel entertainments, hailing from "the States," are common in Australia, and there are in all the larger cities colonies of Americans who have settled here. But the Australian does not "favour" them. He is much more like the effete old Britisher in speech, thought, and inclination.

In one thing, however, he resembles the Yankee. He is very eager to hear the opinion of any new comer on the subject of his country, and he is very sensitive to criticism. John Bull does not care two straws what

anyone thinks about him or his isle, but the Australian like the American is deeply interested in the impression formed in the mind of all visitors to his shores. In the case of any eminent personage his opinions are sure to be published in the public press. He will either impart them to a reporter who "interviews" him, or he will write an article at the request of the editor, which will be read with avidity in all the land. If, however, he is not eminent, but merely a private individual, he will only publish them by word of mouth, to the tribe of new acquaintances to whom he is sure to be introduced. Everybody will catechise him, and he will grow heartily bored at having to answer the same questions over and over again.

"What do you think of Melbourne?"—or, perhaps, Victoria, or Australia, is the query by which the native invariably opens his conversation when he is first presented to "Mr. ——— from England."

Let Mr. ——— from England take my advice, and in the early stages comment only on those things that strike him favourably. It is a mistake to begin by depreciating and finding fault, and it certainly is not the way to make the Australian think highly of you. Do not suppose that because you affect to look down upon his country he will think of you as a superior being. He will probably call you a conceited prig, and having been through all this before, will compare you most unfavourably with the much more discerning and sensible people who have been shrewd enough to gratify his taste for compliments.

If you bring yourself to acknowledge that you are delightedly surprised with all that you find at the Antipodes, which so inexpressibly surpasses all expectations that you had formed, you will find yourself a most popular person in no time.

Young Englishmen and their wives, whom the exigencies of their profession or whatever it may be, oblige to make a residence, whether temporary or permanent, in the colonies, often make this mistake. They have left their original home and are fourteen thousand miles away from their friends and relations, they are placed in a strange land and surrounded by unknown faces, naturally they feel lonely, and, in many instances, homesick. Being very often young and inconsiderate, they have not the sense to keep this to themselves; they make no attempt to overcome their feelings and look at the best side of things, but start at once whining and complaining, and for every trifling occurrence that vexes them they blame the country.

The consequence of this is that they are very often unpopular, and when they leave Australia it is just as well not to rely implicitly on the accounts they give of the place.

They have repulsed the friendly overtures of the people, who have thereupon left them alone to follow their own devices. Imagining that the fact of their coming from England will cause the benighted society of Australia to look up to them as of a superior kind, they are somewhat mortified to find that their arrival causes no sensation at all. They will receive the cour-

tesies of polite society, they will be called upon and asked to dinner, if their position is one that calls for the recognition of society, but they will find society beyond that quite indifferent to them, and quite satisfied with itself. Very likely some "set" will endeavour at first to take them up, but the attempt will be a very short-lived one, if it is met with nothing but disparaging and ill-natured remarks on the colonies and colonials.

Looking at things in a cosmopolitan light, at the present day educated and refined society in all essential characteristics is the same all over the world No man can be more than a gentleman, though he can be much less than one.

The travelled American is represented by London *Punch*, as saying that the most perfect gentlemen and the greatest snobs he had ever met, were both to be found in the ranks of the British aristocracy. Perfect gentlemen and arrant snobs are to be found in Australia to-day, as they are in England.

A young man who may have been a sufficiently well mannered boy in England, will not infrequently put on the garb of a coxcomb and a snob when he sets foot in Australia. He desires to impress the colonials with a sense of his form, his style, his smartness. He talks with an affected accent, he tries to assume *le bel air*. He gives one to understand that "at home" his acquaintance with the aristocracy was extensive and intimate, and is never tired of dragging titled names into his conversation. In fine he transforms himself into a conceited fop. Of a still more objectionable

class is the young fellow who thinks that it does not matter what he does in the colonies. Who there puts off his mask and lets his innate caddishness display itself. If he goes to a ball he will try and turn it into a beargarden ; he will romp through his dances, shout and whoop in the Highland Schottische, make the Lancers a rowdy scramble. At a theatre he draws attention to himself by loud voice and boisterous laughter. It does not signify in the colonies !

