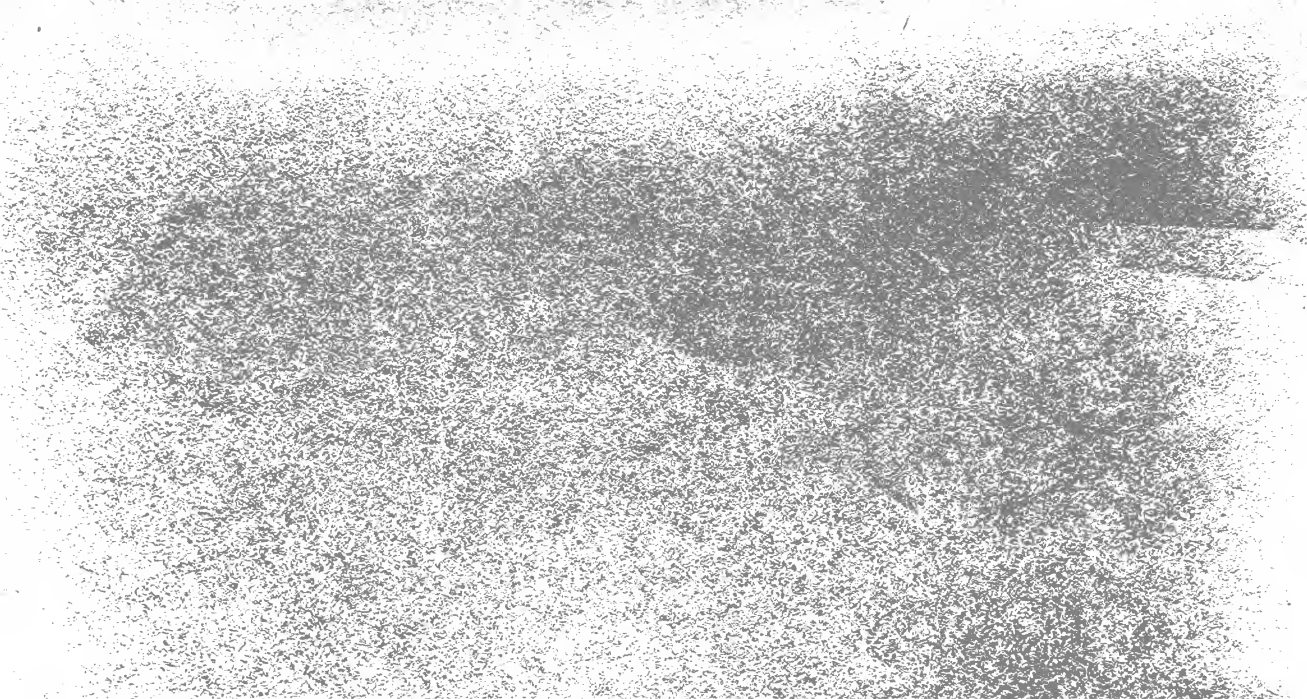
PORTRAIT OF A PIONEER



PORTRAIT OF A PIONEER

by

EDWARD HUNT.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

A preface can be tedious, but, in this case of a quick portrait of a pioneer, may be of mutual benefit to both the writer and the reader. The phrase quick portrait is used because this story makes no claim to give the life of Horace Dean in full detail. Indeed, the good Doctor is too great a man for my poor pen adequately to portray. I have only been able to take certain episodes of his early life in America, England and Australia, and use them as a lead-in to the mighty work he did on the Manning, which is the chief theme of this book.

When I first heard of Dr. Dean, three things impressed me especially. His brave and colorful character; his magnificent work for the Manning; and the tragedy of his repudiation by a narrow-minded minority. Basing my story on these, I have attempted an outline of the life of one of Australia's most gifted pioneers, each major episode being founded on fact, but colored, where necessary, by a poet's imagination, for I realise that I am more of a poet than a novelist, as some of my advisers have so kindly pointed out. There are, therefore, a number of gaps in my narrative, while a number of imaginary characters mingle with the many who actually walked this earth in the shadow of the Colossus of the Manning. Certain unrecorded facts, indeed, have only reached me since the text went to press.

Dr. Dean's adventurous life was even more exciting than I realised. He fought a duel, and changed his name, events which would have made my early chapters more stimulating had I known them sooner. In South Africa he bravely met the same official setbacks which later clouded his closing years on the Manning. However, to have dealt with these earlier misfortunes would have spoilt the balance of the book as I planned it.

Again, certain lighter sides of the good Doctor's life escaped me. I am indebted, for instance, to a correspondent who informs me that as an Editor Horace Dean was human enough to make an occasional slip. As, when a meeting was held on a night so stormy that the Doctor was unable to attend. He knew the speakers and what they intended to say, so faithfully reported the meeting in the next issue of his newspaper. Unfortunately, the night was so wet that the meeting was cancelled. So the thoughtful Doctor reported a meeting that had never taken place! In forgiving such a human error, I hope that my readers will extend similar charity to my own shortcomings as a novelist.

In all humility, then, I offer this portrait of a pioneer as a tribute to a great and noble character, and to all the men and women who labored with him to make the Manning so famous a portion of Australia's vast majestic countryside.

Some say that life discounts the past,
But in the Manning Vale is cast
The gold of olden times;
In hill and stream old memories meet,
And all the sound of bygone feet
Makes music for my rhymes.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Mr. George Clinch for much valuable information and kind advice, and Mr. J. J. Fitzpatrick and the staff of "The Wingham Chronicle" for their goodness and skill in publishing this story, first as a serial, and then in book form. Without such unfailing courtesy and help, "Portrait Of A Pioneer" would never have appeared. May it bring as much pleasure to the reader as it did to the writer.

—EDWARD HUNT, Kilcoy, Queensland.

DEDICATION.

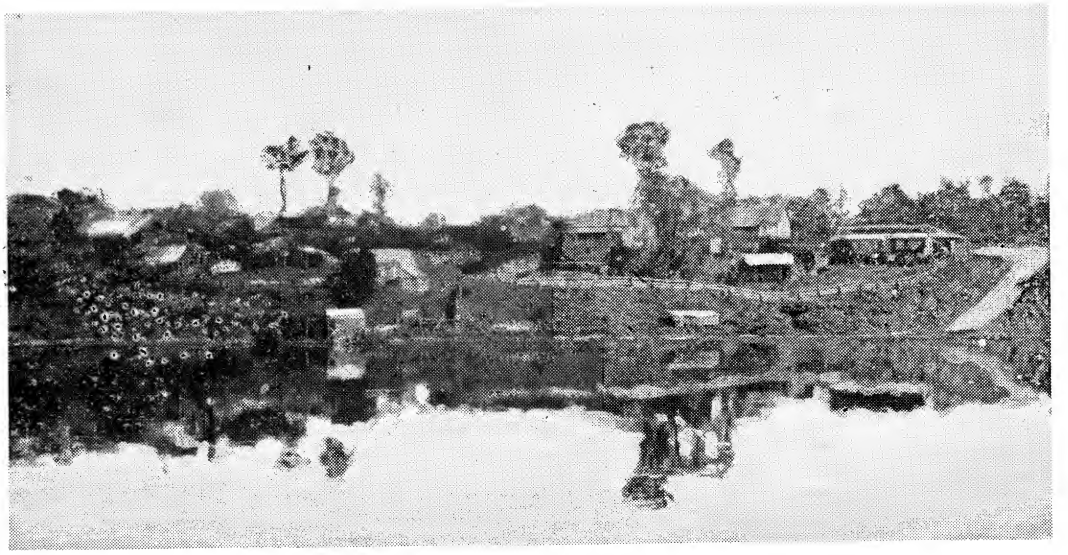
TO

GEORGE CLINCH, Petersham, N.S.W., Historian and Man-of-letters, whose wise guidance inspired all that is worth-while in this chronicle of the early Manning.

Wholly set up and printed by "The Chronicle," Wingham, New South Wales.

CONTENTS

An old photo of Dr. Horace Dean and Mrs. Dean.



A view of Tinonee in the days of Dr. Dean. The Dean home is pictured on the extreme left, and the building on the extreme right is the "Manning River News" office—not the original one, which was nearer the river and was inundated in the 1836 flood. The photo was kindly loaned by Miss T. Ellis.

THE YEAR OF WATERLOO.

A June evening in London in the year of crisis 1815. The great city was agog with rumors, for the shadow of Napoleon was again casting its gloom across the civilised world. Even the benign twilight of the Thames seemed darkened by the threat of the little man from Corsica, who was again bidding for the mastery of the world.

Groups of anxious men were gathered in the quiet streets, listening to rumors, believing, denying, confirming, but ever spreading them.

"Wellington has been defeated!"
"Ney has won a great battle at Quatre Bras!"
"Blucher is in retreat!."
"Wellington is standing firm at Waterloo!"
"Napoleon's Old Guard is invincible!"

So the rumors went the rounds, and no man knew what to believe except that England was in dire peril.

Before one great house a large crowd was gathered. Here dwelt merchant Dean, a rich young gentleman, with business interests in France and America. If any man in London knew the truth of what was happening, it was merchant Dean, for couriers from his overseas business houses were constantly arriving at his home with confidential reports. As the tide of battle rose and fell, so rose, or fell, the price of stocks and shares.

"Let's call for Mr. Dean!" cried a little Cockney groom.

"He's a friendly man, and will tell us what's happening."

"Wellington's being beaten. That's what's happening," replied a burly storekeeper, whose size belied his chicken heart.

"You big lump of cheese!" yelled a coachman. "Say that again, and I'll give you a Waterloo! Pro-French, that's what you are!"

"Really, gentlemen," expostulated a dandy in the crowd. "Keep your tempers, I beg. One wouldn't hear such talk on the playing fields of Eton!"

"Ho, a fine-feathered friend!" cried the storekeeper, only too pleased to divert the angry gaze of the coachman from himself.

"Sir Frederick Finery himself, I expect. Wearing the Old School cravat and whatnot. Let's strip him of his feathers and take his purse of gold. If Boney comes this way he'll take everything, so come on, lads, let's get in first!"

The elegant fop was no coward, and raised his cane.

"The first who attacks me will receive merited chastisement," he warned. "And I bid you beware, because I have friends at Court."

An ugly scene might have developed, for cut-throats and pickpockets were among the crowd.

Indeed, a shabbily dressed individual whose evil face was not improved by a black patch worn over one eye, was already stealthily approaching the dandy from the rear, apparently meaning to do him mischief, when the door of the great house opened, and the figure of a man appeared, holding a letter in his hand.

It was merchant Dean himself. A young and handsome gentleman, immaculately dressed. Obviously a man of wealth and importance, and used to command and obedience.

"Why all this noise, gentlemen?" he asked, in a clear and pleasing voice. "My wife is in delicate health, and her doctor has ordered her rest and quietness. If I can do anything for you, I'm at your service. Otherwise I must ask you, please, to pursue your activities in some other place."

"We want some news, Sir," cried the little Cockney groom, "and we think you're the man as can give it us."

"News I certainly have, my good friend," smiled Dean. "Although it is of a personal, and private, nature, I don't mind sharing it with you."

"There you are, mates!" cried the little man. "Didn't I tell you? Always the kind gentleman is Mr. Dean. What is the news, guvnor?"

"That, taking the doctor's advice, my wife is shortly to sail with me to a warmer climate. We are going to live on my estate, near New Orleans, in America. We sail on the first boat available. Now, good-night to you all!"

The young merchant waved his hand in salutation and friendly dismissal, and then, turning, would have gone in, but a dainty figure in white suddenly appeared by his side. A charming lady, of not more than twenty, whose youth, and radiant beauty, brought a gasp of admiration from the crowd.

"That's Mrs. Dean, that is!" cried the know-all groom. "Isn't she a peach. My greetings, Ma'am. You're a sight for sore eyes!" And, doffing his greasy, dilapidated cap, he bowed low.

"Ruth, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Dean. "What are you doing here? You should be resting."

"Oh, what a nice crowd! I do love people!" replied Mrs. Dean, ignoring her husband's implied rebuke. "I wouldn't miss meeting people for anything."

"Of course you wouldn't!" called out the burly storekeeper. "Meet the people like a lady, and then grind their faces! We know the likes of you."

"I'll grind your face, here and now, you sand and sugar mixer!" exclaimed the coachman, "if you don't pipe down. Fancy insulting the gentleman's wife, after all the news he's given us."

"News, my eye and Betty Martin!" retorted the big storekeeper, taking good care, however, to keep well away from the range of the coachman's whip.

"We want news of Waterloo, not of New Orleans."

"Well, that news you shall have, good friend," cried Mrs. Dean. And, snatching the paper from her husband's hand, she read, in a voice as sweet and vibrant as a bell:

"The Duke of Wellington has won a total victory at Waterloo, and the French are in full retreat!"

Then she added: "That means, my friends, that England is saved! Once again we are victorious, and you can all go home and sleep in peace."

However, the cheers that greeted the announcement dispelled all thoughts of sleep, and the excited antics of the happy crowd disturbed the peace of the whole neighborhood.

The coachman embraced the storekeeper, the pickpocket shook hands with the dandy.

The younger men danced with any girls they could find—strapping London wenches who cried out in mock terror as arms encircled their waists, but who enjoyed the fun, nevertheless.

As for the cheeky little Cockney groom, he dashed forward and planted a resounding kiss on the lovely red lips of Ruth Dean.

"That's my celebration of Waterloo, ma'am!" he cried. "Even the Dook of Wellington ain't a happier man than me!"

"Come, my dear," said Dean, taking it all in good part. "Let us go in, and leave these good people to their own rejoicing."

"Certainly, my love," agreed his wife, "but this evening of victory is such a happy time that I think it calls for a celebration on our part, too. Kiss me, Sir, for we haven't many more evenings in dear old England."

So Dean embraced his wife before them all, and set up such a wave of enthusiasm amongst the crowd that the men kissed the lasses and the storekeeper kissed the coachman.

"Lor," exclaimed the coachman, wiping away the kiss with the back of his hand. "What a price to pay for victory!"

And the crowd shouted, the news spread, and the bells rang, and England breathed the precious air of freedom again.

But Ruth Dean, going into the great house on the arm of her adoring husband, was wrapt in mystic thoughts of the future. She had a vision of a new life overseas; of a greater England on far other shores.

She clutched at her husband's arm, as they stood before a noble painting of a judge, hanging on the wall at the foot of the great stairway.

"Look," she whispered, pointing to the picture.
"Portrait of an ancestor," smiled her husband.
"No, my dearest," replied Ruth proudly, "I see the portrait of a pioneer!"

* * * *

The cheers of London echoed across Europe. They even seemed to reach the ears of the smitten Napoleon, seeking safety in flight. But to him they were cries of bitterness, for his last dream of power had faded like a falling leaf. The little Corsican was to pass into oblivion.

The cheers of England were to reach America. Here the reception was varied. Some rejoiced; others, remembering the sack of Washington, were inclined to begrudge the victory of Waterloo. But in the great heart of the warm South, French though the early settlement had been, the triumph of Wellington was hailed as another victory for liberty and justice.

The cheers of the Mother-land reached Port Jackson eventually. There, in remote New South Wales, Governor Macquarie proclaimed a day of thanksgiving in his squalid, struggling town of Sydney. He was loyal to the high ideals of the Mother Country, but had a distaste for the unhappy convicts she sent him.

He, too, had a vision and a prayer. "God send that England sends me men to settle this land," he mused. "A handful of men to conquer a continent."

An aide came into the Government House. He was carrying a picture. "Some convicts have a strange talent, Sir," he said, displaying the painting. "A striking portrait of Your Excellency, painted by Spike Marling, one of the chain gang. A gift, he says, to commemorate Waterloo."

"Put it over there, Smitherson," said the Governor, wearily, "and thank Marling for his courtesy. As a reward, have him removed from the chain gang. Not a bad effort for a convict, I suppose, but I wish it were the portrait of a pioneer!"

THREE SHIPS.

It was a tranquil evening in New Orleans in 1815. The warm mellow light of the Southern skies lit up the stately town and the broad waters of her busy harbor. The last rays of the setting sun fell on the sails and hulls of the shipping, and seemed to shed a special radiance on the reefed canvas of a ship inclining into port after a long voyage. It was the good ship "Royal Queen," safely entering haven after a pleasant voyage from England.

"Look, Ruth, my dear, New Orleans at last!"

"I'm looking, my love. New Orleans, and a new life in a new land. I see a portrait of great things to be."

So the Deans came to their new country, to found a dynasty of endeavor and achievement, the dynasty of a pioneer.

* * *

The last light of stormy day in 1815 was falling on a rocky island in the turbulent South Atlantic.

H.M. frigate, "Nemesis," escorted by several other ships of war, was making heavy weather of harboring in that barren coast.

"Look, Your Majesty," said an aide "St. Helena at last."

"I see it," replied Napoleon. "This is where I come to die."

But in his thoughts he saw again the frenzied rout of Waterloo. His efforts to escape to America. His surrender to the hated English. The lonely deck of the "Bellerophon," on which all his dreams of Empire came to a sorry end.

So Napoleon Bonaparte came to his isle of exile, and the busy world was free again to pursue the peaceful paths of commerce and noble living. The little Corsican was an abject figure, the portrait of defeat.

The bright light of a typical Australian Spring morning was lighting up Sydney Town late in 1815. The clear sunshine was sparkling on the waters of the great harbor. The untamed bush, reaching to the harbor's edge, was gay in the early radiance. Even the poor dwellings of the sprawling settlement were rich with the golden light of the Australian skies.

The sound of a cannon was suddenly heard. It echoed across the harbor and reached Government House itself.

"What is that?" asked Governor Macquarie.

"It is the signal gun, Your Excellency," replied Lieutenant Smitherson, "announcing the arrival of a ship from England."

"Another cargo of convicts for us to handle, then," sighed Macquarie wearily.

"Not this time, Sir," replied the aide. "It's the brig 'Pioneer,' carrying our first consignment of free settlers."

The Governor's drawn face lit up. "At last! Now we can really begin to develop this mighty land. Send for that man Manning, Marling, or whatever his name is—that convict painter—and ask him to do me another picture—the portrait of 'The Pioneer!' "

ANOTHER WAR.

Merchant Dean had prospered in New Orleans. He and his wife were true pioneers. They loved their new country and its people, from those of French descent to the many negroes who worked on their vast sugar plantation. At times their thoughts turned longingly to England, but they possessed the great virtue of the true pioneer—the ability to settle down and be at home in new surroundings.

Their great house, "Newplace," was now even finer than their London home, and they were proud of it and the thriving plantation so efficiently run.

It was the year 1836, and their son, Horace Dean, born soon after their arrival, was now a tall and handsome young man of twenty-one. Standing well over six feet, and broad in proportion, he was one of the most popular young men in the vicinity of New Orleans. Pleasant in manner, kindly by nature, and courageous in spirit, ever ready for adventure, he fulfilled, indeed, his mother's idea of a portrait of a pioneer.

Fully restored to health, in that warm and sunny climate, Ruth Dean, for many years, had been the inspiring force behind her husband's successful business life in America.

But though she loved him, her chief joy in life was in her elder son. Whenever she saw his graceful figure her lovely face lit up.

"Wherever we may fail, Mr. Dean," she used to say, "Horace will succeed."

And her husband would squeeze her arm affectionately, and wisely agree, although, with his wealthy plantation, and happy company of negro workers, he was not conscious of any failure.

However, his dear Ruth had ever been a dreamer, and, at times, seemed to dwell in a mystic world, beyond the knowledge of a successful man of business.

Dean, too, had high hopes for his son. Horace had a sound grasp of business principles, but so far had shown little interest in the material side of the estate.

He certainly inherited his father's astuteness in things of commerce, but it seemed to take second place to the visionary outlook, which came to him from his mother.

Like his parents, he loved America, but, though born there, he never approved of being termed a Yankee.

"I'm a citizen of the world," he said. "People are my concern. People and their progress. Wherever men need a helping hand, wherever a country needs developing, there is my empire."

Strange, prophetic words for one so young. But a vision amply fulfilled, by one blessed with so many talents, as his story will serve to show.

Horace had many ideas, far in advance of his time. The rolling Mississippi fascinated him, and he saw the day when swiftly propelled vessels would navigate its waters. New and modern factories were ever in his thoughts, yet the glories of Nature always stirred him. Progress and development, yes; and use of every means of science. But not at the cost of Nature. Rather, to preserve and increase her loveliness.

Regarding people, the negroes were his special care. He abhorred the word "niggers," and hated the term slaves.

"Servants, if you like," he said, "because we are all servants—servants of one another and servants on earth of God."

But "friends" was his best name for them, and a few stiff-necked aristocrats, who preferred good breeding to kindness, looked askance at a rich man who called himself a friend of slaves.

Medicine had always appealed to him, and by attending hospitals, helping doctors, and reading widely, he had attained a medical knowledge (aided by his natural sympathy and skill) far ahead of his time.

Recognised as a qualified medical student, he was able to use his gifts of healing and grasp of medical science for the benefit of the slaves. He was untiring in his efforts to safeguard their health.

When the official doctors passed them by with a curt "Blacks need no medicine," Horace would go to them, and, like the Good Samaritan of old, bind up their wounds and give them every care.

There was the case of Uncle Timothy, for instance. Uncle Tim was a dear old darkie, who had grown old in faithful service to his master, on a neighboring estate. In his old age he had become frail and feeble, dwelling in a lonely cabin by the riverside.

However, rumor said he had the plague, so that white and black alike avoided him.

Poor Uncle Tim was dying of neglect and starvation when Horace heard of him. Straight-way he went to him, and by tender ministration restored him to health.

Had Uncle Tim's cabin been made the theme of a novel, instead of Uncle Tom's, the latter unhappy Civil War might never have come about.

However, Horace received scant official thanks for his Christian kindness. Indeed, the overseer threatened to report him. "You may be a medical student," he said, "but you're not a certified doctor, and, at your age, have no right to practise medicine. Anyway, darkies deserve no

treatment. If they're sick(let them die. They're only slaves, and black niggers at that!"

"I only say that the Almighty is color-blind!" retorted young Dean. "Remember Him Who said: 'If you minister to these, you minister to me'."

"It's dangerous," insisted the overseer, shifting his ground. "Since Uncle Tim has the plague, you'll end up by catching it yourself!"

"Uncle Tim is my friend," replied the undaunted Horace. "Better to die with him than live without him."

"But it's wrong to make too much of these black slaves," argued the overseer, once more bringing in a new angle. "If you pamper and encourage them, you'll end up by seeing a black rule in the South. Remember, this is a white man's country, young man."

"And remember that some whites are yellow!" responded Horace with heat.

His shaft went home, and the overseer said no more in the presence of young Dean; but, behind his back, he had plenty of malicious stories to tell.

His vindictiveness, which was to play a large part in shaping Dean's career, was due to the incident to which Horace referred when he said, "Some whites are yellow!" Lies are bitter things, but the truth is oftn more unpalatable.

The overseer had an only son, a child five years of age, who caused his father no little concern by playing on the banks of the river. The boy had no fear of the water, whereas his father was terrified of the Mississippi.

There came a day when the child fell into the stream, and, carried away by the swift current, was in danger of drowning.

The overseer was at hand, but made no move to save his son. Instead, he stood on the bank, too paralysed to move. Certainly, the father's cries for help were loud enough, but effective action was beyond him.

Horace Dean was passing near by, and, hearing the cries, hastened to the spot. Seeing the poor boy struggling for life, he dived headlong into the river, and with a few powerful strokes, for he was an excellent swimmer, reached the child and brought him safely to the shore, more dead than alive. However, a swift rendering of first-aid soon restored the lad to life.

Opening his eyes, the boy said: "Thank you, Daddy, for saving me!"

"O.K." said Horace. "The credit's yours! Only, next time, you'd better do more than yell! A yellow streak isn't much use beside a silver stream!" For, even in a crisis, young Dean was eloquent in his use of words.

"Thank you," replied the overseer curtly and ungraciously. "And cut the cackling. When I need your advice I'll ask for it."

"Always ready to oblige," smiled Horace, and walked nonchalantly away, wet as he was, to leave the father free to edit his own story of "Father's heroic rescue of his son."

No wonder, then, that the shaft went home concerning the yellow in some whites.

So easy it is to make enemies, even by acts of courage and deeds of mercy. The overseer took the rescue of his son, and the nursing back to health of Uncle Timothy, as a personal insult, and bided his chance to get even with this young upstart; taking care, in the meantime, to undermine the character of young Dean with malicious gossip to the paltry few who always prefer evil lies to truth.

Yet, under the guidance of a wise Providence, enemies often do us eventual service. Truth is hammered into shape on the anvil of falsehood, and every worthy pioneer has to be subjected to the smirch of jealous minds, and bitter tongues, before his portrait can be truly made.

Returning from Uncle Tim's cabin, Horace met his father in the lovely garden of "Newplace."

"Ah, Horrie lad, I was looking for you. I think a little talk advisable. It's time you made up your mind what you're going to do. Now there's news of a war breaking out with Mexico. Some trouble over Texas. General Santa Anna will have to be put in his place, I'm afraid. Now, as much as I dislike war, it's good for trade, and I'll need your help in organising supplies for the Texans. So what about taking charge of 'Newplace' for me while I visit the big cities and buy up some supplies?"

"Too late, Father," answered Horace calmly, although the idea had only just occurred to him. "I'm off to the war myself!"

Off to the war?" stammered Dean, senior. "But I thought you didn't like fighting?"

"I don't approve of wars, Father," agreed the son. "But I love adventure, and, anyway, I'm not going to the war as a soldier, but as a medical orderly. See you at dinner, Sir. Excuse me now; I'm going in to pack!"

For to Horace Dean, to think was to act, an essential ingredient in any portrait of a pioneer.

TURMOIL IN TEXAS.

The war in Texas was more of a guerilla campaign than an ordered conflict.

However, the sudden sallies and sporadic raids, made by both sides in the defiles of the Rio Grande, provided adventures enough for Horace Dean, and wounds enough, among the dashing combatants, for him to exercise his skill as medical orderly.

Equipment was scanty, and, often, he had to amputate smashed limbs by candle-light, and with little more than a rough knife. Strong drink was the only palliative, and how Horace longed for some form of anaesthetic, of whose first experimental use he had read. However, what he lacked in equipment, he more than atoned for by his natural skill and sympathy.

Nor did young Dean restrict his ministering to the Texans. Any wounded Mexican also received the benefits of his kindly skill. Indeed, his devotion to the wounded of both sides earned him the deserved name of the Restorer of the Rio Grande.

"Uniforms don't count in the sight of God," he said. "My aim is to restore health to all the halt and maimed, for all are the children of God."

So, early in life, Horace Dean played the role of the peacemaker. Bitterness and prejudice had no part in the make-up of this medical pioneer, a true fore-runner of all that the Red Cross was to stand for later.

What he used for sleep, no man ever knew. Often, after a hard day in the field, he would study Shakespeare, or Burke, in his tent, by candle-light.

"What are you up to now, Restorer?" once asked an officer, on his rounds at midnight.

"Restoring my mind, Sir!" cheerfully replied the young giant. And giant he was. In stature, in intellect and in kindliness.

However, Horace Dean's career on the field of battle came to a sudden and exciting end.

Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the astute, but unprincipled President of Mexico, who had seized power in 1833, led his armies in person against the Texans. He preferred adventurous raids to planned campaigning, and, often, appeared suddenly in the defiles of the Rio Grande, leading his men in a lightning sally.

Lean and tall, and darkly handsome, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform, riding a white horse, he was almost a legendary figure. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and encouraged the Mexicans to regard him as an immortal leader.

Certainly, shot and shell seemed to pass him by, and the Flying Eagle, as some termed Santa Anna, caused no little concern to the Texans.

So, one late afternoon, when Dean was reading in his tent, the sudden cry, "Santa Anna is attacking!" brought the young student to his feet, and the Texan soldiers to arms. A hundred or so Mexican horsemen were thundering to the attack, led by their dashing General. Since the Texan outpost contained less than sixty men, and boasted only one obsolete cannon, the position was desperate.

"A reward, and a promotion, for anyone who captures Santa Anna, alive or dead!" cried the Texas Captain. "Load and present, but hold your fire till I give the word!"

Nearer and nearer came the galloping horsemen, until the leaders were only a hundred yards away. "Fire!" yelled the Captain of the Texans, and, from the rocks that sheltered them, the men of Texas fired a murderous volley.

Many Mexicans crashed to the ground, and the column wavered. As the smoke cleared, however, Santa Anna, as fortunate as ever, was seen to be unharmed, and, superbly controlling his rearing horse, was rallying his men, a sword flashing in his hand.

Again and again, the Texans poured shot and shell upon the advancing enemy, but their leader seemed immune to bullets. However, the plunging horses held up the progress of the raiders, and a sudden cheer went up from the handful of Texans as Santa Anna was at last seen to bite the dust. Even then, however, it was no bullet that had laid him low. His stately white horse had stumbled, and thrown him headlong to the ground, with such fearful force that he lay stunned and unconscious.

Seeing their immortal leader fall, the Mexicans panicked, and, turning, the survivors of the horsemen sought safety in flight, leaving their President lying on the field of battle, amid the wounded, the dying, and the dead.

"Now's our chance, lads!" cried the Texas Captain. "Capture Santa Anna, and the war's over!"

A dozen men rushed from cover to obey his order, but a hail of bullets from the Mexicans on the other side of the gorge quickly drove them back. Then the Mexicans, in their turn, essayed a raid, to rescue their fallen leader. But, a fusillade of shot from the Americans forced them to retire, frustrated.

"Let him lie there, then, or put a bullet into him!" shouted the excited Captain of the Texans.

"No, hold your fire, boys!" remonstrated young Horace. "Even a foe deserves humane treatment. Cover me, if necessary, for I'm going to give him first aid."

"Don't be mad, you young idiot!" yelled his Captain. "You'll be killed if you go out there!"

But the brave medical orderly was already dashing to the assistance of the wounded President. Service at all costs was ever the slogan of Horace Dean. Foolhardy, no doubt, on the field of battle, but a fine feature in the devoted life of a pioneer.

In the Rio Grande, or, later, on the Australian Manning, this giant of a man never failed to minister to the needs of his fellow-men, regardless of personal discomfort, or danger. This lovable trait has endeared him to all, who see in him the perfect portrait of a pioneer.

Although the young doctor carried, and waved, as a flag of truce, a roll of white bandages to signify his was an errand of mercy, the excited Mexicans failed to realise this, and opened a deadly fire before he had run many yards. The Texans replied with equal vigor, so that Horace was running literally under a canopy of shot and shell. Crouching low, he offered as small a target as possible to the enemy, and had almost reached the wounded General when a bullet struck him in the shoulder. Knocked to the ground, the smitten Horace writhed for a moment in agony, and then crawled on painfully to the side of Santa Anna. Using his teeth and one sound arm, he somehow managed to bind up the head of his enemy, for no bullet had struck him. In falling from his horse he had hit his head on a rock, and been badly cut and stunned.

The Texans held their breath in admiration, and their fire in their hero's honor.

"Surely a life-restorer!" they called to one another, and then sent a proud cheer ringing through the Rio Grande.

Taking advantage of this unexpected lull, and aided by the gathering darkness, the Mexicans made a sudden sortie, and before the Americans realised what was happening, a band of the enemy succeeded in reaching their unconscious leader, and bore him, in triumph, safely back to their own lines.

Dean was unaware of all this, however, for, having bound up Santa Anna's wounds, he had fallen senseless beside the body of his foe.

Seizing Horace, also, the Mexicans carried him away captive, to the accompaniment of a volley from the Texans; a vain volley that came too late.

THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

Horace didn't enjoy being a prisoner. His bold spirit ever irked at any form of human, or spiritual, bondage. The Mexicans treated him courteously enough, certainly. In fact, had he given his parole not to escape, he might have become Santa Anna's official physician. However, as Dean truly pointed out, he was a non-combatant, who should not have been fired upon, and whose capture was contrary to the rules of war.

The Mexican dictator, however, ignored all laws but those of his own making, and threatened that Dean would be shot if he attempted to escape.

The young man said nothing in reply to this illegal threat, but bided his time.

Despite his wounded shoulder, he ministered to the wounds of Santa Anna and his men, but otherwise kept aloof, pining for freedom, often in pain, but sustained by the lofty thoughts of his noble mind.

He had a pocket Bible, and a pocket Shakespeare, too, and, so, his mind soared beyond the narrow confines of the rocky gorge in the Rio Grande. He was like the young Thoreau, who, at this very time, was learning the consolation of meditating on nature, in Massachusetts. He was like the men in the virgin bush of a remote land, who were already pioneering a great continent, alone and unaided, and longing for allies in their mighty task.

A far cry from the Rio Grande to the Hunter, and the Manning, but, under the providence of God, the young prisoner was being prepared, by all his adventures, to become the epic pioneer that Australia needed.

Horace might have borne his captivity more easily had Santa Anna been a better person.

The Mexican President had many gifts and good qualities, but humility and kindness were not among them. He was proud and ruthless, harsh and overbearing. An adventurer seeking power. A tyrant in the making. The very antithesis of all that made a portrait of noble life as Dean saw it.

He had heard too much, from his father, of the Corsican Eagle, and the miseries he had unleashed before Waterloo, to take kindly to the overbearing ways of this embryo eagle of Mexico.

So a daring plan evolved in his mind, and, within a few weeks, he had the chance and the courage to carry it out successfully.

His shoulder had slowly but surely healed, but he gave out that it was still painful, so that his captors grew lax in their watch upon him.

So it happened that one afternoon, a month or so after the young doctor's capture, the column was ordered on a raid. Santa Anna had intended to lead the sortie in person, but at the last moment, his head still being painful, he decided to remain in the gorge.

Horace was apparently still stiff and sore from his wound, and lay motionless against a rock, taking little notice of the preparations for the raid.

Santa Anna gave him a quick glance, and then ordered two men only to remain to guard the captive. The party departed, and the President settled down to a welcome siesta.

The afternoon was hot, and the guards also soon fell asleep, for Horace was obviously too sick and comatose to need any careful watching.

This was the Heaven-sent chance he had prayed but hardly dared to hope for. His able mind had long rehearsed each detail of his plan, so that every move was swiftly and surely carried out.

Making sure that Santa Anna was sound asleep, Dean crept silently upon his guards and possessed himself of their weapons. So light was his professional touch that he didn't disturb them. Near at hand was a wooden hut where food was stored.

A master in the art of surprise, he then roused the defenceless men from sleep, stuck a pistol before their startled gaze, and motioned them to enter the hut, Horace following closely behind, brandishing his pistol.

Quickly and noiselessly he shut the door and firmly secured the outside bar, locking them away in safety. In the darkness of the windowless building they stumbled over cases, but were still too startled to give any alarm. Apparently they thought the whole thing was a dream.

Running swiftly to Santa Anna, Horace skilfully seized his pistol, and then roused him, crying, "Mr. President, you are my prisoner! Come quietly—or else!"

The Mexican leader was a brave man and a good strategist when in charge of affairs, but in such an emergency as this his wits failed him. Used to men reduced almost to serfs and robbed of all initiative, he looked round in vain for help. Finding none, and awed by the young giant confronting him, he made no resistance.

His only thought was to play for time, and by now the two men shut in the shed had started to shout, and beat on the fastened door.

"This way, men!" he called. "To my rescue!"

"No hope of that, I'm afraid," replied his captor coolly.

"They're safely imprisoned, and have no weapons. So come on, Sir, quick march!"

"You can't arrest me!" flustered Santa Anna "You're a non-combatant. It's against the rules of war. I shall protest to President Polk."

"By all means," agreed Dean. "Come with me and I'll forward your protest personally." And thrusting the General's own pistol into his back, he soon persuaded him to walk.

As they went, Horace remarked conversationally, "As for being a non-combatant, I was until your men illegally captured me. Now I regard myself as a Texan. Keep on going. I'd hate this gun to go off!"

"Dog of a Yankee," grumbled Santa Anna, but he kept going.

"Not a Yankee, Sir, British to the backbone!"

"That's even worse!" complained the crestfallen captive.

So, just at sundown, the young Dean and the captured General reached the Texan outpost.

"Dean, Sir," said Horace, saluting the Captain. "Reporting my escape and reporting back for duty. Also, I have a captive with me. Picked him up on the way!"

"Such as?" asked the Captain.

"I rather think his name is President General Santa Anna, Sir," replied the young man. "But you'd better check to make sure. Treat him well, because he was no trouble."

The Captain said nothing. For once in his life words failed him.

However, the others weren't so silent. They crowded round young Horace in hero-worship. "He's done it again!" they cried. "Restorer of health! Arrester of the General! Restorer of peace!"

For they realised that with the capture of Santa Anna, the war was virtually at an end.

The Captain made amends next morning. He paraded his men and read a citation. "Horace Dean is promoted to the rank of General on the field of battle, in recognition of his bravery, medical and strategic skill. And for his succour of the wounded, his daring escape from captivity, though himself suffering from wounds, and for his capture of the enemy leader."

"But I protest!" exclaimed Santa Anna. "My capture is illegal. I appeal to President Polk!"

History holds no record of his appeal being successful. He was deposed from the Presidency, and after a stormy career, in which he again three times seized the Presidency of Mexico, he was finally banished in 1855, to die in comparative obscurity in 1876, by which time his captor had earned the right to be numbered as chief among the portraits of the pioneers.

Dictators rise and fall and are forgotten, but the true pioneers increase in stature and wisdom, and their memory abides for ever.

And in the case of Horace Dean, President Polk was graciously pleased to confirm the unusual honor of his promotion to General on the field of battle.

UNREST.

It can never be said of Horace Dean that he led an uneventful life. He returned to New Orleans as a hero, but found no peace. His old enemy, the envious overseer, started a whispering campaign against him. Horace hadn't been a soldier. He was only a medical orderly. His promotion to General was flagrantly illegal. His sympathies were pro-Mexican. His capture of Santa Anna was a put-up job. He was no Southerner, but a Yankee in outlook. Worse still, he was a Britisher.

So the idle evil tongues got busy as ever in human life, and tried to blast the career of this young man of many talents.

Ignoring these malicious charges, as only great and noble minds can do, young Dean, however, deemed it wise to leave New Orleans to pursue his studies in Pennsylvania. It is recorded of him that 92 per cent. was the lowest mark he ever received in any examination. So it is not surprising that after four years of hard study at the University founded by the great Benjamin Franklin, he received his M.D. degree, cum laude, with high distinction. But still he couldn't rest, be satisfied, or feel that he'd found his true niche in life. Something further afield was pulling him. So he entered the University of Virginia, founded by the famous Thomas Jefferson.

Here he saw slaves, born and bred like cattle, to be sold in the Southern States. Here he looked on Mount Vernon, the home of the mighty Washington.

Here he studied the lives of great Americans and feasted his marvellous mind on literature and languages, on philosophy and political science, law and finance, as well as on medical science.

After five years of stupendous study, he gained from this University the degrees of M.D., Dr.Sc., and Phil.Dr., each with high distinction. However, unrest still stirred within him.

He was offered a post at Harvard, the famous law and medical University, but the Realm of Nature called him, and he retired to the family estates and assisted his brother in their management, to the great comfort of his mother, his father now being dead.

However, his stay was short-lived. He couldn't settle down. His inveterate enemy, the overseer, was as bitter as ever. Yankees weren't wanted in the South. England was the place for one who proudly claimed to be British.

However, out of evil good may come, and little jealous minds, under a kindly Providence, may supply the spur that great and noble minds need to urge them on their destined way.

So it was that the jealous overseer actually rendered a signal service to Dr. Dean. But for him Horace might have remained in New Orleans, a good and famous doctor, certainly, but would never have become the epic pioneer, to whose portrait we pay everlasting tribute.

Like all great events, the incident started simply and ended dramatically and suddenly.

It was a calm warm Summer's afternoon. Horace was sitting by his mother's bed on the wide porch of Newplace, having returned from a morning's round among the slaves of the plantation. They were still friends to him, for now, a man on the threshold of his prime, his warm and vigorous nature abhorred the term slaves or niggers, more than ever. Even his younger brotner, the official manager of

the estate, thought he made too much of the darkies. But his mother, with her kindly sympathy, understood and encouraged Horace's ministry to the dark-skinned laborers.

Mrs. Dean's health had declined since her husband's death, and her doctor son had ordered her rest, with one day in bed in each week, and no excitement. Her heart, he said, was tired, but with care and rest she would yet enjoy many years of life.

This was her weekly day in bed, and Horace was therefore spending his hours of relaxation by her side. So close was the bond between them that each drew strength from the other's presence.

Into this quiet homely scene came Lysander Dean, the younger brother, more prosaic, and more addicted to the strenuous course of business than Horace. Lysander was always prone to an air of importance, and on this occasion he approached with a deliberate air, for he was a man with a message.

"A call for you, Horace, from the next plantation. Some slave is pretty sick. I don't know that you ought to go, though, because your old friend the overseer is prowling around, and may make trouble."

"A sick call is a sick call, overseer or no overseer," replied the doctor calmly. "So I'll go at once, Sandy."

Lysander stiffened at this. He believed in giving Christian names their full value, and would no more have dreamed of calling his brother Horrie than of hailing the President as Pressy.

However, Horace had shortened Lysander to Sandy, a puzzling name to some, because Lysander Dean had black hair and an elaborate dark moustache. Horace was still clean-shaven, but at times, when he saw his brother fondling his noble moustache, his eyes would twinkle as he exclaimed, "One day, Sandy, I'll grow a beard just to spite you!"

In reply to Horace's determination to go to the sick slave, Lysander said, "As you wish, Horace. I'll stay with Mother. Only, be careful. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"My dear Sandy," smiled Horace, "you're always warning me! I think you must consult the stars."

"I merely consult my common sense, brother Horace," retorted the younger man rather coldly.

"Boys, boys!" cried their mother. "Be your age! Your bickering will be the death of me!" But her shining eyes belied her words, for their friendly arguments were her very life. Lysander may have been rather a dull stick, but in his heart he had a deep affection for his more talented brother, although he might refuse to admit it publicly. "Must keep genius in its place," he thought to himself. A false idea, to which many unfortunately subscribe. For genius needs the burning force of love and encouragement even more than do the mediocrities and colorless orthodox.

Horace bade a fond farewell to his mother, gave his brother a cheerful wave, and mounting his horse that was still hitched to a rail before the porch, cantered off on his errand of mercy.

He soon reached the neighboring estate, enjoying the broad vistas of the Mississippi, by whose lovely banks he rode. "Couldn't live without a river," he mused. "Wherever I settle there must be a river."

The Manning was then unknown to him, but, who knows, already its magnificent scenes might have been calling him.

A far cry from the doctor of the Mississippi to the pioneer of the Manning. But already events were in train which served to help effect the transformation. For so the simple incidents of life are used by God to guide us on our destined ways.

Horace Dean was met by a frightened darkie who said, "I'm glad you've come, Massa Doctor, Sir. Poor old Jasper's in a bad way. Maybe dying." He led the doctor to a poor hut on the edge of the river. In the gloom and squalor of its interior, so different from the cheerful cleanliness of the huts on the Newplace estate, Horace made out the figure of a slave writhing in agony on a heap of filthy straw.

A quick investigation revealed everything.

"Why, the poor old man has been beaten within an inch of death! This is an outrage! Who is responsible?" However, neither the moaning Jasper nor the cringing guide dared reply to this question.

The doctor wasted no time. With deft hands and kindly skill he bathed the cruel wounds inflicted by the whipping, and soon had the poor slave at ease.

"Thank you, Massa Doctor," whispered Jasper. "You're like a man sent from God."

"I feel more like an avenging angel!" cried the doctor. Then, turning to the trembling guide, he commanded, "Clean this place up and give Jasper something to eat. I'll be back in the morning."

"No, no, Doctor, Sir!" expostulated the sufferer. "I'll be all right now. The overseer will make trouble if he finds you here. So go quickly, Doctor, before he finds out."

"I've never run yet, my friend," retorted Dean, "and I don't intend to start now. I only wish I knew who's responsible for this wicked beating."

"Your wish shall be granted then, my dear Doctor," grated a menacing voice. "I administered the beating. Sorry if I forgot to ask your permission!" The overseer had crept up unawares, and was standing in the doorway of the hut, his long dark shadow cast by wavering light of the sinking sun, a thing of evil portent.

"So you've found me, O mine enemy!" quoted the doctor.

The overseer, who had expected abuse, was rather disconcerted at this quiet remark, and sought relief in bluster, however at the expense of the cringing guide.

"Get out of here, you rascal!" he shouted, "and get out quick, before I give you a taste of the discipline I gave to this loafer Jasper!"

"Yes, Sir; certainly, Sir!" whispered the hapless slave, and made to creep off.

"Let me help you, you no-good nigger!" yelled the bully,

and raising the whip he carried, he administered a sharp blow with the handle on the back of the retreating negro.

This was too much for the good doctor. Springing forward, he wrenched the whip from the overseer's grasp, raised it as if to strike him, and then flung it far into the river.

"You ought to follow it, you trash!" cried the doctor. "But knowing your fear of water, I'll spare you this time. Now, be off, before I change my mind!"

The frightened overseer slunk away, dismayed at the righteous wrath of this young giant, but gaining what he thought was a safe distance, he regained the vindictive spirit, which passed with him for courage, and also the power of bitter speech.

"All right, Doctor Horace Dean, M.D., of Virginia, and all the other alphabetical paraphernalia! But I'll get even with you, you stuck-up, meddlesome busybody. No man lifts his hand against me and gets away with it. You'll pay for this, and soon! You'll see! I'll have you driven out of New Orleans if it's the last thing I do!"

However, he spoke too soon, and remained too near Dean, who had mounted his horse, and urging it towards the abusive bully, seized him by the scruff of the neck and made as if to hurl him into the river. However, the good doctor's anger quickly evaporated. With a twinkle in his wonderful eyes, he said, "A pity to pollute a noble stream with your poor carcass. Go your little way and sin no more!" And he dropped the struggling overseer contemptuously to the ground.

"That settles it!" shouted the bully. "You've gone too far this time! I'll ruin you for this! I'm no Santa Anna to be kicked around!"

"I agree with you for once, my friend!" retorted Horace, as he rode away. "Santa Anna at least had the makings of a gentleman!"

So the two men returned home—the overseer burning with revenge; the doctor calm and at ease again, all passion spent. For in his noble nature vindictiveness found no place. He had no need for confidants. Like all powerful personalities he was self-contained. Which, of course, led his enemies to say that he was cold, aloof, and non-co-operative. So, when Lysander asked how he had fared, he made a non-committal reply and asked for dinner to be served at once, on the porch. "And then, Mother, an early night for you, and no excitement."

"Of course, Horace," smiled his Mother. "An early bed for an old lady. As for excitement, nothing ever happens here!"

"Not very often, anyway," agreed her elder son, smiling to himself.

After dinner, however, when Mrs. Dean had been assisted to her room, he asked Lysander if he had a pistol handy.

"A pistol?" spluttered his startled brother. "Why, do you expect trouble?"

"No, I don't really expect any trouble, Sandy," replied Horace, "but in this uncertain world it's just as well to be prepared!"

Doctor Dean, always wise in his understanding of human nature, really thought that no harm would come from the malicious overseer. Like all blustering bullies, he was usually content to threaten much and do little. He would sooner talk behind the doctor's back than take action to his face. However, in this particular case the good doctor was mistaken. This was the exception that proved the rule.

As usual, the overseer returned home, full of grumbling and threats. As usual, his long-suffering wife bore with him. "He'll talk himself out, dear," she whispered to her son Tony, now a thriving lad of fourteen, old and bold enough to take a dim view of his father's tantrums.

"Now, come and have your tea like a Christian, my good man," said his wife, when at last the overseer's rantings had subsided. "A good meal will set you up, and then Doctor Dean won't get you down."

For she was a wise woman, who had long learnt that the way to a man's mind, as well as to his heart, is often through his stomach.