I know, however, the strength of the temptation when one is travelling to let oneself go, to throw off the trammels of conventionality, and to be rowdy on land, and altogether careless of the proprieties that one would never dream of offending at home, so perhaps in many cases this behaviour should only be attributed to exuberance of spirits, but it is a form of them that is unpleasant, nevertheless.

The Australian is proud of his country, at the same time that he is proud of his English nationality, and he does not like to have such a slight put upon it.

When the Duke of Edinburgh was here twenty-five years ago, he saw at some ball given in his honour a young lady of great beauty, and he sent his equerry, or aide-de-camp, or whatever the gentleman's correct style and title may have been, to inform her that he wished to dance with her. Somebody seeing his intention, took it upon herself to inform the Prince that the lady's father had been a grocer. "Of such matters, Madam," he answered, "I take no heed in the colonies." People liked H.R.H. all the better for

snubbing the busybody, but the answer was not popular on account of the implied contempt of the colonies.

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that an inferior article that would not do for England will be accepted in Australia. This is a rule that holds good in all things. Take for instance the stage. The Australian is as competent a judge of first-class acting as the Londoner, and he won't go and see it unless it is good. As for scenery and stage management, both are as perfect as they can be. Theatre proprietors have found it advisable to import scenic artists of reputation, to whom they pay large salaries. Such men as Spong, employed by Messrs. Brough and Boucicault; and Gordon, by Messrs. Williamson and Garner, the two leading firms of *entrepreneurs* in Australia, have reached quite the summit of their vocations, and given *carte blanche* as to expense, are capable of producing stage pictures that could be surpassed nowhere.

Mr. George Rignold, who is the sole lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre in Sydney, never allows a piece to appear on his boards without the most perfect equipment. Excellent companies appear under the management of all these gentlemen. The two first mentioned firms have each theatres in Sydney and Melbourne, and they occasionally send companies to the capitals of the other colonies. Mr. B. C. Stephenson remarked to a newspaper reporter a few days ago, that he was greatly surprised at the excellence of the *ensembles* at all the Australian theatres. "I expected to see good principals but I find everyone is good," was his remark.

An English reputation won't do more for a public performer here than draw large audiences at first. The public make up their minds quite independently, and if the verdict is unfavourable they don't go to see him or her any more, whereas they quickly discover any really good thing that is presented to them without the flourish and noise of a previous fame.

In all these things Australia is abreast of and not behind the age. If persons would sing or play in public they must do it well. Do not suppose that the colonials won't know the difference between good or bad performances. The critics too have to be faced. The accounts of the concerts or plays that will appear in the leading newspapers next day will not resemble the reports of a Parish Penny Reading, in which everyone is indiscriminately praised, they will contain careful and able criticism, which upon occasion does not hesitate to censure with severity.

England is regarded at present, as a storehouse whence Australia can always draw supplies, if she requires men for any particular purpose. A time will come no doubt, when we shall breed our own bishops, university professors, and experts in engineering, and scientific pursuits, &c. We "raise" our own ministers and judges already, soon we shall cease to go to England at all. It is a lamentable fact that the hall mark of English training and appointment has been put on so many articles of spurious worth, under the mistaken idea that anything is good enough for the colonies, that confidence has been shaken in the previously accepted

maxim that what comes from the old country must necessarily be better than a local production, and it has already done much towards making Australians more alive to the merits of their own people.

Questions are mooted such as this: "What is the use of our universities, our technical colleges, our training schools, our medical schools, all the complete and costly apparatus for the education and enlightenment of our men and women, if we can't turn out experts as skilled as those on the other side of the world? Let us give our appointments and lucrative posts to our own people."

Of course, if not carried too far, this sentiment is meritorious in the highest degree. Everything else being equal, it is well for the Australian to be sure that he will have the preference. It stimulates him to his best effort, it makes the country more able to be reliant on herself, by the consequent improvement in her own sons and daughters.

"Australia for the Australians," is a cry very often heard. It is a healthy, good, and laudable watchword, because Australia is always ready to hold out the hand of friendship to honourable men, ready to work as her own sons work, and welcomes them gladly to the ever increasing ranks of the Australians.