As usual, the unhappy overseer sat down to the repast that would have mollified him had not three visitors arrived unexpectedly. These unheralded guests were young blades from New Orleans. They thought of themselves as business men, by virtue of their calling as clerks in the warehouses of New Orleans. They had a grudge against society in general, and against the plantation owners in particular, for it seemed to them that polite society had shut its doors against them. If so, it was hardly surprising, for they spent their leisure hours in drinking and gambling. And profanity was more often on their lips than the words of courtesy that society required.

They frequently met the overseer in the course of business, and although they secretly despised him, he was their highest social contact to date, and so they occasionally drove out to his home to spend an evening when nothing better offered.

On this particular occasion they had started their night's amusement in a tavern of doubtful reputation. Having drunk well, rather than wisely, they had been unceremoniously ejected into the street.

"Go and make trouble somewhere else!" had been Mine Host's parting words, for Victor Mileneuve, the brightest spark of the three, had expressed a desire to fight all-comers, beginning with the tavern-keeper.

On the street they encountered a dilapidated carriage, plying for hire under the uncertain guidance of an old reprobate known as Sinbad. A short bloated man, who professed to be an old sailor, his bewhiskered, fiery countenance was accentuated by a black patch worn over one eye. He maintained that he had lost his eye in a naval battle, in which he'd apparently fought a British man o' war single-handed. Unkind critics said he'd certainly lost it in a fight—but the Man o' War had been a low-class tavern, not a ship. Whether or no he had the sea in his veins, he certainly had a liking for Nelson's blood, and

spent most of his time "Blind in one eye, and blind drunk in the other!" as he himself forcefully put it.

"Hi! Sinbad!" cried the militant Mr. Mileneuve. "You're just the man we're looking for. Drive us out to our friend the manager's." For these young blades often made use of the drunken Sinbad and his crazy conveyance, for the simple reason that no other driver would accommodate them.

"Thash right, Sinbad," called out Peter Pole, better known as Polished Peter, the second of the mighty three, who was a dandy as polished in loud attire as he was unpolished in manners. "Drive ush to the manager's and we'll shstand you a drink!"

"Climb aboard then, young gentlemen," replied Sinbad. "But don't worry about the drink. I've had a windfall!" And he held up a bottle of rye whisky, with which he had been refreshing himself.

"Is this your only consolation, my good man?" asked Harry Homily, the third of the group, who was by way of being a wag.

"Lord bless you no, captain," responded Sinbad. "I've got three more bottles under the seat!"

"Goodie!" cried Victor. "One for each of us!"

So they arrived at the overseer's, mellow and merry, and ripe for any mischief. Sinbad's haul of whisky proved to be the cause of a wild night at Doctor Dean's expense.

The three gentlemen and their dissolute Jehu met with a cold reception from the overseer's wife, but were greeted effusively by the overseer himself, who felt in need of sympathy.

"Come in, come in, my friends!" he cried. "Stay to supper." And even Sinbad was invited to make himself at home on the porch. This he did by saluting, and then sitting on the steps and taking a frequent swig from his consoling bottle. However, Victor soon snatched this from him and bore it to the overseer, presenting it with a flourish, and saying, "With our compliments to the manager!"

Sinbad gravely saluted the departing bottle, sang a few incoherent verses, which he loudly proclaimed to be a sea shanty, apparently for the benefit of his horse, which rejoiced, if that were possible for so miserable a creature, in the name of Trafalgar, and then, falling into a drunken stupor, rolled unheeded down the steps to sleep in comparative peace on the gravel drive.

Meanwhile, in the house the fun grew fast and furious. Victor offered to teach Tony how to fight and become a world champion.

Polished Peter commented favorably on the dress of his hostess, and suggested that her beauty deserved a friendly kiss.

Harry urged the overseer to "Drink up and cheer up!"

The overseer's wife quickly excused herself, and, hugging Tony to her, withdrew with him to an inner room.

This left the gentle trio free to concentrate on the overseer to provide their evening's entrtainmnt.

To give their host his due, love of strong drink was not among his many failings. Usually he forbade it to come under his roof. However, on this occasion he said he'd been so sorely used that he thought a small toddy might build him up.

Being unused to such things, however, the very large toddy with which Mr. Homily supplied him clouded his senses, such as they were, and loosened his tongue, if that member ever needed loosening.

After a second and even larger toddy he grew maudlin, and told with tears of his recent harsh treatment at the hands of the wicked Doctor Dean. His catalogue of woe, of course, lost nothing in the telling. But for his own gallantry and fierce resistance the meddling doctor might have murdered him.

"And all because I disciplined a loafing slave, gentlemen!" he concluded, sobbing bitterly, and resting his head on the table.

"Just like these aristocrats!" agreed Polished Peter. "All finery and no manners. Treat us all like slaves, confound them!"

"We ought to start a revolushion!" added Mr. Homily.

"That's it!" cried Mr. Mileneuve, banging the table so hard that the overseer started to his feet.

"Let's fight these belted earls!"

"I burn with revenge!" announced the overseer solemnly and dramatically.

"Burn them, that's it!" shouted the militant Mr. Mileneuve. "Come on, Manager, let's burn Dean's house down!"

"However, the overseer was past hearing any suggestion, no matter how foolish. The potent whisky fumes had taken their effect, and after making a last defiant gesture he crashed headlong to the floor.

The three wild men were now beyond all finer feeling. Full of drink and mad ideas, they picked up the senseless overseer and carried him to the carriage. Sinbad they roused with a kick. Trafalgar they galvanised into action with the whip, and off they tore into the night, crying: "Burn the place up! Burn Dean down!"

And the hilarious Mr. Homily was carrying a lantern, snatched up from the porch, with which, he shouted, he would shed a new light on the activities of the murderous Doctor Dean.

The overseer's wife watched them go, with terror in her eyes. She still clasped Tony to her, but, breaking free, the lad tore after them.

"I'll warn the Doctor, Mother!" he cried. "I'll take the short cut!"

But only a few minutes later a sudden glow pierced the sky over Newplace. Apparently Tony had been too late.

"FIRE."

In recapitulating events later, Horace Dean found it difficult to give a clear account of the drunken escapade which ended in tragedy. He recalled that he had been aroused from an early sleep by Tony shaking him and shouting, "Wake up, Doctor; they're going to burn your house down!"

"Quiet!" admonished Horace. "You'll wake Mother." Then, seizing his pistol, and accompanied by his brother, who hadn't been to bed, he made for the drive, where he could hear the rapid approach of a carriage. Trafalgar was being urged at a breakneck speed, and a lantern was being waved by someone in the conveyance. Sinbad was singing "Britannia Rules The Waves!" while Mr. Homily was yelling "Homily waves the flames!"

Horace, a commanding figure, even in only a gown hastily donned over his night attire, met the drunken raiders on his own. Tony he had ordered back to the house for safety, while Lysander had returned to his room for the pistol left under his pillow.

"What do you want?" demanded the doctor.

"Want to start a fire!" shouted Mr. Mileneuve in a high falsetto.

"You're a murderer!" yelled Peter Pole, in a thick, unsteady voice.

"You're drunk!" retorted the doctor. "Be off or I'll fire!" And he waved his pistol meaningly.

Just what happened next was never really clear. Apparently Trafalgar took fright and bolted, taking the nearest road to New Orleans. Whether Mr. Homily threw the lantern or had it jerked from his hands, as he afterwards declared, was never actually ascertained.

By some means or other, however, the lighted lantern shot through the air to land on the thatched roof of the slaves' dormitory.

Sinbad and company vanished into the night at the heels of the bolting Trafalgar.

Newplace was saved, but the long wooden shed, where slept a score of slaves, was burning fiercely.

"Save the building!" cried Lysander, the man of property.

"Save the slaves!" cried Horace, the lover of humanity.

Both brothers toiled in their respective ways. The younger to save his property. The elder to rescue his negro friends.

Lysander's task was hopeless from the start. The old dry building burnt like matchwood, so that all the efforts of a bucket brigade, ably organised by the younger Dean, proved in vain.

The doctor's work was even more dangerous, but fortunately more successful. Dashing into the burning building, he shepherded the frightened darkies to safety, averting a threatened panic by his cheering words and calm courage. As the fiery roof began to fall in a meteor-like cascade of sizzling sparks, he regained the open air and called, "They're all safe, Sandy!"

"Thank God!" cried his brother. "Good work, Horace, but this means a dead loss of a hundred pounds! No insurance, I'm afraid."

Before the doctor could make a more spiritual reply to this rather worldly remark, someone called out, "Auntie Jessie! Where's Auntie Jessie?"

Now Auntie Jessie was the oldest of the black community, a dear old soul of eighty. Her bed was in a far corner, and her rheumatic limbs were now paralysed with fear. Unnoticed by Horace Dean, she had remained cowering on the floor with flaming brands of fire falling all around her.

"I'll get her!" cried the brave doctor. "Coming, Auntie!" he called, and dashed headlong into the burning fiery furnace.

"Come back, Horace!" yelled Lysander. "The roof's falling in. You'll be killed! Only a madman would go in there," he added, but proved, too, that he had his share of the mad courage of the Deans by rushing into the burning building after his brother.

His bold deed saved his courageous brother's life, for a heavy beam had fallen upon the doctor as he staggered towards the door with Auntie Jessie in his herculean arms. The beam had fortunately caused no actual hurt, but its weight pinned him to the floor, so that, unable to move, he and the old darkie were in imminent danger of being incinerated by the roaring flames.

Lysander somehow raised the beam sufficiently for his brother to struggle free, and, supporting Aunt Jessie between them, they groped through the acrid smoke and regained the safety of the open air, just as the whole roof caved in with a fiery crash.

The crowd of onlookers gave a mighty cheer, but their cheering came too late.

Mrs. Dean had been awakened at last by the fiery tumult, and, walking to the verandah, had asked for her sons.

"They're in there, Ma'am," said Tony, who was watching the scene wild-eyed. "They're both in the fire!"

"Oh, my boys, my boys!" cried the distressed mother.

"They'll both be burnt alive!" And before she could see them return in safety, or hear the cheers that greeted their gallant rescue, her brave heart could stand the strain no longer, and she fell senseless to the floor.

"Well done, Horace!" exclaimed Lysander.

"Thank's a lot, Sandy!" rejoined the doctor, adding to a slave, "Take care of Auntie Jessie; she's not badly hurt, thank God!"

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Tony, running up to him, "Come at once. Your mother has had a fall. I think she's very sick!"

Indeed, the unfortunate lady was sick unto death. The excitement and shock had been too much for her weakened heart.

The doctor used all his kindly skill, but it could do no more than grant her a temporary rally. Opening her eyes on the bed where they laid her, she looked with love on her two sons for the last time. "God bless you, my dear boys," she whispered. "Lysander, look after Newplace for me. Horace, you have other work to do. Go wherever pioneering can be done, and God go with you. I go to join your father. Now, good-night, and God bless you both. . . . Is everybody saved?"

"Everyone is safe, Mother," answered Horace.

"Thank God for that," said Mrs. Dean. "That's your mission in life, son, to help and save. My vision for you is one of service to mankind. It's growing dark, and I'm very tired. I think I'll go to sleep."

And so Mrs. Dean closed her weary eyes on mortal scenes and woke to fairer realms than ours.

"I saved others, Sandy," muttered Horace, "but Mother I couldn't save." And kissing her pallid lips, he turned away to hide the tears streaming from his eyes.

"Cheer up, brother," murmured Lysander brokenly, laying a loving hand on his brother's shoulder. "The way of a pioneer is never easy."

And his words were to prove truer than he knew.

LONDON.

Six months later, Dr. Horace Dean was in London. Here he lived an active life in his efforts to forget the tragic night of the fire. He worked in the famous hospitals, and, after many strenuous months, gained another brilliant medical degree. He made friends with a family called Wynter, attended lectures and debates, read widely, and often visited Parliament, because politics fascinated him.

His brilliant mind and outstanding powers as orator made him quite famous, and a judge advised him to become a barrister. A member of the Cabinet went further, and exhorted him to enter Parliament.

Horace enjoyed all thesethings, but could not forget his mother's dying words, and felt that advancement in England, pleasant as the prospect was, did not fulfil his mother's vision for him.

Then came two memorable evenings at the Wynter's. The first was when, arriving late at a social gathering, he found a crowd literally at the feet of a bearded man, who was holding them spellbound with a flow of eloquence and fervor. Horace loved famous people, and had met most of London's great men, but this person was a stranger to him.

"And that's the story of little Nell," the great man was concluding, when, catching sight of the young doctor standing hesitant in the doorway, he rose from his chair, his shapely right hand extended, and walked across to Horace, saying, "Doctor Dean, I believe?"

"That's right, Sir," replied Horace, still wondering who the great man could be.

"I've heard of you, my boy," went on the gentleman kindly. "I've just returned from a reading tour in your great country of America, or I'd have met you before."

A light suddenly dawned on Dean. "Why, you must be...." and he hesitated, as one often does in the presence of genius.

"Charles Dickens," completed the affable man for him, and shook the doctor warmly by the hand, adding, "I believe we have a common liking for humanity."

The doctor never forgot that memorable meeting, and, indeed, in later years, his beard and noble eyes gave him an appearance not unlike that of the famous novelist. And, as the pioneer of the Manning, his love for humanity was as clearly revealed in his portrait as was Dickens' in his immortal novels.

The second notable occasion was some weeks later.

Arriving at the Wynter's home, he found a party in full swing.

"Late again, dear Doctor," smilingly upbraided his hostess.

"I plead pressure of work, Ma'am," replied Horace. "Anything special on?"

"Just a farewell party, Doctor."

"Farewell party? For whom?"

"For us. Mr. Wynter has bought a property very cheaply in New South Wales. On the Manning or something or other. And he's booked our passage. We sail next week. You know my husband. Always in a hurry. Here to-day, there to-morrow. A sudden move, I admit, but how ex-

citing! Pioneering in Australia! Better than languishing in London. Why don't you come with us?"

"Not in my line, Mrs. Wynter. I'm thinking of returning to the States in a few months. By the way, who's that young lady over there?"

"Charming, isn't she, Doctor? But I didn't know young ladies interested you."

"In general they don't, Ma'am, but this particular one does. Who is she?"

"She's a friend of ours from Hastings. Come up to say goodbye to us."

"Well, please do me a favor, Mrs. Wynter, and get her to come up to say hallo to me."

His kindly hostess beckoned to the young lady in question, and on her approach said: "Dr. Dean, allow me to present to you Miss Jane Mitcham."

The doctor took her by the hand and said, "Miss Mitcham, you look charming at a distance, but even more charming in proximity. I'm glad indeed to make your acquaintance."

Jane smiled and blushed most becomingly, and seemed in no hurry to withdraw her hand.

So, in saying farewell to one friend, the doctor gained another.

And more than a friend, for their friendship quickly ripened into love, and before the Wynters had reached their new home, Jane Mitcham had become Mrs. Horace Dean.

THE GRAND TOUR.

Some men are fortune's favorites. Such a one was Horace Dean. Standing over six feet two inches in height, and broad in proportion, he was physically a giant. Yet in his heart he was as gentle as a child. His eyes were bold and piercing, but the very windows of a kindly soul. Beneath his beard, grown after his meeting with Dickens, his lips were firm but mobile, made for smiles and shaped for matchless oratory. His brain was ever active. Well-informed and stocked with noble ideals, his mind was ever ready to receive and pursue any worthy new idea. He saw God in every manifestation of nature, and, as for fear, he didn't know the meaning of the word. But his heart was his greatest asset, for in it he bore a deathless love for all mankind. He received ill at the hands of many, but always sought to return good for evil.

Fortunate in his world's goods, deriving a private income from his family estates in America, he was no spoilt darling of fortune. He deserved all he had, and made good and noble use of his many brilliant gifts. What a heart the man had! as a biographer said of him on the Manning. What charm, what personality!

Yet always he was humble, and his chief aim in life was to fulfil his mother's dream, her vision of a portrait of a pioneer, by serving all mankind.

So he began his happy married life by taking his wife on an unusual honeymoon. Together they did the Grand Tour of Europe and Scandinavia. They met famous people. They visited libraries, art galleries, universities and cathedrals. They saw the Seine, the Rhine and other noble rivers, for mighty streams ever fascinated him. However, Europe's rivers never matched for him the Mississippi, and only prepared a place in his heart for the magnificent Manning, the stream later to become for ever associated with his name.

He loved the countryside for its people. The cities for their works of art. In Paris he and his wife spent hours at the Louvre and paid homage at Napoleon's tomb. The shrine of the man who fell from power just before the pioneer was born. So a pioneer stood before the memorial to a dictator and military genius, but military might eventually pales before the power of a pioneer. In Napoleon's tomb Horace saw the portrait of a man of war. In Doctor Dean we see the portrait of a pioneer, a man of peace. One man used his skill to destroy. The other to save and heal.

In Paris, "H.D.," as his friends and wife often called him, had an interesting experience. He and Mrs. Dean were staying at a famous hotel. The cuisine was excellent, but the ablutionary facilities rather elementary. The head-waitress was most obliging, and spoke good English.

So of her the doctor made this request: "Would it be possible for us to obtain the use of a bathroom in this establishment?"

"Why, certainly, Sir," replied the head-waitress. "In this hotel we have two bathrooms!" she added proudly.

"Thank you," said the doctor gravely, adding in a lower town to his wife, "At last, Jane, we shall be able to bathe again."

The head-waitress then called to a passing servant: "Prepare a bath for Monsieur the doctor and Madame Dean," continuing in a lower tone, and in French, "Mon dieu, what dirty devils these English are!"

"That may be true of the English, young lady, but I happen to be an American!" retorted the inimitable doctor in perfect French.

From that day on the abashed waitress kept her remarks in any language to herself in the doctor's presence!

For besides his mastery of his own tongue, H.D. could speak many languages like a native.

The doctor learnt many things from this grand tour, and his brilliant mind had a firm grip on all political affairs. Had Fate so ordered, he would have made his mark in Parliament at Westminster and have become a great statesman. From his observations as a tourist he trusted neither Germany nor Russia, and even then predicted the European holocaust which eventually came to pass in 1914. He and his wife also visited Scotland and England extensively, and then the doctor decided to return to America. His gracious wife had eased the pang of his mother's death, and the call of the land of his birth was strong.

"Besides," he said to his wife, "I must show my brother Sandy my lovely beard. It will put his famous moustache to shame!"

However, Fate once again stepped in and shaped his life according to God's design. This time the course of his life was altered by the ship "Storm King." A sailing vessel, bound for Australia, she needed a ship's doctor. Hearing this, on his return to London, Dean, on the spur of the moment, volunteered and was accepted. Hastening to his lodgings, he cried to his wife, like a happy schoolboy, "Pack your things, my dear, we sail in a week's time for America via Australia!"

"Australia!" exclaimed Jane. "Surely that's not a very direct route to New Orleans?"

"Near enough for us!" laughed the doctor.

"But the convicts!" expostulated his wife.

"There's a handful of free settlers, you know, my dear," replied her husband. "We may even come across the Wynters if we find the Manning, wherever that is. And, anyway, we're only going to Australia for a visit."

So the good doctor thought and intended, but Providence decided otherwise, and Horace Dean's visit to Australia was to prove permanent. Thus were things set in train for a great man to become the pioneer of the Manning.

"THE STORM KING."

Like many another, H.D. was rather vague concerning Australia. He'd heard of Botany Bay and Sydney Cove. He knew of a district called the Manning, thanks to his friends, the Wynters, but beyond that the great land of the South was something of a mystery. The thought of a career as a pioneer in Australia hardly entered his mind. He'd visit Australia, spend a short time in Sydney, check up on the Wynters, and then proceed to America and settle down again to pioneering by the Mississippi.

When he learnt from the captain of "The Storm King" that the ship was bound for Adelaide, however, he soon made himself conversant with Australian geography, and decided that South Australia would be as good a place as any to visit first.

Loving the sea, and with a devoted wife for travelling companion, he wasn't sorry to say good-bye to England, and so set out on the voyage that was to change his whole life, and finally bring progress to the Manning by fulfilling his mother's vision of a portrait of a pioneer.

"The Storm King" was a small but sturdy ship of 600 tons. Iron steamers, some carrying Her Majesty's Mail, were now on the regular run to Melbourne and Sydney, such as "The Chusan," "The Australian," "The Great Britain," and "The Calcutta." Even "The Great Britain," however, the largest ship in the world at the time, was only of 3500 tons. A leviathan to the early settlers, but a pocket-ship to us of a later age.

The captain of "The Storm King," as befitted a man under sail, was scornful of the screw-driven ships. "Can't rely on them, Doctor," he said. "Why, as soon as a gale sets up they have to lift their screw and proceed under sail. Then they're liable to run out of coal, like 'The Great Britain.' On her first voyage she had to beat back a thousand miles under canvas to St. Helena to refill her bunkers. Lost seventeen days over that! No, Sir! Give me a good following wind, and 'The Storm King' will show her heels to any of these new-fangled steamers. They'll think up a rocket-ship next!"

"That may be so indeed, Captain," replied the good doctor, to whom any new idea was as welcome and refreshing as a sea breeze. "We must have progress, you know."

"What was good enough for Columbus and Drake is good enough for me, Sir," retorted the sturdy old sailor.

"I applaud your conservatism, Captain," smiled H.D., "but development must come, or Australia will be at a standstill."

"Australia!" scoffed the captain. "Can't develop the convicts, blacks and kangaroos much, if you ask me!"

"That remains to be seen," answered the doctor. "South Australia, for instance, is a free settlement, and I understand it has a great future."

"A future of sand and drought, doctor! Why folks like you even wish to go there for a visit is beyond me. If I weren't a sailor I'd never leave London!"

"No travelling, no adventure," responded the doctor.

"No travelling, no work for me, certainly, Sir," said the captain. "So I welcome passengers for the sake of my job, doctor, and no offence intended. As for adventure, however, I'm afraid you won't get much on this trip. Five per cent. squalls perhaps, and ninety-five per cent. monotony!"

But the captain was better at seamanship than at prophecy.

Doctor Dean found no monotony in the voyage, and met with plenty of adventure. That was his nature, however. A well-informed and active mind banishes monotony, on land or sea, and a bold and eager spirit finds adventure everywhere. Such were the ingredients of the character of the man who was to present to his new land the portrait of a pioneer.

The voyage promised at first to be uneventful enough. "The Storm King" was a sturdy vessel, and comfortable enough for the fifty first-class passengers. The doctor and his wife were agreeably surprised at the size and comfort of their two-berth cabin. The hundred steerage passengers, certainly, had less room and few amenities, but they seemed happy enough.

Indeed, coming from slums or isolated villages, their rather cramped quarters were a luxury to many, and for them "The Storm King" was an argosy of hope, and Australia the Promised Land.

The children, some forty or fifty of them, were the happiest of all. They had the run of the ship, were beloved by officers and men, and watched over by the good doctor, who shared their games, calmed their fears and ministered to their childish ailments like the kindly person that he was.

"But where are the convicts, Horace?" asked Jane Dean in the privacy of their cabin as they retired to rest on the first night. Apparently she had expected to see fierce desperadoes chained to flogging posts, with bearded sailors moving among them armed with whips.

"Where are the convicts, Horace?" she repeated. "I haven't seen one!"

"Nor will you, my dear," smiled her husband. "This is a free ship, chartered by a South Australian development company, to carry free settlers to a free colony. We carry a freight of human souls escaping to freedom, not entering into captivity. With God's help I may be able to do something of a practical nature to make Australia a land of hope and prosperity. Now, goodnight, my dear," and he kissed her tenderly.

"I thought I'd be frightened on a ship, my dearest," whispered Jane, "but with your strong arms around me there's no room for fear."

That was another of the doctor's many good qualities—to inspire confidence just by his calm presence. This will be amply proved as the voyage and story progress.

Although the first few days at sea were uneventful, there were the usual strange characters aboard who prevented monotony and caused captain, crew and passengers much amusement and some concern.

There was the foppish English gentleman, soon known as Lord Fauntleroy. He spoke in refined language, referred to estates and castles, his uncle "The Duke, you know." Apparently he was going to Adelaide to instil a breath of culture into a benighted village. "No cities in Australia, you know. Just a few bark-huts, according to my uncle, the Duke, you know. Of course, I'm travelling incognito, you know. But I carry letters to the Governor from a Prince." Which was quite surprising as he figured on the passenger list as plain John Toodles. He let it be known that he had great expectations, and a liberal allowance from his uncle the Duke, but this didn't prevent him from soliciting a loan from any passenger who seemed to have money.

"A real no-hoper," said the captain. The fore-runner, one may assume, of the famous Australian con. men, typical of the ne'er-do-wells who find talking easier than hard work, and who, in every age leave their country for their country's good.

Then there was the Dough Puncher, so called because he'd left his bakery at Stoke-on-Trent to seek his fortune

on the gold-fields. "I'm sick of punching dough," he told everybody at a wearisome length. "So I'm going to punch gold instead. A man must have consolation."

As the voyage progressed, however, his chief consolation proved to be a keg of rum which he had contrived to smuggle on board. In place of dough-punching, he passed his time in keg-punching. Then, well fortified and garrulous, he would buttonhole any unfortunate passenger passing by and launch into an interminable account of his experiences as a dough-puncher, apparently the best ever seen in Stoke—"not Stoke Poges, but Stoke-on-Trent!" Appropriately enough, he was entered on the passenger list as Jeremiah Cakebread.

Another voyager lent the touch of mystery so welcome to women, and, be it added, to men also. This passenger was a tall dark lady, strikingly handsome, of about thirty. Heavily veiled, she kept either to her cabin, refusing even to appear at meals, or else stood in the bows gazing moodily into the sea. She spoke to no one, not even to the chatty Mrs. Cherry, plump and motherly, who shared her cabin. Even Doctor Dean could hardly break her silence.

"I have nothing to say as yet, Doctor. I came to sea to forget. If ever I wish to speak of my sorrows it will be to you, because I can feel you are a good man. But I cannot speak yet. So please don't seek to persuade me further."

This was her longest speech. Apparently her silence was to atone for the loquacity of Lord Fauntleroy and the Dough-Puncher. The passengers decided that she was crossed in love or had murdered her lover and was fleeing from justice. Only the kindly doctor realised that she was laboring under some great personal grief, and needed the help of a physician. But, until she chose to unburden herself to him, even he could do nothing. So many lonely souls go sadly through life, misunderstood and scorned, withdrawing themselves away from the cruel dealings of mankind. Down on the passengers' list as Miss Matilda Jones, she was referred to by all as "The Dark Lady."

"We'll solve the mystery," said the captain. "She'll talk when we reach the tropics, mark my words!"

However, the passenger who did most to dispel monotony was a lad of twelve, called Clement Kingsmith. He soon came to be known as "Clem the Climber," for he scaled the rigging at every opportunity. He was the pride and joy of his widowed mother, who would rush up to the mate and cry, "Look, Mr. Matey, there he is again! There's my boy, right near the top of the mast! He learnt to climb in the apple trees in Yorkshire!"

"Get that lad down, Mr. Mate!" the captain would roar. "Get him down before he breaks his neck!" And then he would add, a little more quietly, "Madam, I admire your son's climbing ability, but this is a ship, not an apple-orchard!"

However, captain and mate meant nothing to young Clem. Doctor Dean alone had any control over him.

"Young spirits, Captain," he'd say. "Leave him alone and he'll come to his senses."

"Come to a bad end, more like," the captain would growl. But the twinkle in his eye belied his gruffness.

However, the voyage was not to remain uneventful for long. After a smooth run down the Channel, "The Storm King" struck the "Daddy of all Storms" (to quote the captain), a day after reaching the Bay of Biscay. Great green combers raked the ship as she ran before the gale beneath a minimum of canvas. All passengers were battened below. Indeed, most of them were too sick to care what happened, as the puny vessel was tossed to and fro by the giant waves. Doctor Dean alone braved the fury of the storm, and, refusing to stay below, was regarded by the captain as an honorary member of the crew, and allowed to help wherever he could.

The brave doctor literally revelled in the tempest's fury. "Never saw a man enjoy a storm more!" yelled the captain.

"Wouldn't have missed it for the world!" the doctor shouted back.

Life-lines were rigged, and it was only by means of them that the crew were enabled to go about their dangerous duties on deck without being swept overboard.

Even so, disaster could not always be avoided, and, in the height of the tempest, a huge wave, high as a mountain, foam-flecked, and menacing as an avalanche, crashed on to the deck and swept the captain overboard.

Quick as a flash, the doctor plunged in after him, and, seizing the captain in his powerful grip, kept him afloat until a line could be flung.

However, the force of the wind whipped the rope away, and, marvellous swimmer as the doctor was, he and the captain would have been swept to death in the boiling seas had not another tremendous wave carried them suddenly on deck again. Willing hands grasped them, and they were safe!

"Thank you, Doctor!" gasped the captain, "I'll tell the world!" "Tell the world if you wish," cried the doctor, "but don't tell my wife! She hates me getting wet!"

After the storm came a period of pleasant weather, and after touching at St. Vincent, "The Storm King" made steady progress Southward.

"No more adventures now, my doctor friend," said the captain. You can get your books out, put your feet up and relax." But apparently the good captain wasn't born to be a prophet, for within a few days Dr. Dean was wrestling, not with a storm, but with the angel of death.

The captain opined that they "picked up a wog" at St. Vincent; the doctor was inclined to blame the brackish drinking water; but whatever the cause, the fact remained that as they entered the dreaded Doldrums, a member of the crew went down with fever. Next day a first-class passenger collapsed from the same cause, and within a week the fever was raging among the steerage passengers.

Fortunately, the strict measures, taken immediately by the doctor, prevented any further sickness among the crew

and restricted the disease to six among the first-class passengers. But for two weeks as the ship lay becalmed in the foetid heat of the Doldrums, the doctor labored day and night to save the lives of forty-nine adults and twenty children.

He scarcely ate or slept, but his unrelaxing care and vigil had their final reward. All the patients recovered, although the doctor collapsed from exhaustion after he had pronounced the last sick person to be out of danger.

"No wonder the captain said of him, "A doctor, yes, and more than a doctor. He's a man sent by God. I've never met a man like him before!"

Yet the doctor took no credit. Rather he praised the captain for his organisation, the mate for his devotion, the Dough-Puncher for giving up his drinking bouts to act as sick-room orderly, the Dark Lady and Mrs. Cherry for their help as nurses, Lord Fauntleroy for giving out the medicines, Clem the Climber for running many messages, and his wife for ministering to his needs during the many anxious days and nights. "I didn't do much," said Doctor Dean. "Just prescribed a few medicines. We defeated death because of our team-work and the courage of the patients." And as soon as he was recovered from his exhaustion he asked the captain to hold a service of thanksgiving on the main deck.

"For God," said the doctor, "is the head of every team. Without Him, man can do nothing."

So, as the first fresh breeze for weeks ruffled the placid surface of the stormy sea, the strains of the Old Hundredth rang across the waters, and the doctor led the singing.

So we see again how a good man may be used by God to combine a company of his fellows to work together for the benefit of all.

The events of the voyage became less exciting, for awhile, after the doctor's victory over the fever.

He soon was his vigorous self again, for the strength of his bold spirit and active mind was matched always by an amazing physical force.

The captain decided to run far to the South, to pick up the brave West winds, before making the run to the Australian coast, and the cooler weather and the sparkling seas were a tonic to all.

"The Storm King" passed within sight of lonely St. Helena, and Doctor Dean stood on the deck with the captain, and thought of the little man who once ruled Europe, and then ended his days on the tiny isolated island.

"But for Nelson, Doctor, Napoleon would have conquered England," said the captain.

"Wellington did his part, too," remarked Dean.

"Oh, yes, he did well enough for a landlubber!" agreed the single-minded captain.

The weather now became bitterly cold, and soon icebergs were sighted, which led them into the most exciting adventure of their far from uneventful voyage.

The Dark Lady sighted it first, and pointed it out to the Dough-Puncher. A huge iceberg, so tremendous that the ex-baker thought he was seeing things, and rushed to the doctor, promising never to touch rum again.

The captain saw it, too, and proclaimed it "the daddy of all icebergs!"

Lord Fauntleroy said it was even larger than a picture of an iceberg in the possession of his uncle, the Duke.

"We'll give it a wide berth," said the captain. "Such a berg is too dangerous to get near. Port your helm, helmsman."

"Aye aye, Sir," cried the man at the wheel, and "The Storm King" duly altered course, to the disappointment of young Clem, who had designs of climbing the massive mountain of ice.

Bergs of such size were seldom encountered so far North, but apparently a severe Winter and a strong current had been responsible for causing this monstrous island of snow to drift from its Antarctic breeding grounds.

"An island!" grumbled the mate. "It's more like a continent!"

The ship sailed on for hours, but still the iceberg seemed to accompany them, so that even the captain was puzzled.

It was the doctor who finally solved the mystery. To the left another berg suddenly appeared.

"There aren't two bergs, but one!" shouted Dean, "and we're caught between two horns!"

"You're right!" yelled the captain. "'Bout ship! Look lively, lads!"

"All hands! All hands!" cried the mate. "All hands on deck to bring the ship about!"

That iceberg has gone into history as the largest ever met. It stretched for over twenty miles, a veritable floating island of ice, with a deep bay lying between its high extremities, into which deathtrap "The Storm King" had unwittingly sailed.

Darkness had now fallen, but a pale moon lent light enough to reveal the dangers of their position. Ahead, barely a hundred yards distant, law the dread fangs of an icy coast. Wind, tide and current seemed bent on driving them slowly but inexorably to destruction.

Crew and many passengers toiled unremittingly at the ropes and sails to bring the ship about before the fierce ice-barrier claimed her as its victim.

Dough-Puncher and Lord Fauntleroy worked with the best. Young Clem climbed the highest rigging, out-vying the most experienced sailor.

The doctor was everywhere, helping and encouraging crew and passengers alike. His courage and cheerfulness never faltered. "A cold night for a swim, Captain" he cried. "So we'd better back out of here."

"Just what I mean to do!" replied the captain, as calmly and capably he gave his orders.

The mate had taken the wheel, and slowly but surely, thanks to the skilful seamanship of the captain, the stout vessel gradually came about, and after a solemn hour of uncertainty, began to draw away from the dread ice-cliffs ahead.

"Saved!" went up the thankful cry, from hearts too full to utter more than that grateful word.

It was then that the other ship was seen. The Dark Lady again it was who saw it first.

"Ship to starboard!" she cried, and there it was, a sailing vessel of about the same size as "The Storm King." They could just make her out in the faint moonlight, caught by the breakers beating on the icy shore.

Her crew had apparently sighted "The Storm King," for a rocket suddenly flared high into the silver night. A signal of distress. An appeal for help. However, before any answer could be made from "The Storm King," the other unhappy vessel crashed side-long into the cruel walls of the iceberg. Another fight for survival was ended. The gallant ship turned turtle and foundered without trace.

At the doctor's request, a boat was lowered, manned by a dozen brave seamen and himself. At the risk of their lives they rowed to the scene of the disaster, venturing to the very edge of the ice-barrier, defying the hazards of imminent destruction, but in vain. Of ship and its occupants they found no trace. She had foundered with all hands.

"Hardly an uneventful voyage, Captain," said Doctor Dean soberly, as he returned to "The Storm King."

The captain made no reply as his vessel slowly beat her way back into the open sea and safety. Her company's silent gratitude for a safe deliverance was matched by the silence of the Antarctic night, and heightened by their sadness at the loss of a sister ship, whose destruction they

had been powerless to prevent.

A nice easy spell followed as "The Storm King" was put in the final leg of her long voyage to Australia.

Across the vast Southern Ocean she sped before the brave West winds, and after many days of exhilarating sun and fresh breezes, which dappled the rolling seas with shine and foam, Cape Leeuwin was sighted.

"No more worries now, Doctor!" cred the Captain. All's over bar shouting."

But the doctor, for once, wasn't listening. He was thinking of the Dark Lady, who, although still maintaining her silence, save in the emergencies already mentioned, had asked the doctor for a private interview before the ship reached Adelaide.

"I've no faith at all in women," she said, "and precious little in men. But if ever a good man lived, it is you, Doctor. You're my portrait of all that a man should be. I feel that I can talk to you." Just about her longest speech since coming aboard, and perhaps the finest compliment the doctor ever had paid to him. "You make me feel very humble, Ma'm," he replied quietly. "But I'm at your service whenever you wish."

"I know that," Doctor, the Dark Lady answered, "for you're always at everybody's service."

"God grant it may be so," Doctor Dean had replied in his deep even voice, and there the matter had rested. But, being human in his curiosity and sympathy, the doctor was keenly interested in the secret she was apparently going to reveal.

However, once again the captain proved an unreliable prophet, for a sudden gale caught them in The Bight, and as the great grey rollers swept in from the South, furious with sound and foam, "The Storm King" was once more fighting for her very life. After a day and night of terror, marked again by the calm skill of the captain and the cheerful courage of the doctor, the storm subsided as quickly as it had arisen. As usual, captain and doctor were exchanging confidences on the poop.

"Another daddy of a storm, Doctor!" the captain was saying.

"I enjoyed it more than ever, Captain!" the doctor was replying, when the mate appeared before them, sombre-faced.

"Bad news, Captain," he reported sadly. "The Dark Lady's missing! I've searched the ship. No sign of her. Must have gone overboard in the storm."

The ship was hove-to and a boat launched, the captain himself in command, the doctor accompanying the six sailors who manned the boat. Although they searched for several hours, no sign of the Dark Lady was seen. One sailor reported having noticed her in the bows as usual, just before the tempest struck. Apparently a wave had swept her overboard and she had gone out into the darkness of the sea of eternity, taking her secret with her.

The captain read the lovely Anglican burial service for her before the ship resumed its voyage, and after the last Amen the doctor said, "Well, she's at peace now, captain. In Heaven with God, before Whom all hearts are open and from Whom no secrets are hid."

"Amen to that, Doctor," answered the kindly captain, wiping away an honest tear.

ADELAIDE.

So, in the early fifties of the nineteenth century, Doctor Dean arrived in Australia. An uneventful landing, and yet an arrival that was to do so much for pioneering in general and for the Manning in particular. His stay in South Australia was not a lengthy one, for he and his young wife were only on a visit, and he wished to see as much of this young and virile land as he could. But the doctor wasn't born to be a tourist or mere spectator; not the sidelines of life for him, but the heat and fray of the arena. So he entered at once into the life of the new and struggling colony of South Australia, and did more in two years or so than most men would have done in a lifetime. While others were content to think and plan, the doctor preferred to think and act.

"Meditation is often a melodious name for frustration!" he said to Doctor McDonnell, the brave spirit who was struggling almost unaided for constitutional government.

Appreciating the high principles for which McDonnell was fighting, Dean threw himself wholeheartedly into the fray. His brilliant brain and golden eloquence were at the service of the young State, but, since he always believed that deeds were more important than words, he entered Parliament, and for a few months took an active and leading part in the development of South Australia.

"For action is the outlet of the soul" said the wise young doctor, who was no idle spokesman or a party politician, but a statesman, who could have made his mark in any Legislative Assembly had not the life of a pioneer seemed to him to be an even nobler calling.

Bearing in mind his later unhappy experiences in the politics of New South Wales, it is worth putting on record that no exception was taken in Adelaide to his participation in State politics. Surely it is wise to use the services of a good man rather than to insist on the observance of some petty rule of bureaucracy.

However, Doctor Dean certainly left his mark on South Australia, comparatively brief though his sojourn was. Besides aiding McDonnell in his campaign for constitutional government, he found time to practise his medical profession, and was the first doctor in Adelaide to make use of anaesthetics for operations. This was typical of the man, for it needed faith and courage to use anaesthetics in an age which regarded such things as a "palliative of the devil," pain and suffering being thought of as part of the will of God. A strange glimpse into the twisted mind of man, who professes to believe in a God of love and then puts his creed into practice by condoning cruelty.

"Anaesthetics are against the laws of God, Doctor," said one critic.

"I believe in love, my dear Sir," replied H.D. briefly, "and against such there is no law."

It was typical of the man, too, that he didn't forget his old shipmates, for all his many activities. Human nature being what it is, we cannot record that Lord Fauntleroy and the Dough-Puncher became leading citizens of Adelaide. However, the doctor was able to rescue the baker of Stoke-on-Trent from the streets. He obtained for him the job of a second-class cook in a third-rate hotel, and, in between his drinking bouts and spells of cadging, Jeremiah Cakebread rendered as much useful service to the community as many in higher walks of life.

Lord Fauntleroy presented a more difficult problem. After waiting on the Governor of the colony, to the extent of making himself a nuisance with repeated references to letters from his uncle the Duke, he finally condescended to inhabit a shack near the sea-shore, obtained for him by the doctor. Here he became a legend and a by-word as a beachcomber, but, if he failed as a cultural reformer, he lived in peace and was happy in his own way. Which is more than can be said for the modern agitators who seek to reform human society.

With young Clem, however, the doctor was more successful. Unable to find him and his mother an apple orchard, Dean was able to place them on a vineyard, and, in later years, Clem became one of the leading men in the great vine industry for which South Australia is justly famous.

As for the captain of "The Storm King," through the good offices of his old comrade he was offered command of a steamship, but remaining loyal to his sailing vessels, he accepted instead the alternative offer of a clipper, and became famous as captain of a ship as famous as "The Cutty Sark."

He met the doctor again many years later in Sydney. "All voyages are uneventful these days," said he. "But there's no doubt that you're the daddy of all doctors and of all passengers!" And always, if anyone ever asked him concerning Doctor Dean's capabilities, he would smilingly reply, "A good doctor? I'll say. Why, he saved my life!"

In addition to all this the doctor found time to travel. He took his wife to the new port of Gawler, near the head of St. Vincent's Gulf, and bought a piece of land there.

The settlement, unfortunately, was not a success, but H.D. said "Nothing venture, nothing win. In this great country, if one scheme fails, another is bound to succeed."

Such a faith is part of the lineaments necessary for the portrait of a pioneer.

Shortly before leaving Adelaide, the doctor went on an exploring expedition to Lake Alexandrina, at the mouth of the Murray.

No danger was anticipated, but, because of crude camping conditions, Jane Dean didn't accompany her husband. The party consisted of twelve men only, which was just as well as things turned out.

They crossed the mouth of Australia's greatest river in a large but open rowing boat, and Dean was most impressed. As we have said before, rivers always fascinated him. "A mighty stream," said the doctor. "Australia's Mississippi. It could be a great waterhighway for paddle steamers."

And so it became later, for an all-too brief period, in the history of Australian river navigation. Like many of our rivers, the Murray flourished for a while, played a worthy part in the early days of pioneering, and then was allowed to sink into the stagnation of neglect. One day, perhaps, our rivers will receive the consideration they deserve.

Diesel vessels may yet restore to them some of the glory of the past. At all events, it is fitting to place on record that H.D. honored our Australian streams from the Murray to the Manning. And it was by the mighty Clarence that the stone to the memory of him and his wife was erected at the last.

However, as his party crossed the Murray on this fateful voyage, these things of the future were hidden from his eyes. He only saw the purple of the sanded shallows and felt the tang of the vital Australian breeze. Captain Barknoll, a brave and humane man, noted for his kindly contacts with the aborigines, was in charge of the expedition, and regarded it as a holiday picnic. Landing on the Eastern shore of the Murray, he said, "Make camp here, while I go over the sand dunes with my compass and look round. I won't be away long."

Dean soon established camp, for anything practical was always to his liking. A fire was made, a tent erected, and the billy soon was boiling. The minutes passed, and Barknoll didn't return. The doctor called, but there was no

answer. Slightly alarmed, Dean immediately climbed the sandy slope, but could find no trace of the missing man. All he saw was an aborigine in the distance. He was carrying a spear, and gesticulated savagely at the doctor before making off and disappearing into the landscape.

The intrepid Dean made a rapid search alone, and soon found the body of poor Barknoll lying nearly hidden in the sand. Three spears had struck him, in the hip, back and chest, and his body had been beaten into the sand.

The true facts were never known, but the doctor's theory was that a small band of the savage Narrinyeri tribe had suddenly attacked Barknoll as an intruder, and speared and beaten him to death. Their victim was carrying no weapon, but still clutched in his hand the compass which may have aroused their fear. So died a noble character of those early South Australian years, done to death by the natives he had always striven to serve.

Many have a poor regard for the Australian aborigine, yet we need not judge even the Narrinyeri too harshly. Like all the Australian natives, they had their own culture and own code of laws, and, according to them, if they had suffered injury from white men it was justifiable to wreak vengeance on the next white man they met.

So the humane Barknoll may have suffered for the crimes inflicted on the natives by the half-piratical sealers, who, for many years, had roamed that coast.

The Aborigine in his natural state has a culture in some ways even superior to our own. If we have robbed him of these virtues, and given him, instead, the worst of our vices, the fault lies with us rather than with him. Wise and sympathetic treatment of the remnant that is left is the least we can do to make amends for past misunderstandings.

Dean thought these things as he bore back the dead body of Barknoll in his powerful arms, little heeding the danger he himself was in from another possible fierce

attack. So battered was the victim's body that H.D. decided it better not to carry it to Adelaide. The boat having been rowed to midstream, the good doctor read the burial service, and then cast the body of the courageous captain to the waves, where the waters of the Murray gave him sepulchre.

MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY.

The tragedy beside the Murray so distressed the kindly doctor that he was relieved to leave Adelaide for Melbourne. Still a struggling city, he saw in "Batman's Village" ample evidence of the culture that was to grace its later days.

His stay, however, was short, but he found time to lecture, to meet Henry Parkes, statesman and editor, and to write a series of brilliant articles for his famous paper, "The Empire." This was another precious gift that H.D. possessed, the flair for meeting the great men of the day and of working with them. No matter how exalted the circle was, the doctor was at his ease, and Parkes, one of the greatest Australians of his day, realised Dean's worth and gladly made use of his genius in the service of Aus tralian culture.

The doctor also paid another visit to the Murray, this time to its inland reaches, accompanied by Jane, who was as captivated by the mighty waterway as he was. Indeed, they thought of settling on the Murray. "For rivers are in my blood," said the doctor to his wife.

However, Henry Parkes invited them to Sydney, so the call of the Murray was denied, fortunately for the later benefit of the Manning.

So Dean pressed on Northwards, ever drawing nearer to his destined work on a river that for many years had been but a vague name.

Like a true countryman, he wasn't at ease in Sydney. Indeed, he termed it the world's worst city, and, despite a kind reception, he was considering plans for an early return to America when he fell in with "Poppa Peneplane," a most fortunate meeting, which altered his plans, and indeed the future course of his life.

Mr. Peneplane was short and stout, full of wheezes, but also of great enthusiasms. He was a local character, red of face, bearded like a pirate, hale and hearty, but so wrinkled round the eyes that he seemed as old as the timeless land itself. Hence to many he was "Poppa." To others he was known as "Prolific Peneplane," for he was an estate agent, ever eager to sell holdings on behalf of the Government to any interested settler. His great love was the land, and every section he sought to sell was in an area of prolific rainfall, prolific wealth and full of prolific possibilities. H.D. soon summed him up, loving him for his enthusiasms, and always addressed him as "Mr. Prolific."

These two met early one morning in a winding Sydney street near the Harbor's edge, where Dean had gone to enjoy the view. "Morning, Doctor," said Peneplane. "You don't know me, probably. Call me Peter, if you like, for I've been fishing all night and taken nothing—except this!" and he held up an empty jar which had apparently a little earlier contained a supply of the famous Sydney rum.

"Always glad to make a friend," replied the doctor, for meeting people was always his chief delight, and this strange character appealed to him.

"I hear you're going back to the Strates," went on Peneplane, who at times got his words twisted.

"To the States. Why, yes, Sir, I am thinking of it."

"Then forget it, Doctor," advised his eager companion. "The Strates are in bad straits, you know. Stay on here, the land of prolific opportunity, of prolific wealth and prolific streams."

"But what can I do for a living?" asked the doctor, more amused than serious.

"Do? Why, buy some land, my dear Doctor! Come up to my office and have breakfast with me, and, while we feast, I'll sell you a prolific piece of land that will make you a millionaire in less than no time!"