Useful Hints to those intending to Settle in Australia.

1. It is foolish to suppose that your ship will be met by a crowd of general managers of banks and senior partners in large commercial houses, who will fight savagely among themselves on the quay for the privilege of securing your services as a clerk at a trifling salary of three or four hundred a year.

2. If you are a woman don't, pray don't, delude yourself into thinking that the instant you arrive numerous wealthy but anxious mothers of families will wait upon you imploring you to accept a hundred guineas per annum and the position of governess to their children.

3. You may not think so now, but let me assure you that it is better to have introductions of some sort. If you already know anyone in Australia it is well to take his advice as to the prospects in your particular line of business before you start.

4. If you have no particular line of business, nor friends, nor influence, nor introductions, nor capital sufficient to keep you going, you are walking "gently and comfortably" out of the frying-pan into the fire by leaving England for Australia.

5. My advice under such circumstances, to people intending to settle in Australia, is similar to that of Mr. Punch to those about to marry. Don't.

6. As you will in all probability desire to shoot no one, except perhaps yourself, and it is always best to be without the means to do ill deeds, there is no necessity for you to procure a revolver. There are many other articles which will realise much more at the pawnshops.

7. If you imagine that you will see some accommodating kangaroo and emu roaming at large in the bush near the pier at Melbourne you will be disappointed. You might as well expect to meet a tiger in the streets of Calcutta.

8. You will probably have gathered from the fact that they are called cities, that Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, &c., are substantially built, let this conviction go further and remove the notion lurking in your mind that the bark hut is the commonest form of architecture at the Antipodes. It is not. (*vide Hint 19 infra*).

9. You will require the same articles of attire in Australia as in England.

10. Let me whisper it softly. You will be far more popular if you leave the fact of your being English to take care of itself, and do not put on what the Americans call "frill." Do not try to impress "the Colonials" or they may succeed in snubbing you.

11. Be natural and you will find them kind.

12. Rubbing vinegar on mosquito bites relieves the pain.

13. Do not believe anyone who tells you that hot water and salt is a good thing to apply to your legs when galled by the saddle. This is a regular "chestnut" in the way of tricks, and only an idiot would be caught by it. Leave your skin alone, it will soon be well and never gall again. (This hint is specially addressed to the intending "jackeroo.")

14. If you have come to Australia to make a new home for yourself, don't be everlastingly looking out for points on which to make unfavourable comparisons between it and England. Resolve to look at things in the best light. By cultivating this habit you will come to like the country and the country to like you.

15. If you are a "bad lot," and the dear old folks at home want to get rid of you by packing you off here, add to your iniquities by refusing to come. Australia doesn't want you.

16. Do not expect to find everything different; rather expect to find everything the same. You will be less disappointed and better prepared. If it be your fate—which it probably won't—to settle in the bush or at some back country township, it will no doubt be a great change from anything to which you have been accustomed, but in the cities and surrounding parts the conditions of life will be found very similar to those in England.

17. Remember that the different parts of Australia are in as great contrast to one another as the Highlands of Scotland to the City of London.

18. Do not go to the ordinary novel for your ideas on the subject of Australia. Even "David Copperfield" is misleading. Now-a-days Mr. Micawber would be more likely to get into the Insolvency Court than the Commission of Peace.

19. A word of serious advice. You will find the cost of living greater in Australia than in England, and the amounts asked for house rent will make you open your eyes. New South Wales is the least expensive colony to live in. I will not venture to say which is the dearest or I might provoke a storm of hostile criticism.

20. There are compensations however, for by those who have something to do, and can do it well, there is plenty of money to be earned readily.

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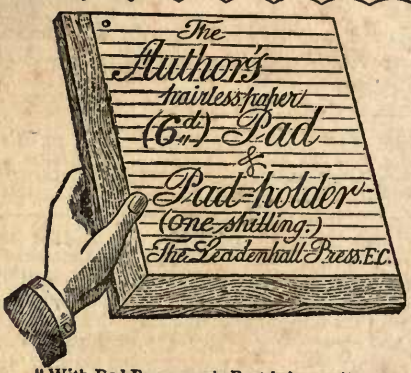

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