So Dean went with the excited land agent to his office, which proved to be a dark and untidy room at the head of a narrow stair. A tarnished tablet on the door bore the legend, "Peneplane Pty. We sell the earth!"

"While I prepare breakfast, Doctor, you can study this map and pick your holding. It's dirt cheap, for I never soil my hands with exorbitant prices." And the strange old land agent chuckled at his play upon words. He then tugged at a dingy map on the dingier wall with such gusto that the plan fell headlong to the floor.

"Confound these roller-maps!" exclaimed Peneplane. "They never roll up, but always roll down! Rolling down to Rio!" And he burst into a snatch of tuneless song, after which he added, "Here, put the map on the table; it'll do for a tablecloth, and we can study it while we eat."

"Two eggs or three, Doctor, to go with the ham? Tea, coffee or cocoa? Take your pick."

"Coffee, please."

"That's good. We'll make it a coffee royal: a prolific drink, my dear Sir, which makes the young see visions and the old dream dreams. Dreams of the future of this mighty and prolific land!"

So began a strange friendship during the course of the strangest breakfast that H.D. ever had.

"See, here is the Manning," mumbled Peneplane, with his mouth full, placing a spoon on the map tablecloth. "And here's Fort Macquarie," setting a pepper pot on the required position.

"Port Macquarie I read it," said the doctor.

"No matter," replied the estate agent. "It's the same place. It has a kind of fort there, anyway, for our few

remaining convicts. And here's the Blue Mountains, and here's Campbelltown." This entailed more business with a fork and the salt-cellar. "And this, of course, is the Pacific Ocean," and in reaching for the coffee pot he managed to knock it over, thus giving the ocean a truly liquid surface."

Mopping up the spilt coffee unconcernedly, the jolly little agent never ceased his eating or running commentary.

"Talking of Campbelltown, I recall a sailor once came to sell me a cargo of rum. Strange little chap. All bristles like a pirate. Said his name was Campbell, so I sold him a block of land at Campbelltown and took his rum into the bargain. I can sell land to anyone anywhere, Doctor! Even have clients in England. Why, I sold a thousand acres on the Manning to a man in London a couple of years ago. A prolific investment for him; a prolific commission for me."

"What was the gentleman's name, Mr. Prolific?" asked the doctor, suddenly interested.

"Never forget a name, Doctor," replied the inimitable Peneplane. "Spring, Summer, or something like that. It's a great gift never to forget a name."

"Sure it wasn't Wynter?" asked Dean.

"Wynter—that's it, Doctor! I remember I met him when he landed in Sydney, and said to him, "If Wynter comes, Spring can't be far behind!" "Shakespeare, you know."

"Shelley in my book," murmured the doctor.

"Anyway, I had a letter from him the other day," Poppa rambled on. "You'll find it in my correspondence file just in front of you. That tin labelled 'dog biscuits.' Had a dog called Perseus once. Great swimmer, but got taken by a shark."

Dean rummaged in the tin and finally found the letter referred to. Reading it, he gave a cry of triumph. "Why, this is from my old friend in London!" he exclaimed.

"You don't say!" cried the land agent. "What a coincidence. The world's getting to be a suburb."

Having read Mr. Wynter's letter carefully, Dr. Dean discovered that he was anxious to sell a few acres of his land on the banks of the Manning.

"What is the Manning, Mr. Prolific?" he asked

"Why, a river, and a prolific one. They call it the smirchless Manning, or maybe it's the matchless Manning-Anyway, it's a mighty fine stream, and full of prolific possibilities."

"I'll take your word for it," said the doctor. "Put me down for that land my friend wishes to sell, and tell me how I can get there."

"Well, there's a boat going to Port Macquarie in a week's time, but it carries convicts, and——"

"That'll do me!" cried the doctor. "Can you arrange a passage for me and my wife and two small children?"

"I can arrange anything, from a shop window to a wedding!" cried the enthusiastic agent.

"Thank you, then," replied the doctor. "I'm eager to see the convict settlement at Port Macquarie, and from there my wife, family and I can go to the Manning and renew acquaintance with my old friends, the Wynters. I'll be ever grateful to you for this, Mr. Prolific."

The old man's eyes twinkled happily. "No coffee left, I'm afraid," he said, rather ruefully, "but I've a jar of rum. One for the road and one for the voyage, eh Doctor, oh, and then one for the Manning!"

"You drink for me, old friend," answered the doctor, who never touched alcohol. "I must hurry away and tell my wife the exciting news. She'll think I've fallen into the Harbor."

Poppa Peneplane followed Dean into the street, tankard in hand. "You'll love the Manning, Doctor," he said in farewell. "A matchless stream, a smiling countryside, the farmer's paradise!"

"Your dreams, my dear Peneplane, are twopence colored," smiled Dean.

"Oh, very good," cried the delighted land agent. "I must tell that to the Governor. Now look at our Harbor. Isn't it prolific?"

"It certainly is, Sir," agreed the doctor. "Good place for a bridge up there. Expect they'll build one some day," and his eyes held the rapt gaze of a visionary, as he pointed to the place where the famous Harbor Bridge now stands.

Prolific Peneplane, however, was more concerned at the moment with the bridge of his nose, with which the upper edge of the tankard was now in contact.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Prolific."

"Good-bye, Doctor," replied the jolly old agent, lowering his tankard. "I'll attend to the land purchase, and get the steamer tickets," adding to himself, as the doctor strode off into the sunshine, "Strange characters, these Yankee-poodles. Not ordinary folk like us Sydneysiders. Still, it takes all sorts to make a world, and the doctor has the makings of a pioneer."

And he waved his empty tankard in a fond farewell.

PORT MACQUARIE.

It was a fine Summer morning, late in 1857, when Captain Nixon welcomed Dr. Dean and his family aboard "The Fire King." Although only a small coastal steamer, the captain was inordinately proud of her, and spent his spare time in port, polishing and cleaning, until "The Fire King" shone like a new pin. "I'm the King of 'The Fire King'," he used to say, "and the fire with which she gleams comes from my elbow grease." Indeed, he loved his little ship so much that it was said he wouldn't leave her, when in Sydney, to reside in his neat house by the Harbor, but preferred his wife to join him on board. Learning that Dr. Dean's wife and young family were to be among his passengers, he had asked Mrs. Nixon to accompany him on this trip and act as hostess. Mrs. Nixon was younger than her husband, in fact, little more than a girl, and her bright and cheerful disposition provided a warm welcome for the Dean family.

"How fortunate indeed am I," said the good doctor. "My life is always set amongst pleasant places, and I always move among pleasant people."

It could be said that this was largely due to his delight in the scenic countrysides, and to his genius for making friends. Gifts essential in the make-up of any pioneer, but gifts which he possessed in exceptional measure.

Because of his family estates in America, it was said he was born with a silver spoon, but it is truer to his character to emphasise his heart of gold, the crystal clarity of his remarkable mind, and the silver eloquence of his noble speech.

Convict transportation to New South Wales had ceased in 1852, in deference to colonial opinion, but the station at Port Macquarie was still in use as a reformatory, "out of the way of harm for persons of feeble bodily health, and for incorrigible petty thieves." It was such a system that the kind-hearted doctor felt called to investigate. The worst evils of the convict system had certainly ceased, but a few hardy pioneers still felt that convicts should be treated severely.

It has been said, for example, that Miss Isabella Kelly, a famous name in the early history of the Manning, advised that convicts should be taken in chains from the Hunter to Port Macquarie, there to be flogged. As one to whom the life of an early pioneer was constant discipline, she naturally felt that easy treatment of the convicts was not to their advantage. The easy living conditions of to-day have bred a race of lesser heroes than in the early days, so Isabella Kelly may have been wise in suggesting severity as an ultimate kindness for trespassers against society.

At all events, she was not alone in her views, so that H.D. found the cargo of six convicts bound for Port Macquarie, chained to one another on the small main deck. "To keep them together, Doctor," explained Captain Nixon, apologetically, "and also to keep my ship neat and tidy."

It speaks as well for the strong personality of Dr. Dean, as for his kindly nature, to record that in a few brief moments he had changed all this. "Strike off those chains, Captain," he said quietly, but firmly. "These are men, not slaves. I'll go bail for their good behaviour. Treat men as men, and they'll behave accordingly. Treat them as cattle, and they'll become beasts."

So the six convicts enjoyed an unexpected measure of freedom on "The Fire King," and, hardened criminals though

they were, they regarded their benefactor with a deep respect. He brought them hope, and showed them kindness, and had a faith in them in a world from which these values had well nigh fled.

Isabella Kelly followed one theory, Horace Dean another. Both theories have their merits. We leave it to the reader to decide which is the better; but, knowing the Christian character of the doctor, we know he could not have acted otherwise. He was truly a pioneer of hope, faith, and love, as well as a pioneer of settlement, and Poppa Peneplane, who had come to see them off, wiped a tear from his eye, with a hand none too clean, and said to himself, "He's a good man, if ever there was one."

As for Jane Dean and her two young children, scarcely more than babes, the voyage was calm and speedy. Phoebe Nixon, indeed, was sorry that it was over so soon. With her flashing eyes and ready laugh, she had made every moment of the voyage a pleasant one, and when she wasn't helping to mind the children, or speaking kindly to the convicts, she was teasing her husband, who remonstrated, in vain, that it just wasn't done to talk to convicts. "You steer the ship, Nick," she laughed, "or polish the brass. I'll speak to whom I choose. Another word from you, and I'll never cook you another apple pie!" A dreadful threat that always left Captain Nixon speechless, because apple pie was second only to his love for his neat ship and vivacious wife. "What a pleasant pair they make, Captain Nick," said the doctor happily, as he watched the stately and lovely Jane walking the tiny deck with the radiant Phoebe. "You're right, Doctor," agreed the trim captain. "The world would be a poor place without the presence of noble women."

The convicts were sad when the voyage ended, but the doctor was highly elated when the captain said, "Well, there she is," and pointed to the tiny settlement of Port Macquarie standing on one of the slopes of that indented coast line. "Step into the cabin, Doctor, and we'll have one for the landing." He picked up a bottle, shook it first, and then shook his head. "Poppa Peneplane again!" he exclaimed.

"As usual, he's beaten me to it! Crept in here, before we left, and had one for the sailing. That man's a menace, Doctor. His life is full of enthusiasm and empty bottles. 'Have a cigar,' he says to me, and leaves ash all over the place." For the debonair captain pretended to have a dim view of the untidy land agent.

"I admit Mr. Prolific is a prolific tippler," smiled the doctor, "but he's a jolly little man, and I wish he could have accompanied us."

"I wish he'd clean himself up, instead of cleaning up my wine," grumbled the captain.

But Dean scarcely heard him. He was too busy drinking in that scene of tranquil beauty, to worry about lack of other cordials. The sea was deep blue, and as smooth as silk. The green headlands swept down to the lazy ocean, and the tors and sandy coves reminded him of the Devon coast, which he and Jane had visited during their tour of England.

"The Fire King" edged its way to the entrance of the Hastings, and the doctor saw the white barracks of the convicts on a hill top, and the squat tower of the Church of St. Thomas. Norfolk pines made a stately grove on the hillside, and the doctor found himself humming, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." "A good place for the poor convicts, I suppose," he said to himself, "but what a happy world it would be if only man was as good as his surroundings. I wonder why some men persist in preferring evil to good?"

These thoughts were prompted by the sight of the six unfortunates being chained together again.

"Sorry, Doctor," apologised the captain, "but it's regulations.

"I know," sighed the doctor. "We rule mankind by regulation, instead of by the law of love."

"Have to edge our way in," explained the captain. "The Hastings is a mighty stream, like all the Northern Rivers, but she has a bar. Easy to go aground, if you aren't careful."

"Surely such bars could receive attention, Captain," replied the practical doctor.

"Oh yes, I suppose so. Such things will come in time."

"No time like the present, my friend," went on Dean, whose eager nature could never see the sense of deferring improvements until to-morrow. A sad policy of frustration, from which Australia has suffered more than any other land.

In the course of time our Northern Rivers certainly received attention, but apparently of the wrong kind, for, in endeavoring to control the sand bars, our experts, unfortunately, only succeeded in closing many rivers, such as the Manning, Hastings, Nambucca, Bellinger and Tweed, to all but the smallest vessels.

A tragedy for our coastal shipping, which has not even yet been realised by those responsible for the development of our mighty land.

Had all our leaders possessed the vision, courage, and practical enterprise of Horace Dean, Australia would have progressed even more rapidly than she has, and the tragedy of the closing of our coastal rivers would have been averted. But vision is apparently denied to many, and we must be grateful that Providence has granted to our land a chosen few, a small, but gallant band of pioneers, whose devoted labors carved out from the bushland wilderness an empire of fertility.

And chief among this fellowship of progress is Horace Dean. He lost no time in visiting the convict settlement at Port Macquarie. Although the worst evils of the harsh system had been done away with, the station at Port Macquarie now being regarded as a kind of reformatory, the good doctor was not favorably impressed. The sad system of the past still cast a gloom over the settlement, and the old ghosts walked. His gentle nature was horrified. He declared that American slavery was better than the treatment received by the convicts, under this officially merciful regime. He protested, strongly, against their being regarded as cargoes, to be reformed in mass, by severe discipline, and,

in his own vigorous way, he lost no time in seeking to mollify their conditions.

"Although many are criminals, the derelicts of society, the dregs of humanity, they are also human beings, individual souls, and should be treated as such. Each bears the stamp of God, and, as Christians, we should seek to help and save them. A kindly word is far better than the thong of discipline, or the chains of slavery."

He said this after attending Divine worship in the historic Church of St. Thomas. The service was Matins, and, as a lover of the ancient Anglican Church, which has done so much for the world in a quiet but unspectacular way (and received scant recognition in the process) he enjoyed that stately service to the full. He delighted in the Commandments inscribed on the Eastern wall, and appreciated the music of the mechanical organ, whose tunes were contained in rollers. This famous organ was unique in Australia then, and still is, as far as we know. He joined in the responses and psalms, and felt all the better for the happiness of public worship, a joy which is largely lost to men in our own materialistic age. Then, the convict chaplain mounted the many steps to the high pulpit, and the doctor settled back in the quaint box-pew (another heritage of this historic Church) to hear, and digest, the words of the preacher. "In Christ Jesus there is neither bond nor free, but a new creature." Such was the text of the chaplain.

Rather hard on the convicts, thought the good doctor, peering round at the fifty or so prisoners, who had been marched into the Church that earlier convicts had completed in 1828. They were standing on the stone floor at the back of the building, guarded by their warders, a few of the prisoners, the more desperate ones, being in chains, for the encouragement of the righteous and a warning to the evil-doers. The doctor's quick gaze swept over the Church, a long, and rather severe, building, but with a beauty of its own, despite, or, perhaps, because of, the fact that it had been planned and designed by a convict, as well as built by his fellow-prisoners. In this work they surely found some manner of escape from bondage, some measure

of spiritual freedom which the convict system denied them. Even in imprisonment, religion affords the most hardened criminal some consolation. As the psalmist says, "The Lord looseth men out of prison." That phrase occurred in the psalm sung at the service, and Dr. Dean thought it most appropriate. As he followed the worthy preacher's discourse, part of his magnificent mind was also busily pursuing schemes by which the lot of the unhappy convicts could be ameliorated.

For H.D. didn't belong to the band of dreamers who think much, but do little. For him, to think was to act. A necessity in the make-up of any true pioneer. It may make him uncomfortable to live with. He may be a thorn in the side of complacent authority, but, my word, he gets things done, and the good doctor always felt that his chief mission in life was to get things done.. It was because of this, that he was later able to do so much for the Manning.

The prisoners appeared to listen attentively to the preacher, although there was little chance of inattention, with half a dozen burly warders stationed amongst them. H.D. only hoped that the prison authorities, as well as the prisoners, would profit by the pious ideal of men becoming new creatures in Christ, so eloquently expressed by the chaplain. However, he couldn't concentrate on the sermon quite as much as he wished, because Captain Nixon, who, with Mrs. Nixon and Jane, shared his pew, had brought his telescope to Church, and he and Phoebe spent most of the sermon deciding where to put it. Finally, the telescope fell to the floor with a loud clatter. The preacher paused, and with a loud Ahem! admonished the captain—knowing him of old—whereat Nixon actually blushed, but looked innocent, while Phoebe giggled. The doctor smiled, Jane compressed her lips, and the captain, having kicked the telescope under the kneeler, composed himself for slumber, which state he was about to attain, when the long discourse ended, and Phoebe, grasping the offending telescope, used it to prod her spouse into wakefulness.

After the service, the chaplain took the doctor and his party to the tower of the Church, where, before admiring the spacious view, H.D. delivered himself of the speech al-

ready referred to, courteously asking the man of God to convey his sentiments to the Governor of the convict prison. Captain Nixon now revealed the purpose of bringing his telescope to St. Thomas', and swept the sea with it. To his delight he picked out two steamers. "The 'Rangatira,' Southward bound from Rockhampton to Sydney, and the 'Boomerang,' heading North for Moreton Bay," he announced proudly, in the manner of a stately retainer heralding the approach of royalty. Then he proceeded to polish his cherished instrument with his best Sunday handkerchief, to Phoebe's pretended disgust. "What's that dirty looking coaster near the wharf, my dear?" she asked her husband, "the 'Fire Place'?" "That's 'The Fire King,'" retorted the captain, rising to the bait as usual. "Oh, so it is," answered Phoebe demurely. "It needs a bit of a polish, though." "How often have I told you a ship is She, and not It?" began her husband, breaking off his reprimand, however, to kiss his wife and declaim, "Of all the lovely girls that tease, you're the best in all the seas!"

Dean, however, was oblivious to all this. He was too busy drinking in the glories of that lovely scene. For the view from the tower of St. Thomas' Church afforded a panorama of green down, rugged cliffs, like the Nobbies, and sandy coves, set against the sparkling expanse of the blue Pacific. "The prolific Pacific," he murmured, thinking of the chubby little land agent, whose good offices had brought him to this realm of promise. But the pioneer's chief interest was in the river. He gazed with delight at the silver ribbon of the Hastings, cleaving through the sombre green of the virgin bush, a majestic landscape of tall timbers, set against the distant background of the Great Dividing Range, as ancient as the dream-time of the Aborigines, and as purple as the pomp of emperors.

"Where is the Manning?" he asked the Chaplain.

"That river lies to the South, Doctor," replied the divine. "You can't see it from here, and I've never been there, but though some call this the Happy Hastings, I'm told that the Manning is even finer. The Magnificent Manning I've heard it called."

"The Hastings, Jane," mused the doctor. "The name must remind you of your home town. The Manning sounds to me like the Mississippi in miniature. That's the place for me, my dear. I'll take a trip there, and see my selection, and, if I like it, we'll make our home there. Come, Nixon, put your toy away, and let's get going. I've got work to do."

And, indeed, he had. He spent the next day inspecting the convict settlement; several days in compiling a report, which condemned many features of the system, and suggested many wise and practical measures to ameliorate the prisoner's unhappy lot. Some of which were, of course, ignored by bland officialdom, but others were adopted, and adapted, and generally made use of, to the satisfaction of the good doctor, and the welfare of the convicts. One prisoner, especially, took Dean's fancy. An elderly, refined person, he seemed, who acted as the Governor's confidential clerk. By name of Tucker, he was an excellent penman, and the doctor found him using the backs of official records for more than official statistics. "I'm writing a novel, doctor," said the convict scribe, "all about Ralph Rashleigh; a true story of the convict days, based on experience. But you won't tell the Governor, will you, please, Doctor? He might object." "I'll not breathe a word about it, Tucker," the doctor assured him. "Finish it, my friend, and let me have it, and if it's good, as I'm sure it will be, I'll have it published for you." "Thank you, Sir," said the convict author. "You're a good man if ever there was one."

In due course, Tucker completed his work, but it never reached Dean. Somehow, it got mislaid with other records, and then, miraculously, was discovered after many years, and published nearly a century later, to become famous almost overnight as the great Australian novel, "Ralph Rashleigh."

While staying in Port, H.D. and family were the guests of Con Criske, the local Postmaster, and friend of the Nixons. Con was by way of being a local character. Rumor had it that his wife thought he should have been a Bishop, but he favored the rank of an Admiral. Local esteem compromised on a Commodore, and it was as Con the Commodore that he was affectionately known to his many

friends. Tall and spare, with an aggressive little beard, he was always in a hurry. "If you don't meet him going, you'll meet him coming back," Mrs. Criske would say.

His Post Office was a trim, white house, referred to as the Cabin, boasting a flagstaff in front, from which he daily flew the Union Jack, with a dressing of bunting on Sundays and holidays. Round the house was a mass of junk, which he called his chandler's store. Odds and ends, which he assiduously collected whenever he drove abroad, because, as he said, "You never know when an old table, or verandah post, might come in useful." Driving abroad was literally true, for he possessed a smart buggy, to which he hitched two fine horses, a black one, called "Nigger," and a white one called "Black." "I'm the only man who is able to call white Black and get away with it!" he told the doctor. He drove just as he walked—in a tearing hurry—and one ride with him was enough for Jane. He took her to see the sights, including Shelly Beach, but the roads, such as they were, meant nothing to him. He was more often among the trees than on the track, and upset his conveyance more than once, by taking a short cut across a rocky paddock. The doctor, however, loved him, driving with him every day, rejoicing in his furious speed, and by night, learning from him something of the intricacies of the busy life of a Postmaster.

The Commodore was a great reader, into the bargain, although he read as he walked and drove—at a great pace. Politics was his chief concern in reading, and he and the doctor had many a long discussion. However, Criske had an obsession regarding Russia, and made use of an old telescope, collected from Captain Nixon, to scan the horizon every morning for signs of an invading fleet. "Can't trust the Czar of the Kremlin," he muttered. Which had, on one occasion, caused the Captain to declaim, to the Commodore:

"Conrad Criske,
Though so frisky,
Lives in tremblin
Of the Kremlin."

H.D. loved these characters, who lent extra color to a colorful age, little realising, in his humility, that he, himself, was the most colorful personality of them all. "Nonsense, Jane," he would say to his wife. "I'm just a plain, simple man, who leads a dull, but, pray God, an upright life!" "Yes, dear, of course," Mrs. Dean would reply demurely, wondering to herself what life would have been like had he sought adventure.

However, the doctor's stay at Port was brief. On the Saturday, Pastor Wilkin called at the Cabin, to take a dish of tea, and replenish his stores. An Anglican Lay Reader, who claimed the bush as his parish, he spent weeks on horseback, ministering to the spiritual and material needs of the scattered population of the vast area. A strong, vigorous and well-built man, who thrived on danger and loneliness. He was studying for the ministry, he said, and had been for many years, but doubted if he would ever find the time to be ordained, even if he found the Bishop. However, the settlers appreciated his aims, and dubbed him Pastor. He had a booming voice, and delighted in cheerful singing at any service he took. The prison chaplain, indeed, rather looked down his long nose at him, and murmured to the doctor that MISTER Wilkin was inclined to be a trifle non-liturgical, but the common folk loved him, and heard him gladly. Their reaction was summed up by Captain Nixon, whose verses, though certainly less polished than his ship, had the knack of summarising popular feeling most clearly.

"Our local Pastor, can he sing?

Why, Wilkin makes the welkin ring!"

THE HASTINGS.

Learning that the doctor was eager to make an early visit to the Manning, Pastor Wilkin offered to be his guide, as he was going that way on his rounds. Only stopping long enough to find a saddle among the Commodore's junk, and refusing the offer of lunch, the pastor and the doctor set off about noon. H.D. was riding a spirited horse, borrowed for him by Con, a steed fittingly named Lively. Wilkin rode a large bay mare, called Lightning, and led pack-horses named Postman, Lantern and David Jones. "Lightning," he explained as they rode along the bushland ways, following the course of the Hastings, "was named for the fall of Satan, Postman carries the mail, Lantern, the Word of God, and David Jones, the general stores." H.D. soon wished they had partaken of lunch before leaving Port, because food apparently meant little to the vigorous travelling preacher. He had to reach his first Church before sundown, he said.

They accomplished this, and camped before a bark-hut "Church" as the sun was setting, but it was 8 o'clock before "lunch" was served, as the pastor had his horses to attend to first. However, after a meal of beef and damper, H.D. felt better, and enjoyed a smoke and yarn with the unorthodox preacher, round the camp fire. Wilkin brewed a huge billy of "the cup that cheers, Doctor," and then ran through his sermons for the trip. Since these consisted mainly of his adventures, his companion found them of absorbing interest.

"Last visit, Doctor, I pulled out a tooth for an old settler. As it came out he raised his fist, merely as a gesture, and blacked my eye. I had to face my congregation with it, but I gave them a good sermon on the text, "An eye for a tooth."

"Rather an unusual text," murmured the doctor, "but effective, I have no doubt."

"The time before, it was Lightning that had eye trouble," went on the worthy missionary, "so I put in some eye drops, but Lightning reared up and smote me down, trampling on my head and knocking me cold. I lay unconscious all night, but was able to take the service next morning, my head wrapped in a towel."

"Did you find a suitable text?"

"Quite easily, Doctor—'Put not your trust in horses!' Another time, Con the Commodore kindly drove me to a preaching appointment. He got lost, as usual, and, in taking a short cut, he overturned us in a creek. I had to appear wet in clothing, but undampened in spirit."

"And the text?" smiled the doctor.

"Put not your trust in chariots, or any help of man!"

"I was bitten by a snake on another occasion. It got me in the leg, which swelled up, so that I had to hobble into Church on a stick."

"No text this time, I fear, Pastor."

"Oh yes, indeed, Doctor—"The Lord delighteth not in a man's legs'!"

"There's no doubt about you, Pastor," murmured the doctor happily. "You find a sermon and text in everything."

"That's the way it is, Doctor," agreed Wilkin triumphantly. "With the immortal bard, I see sermons in stones, books, in the creeks, and good in everything."

"Not quite Shakespeare," smiled the doctor to himself, "but practical bush Christianity."

So they lay down to sleep, side by side, this pioneer of the Gospel, and the pioneer of the Manning. And, as they slept, secure in their profound faith in Him Who watches over all, the breeze of the bushland moved in blessing o'er their heads.

Service was at 7 next morning. "Breakfast at noon," said Wilkin. "And lunch?" asked the doctor. "After Evensong, at 9 p.m. We've travelling to do." And they had. From bark shanty at 7 to farm hut at 10, then breakfast—a sandwich as they rode—and service under a tree at 3, followed by a final service, in a settler's cottage, at 7 p.m. After which H.D. enjoyed his delayed lunch.

"No wonder they call you the Galloping Gospeller," said the doctor, as they settled to sleep in a back room. "I suppose you eat regular meals sometimes?"

"Not often," replied the devout preacher. "I subdue my flesh to the spirit. Anyway, I'm kept too busy to have time for many meals. One good lunch a day does me."

H.D. could appreciate his busy-ness. For besides praying, preaching and singing, and reading from his prayer book with obvious sincerity, and delight, Pastor Wilkin delivered mail, acted as bush doctor, gave the local news and called on every settler within reach. Dean never forgot the late arrival of a bushman, who crept in shamefacedly in the middle of the sermon. "Oh, there you are, Theo!" cried Wilkin. "I've got your flour and a couple of letters. I'll give them to you after." Then he resumed the sermon.

"Do you get paid for all this?" asked the curious H.D.

"Oh yes; I get a small yearly grant from Sydney. Just enough for horse-feed."

"But how do you get by, on this?"

"Oh, I manage. I don't starve. The Lord provides."

With which remark the doctor was in accord, and fell asleep, strangely comforted.

At dawn next morning, Wilkin said that he and the doctor must part company. "I have to turn back, and follow the Hastings, and visit my cathedral."

"Your cathedral?"

"The Bush—that's my cathedral, doctor! You must keep South, and make for the Manning. You're already well on the way. I'll show you the track. You can't go wrong. Just follow the signposts."

"Signposts? I don't see any!"

"The hills, the trees, the sun—they're God's signposts."

But, looking at the lonely, sombre bush, and the narrow, uncertain track the gospeller was pointing out, the doctor felt that he would be well and truly bushed before the day was far advanced. However, good fortune came to his aid. A horseman came into view, galloping madly down the slope towards them. On near approach, the horseman proved to be a horsewoman, of middle age, dressed more like a man, brandishing a pistol, and riding in haste, but handling her dapple grey with superb skill.

"Have you seen her?" she cried, reining her steed to a sudden stop.

"Seen who, Miss Kelly?" asked Wilkin, doffing his battered hat, and relieved to see her put her pistol away.

"Why, my servant girl," replied the anxious lady. "Left her in charge of my home yesterday, and when I returned last night, she'd disappeared. Been searching all night, but have found no trace. Afraid the blacks must have got her."

"We haven't seen her, Miss Kelly," answered Wilkin. "Oh, allow me, please. Miss Isabella Kelly, meet Doctor Dean."

"Charmed, I'm sure, Doctor," smiled the lady graciously. "Can you two help me in the search?"

"Are you going back to the Manning, Ma'am?"

"I am, Pastor."

"Then take the doctor with you, and he can help you. I'm afraid I have to be at farmer Hill's by noon."

"On your way, then, Pastor. What's that rhyme of Nixon's about you?"

"Wand'ring Wilkin
Helps with the milkin'.

"On your way, my good man, and you, Sir, please follow me. Come on, Calendar, up with you."

So the famous Isabella Kelly, another colorful pioneer of the early Manning, turned back along the Manning track, spurring off on Calendar at such a speed that H.D. needed all his speed and Lively's pace to keep her in sight.

They searched all day for the missing servant girl, but no trace of her was ever discovered. One theory was that the unfortunate girl was murdered by a straggling blackfellow, and thrown into a water-hole. Later rumor said she had run away and was living a new life on the coast. Nothing definite was ever ascertained, however, and after a day's hard riding, and fruitless seeking, Miss Kelly had to abandon the search.

So, at sunset, Miss Isabella and the doctor came in sight of the magnificent Manning.

THE MANNING.

"Stand still, my steed, let us review the scene,

And summon, from the future, vast forms that not yet have been."

So H.D. addressed the vale of the Manning, as his eyes beheld its wonderful panorama for the first time. Then, he removed his hat, raised his eloquent eyes towards the golden sky, liquid and tranquil in the sunset, and exclaimed, with that silver voice that was to charm so many:

"Blasted with sighs and surrounded with tears,

Hither I come to spend my years."

However, Miss Kelly was growing impatient. "Your steed may stand still, my dear doctor, but my steed, Calendar, is nearly falling over. I and Calendar have a date at the Ferry Inn. See you later." And the good lady spurred away, and, in a few moments, the doctor prevailed on the weary Lively to follow her.

So they came together to the hostelry, kept by David Scott Targett, where fellowship, good cheer, and a good night's lodging, awaited them. Next day Miss Isabella left for Brimbin, leaving H.D. free to call on his old friends, the Wynters, at Tilkah.

As usual, the impetuous doctor wasted no time. He had fallen in love with the Manning, and, encouraged by an early settler, Don McLeod, had soon arranged with the Wynters to take up a holding at Tinonee.

A hurried trip to Port Macquarie, a message to Prolific Peneplane in Sydney, a few purchases from Commodore Criske, and within a few weeks H.D. and family were settled at Tinonee—"Where sharks abound in reverie."

The arrival of Dean's furniture and books caused much excitement. Among the former was an iron bedstead, which created as much of a stir as the flying saucers of a later age. The books, apparently weighing some tons, made an even greater impression. Civilised amenities and culture had at last reached Tinonee, said the few local residents. Although some shook their heads at the array of books (little dreaming of the famous memorial library that was to come nearly a hundred years later), all approved of the iron bedstead. And all approved of this tall and striking personality, his gracious wife and lovely children. But, in those early days, few realised that a prophet and a pioneer had come amongst them, whose unselfish labors and outstanding talents were to transform the wilderness of the Manning into a valley of prosperity and progress.

All this was early in 1858. Eight years previously Tinonee was known as the "Old Wharf." Taree and Cundle did not exist. Mondrook, Kolodong, Glenthorne, and the Islands, were dense brushes. Few people cared to go to the Manning, although the district had been opened up for pastoral pursuits and cedar-getting. There were no roads, only bridle tracks. No ferries. No schools. No social life and few amenities. Wingham and Chatham were the most frequented places and the only centres of business. H.D. was to change all this.

Almost at once he opened up a store, purchasing Bates and Renwick's business in Manchester Street, Tinonee. He explained that this was the easiest way to get to know people. When the settlers, who wore the coarsest clothing, ate the poorest food, and who, men and women alike, worked like slaves, warned the doctor of the poor conditions

into which he had brought his family, his piercing eyes lit up with an unconquerable fire. "I will improve things," he cried. Some of the younger men sneered. Some older ones advised caution. But all this added to the zeal of the gallant newcomer.

"There is certainly work to be done," he exclaimed, "but I will do it!" And, in a comparatively few and crowded years, this genius of a pioneer more than redeemed his pledge. As usual, he preferred deeds to words. Within a few weeks he was responsible for having the main street of Tinonee formed, some semblance of sidewalks built, and a road made to the nearer centres, which, until then, had only been linked by tracks. Tracks, rough and rutted in dry weather, and impassable bogs in time of rain. "There can be no trade or business," said H.D., "unless people can travel in comparative comfort and safety."

He knew, from experience in America, that the amazing progress of that young country was largely due to good communications. Railways, roads, and rivers, all served their purpose in the States. Railways were still a novelty in Australia, but this amazing man already had a vision of a North Coast railway. Roads were still a problem, but he never ceased to urge their building. However, the rivers, as ever, were his chief delight, and in the Manning, in particular, he saw a means of transport ready to hand. Dredging, damming, regular steamship services, wharves, ferries, bridges—all these things occupied his fertile mind, and he never ceased his untiring activities to make the Manning the great artery of the valley he had come to pioneer.

However, the way of genius is never smooth, and he had heartbreaks and setbacks in plenty. Enthusiasm often breeds active opposition, and some, who could have worked with him, worked even harder against him. They called him "Yankee," and, preferring to remain in easy indolence, suggested he should return to America. "Let him drive the slaves there," they muttered. "We are happy here as we are."

A lesser man might well have given up. But H.D. was born to succeed, not to give in, and, cheered and supported

in his darkest hours by his brave and gracious wife, he toiled night and day for the betterment of the Manning, in a manner known only to the early pioneers. Education, he decided was a major need of the people. There were no schools, few books, no newspapers, no literary societies. So he early advocated the opening of schools, lent his books, planned a newspaper, and lectured, and recited poems, at many gatherings. The intellect that could have graced the halls of London or New York was given to the service of the backblocks.

Such is the way of the great. And many on the Manning, in meeting the good doctor, were entertaining an angel unawares. Many others, however, appreciated his virtues. Said John Newby, an old resident of Chatham: "Doctor Dean? A settler from America, you say? Not he. The doctor is a gift from God!"

There came a wild night when a distraught mother called at the doctor's house. "Please come to my shack, Sir!" she cried. "Come at once, ere my daughter dies." Late though the hour, wearied as he was, the doctor braved the stormy night and flooded roads, and sat by the child's bedside, ministering to her in skill and sympathy, until the angel of death was banished by the apostle of life. Then he insisted on the rest of the family going to bed, and prepared breakfast for them. "I'm afraid we can't pay you, Doctor," said the mother in embarrassment. "It's been a bad season, and we have no money." The doctor took a sheet of paper from his note-book. "Thats my bill," he said. Then tore it up and threw it on the fire. "A mother's thanks," he said, "is worth more than a purse of gold."

Returning home in the early sunny morn that followed the tempest of the night, he went straight into his store and commenced the work of the day. "What do you use for sleep, my dear?" asked his wife. "My dear Jane," replied the doctor, "when I lack sleep I make use of my faith in God."

THE STORE AT TINONEE.

H.D's. store soon became the hub of creative life for Tinonee. Men dropped in for tobacco and stayed for a yarn. A yarn that was a wise man's philosophy. Women came in for groceries and stayed to receive kindly and free advice concerning Mary's tonsils, or Johnny's bad leg. Farmers drove in for fencing wire and stayed to learn something of the methods of modern farming. Fishermen called for new lines and stayed to hear the plans for the development of the Manning River. Students came for a paper and were lent books and promised a newspaper of their own. The few local or visiting clergymen looked in for news of parishioners, and were encouraged by support in Church building and any scheme for the advancement of education. The politically-minded asked for news of the Government, and received sound advice concerning local government and the needs of the Hastings electorate. Children ran in for sweets and stayed to listen enthralled to stories of the Mississippi. Families, hard hit by a bad season, called in for credit, and were sent happily away with free supplies and a generous loan. Gardeners called for seeds and plants, and were told how and when and what to plant, and shown round the model garden H.D. had found time to make. A lovely garden on the river bank, full of vivid flowers, graced by trees and bounded by a famous hedge.

In fact, all and sundry looked in to pass the time of day, and stayed to learn something of the way of the world and how it could be wisely run. And the focal point and driving force of all this creative activity was centred on the versatility and genius of one man—H.D., the great pioneer of the Manning. He was untiring in his efforts for all schemes of local improvement, prodigal in his friendships and helping ways, and amazing in his many-sided interests. That one man could engage in so much and be interested in so many things, never ceased to amaze the people of the Manning. Never before, or since, has a pioneer been such a guide, philosopher and friend to any area, as was H.D. to the Manning and its people. His tall frame filled the store. His piercing eyes lit the gloom of the dullest Winter's day. His melodious voice was eloquent with words inspiring progress.

In short, his gigantic personality bestrode the little world of the Manning like a Colossus. Even those who came to scoff at this pioneer of vision, remained to praise and to go their way, better men for the time spent in his noble company. H.D's. Store was a storehouse of spiritual treasure even more than a store of household supplies.

The doctor became the local Postmaster, but he did more than stamp letters. He reorganised the entire postal service, and saw to it that Her Majesty's mail was delivered and despatched regularly, and on time. His store was also the local transport office, and improved services, by road and river, never ceased to exercise his mind.

"If a job is worth doing, it's worth doing well," H.D. would exclaim. Not an original remark, but how seldom do we find a man who believed in putting great thoughts into instant action? "Men talk too much and act too little," he would cry. "It's no use planning for a distant future. The time for action is to-day! The good Lord made the world in a week. Working with Him, we can create a matchless Manning in a year!" And his eyes would flash, and his great fingers twitch with an eagerness to get things done.

Nor did he disregard the lighter things of life. Hospitality he generously dispensed to one and all. "A Store," sniffed one rather strait-laced lady. "It's a kind of tea-drinking club if you ask me." "I didn't ask you, Madam, but the poet once eulogised the cup that cheers, and who are we to contradict him?"

And paramount, perhaps, in this portrait of a pioneer, was his unflagging zest for life. He was able to work day and night unceasingly, because he loved the Manning and its people, and found all his labors a delight. Sports and pastimes also received his hearty encouragement. All games appealed to him. Rowing and swimming in particular; but he regarded any sport, and country Shows, as opportunities for social fellowship. Amenities was one of his favorite slogans also. "We don't need better conditions," he would say. "We need the best! And I won't relax until the culture and comfort of the people of the Manning reach the highest levels."

Never despairing, never faltering, he guided the local settlers with unflagging energy and enthusiasm, until many of his ideals were fulfilled. He was a veritable Abraham Lincoln of Tinonee. A Captain Cook of the Manning. He brought his great wealth of knowledge to bear on all local farming problems. Maize alone was not a sufficient crop. He urged the establishment of the sugar industry, and experimented with any crop that would grow, studying grasses, pasture improvement, and the grazing and dairying possibilities of the Manning. Timber, too, came in his orbit. He deprecated the wanton exploitation of the rich local timbers. "Use trees, certainly," he said, "but preserve their wealth by planting more." He was an apostle of afforestation in an age when tree-felling was almost a craze.

In all this he was the glory of his times, but also he was an amazing prophet of the future. He foresaw the coming of the railways, the building of modern roads, the days of mighty ships, and even the present miracle of air transport.

"There is nothing man cannot achieve," he said, "if he gives his mind to it. By land, sea, and air, man is born to be conqueror. The elements are his to rule. Our strife is

not against our fellow-men, but against the vicissitudes and challenges of Nature."

"And who is our helper in all this?" asked a bystander, testing him. "The Government, or a local Committee?"

"Both certainly have their part to play, my friend," responded H.D. gravely. "But, according to my belief, we have God to be our helper."

However, H.D. was not an unpractical dreamer, as are many visionaries. He was always the wise storekeeper and sound man of business, as the episode of the salt transaction shows.

In the early days of the Manning, salt was used a great deal more than to-day. It was almost a means of exchange. Certainly a pointer of economic stability.

Soon after H.D. had entered business at Tinonee, the Sydney salt-merchants thought they had a surfeit of the commodity, and decided to enrich themselves at the "clever Yankee's" expense by offering him their surplus stocks at less than cost. The doctor-storekeeper was interested, but not misled or stampeded into a useless purchase. Knowing South Australia and Melbourne well, he made exhaustive enquiries, and soon learnt that a shortage of salt was impending. Meanwhile the salt merchants were growing impatient, and making every inducement to H.D. to buy, with even lower quotations. So the wise man of business left his store in charge of his good wife, and hurried to Sydney. No doubt Poppa Peneplane was glad to see him again.

"Salt, my dear Doctor," we can imagine him saying. "A prolific commodity. Nearly as valuable as rum, if not quite as palatable. But I can't see much future in buying it up. Now, I can sell you more land at Fort Macquarie. What about a drink or a cigar? And how's good Captain Nixon? As neat as ever? I must come with you and inspect the 'Fire King' again.

But the doctor had to leave his garrulous but kindly friend, Mr. Prolific, and quickly made a deal with the anxious salt-merchants. To their great delight he bought up all their salt. They thought their fortunes were made, but within a month it was H.D. who had made the fortune.

For, owing to the sudden scarcity of salt, they then had to buy the salt back at H.D's. price. Their business deal had recoiled on their own heads, as the "clever Yankee" had foreseen.

"What a man! What a brain!" cried Prolific Peneplane. "Why wasn't I a salt-buyer?" But no one could begrudge H.D. his fortune, for every penny he made was by fair dealing and keen business sense, and was used for the welfare of his fellow-settlers.

On his return from Sydney to the peace of Tinonee, he said to his dear Jane, in the hearing of the many who came to welcome his return, "I care for neither money nor rank. A pioneer's rough house is as dear to me as the Governor's palace. My object is not to make money to help myself, but to help this district."

And how the hardy, but penurious, pioneers had frequent cause to bless him for those words, which he was always prepared to translate into instant action.

THE HOME AT TINONEE.

A man may be judged by many things. His home, for example. Doctor Dean was a great home-maker. If Jane was the shining star, devoted wife and mother, peerless companion and guide, H.D. was the presiding genius. He couldn't build a Newplace, or recapture the stateliness of the family home at New Orleans, but he could make of a comparatively humble dwelling a place of charm and comfort. To enter the home of the good doctor-pioneer was to see, at a glance, the moral and mental stature of the man. His garden was a riot of color, emblazoned against the silver waters of the Manning. He planted a fig-tree, and this, with the hedge, was his special pride. But it was the atmosphere of the home that counted most. Noble thoughts, couched in stately phrases, inspired even the most uneducated, who marvelled that one man's brain could carry all he knew. He kept open house for all, and his meal-times were famous for the many welcome guests, and for the amazing literary table-talk with which he regaled his growing family and his friends. His mind ranged freely, from Shakespeare to Thoreau and Lincoln, from Socrates and Plato to Henry Parkes, from Voltaire to Dickens. But his home was built as much on the heart as on the mind.

There came to his house one night a poor farmer and his wife. They had borrowed a large sum from the doctor, but the seasons had gone against them, and they probably lacked the necessary skill for successful farming.

H.D. received them courteously, and ushered them into the parlor with as much ceremony as if they were the Governor and his lady. "Come along in, Willie and Maggie. You know Jane, of course, and the family. Jane, my dear, some refreshments for our friends, please. Sit here by the fire Willie, and Maggie, take my chair. It's more comfortable. That's right, my dear. Now what can I do for you?" However, the distressed couple were tongue-tied. Willie was a tall Scotsman, who seemed to have difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands. Maggie was a small dark woman from Wales, whose usually eloquent tongue was temporarily stilled. Her dark eyes darted furtive glances at the ornate room, and then she fixed her gaze on the carpet. What they lacked in speech they made up for in nudges. "You tell him, Maggie." Nudge. "No, Willie, you tell him!" Nudge. A long pause. Then more nudges. H.D. was highly amused, and filled in time, until tea was served, by chatting lightly of this and that. Even the tea scarcely loosened their tongues. Willie gulped his nervously, and nearly choked. Crumbled his toast, and was nudged and rebuked by Maggie. "Crumbs on the floor, Willie. Do be careful." Maggie sipped her tea, pecked at a finger of toast, and then gave poor Willie the biggest nudge yet, and said, "Now then, Willie, pull yourself together, and tell him like a man." After which burst of eloquence she seemed to lapse into a coma.

Poor Willie, thus admonished, tugged at his collar, snapped his work-hardened fingers, opened his mouth, mumbled something, but said—nothing. "Well, Willie and Maggie," smiled H.D., lighting his second pipe of the evening, for he was a moderate smoker, "I'm a bit of a clairvoyant, so I'll tell you!" Willie started at the word clairvoyant, as did his wife, and both glanced round anxiously, as if expecting some apparition. "Don't worry, Willie; perhaps I should have used the Scotch word, fey." "Oh, ah, fey. That's different," said Willie, much relieved. "You've come to tell me you

can't repay the loan." "Well, not exactly, Doctor—" began Willie. "Oh yes, indeed," interposed Maggie. "That's it, Sir. We can't pay whatever." "No," said Willie, speaking with an effort. "We can't pay now, Doctor, but if you can give us another chance, another six months—" "If you give us another six years, Sir, we won't be able to pay," broke in Maggie. "We've six children, as you know, and we're down and out." "Flat broke, in other words, as they say in the States," mused the doctor. "Let's see the terms of our little agreement. I have it here." And he produced a parchment. "Um. I read that you promise to repay me, interest free, a loan of a hundred pounds on August first, and it's now August fifteenth. A serious business, my friends, when you have to repudiate." But his eyes twinkled. "Repruderate!" gasped Maggie. "Oh, nothing like that! Oh, Willie, why did I ever leave Cardiff?" "Aberdeen wasn't that bad, either," mumbled Willie, snapping his fingers unhappily. "What are you going to do, Doctor?" "Put this document on the fire, Willie!" replied H.D., suiting the action to his words. "But the hundred pounds?" asked Willie, snapping his fingers like a pistol-shot. "Yes, the hundred pounds!" cried Maggie, looking round, as if expecting the local constable to make an appearance with his handcuffs. "Forget it, my friends," smiled the doctor happily. "It's a gift. I'll chalk it up to the salt merchants of Sydney. And here's another small gift of five pounds, and should you need groceries, and I gather that you do, help yourselves from the store. It's on the house." "Oh, Doctor!" cried the delighted Maggie. "You're a good man if ever there was one. I could kiss you." "Well, who's stopping you?" laughed the doctor. "I am," replied Willie. "A good handshake I'm in favor of. But free kisses I don't hold with."

However, the doctor got his kiss, as well as the firm handshake, and his great heart rejoiced at the good turn he had been able to perform for these two struggling fellow-pioneers.

THE BIRTH OF A NEWSPAPER.

What an occasion! Tinonee had never seen anything like it before. And nothing quite so exciting since. What crowds streamed into the small bush town, until it almost resembled a city, so far as traffic was concerned. "Almost like Sydney," remarked Morgan Poole, of the sugar mill, to Captain Hector Gollan. "It certainly is," agreed the captain. "Must put on an extra ferry."

Everybody, from near and far, seemed to be flocking to Tinonee. Grown-ups, man and wife, young men and maidens, the smaller children, and even babes in arms, seemed determined not to miss so momentous an occasion. From up the river, and down the river, from farm and timber-camp, by road, by track, by boat, on horse-back, in buggies, or on foot, the pioneers of the Manning poured into Tinonee, that happy day, early in 1865.

And all because H.D. had called a public meeting "of vital importance to all who had the welfare and development of the Manning at heart."

MR. JOHN HALL, who surveyed a lot of the land on the Manning in the early days.

CAPTAIN CREAGH, first Clerk of Petty Sessions on the Manning. He lived for a time at Bungay.

Mr. Rowley, one of the first residents of the Manning. He lived at historic Bungay Estate, and had been a West Indian sugar planter. Mr. Rowley was one of a syndicate who took up Bungay—then known as "Bungie Bungie." Many notable gatherings were held at the homestead, and the first Post Office and the first Police lock-up on the Manning were located at Bungay.

This photo of Coastal Blacks was taken on the Manning many years ago.

It was held in the hall the doctor had helped to build. Naturally a small building, on this occasion it was packed to overflowing. The whole district was represented. David Scott Targett, once of the Ferry Inn, was present early, to obtain a good seat. There he was, a jovial and popular citizen, talking to the Wynters of Tilkah, the oldest friends of the doctor. Louis Grill, the bootmaker, and a leading local sportsman, was close by, adding his word whenever Targett made pause. The Else family, William, George and Arthur, now in charge of the Ferry Inn, were talking animatedly with the Fletts and Boyces, of Taree. Joshua Cochrane, J.P., of Wingham, was also there, but standing, because, as a leading citizen of Wingham, and close friend of the convenor of the meeting, he was to mount the stage as member of the official party.

Paddy McCann and Mr. Chapman came in late, but secured a seat, thanks to Captain Gollan, who was as good at helping his friends as he was at building such ships as "Maggie Gollan," "Christina," and the tug "John Gollan." As for the others, hundreds of them, too numerous to mention, their names are recorded in the annals of Tinonee, for, in many ways, each pioneering family left its mark on the district so many loved so well.

Punctually at 8 o'clock, the official party entered the hall, led by the Rector of St. Paul's Anglican Church, Rev. W. C. Hawkins, whose warden the doctor was. Looking round, the divine beckoned here and there, and proceeded to the platform, followed by School Inspector Lobban, Major Wynter, Mr. Henry Flett, ex-MP, Captain Gollan, Captain Newton, J. E. Chapman, Donald McLeod, Morgan Poole, Joshua Cochrane, Sam Plummer, Joseph Andrews, Mr. D. Alderton, Mr. John Newby, George Saxby, JP, and Mr. J. H. Rowley, JP. This imposing asembly of local worthies crowded the small rostrum, but eventually found seats, chatting animatedly the while. Captain Newton, of Pelican Bay, was exchanging views with Captain Gollan concerning schooners, origs, and barques, for both men were ship builders after the heart of Longfellow, as H.D. often remarked. Morgan Poole was speaking of sugar and flour mills to J. E. Chapman, that lively business man and local advocate, whose

favorite slogan was, "We must bridge the river!" A sentiment in which H.D. wholeheartedly concurred, only adding mildly, "But why stop at one? We need two or three!"

Major Wynter leant towards Captain Gollan, to enquire if Mr. W. Bird's keel of flooded gum, for the tug "John Gollan," had proved satisfactory. Donald McLeod was telling Mr. Rowley of the progress of his fine herd of Shorthorn cattle, while Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Newby were listening to Mr. Alderton's news of the school, and its promising pupils.

But all this came to a sudden hush as the last member of the party mounted the platform. The man of the moment. The shining light of Tinonee. H.D. himself. Amid such an august gathering his personality dominated all, as he moved, with stately grace and dignity, to the chief chair. In the prime of life, tall and upright, his strong features and piercing eyes told of the presence of a kindly genius, that few such pioneering centres as Tinonee were fortunate to possess.

In the company of famous pioneers he was the pioneer par-excellence. If that gathering gave a general portrait of all that the early pioneers did for Australia, H.D. summed up all their virtues in himself. He was a man whom all respected, many admired and not a few loved, and not without cause.

The reverend Chairman noticed a woman in the front row, nursing a sturdy little girl. The mother's eyes were closed, as if to hide her tears. Had the clergyman been able to read the woman's thoughts, what a scene of joy he would have shared in. For that mother, wife of a struggling farmer, was living over again the happening of a year ago. Her daughter Marian, her only child, seemed to be dying. In despair she had taken her to H.D. "Malnutrition," he had diagnosed. "Your little girl needs plenty of good food, and a stiff tonic. I'll make up this prescription for you at once. That, with plenty of nourishing food, will soon make Marian strong again." "But, Doctor," said the mother, "I can't afford good food, and I can't pay for the prescription." "Don't worry, my dear," the kindly doctor had replied. "You can pay for the prescription when you become rich. And, as for the food, take what you need from the store. It's on the house!"

And there were many in the hall that night with similar memories. No wonder the hall was crowded. No wonder that many agreed with puritan John Newby: "H.D. was sent to us by God."

The reverend Chairman was in no great hurry to begin. He gave the company on the platform ample time to take their seats and compose themselves, and, in his wisdom, he thought it good for the great congregation (for so he termed the crowd to himself) to wonder a little longer what exactly the matter of "vital importance" would prove to be.

"Perhaps a new broom factory," whispered George Beattie to J. E. Chapman.

"A modern hotel, more like," retorted Arthur Else. With which Mrs. Ball, later landlady of the Ferry Inn, agreed.

"Could be another sugar mill," suggested D. S. Targett.

"Or a flour mill." This from Mr. Wallace.

"Or a Highland gathering," said Jock Murray to his brother John.

"The police station could do with a coat of paint," said Constable Collins, who was posted near the door, to keep order. But his duties, on that, or any occasion, were not arduous, for the Manning pioneers were a law-abiding people.

"I hope it's to be a hospital," whispered Nurse Clarkin to Hannah McLaughlin. But the latter only nodded sagely. Being the devoted Nannie of the doctor's family, she had inside information, but it was for her master, not for her, to make the eagerly awaited announcement.

During this short pause, Mr. Hawkins beamed benevolently at everyone. Like a good shepherd, he knew and loved them all, whether of his particular flock, or not. The Windsors, Sawyers, Summervilles, Buckletons, Broomfields, Campbells, Irvines, Gibsons, Allans, Snowdens, Kellys, all were there. The families of the whole district, from Chatham to Wingham and Taree, seemed to be before him; and was that Tom Parsonage, in the back row? The divine peered through the flickering lamp light, for, like many a

scholar, his eyes were not at their best, away from his books. Anyway, there was young William Chapman, himself a great reader, and the driving force behind the local book club.

The clergyman was not kept long in doubt about the presence of Tom Parsonage. Manager of Wilson's store (a branch set up from Taree), and rivalling old George Ray and Bill Whitford in popularity, and vying, in friendly enterprise, with the doctor as a business man, Tom was the local wag.

"Come on, Reverend," he now called out. "Get on with the service; the choir's all here!" For Tom himself was an accomplished musician and stage manager, and he'd noticed Mrs. Rowley only a few seats away; the good lady who led the singing at many of Parson Hawkins' services.

Thus admonished, the Chairman rose to his feet, and absent-mindedly said "Amen," adding, "I mean, certainly. By all means, let us begin. But, remember, Tom," he said with a smile, "that while I'm the Parson, you're only a Parsonage!" A sally which provoked a burst of happy merriment, in which the unabashed Tom joined as loudly as any.

The good cleric then briefly outlined the purpose of the meeting, but, deliberately, so vaguely, that the audience was more on tenterhooks than ever.

"It's Chapman's Bridge, as sure as eggs!" cried Tom to Constable Collins, as Mr. Hawkins sat down.

Donald McLeod spoke next. He told how he'd been one of the first to meet the doctor, in the early days, and had encouraged him to settle on the Manning. "An invitation that I have had no cause to regret," he concluded. This led to loud applause, and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow," instigated by the irrepressible Tom, ably supported by Mrs. Rowley.

Major Wynter was the next spokesman. This one-time member of the Queen's Navy recounted his friendship with H.D. in London, ending his brief tribute with mention that it was under his roof, in that far city, that his friend had first met Jane Mitchell, now Mrs. H.D. This fairly brought

the house down, and prompted Tom to lead the singing of "Annie Laurie."

Mr. Hawkins then called on "Our good friend, Morgan Poole," to say a few words.

Nothing loth, Mr. Poole referred to a social function, held at his sugar mill in the early days. H.D., then a comparative stranger, had been invited to address those present, and delivered a stirring speech, in which he said, "I see the future of this beautiful river and district of ours. I see a densely populated land, peopled by a happy and prosperous community. Factories, shops and mills working at full pressure." ("Hear, hear!" This from Mr. Parsonage).

"I see us supplying, not only our own needs, but forwarding our products to people overseas. I see the medical profession caring for, and educating, the people, by means of science unthought of now. I see pupils, in great buildings in our towns, receiving knowledge that we are ignorant of in our present day and generation. Our clergymen, of all denominations, imparting the Divine Truths in beautiful Churches. Our sons and daughters filling high positions in art and music. The great bush, which now surrounds your homes, shall be brought into subjection, and the rich, alluvial soil shall produce crops that we, to-day, would be astounded at. In those days shall our peaceful river carry vessels propelled by other means than steam. Railways will be laden with the wealth of the land. Our roads will be used for speedy transport, and even the air will carry mail, passengers and freight."

"Never before," concluded Morgan Poole, "had I heard such eloquence. And this is the man" (pointing dramatically to H.D.) "who comes before you to-night with a startling proposition. A man to whom this district already owes a debt of gratitude. For no man has worked harder, or sacrificed so much as he, to advance the progress of the Manning. He is the pioneer of pioneers. A portrait of them all. A man I am proud to call my friend. Give him your support, and, as a prophet, and leader, his insight will unlock the doors of a mighty future. He will foreshadow the changes and inventions of a greater age to come."

Mr. Poole resumed his seat amid dead silence. Applause was superfluous. All felt they were in the presence of greatness. Sitting at the feet of a genius. The emotional tension was almost unbearable. Even Tom Parsonage was almost moved to tears. "It was like something out of this world," he confessed to Constable Collins afterwards. "I went to hear a rival business man, and heard, instead, a prophet. It was uncanny."

Mr. Hawkins expressed the same sentiment in a different manner. Talking to his wife, as they walked back to the Rectory, he said, "I felt that I was in the presence of a Divine messenger. The voice of one crying in the wilderness of the Bush: 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight. Behold the ends for which our land was made'." For the reverend gentleman loved a good Biblical quotation, even when slightly inaccurate.

Mr. Alderton, the school teacher, brought the meeting back to normal by begging to be allowed to make a short address. He referred to the opening of Tinonee Public School on 1st Octobr, 1859. "Many of you remember the great speech on Education that the doctor delivered on that occasion. But you may not know that he turned it into verse and recited it the same evening! Now, I've passed some good exams, but ,believe me, I could never perform a feat like that. In fact, I doubt if I could recite 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'!"

This set the crowd laughing again, and when the doctor was then called on to give his address, it was made in the happy human atmosphere he loved so much.

Yet, as he rose to his feet, the hall was strangely hushed. There he stood, a veritable giant among men, a John Baptist of a man, whose gaunt, commanding figure contained a prophetic fire. He was a Daniel, come to subdue the lions of ignorance and despair. He was the perfect pioneer, sent to blaze the ways from penury to prosperity. The man sent to make the Manning blossom like the rose. No wonder his vast audience felt that even mild applause was out of place. Instead they sat in expectant silence and every eye was fastened ,on ,the doctor, waiting for what he had to say. Even Tom Parsonage forsook his running commentary, and leant

eagerly forward, in breathless interest, to catch every memorable word that fell, in matchless eloquence from H.D's lips.

"My friends," began the doctor-pioneer, "I don't know how to thank you for the kindly words spoken concerning me to-night. They were certainly unexpected, and really undeserved.. Anything I have done has been for you and our district, and needs no praise. Now I will be reasonably brief, and to the point. My theme is the future of the Manning, and the surest way to speed its development. We have come a long way, in a short time. We have travelled far from the days when we were the 'Old Wharf.' Already, Tinonee is far more than a river-village, where sharks abound in reverie. We may not be a city, but we have our steps set in the right direction, and are a thriving township, and a prosperous community. I will continue with the kindly remarks, so kindly quoted by our good friend, Morgan Poole. I see a Press, catering for the intelligent, and publishing the joys and sorrows of the world. News, of the uttermost parts of the earth, brought even to our very doors, shall unlock the door of knowledge and science, by invention almost beyond the ken of men. I can only come to one conclusion, that our Manning River district of the future—long after our ashes shall mingle with the clods of the valley—shall surely be, as was said to Moses the Prophet: 'It shall be a land flowing with milk and honey!' And, just as Moses required the Book of the Chronicles, so do we need a chronicle. Some means to record our doings, our hopes, and dreams, and aspirations. So I propose to establish, to print and publish 'The Manning River News.' It is not to be my paper, but yours; or, better still—ours! Editorially we are to be identified with our readers. Our aim, at all times, will be high; but, no doubt, we shall often fall short of the mark. Don't expect too much of a journal in its infancy, and particularly when the conduct of that journal is in the hands of one who must steal, from hours due to repose, the only time he can devote to the pen. I can only say that, whatever the shortcomings of the 'News' may be, it will always seek to serve the common good of all. Within a decade a much more profitable use will be made of our lands. Enhanced comfort will come to all. The farmer's purse will lengthen. Trade will improve, smiles will

chase anxious care from the mechanic's brow. The storekeeper will lose the fearful forbodings that now banish sleep from his pillow. To achieve this consummation, by pushing forward all the material interests of our district, will be the constant care of 'The Manning River News.' However, we have no wish to give countenance to, or to foster any spirit of local jealousy. We should all work together, as brothers and friends. The paper I purpose to establish is not intended to be the organ of Tinonee, or Wingham, of Taree, Chatham or Cundletown. It will speak for the Manning in its entirety, for the district as a whole. By ignoring all local considerations, we shall attempt to create a standard of a nobler and higher character. In our own small way, we shall seek to serve the brotherhood of man. I am convinced that the 'News' will work out its own destiny, so long as 'a long pull, and a strong pull, but, above all, a pull together,' is given, to make the Manning more prosperous that it yet has ever been.

"I asked you here to-night to tell you this. To give you an inkling of its editorial and general policy. And, finally, to solicit for it your full support and patronage."

As H.D. sat down, a perfect pandemonium of applause broke loose. Tom Parsonage led with "Three cheers for the news of the 'News,' and the reverend Chairman had no chance to declare the meeting closed. Men and women surged forward, to grasp the Editor by the hand, and to congratulate him. Mr. Parsonage shouted out that Wilson's branch store would take a "full-page ad.," and then improvised a chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Editor," in which everybody joined. So the meeting didn't officially close. It gradually dispersed, everyone being full of excitement at the bold scheme which would give them their own newspaper.

"'The Sydney Morning Herald'!" exclaimed Tom to Mr. Hawkins, "won't be a patch on 'The Manning River News'."

"I believe you're right, Tom," smiled the divine benignly. "And what I like about you, Parsonage, is that you're always a cheerful personage!"

Then, turning to the gratified doctor, the reverend gentleman said, "I'm afraid we passed no official motion of support for your newspaper, doctor; but, after all this cheering and general enthusiasm, I think we may take it as carried unanimously."

"Carried unanimously and uproariously!" supplemented the irrepressible Mr. Parsonage; and so summed up the spirit of enthusiasm with which the memorable meeting so joyously concluded.

THE EDITORSHIP.

The way of a pioneer is not easy. He has to learn the hard way, and the pioneer Editor of a pioneer newspaper treads the hardest path of all. Apart from the clergymen and doctors, the Editor of a country newspaper probably knows more of the trials and vicissitudes of life than any man. H.D. was no exception. He knew the vastness and problems of the task he had undertaken in setting up "The Manning River News." He expected luke-warmness, even opposition, although the bitterness he often encountered must have saddened him. However, his spirit remained undaunted, and his indomitable courage and optimism carried him safely through many bitter experiences, which would have broken the heart of a man of lesser calibre. "The Manning River News" got off to a good start. Its first editorial was such a gem of literature and noble thought, that its opening is worth quoting.

"How rapid is the flight of time! But a few years ago, the kangaroo, and the black fellow, held an undisputed possession of this beautiful valley. It seems but yesterday since the ring of the woodman's axe first disturbed the silence that had prevailed for centuries, or was only broken

by the chattering of the cockatoo, and corroboree of the lords of the soil, when, by moonlight, they performed the mystic dance of their fathers, or sung deeds of prowess to be imitated by their sons. The whole district was an almost impenetrable jungle, in which the giant eucalyptus was everywhere conspicuous. What a change has been effected! The white man came, and immense fires, which rendered the heavens lurid, marked his progress. Townships sprang up, as if by magic, and smiling fields of corn now give variety to the scene. Hundreds of happy homes have been scattered along the banks of this beautiful stream, and at length the newspaper comes, a witness of advanced, and still advancing, progress of all the arts of civilised life. This is indeed wonderful, when it is regarded as the work of a generation yet in its prime."

"A wonderful editorial indeed, H.D." exclaimed Morgan Poole, calling on the doctor, as he labored, inky-fingered, but smiling, in the room his genius had transformed into a newspaper office, and printing press. "When, and how, did you do it?"

"The when is easy to answer, dear Morgan," laughed the Editor. "I sat up all night to write it. The how is more difficult. I suppose I can only give the grace of God the credit for any measure of success achieved. If the Lord says 'Write!' I can but obey."

His next visitor brought news of the first gathering storm. The editorial had deplored a petty spirit of local jealousy, which was tending to estrange those who should work together in brotherhood and friendship. Unfortunately, when the cap fits, many wear it, but utter loud protests at the same time. So Captain Gollan shot into the Editor's sanctum, his honest face, weathered by the winds of the Manning, perturbed and anxious. Only a week or so since your first excellent editorial, H.D.," cried the captain, "but, by the four winds of heaven, you've started something. There's a first-class fight brewing! Tinonee v. Wingham! Joe Andrews has taken up cudgels for Tinonee. Alec Lobban is in it, boots and all, for Wingham."

H.D. had scarcely time to reply before two irate men burst in, both demanding to see the Editor. Both shouting at once.

"Now look here, H.D." began Joseph Andrews, his kindly, sensitive face red with anger.

"Just you listen to me!" cried Alexander Lobban, his usually happy visage marred with rage.

"I can't listen to you both at once, gentlemen," returned the Editor equably.

"Course not," interposed Captain Gollan. "Pipe down, the pair of you!"

"Thank you, Hector," said the doctor.

"Now then, Joseph. You speak first. What's the trouble?"

"Why should he speak first?" chipped in the wrathful Lobban. "Because he lives in Tinonee? Favoritism, Mr. Editor. Rank, unadulterated favoritism! Your Yankee ways won't do you any good here, Sir! As an Australian I demand—"

"As a fellow Australian, I demand that you come to anchor, Alec!" thundered Captain Gollan.

"As an Editor, Mr. Lobban," said H.D. quietly, "I ask you, please, to observe the rules of debate. Rightly, or wrongly, I have asked Mr. Andrews to speak first."

"You have implied, Sir, that I am stirring up local jealousies!" cried Mr. Andrews warmly. "And all because I extol the virtues of Tinonee. And so I will, as long as I have breath. Whether your precious paper approves or not. I refute the unfounded imputation, Mr. Editor, and ask you to withdraw it."

"Your sentiment does you credit, Mr. Andrews," replied the Editor calmly. "Now, Mr. Lobban, what is your complaint."

"That you have accused me of pettiness, my good Sir! And all because I have the interests of Wingham at heart. I am a peaceable man, but I cannot stand idly by and hear

Andrews say that Tinonee is the capital of the Manning, and Wingham a mere bush outpost!"

'I said nothing against Wingham!" retorted Andrews. "If it's only a one-horse town, I can't help that."

"There he goes again!" cried Lobban. "Running Wingham down! You see?"

"I see you both need a swim in the river to cool you down!" interposed the captain. But H.D. held up a commanding hand. "I see that you gentlemen are both right, but adopting mistaken tactics. I'm sorry if my remarks hurt you. No names were mentioned, and no offence intended. Now, if you would both like to write an article on behalf of the rival towns you each so sincerely champion, I'll gladly print your views on the front page of our next issue. I'm for Tinonee—"

"Of course!" exploded Mr. Lobban.

"And for Wingham," went on H.D., not heeding the interruption.

"You would be!" scoffed Mr. Andrews.

"My paper is for the Manning as a whole," continued the patient Editor. "As I said recently, a pull together is what is needed. Now here is paper, and here are pens. Get to work please, my friends, and I'll set up your articles before I go to bed."

"Can't see anything fairer than that," said the bluff captain. "Come on, you two sparring men! Shake hands, and come out writing!" And so they did.

And so the kindly pioneer Editor acted as a wise peacemaker, and brought brotherhood to the Manning.

FLOOD.

Every life has its moments of tempest. Perhaps the fury of the great flood of 1866 was a portent of the storm which was shortly to rock H.D's. life to its foundations. A storm which shook the State of New South Wales. A storm which well might have had repercussions throughout the Empire. But this dramatic episode in the adventurous career of the pioneer, whose portrait we are seeking to display, will be told in due course.

When "The Manning River News" was about a year old, and firmly established, despite the opposition of a few critics, occurred one of those furious manifestations of Nature which seem, from time to time, to mock man's puny efforts at control. Ones of those violent outbursts, which make men ask whether Nature is kindly or malevolent. Alex. Lobban, now as firm a friend of the doctor as was Joseph Andrews, asked H.D. this question, and received a philosopher's reply.

"Nature, my dear Alec, has her moods of tranquility and violence. In calm, we may reap her bounty; in flood, and fire, we see her power. And by her stripes we are healed. Too much ease breeds sloth. Storm and disaster shout a challenge that brings out the true man!"

And how well the pioneer of the Manning lived up to this brave and noble creed!

The year of 1866 had been ushered in with heavy storms that saturated the countryside. General rain in February had caused minor floods, and waterlogged the Lower Manning. Soon after, came a cyclonic disturbance, during which torrential rains deluged the entire valley. Then came a series of cloudbursts, which hit every tributary of the Upper Manning at the same time. The smallest creeks became raging torrents. The tiny trickles of upland streams turned into a mass of foaming waters, cascading, down the mountainsides, into the already swollen reaches of the main river. The air was full of the beating of the teeming rain, and loud with the frenzy of the flood. The music of the waters turned into a menace of noise and fury, sounding the death-knell of many. Sweeping away farms and farmlands, man and beast, in the flood's relentless onslaught.

H.D. was working in the office of the "News" when the flood reached its peak. The rain had been less severe in Tinonee, but its incessant pounding on the iron roof, with the cyclonic clamor of the cyclonic winds, as they tugged at the walls and windows of the building, made concentration on newspaper work almost impossible. Yet the intrepid Editor labored on. Such a flood was certainly a disaster, but it was also news. And the "Flood Edition" of "The Manning River News" must come out on time.

The door of the office suddenly flung open, and a wild figure, in streaming oilskins, burst in. It was J. E. Chapman. "Get out of this, H.D.!" he cried. "Get out while you can! Dingo Creek, Dean's Creek, the Upper Lansdowne, all are running bankers! Such bridges as we have are all swept away. Tinonee will be under water any moment! So get out, man, and save yourself, while there's time!"

"I'm just going, J.E." the Editor shouted back, making no move all the same. "What are YOU going to do, anyway?" And the doctor bent again over the type he was setting, unhurried and undismayed.

"I'm sticking round, in case I can lend a hand anywhere," returned Chapman.

"Good man!" cried the doctor. "I'll do the same. No use in running! When the time comes we'll swim for it! The printing presses must grind, in the flood, as well in drought, you know. There's some coffee in the flask on the bench behind you. Help yourself, J.E."

"Are you mad, Doctor?" shouted Chapman, pouring a cup of coffee for himself, and the doctor, all the same.

"Could be!" yelled back the Editor, happily. "I love storms! But let's say it's an Editor's devotion to duty."

"You've dingoes in the dormitory, Doctor," grumbled Chapman, albeit admiringly.

Yet such editorial devotion, and such courage of citizenship, was shortly almost to cost those undaunted pioneers their lives.

The door was pushed open again, and in staggered Donald McLeod, saturated with rain, his streaming face aghast with horror. "Terrible news, H.D.!" he gasped. "Farquhar's Island's nearly gone, and the 'Eclipse' has foundered off the Bar! Sunk, with all hands, and all the cattle! My cattle, bound for New Zealand," he added, as an afterthought, as if that were an important announcement.

"Bad news indeed!" shouted H.D. "But news, all the same. Look after him, J.E. There's plenty more coffee on the stove. Jane saw to that. Excuse me, friends, but I've work to do." And, seizing a pencil and pad, he made a quick note of this latest disaster.

Having coaxed Don McLeod into a chair, and given him a mug of steaming coffee, Chapman moved to the windows overlooking the river. The panes were streaked with rain, and visibility was poor, but the scene that met his gaze was grey and desolate in the extreme. The usually placid waters of the Manning were swollen and menacing. A turgid, turbulent torrent of menacing destruction. On the banks, the ghostly gums reeled before the tempest, bending their tortured branches, as if to succour the twisted wrecks of their uprooted brothers, whose silver limbs were swirling by in the seething waters. Carcases of cattle, and pigs, also marred the surface of the flood, and, on floating debris, were

chickens, young pigs, dogs, dingoes, foxes and snakes, seeking a common refuge from a common foe. And, over all, the weeping heavens hung like a funeral shroud, with the sombre cloud-wrack racing in twisted skeins before the cyclonic gale.

"My God, H.D.!" suddenly exclaimed Chapman. "This flood's not news. It's a tragedy! Come here, man! Look there!" And he pointed, with a shaking hand, to the dead bodies of a woman and a child, clasped in each other's arms, washed from their home, and being borne by the pitiless flood to a watery grave.

"It's as I told ye, men!" cried Donald McLeod. "It's a major disaster! Ships gone! Sailors gone! Women and children gone! And my Shorthorns drowned!"

"It's a time of grief, indeed," said the doctor sadly. "But remember, Don, old friend, that we're all in the hand of God."

Then he gripped Chapman suddenly by the shoulders. "Look, man!" he cried. "The time for action has come! We're needed! Follow me!"

The window overlooked the ferry, and, in a sudden break in the scud, H.D. had seen a sight that would have paralysed a lesser man, but which galvanised his courageous soul to instant action. The tiny ferry boat was making a last laborious crossing, packed with men, women and children. It was nearing the Tinonee bank, but, down the river was racing a tremendous wall of water, sweeping everything before its irresistible path! No wonder the doctor cried "Come on!" and dashed headlong into the wind and rain.

In discussing events, in the calm which eventually followed the storm, all agreed that this last ferry trip was an act of madness. But who can retain sanity when Nature has turned to violence? Officially, indeed the ferry had ceased to run. Dan, the ferryman, had tied his frail craft to the Southern shore, and gone off duty. Tall and strong despite his wooden leg, he knew better than to match his skill against such a roaring flood.

"I may have a wooden leg, Mr. Else," he said to Arthur, "but I haven't a wooden head! I'll cross in a fresh. I'll even face a small flood. But, to risk a crossing in this

torrent, no, Sir! Not even for the Governor himself!" And, having made the ferry as secure as possible, he stumped off, through the rain, to his wooden hut, a mile away.

However, as the fateful day wore on, many gathered at the Ferry Inn, seeking safety from the mounting flood. When it seemed obvious that the river would burst its banks, many eyes fixed their gaze on the far Tinonee shore. As the Manning brimmed its banks, many felt that their only hope for safety lay in reaching the other side of the river, where the banks were higher.

Arthur Else was of this opinion. "Send for Dan!" he cried. "We'll take the risk, and help him ferry us across!"

"No time to get Dan," snapped Captain Gollan, who, like a true sailor, was always at hand when danger threatened. "If we're going to cross, it's now or never! It's a dangerous thing to attempt, I'll tell you that straight, but I'll risk it for you. Any volunteers to give me a hand?"

"I'm with you, Hector!" cried Arthur Else.

"And count me in," called out honest old John Newby, the gallant Puritan. "This flood is an act of God, but the acts of men are always acceptable in His sight!"

So it came to pass that Captain Gollan took charge of the ferry, and marshalled aboard the two score or so of men and women, and several dozen children, who were desirous of making the dangerous voyage to safety.

At best, the ferry was a rather ramshackle and lopsided affair, nicknamed by some "The Reverie." Others called it "Dan's Folly." Brave, but anxious, Captain Gollan had no time for reverie, however, and thought grimly to himself that "Hector's Folly" would be a fitting name, if his nerve or skill should fail. "All aboard!" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" yelled back Arthur Else.

"Then cast off!" cried Gollan, and the frail ferry, with its precious human freight, pushed off into the swirling, swollen waters, amid the lashing of the rain, and the thunder of the wind.

In those days ferries were worked by a hand-windlass, no easy matter in calm; and, against the tug of the raging torrent, a feat that demanded an almost superhuman effort. Else and Newby, assisted by other willing men, labored at the windlass, while Captain Gollan kept an anxious look-out, peering through the driving tempest to watch their progress. He told H.D., afterwards, that, in all his varied and adventurous experience, he had never known such a nightmare trip as this.

"You're telling me!" the doctor replied. "I never thought you'd make it, Hec."

Arthur Else tensed his muscles, and labored silently. John Newby, veteran though he was, seemed to have the strength of ten, and labored more abundantly than them all. Perhaps the prayer he uttered, "Bring us, Lord, to the haven where we would be!" accounted for this. The flood plucked at the straining hawser, the wind buffeted the ferry, until she heeled over at an alarming angle; the rain lashed the passengers unmercifully, sudden waves of floodwaters crashed on the flimsy floorboard, so that children screamed in terror. But, slowly, although in a staggering manner, the ferry inched its uncertain way to safety, across the flooded Manning.

"We'll make it," grunted Arthur Else. "If the hawser holds," gasped one of his assistants.

"If God wills," added John Newby.

"Keep it up, men!" cried Captain Gollan. "We're over half way, and reaching smoother water. Remember H.D., and give us that long pull, that strong pull, and the best pull, all together!"

This well known phrase caught the fancy of the anxious passengers, and grim-lipped men, white-faced women, and even the terrified children, took it up, making it into a kind of sea shanty, singing it bravely, and defiantly, in the very face of the tempest that threatened death and disaster. Even H.D., on the farther shore, heard it faintly borne above the clamor of the storm, and to hear this shanty of the Manning, sung so bravely by those in peril on the sea of flooded waters, was one of the proudest moments of his life.

"One last effort, lads!" shouted Gollan, "and we're safe! Only forty yards to go!"

Then he yelled out in desperation: "By God! Look out, everybody! This is it! Here she comes!" For his watchful eyes had seen what H.D. had seen a few minutes earlier. The relentless wall of water, rushing in frenzied spate upon them. It had been a quarter of a mile upstream when the doctor saw it. But now, so swift and deadly its onset, it was towering above the ferry boat, and about to crash down upon it, in irresistible fury. There was no time to do anything. No time for any evasive action, even if such a manoeuvre been possible. Certainly, the shore of safety was now only twenty yards away, but could anyone make it, in face of such a mighty flood wave? The ferry certainly couldn't.

"Abandon ship!" yelled Captain Gollan, true to his training. "Every man for himself! Swim for it! It's your only chance!"

"And God be with you all!" cried John Newby, continuing to work heroically at the windlass with Arthur Else, until the seething flood wave smashed into the boat, and swept them overboard. Nothing could withstand that devastating impact. The ferry boat keeled over, was smashed, and plunged beneath the foaming waters, spilling its human freight into the eddying flood. Fortunately, most of the passengers were flung into the river torrent on the landward side. Fortunately, again, most of the men could swim, and, still more fortunately, the current swept them towards the bank.

There, Don McLeod, Joseph Andrews, Tom Parsonage, George Beattie, J. E. Chapman, and many others, were waiting with ropes, hastily brought from the store and broom factory. These were thrown to those struggling in the water, and, by grasping the ropes, and supporting the women and children, the men who had been thrown towards the shore were able to save all in their party, and, after much danger and heroic effort, all were safely hauled ashore, although many were more dead than alive. The last of them to be rescued were Arthur Else and John Newby.

Indeed, the latter was almost drowned. Sucked under by the hideous whirlpool, he would never have gained the surface, let alone the bank, had not Arthur risked his life to

dive for him. Bringing him to the surface, Arthur was exhausted, and only a timely rope, skilfully thrown by Tom Parsonage, enabled Else to reach the shore, bringing the unconscious Newby with him. Artificial respiration applied by Don McLeod soon restored the brave old Puritan. "A near go, brother!" gasped the exhausted Else. "It was, Arthur," smiled Newby wanly. "But, thanks to God, you and I are pretty tough! Takes more than a flood to keep good men down!" And his grip of his rescuer's hand bespoke the thanks he couldn't put into words.

By a miracle the ferry hawser hadn't snapped, and, while Parsonage, Beattie and McLeod were so bravely rescuing the main party, H.D., Chapman and Joseph Andrews had an even more difficult and dangerous matter to attend to. Ten ferry passengers were struggling desperately on the river side of the sunken craft—Captain Gollan, two other men, three women and four children. Gollan, a strong swimmer, seeing the hawser dipping in and out of the water, swam round and helped each of them, in turn, to grasp the straining line. "Hang on!" he gasped. Utterly exhausted by the buffeting of the flood, he could do no more. With one hand he clung to the steel life-line. With the other he supported the youngest child, a baby girl. "Safe for the moment," thought the courageous captain. "But for how long?" It would only be a matter of minutes before the tearing flood would pluck them from the swaying hawser. However, H.D. realised their desperate plight, and, crying to Chapman and Joseph Andrews, "Stand by with a rope, you two, I'm going in!" plunged headlong into the maelstrom of the flood. Mighty swimmer though he was, it needed all his skill and strength to fight his way to that frail and weaving life-line. Twice he was sucked under. Thrice he was swept from his course. Yet he grimly struggled on, and finally reached those clinging to the only thread between them and death, some thirty yards from the bank. And ten times the doctor made that fearful trip, each time bringing a survivor with him. First, the baby girl. Then the other children, one by one, swimming with them to the rope deftly handled by Andrews, Chapman, and other unnamed heroes. As each was safely drawn ashore, H.D. swam again to the hawser, rescuing, in turn, the women and the men. Last of all, his great strength almost spent, he came ashore with Captain Gollan.

"The last to leave the ship, H.D.!" gasped the noble captain. "What a mighty man you are! You've saved ten lives!'"

"Forget it, Hector!" panted the exhausted pioneer, lying wearily on the saturated grass.

"You may forget it, Doc.," cried out the equally exhausted captain, "but the Manning won't. This day will go down in history!"

However, the day was far from being over. The river was still rising rapidly, and was already spilling on to the Tinonee banks, which only an hour before had looked so safe a refuge.

H.D. hoisted himself to his feet. "Now then, Tom!" he cried to the mercurial Parsonage, "get these good people away to higher ground. And hurry up, my boy, there's no time to lose! . . . Oh, good day, Rector!" he called to Mr. Hawkins, who suddenly appeared out of the misty rain. "You shouldn't be out in this weather!"

"Just came down to say that my wife and I have prepared the public hall as a sanctuary, doctor. Tea, hot meal, dry clothing and bedding ready for all. It's the highest spot in Tinonee, and therefore the safest!" So cried the kindly clergyman, carrying an opened umbrella which the boisterous gale was threatening to tear from his grasp.

"Good work, my dear Sir," replied H.D. "Tom will give you a hand. I'll be with you in a few minutes. Now then, everybody, off you go!" And his commanding voice rose even above the clamor of the storm.

"Where are you going, H.D.?" shouted Tom.

"To the 'News' office, lad. Must save my files and records. If I don't go now it'll be too late. Don't mind me. Think of yourselves!

"But you're all knocked up, H.D.!"

"Knocked-up, maybe," replied the doctor, "but not knocked out."

"Come on, Parson!" yelled Tom.

"Come on, Parsonage!" retorted the divine, and, using his straining umbrella for a shepherd's staff, he led the band of survivors, plucked like straws from the clutch of the flood, to the warmth and refuge of the hall. H.D. watched them go, and then made his way to the newspaper office. And only just in time! Although scarcely an hour since he had rushed from the building on his errand of mercy, the waters had risen so quickly that the newspaper benches were already awash.

Weary and worn, cold and wet as he was, the Editor dashed boldly into the flood again, and soon had everything of value safely stored on the highest shelves of the office. Then, just as he reached the door preparatory to leaving, he remembered the small safe, in which he kept certain valuable records. It was burglar-proof and water-proof, but to make sure, the doctor decided to lift it from the floor to a high press in one corner of the room. However, it was a heavy safe, and seemed to be jammed. Strain as he would, the Editor couldn't move it. No doubt even his Herculean strength had been sapped by the heroic efforts of his recent rescues. Making one last desperate attempt to move the reluctant safe, he slipped on the slimy floor, and, striking his head on the corner of a bench as he fell, lay senseless with the rising waters surging round him. Fortunately, Captain Gollan, after accompanying the refugees to the hall, dashed back to the "News" office, weary as he was, to lend his old friend a hand. Just in time, he splashed into the flooded office, and, seizing the prostrate doctor by the shoulders, somehow dragged him, gigantic though he was, from the waters which else had drowned him. The cool air soon revived the indomitable pioneer, who, on opening his eyes, gasped out, "What the heck do you think you're doing, Hector?"

"Playing quits!" panted the brave captain. "Just rounding off the last watch of an interesting day by saving the life of the man who saved mine!"

And together, each supporting the other, these two exhausted pioneers staggered to safety, away from the mightiest flood which the Manning had ever staged.

NEWS.

After the storm the calm. After the flood a period of peace. Although, unhappily, of no long duration. During the next year the "Manning River News" made steady progress, with no hint of the storm of life about to break over the doctor's head, unless it was conveyed in the phrase a few locals applied to him, "H.D., the clever Yankee." In vain the pioneer disclaimed the epithet, pointing out that he was of English descent, had applied for naturalisation, was an Australian citizen and public servant. His enemies, few certainly, but powerful, noted his remonstrances, but only remembered what they would of them, and twisted them to H.D's. later disadvantage. An age-old custom of jealous men, but a sad trait of narrow human minds that must for ever be deplored.

However, the good doctor wisely ignored these bitter critics after his public protest, and carried on with the good work of philanthropy and sound editorship. His paper espoused, in no uncertain manner, the cause of the Manning district, which had been so despised and neglected. As a fellow journalist said, " 'The Manning River News' is a well-printed and readable newspaper, comparing favorably with any journals of the time. Its Editor is a graceful and forcible writer, as well as a great orator and a distinguished medical man."

Such praise must have reached and cheered the pioneer Editor, but flattery never turned his head, any more than criticism ever turned him from his purpose to improve the Manning for the betterment of all. News, in those days, was certainly never lacking, and with his keen nose for a story, H.D. ever had items of interest that held his readers then, and holds our interest even now. Epics of river and bush.

Tragedies of pioneering days. Homely stories of children lost and found. Tales of blacks and bushrangers. And all set against the eucalypt-lined Manning, whose waters, flashing beneath the blue Australian skies, H.D. knew so well, and loved so much.

The Australian landscape has no peer in all the world for loveliness, for dignity and grace. The silver of the gum against the golden sky is a delight no other country knows. And the Australian coastal rivers have a scenic splendor all their own; while the tributary grass-banked creeks, thrusting through the wooded sun-lit hills, rich with light, and perfumed with the faintly astringent scent of gums, make up a countryside beloved by all who know it. The Manning is not the least of these glorious manifestations of Nature, and the pioneer Editor made full use of his river's charms, and made news of all the grace and beauty of the magnificent, matchless Manning. He even made news out of the gums. For he was fascinated by the many varieties of the stately eucalypt. Its delicate tracery. Its satin slenderness. Its colored barks. Its masses of dignified blossoms. He also studied the eucalypt scientifically, and made news of the findings of his researches, giving a lead to the scientific agricultural experts of a later day. This amazing man of the Manning was more than a pioneer of the past; he was a prophet of the future. And his influence still lives.

The early days of the Manning were packed with stories well known to the Editor of the "News." Of these, the tale of the "Manning Packet" is by no means the least strange.

Built by Mr. Snowdown, of Purfleet, the "Packet" was captained by David Irvine, a Scottish sailor, settled at Dingo Creek. After a few trips the vessel was wrecked on the Manning Bar, and left, high and dry, on the sandspit at the heads. Happily, no lives were lost, for among the passengers were Mr. William McLean and family; but Captain Irvine had sadly to become plain Mr. Irvine again, and return to his farm on the Dingo. However, the news angle of the story came at a later date, when an uncommonly high tide lifted the supposedly wrecked vessel from the spit, and floated her up the river. Farmer Irvine could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw his brief and lost command go sailing by unmanned! "You wouldn't even read about it!"

he said, when recounting this story of the early fifties to H.D.

"Then you shall now!" replied the astute Editor, who completed this ship's unusual history by telling how she was repaired, re-named the "Concord," and used on the Sydney-Manning run for many years. But the gaunt David Irvine always bore a grudge against fate for robbing him of his only command.

Up the river was a remarkable bend known as The Bight. Dense scrub covered the neck of the bend, through which even the hardiest cattle could make no tracks. Mr. Alex. Lobban therefore determined to cut a way through the bush to reach his property, already named "Parkhaugh." The dray road was finally completed, if, indeed, the term road can be applied to the rough track, so laboriously built, and the pioneer family eventually got through, after a trip which took them over a fortnight. H.D. was especially interested in this epic achievement, whose account summarised for him the difficulties which beset the early pioneers.

"The wealth of cedar, beech, rosewood and turpentine and immense fig trees (whose roots sometimes covered nearly a quarter of an acre) which then lined the banks of the Manning, were as nothing," said the Editor of the "News," "compared to the spiritual wealth of these early settlers, whose faith and courage enabled them to overcome all obstacles."

When the Lobban family reached their journey's end, they found they had no household stores. Shipped from Sydney, all had been lost in another wreck on the treacherous bar. Still worse, no residence awaited them. The two men who had been engaged to go ahead and erect a dwelling had gone instead to the gold diggings at the Turon, just then being opened up.

"No stores. No home. Enough to make an angel weep!" said H.D. But the Lobban family, undaunted, carried on, and became famous among the early citizens of the Wingham district. Even as the Fletts and Boyces became famous at Taree, and the Saxbys at Chatham.

"Of such stuff," declared H.D., "the early pioneers were made!" And of such material he made news for his inspiring journal.

Then there was the first flour mill on the river, erected by Mr. Wallace, and worked by water-power. Alas, came a sudden flood and swept it all away, the owner barely escaping with his life.

The Murrays were a well known family, entering into every scheme of local progress and social activity. William Murray was especially popular. A tall and striking man, he knew no fear. Burrell Creek was in high flood, one unhappy day, but William essayed to cross it. The stream was narrow, but deep, and running at tremendous pace. The brave man had nearly reached the other bank when the flood prevailed and carried him away. His untimely death cast a gloom over the whole district. H.D. often referred to this tragedy of the river, and said, his noble eyes gleaming with a heavenly fire, "A tragedy indeed, but of the deaths of the pioneers is the life of our district made!"

A lesser, but more personal news item, concerned young Horrie, eldest member of H.D's. family of four sons and four daughters. He took his lunch, one fine Summer morning, kissed his mother, brothers and sisters goodbye, and went off for a day in the bush. Evening came, but the lad hadn't returned. Naturally alarmed, Jane ran to the "News" office at sundown, and cried to her husband, "Young Horrie is missing!" H.D. at once organised a rescue party, which searched all night in vain. Then, as they were returning sadly home as the grey dawn was breaking, they found young Horrie sound asleep beneath a gum, scarcely a stone's throw from home. "What's all the fuss?" demanded the boy, as self-reliant as his father. "Lost; who's lost?" "Why, you are, Horrie!" exclaimed Tom Parsonage, who ever took the lead in what went on. "I'm no more lost than you are, Tom!" retorted Horrie. "I got a bit tired, so had a sleep under a tree, and it was good fun, too. But thank you, all the same, for finding me, Mr. Parsonage," he added, remembering his manners. So the night of anxiety ended in a morning of happiness and laughter, for the merry Tom, as well as the "News," recorded the incident, and Tom's account was by far the more colorful. "H.D. and Horrie," declared the irrepressible Parsonage, "can always be relied upon to take care of themselves. You couldn't lose them in the brush on The Bight!"

BLACKS AND BUSHRANGERS.

Excitement was never lacking in those early days. Scarcely a week passed in which H.D. failed to hear some stirring tale of adventure concerning the pioneers he served so well. From School Inspector Lobban he learnt the story of Bando and Pretty Boy, two blacks of the early days. They murdered a fellow black, named George, and left his body behind the trunk of a tree in the scrub on The Eight. A great corroboree was held to deal with the murderers. Bando and Pretty Boy were given a heilaman for protection, and then the avenging blacks threw a specified number of spears at them. The accused men skilfully caught all the spears on their shields, and so were acquitted. However, even Black Justice was not always above suspicion. Toney, deputy leader of the tribe, was in charge of the trial by spears, and apparently had a personal interest in the case. His ebony face beamed with pleasure when Bando and Pretty Boy were "acquitted." Possibly, he had instructed the spearmen to be lenient. Possibly, too, he had had a hand in the murder of poor George. Certainly, he was interested in the woman in the case for, as often happens in crimes, whether committed by blacks or whites, there is a woman in the background. At all events, as soon as the assassins had been found "not guilty," Toney took prompt possession of Betty, the wife of the murdered George. "If you like detective work," said Inspector Lobban, "here's your chance! You can work it all out for yourself."

This same Toney, like the pioneer Editor, was a great boatman. One day, when the Manning was in high flood, Toney came to the edge of the swollen river, and decided to cross. Stripping a sheet of bark from a gum tree with his tomahawk, and cutting some "string" from a kurrajong, he soon made the bark into a canoe by daubing the ends with red clay from the river bank. Calmly launching the flimsy craft on the swirling waters, he leapt lightly aboard, and, swiftly and skilfully, piloted it safely to the opposite shore. "A mighty feat!" agreed H.D., following the tale with breathless interest. "But, then, these blacks are a mighty people."

Remembering the kindly slaves of his old plantations, the good doctor had a soft spot in his large heart for the original inhabitants of the Manning. But his championship of the aborigines aroused enmity in certain quarters, and added violence to the growing storm which was so soon to engulf him, as we shall see. The philosopher-pioneer loved all these stories of the early Manning, for they revealed to his creative mind the many facets of human nature in which his warm heart was always so deeply interested. For the great lover of the Manning was also a great lover of his fellow-men, a veritable Abou Ben Adhem. So he recorded these Manning histories in his brilliant mind as well as in his comprehensive files.

Perhaps his favorite story concerned Miss Isabella Kelly, the famous and dynamic personality he had met on his first visit to the Manning. An old man named Holden (who had known John Edwards, the pioneer horseman especially sent out from Wales to Gresford by the Home Government at the request of William Boydell, who had asked for the best all-round man they could find to assist him with cattle and horses) related this stirring adventure. Isabella Kelly ran her land at Mount George with the help of convicts. Fearless and resolute, she often dressed like a man, and always carried a pistol. In an age when everyone could ride, she was peer of all. A notable horsewoman, and a famous figure on her fine horse, Calendar, she ran her property well and ruled her convicts firmly. Indeed, as already recounted, she wasn't above haling them in irons to

Port Macquarie for a whipping when she felt they deserved punishment. Or "discipline," as she preferred to term it.

One day, as she rode the track with her gang of convicts, a masked and armed rider suddenly spurred forward from behind a tree. The man was a bushranger, Joe Burn, a former member of Ben Hall's gang, now operating on his own. "Your money or your life, Ma'am!" he cried, in the approved style, pointing a pistol at the lady's head. "Certainly," replied Isabella, unperturbed and non-committal, putting her hand into her riding jacket. "This is a push-over!" exulted the jubilant Joe, thinking that the poor defenceless woman was pulling out her money. "This is it, boys!" he cried gaily to the convicts, assuming he could count on their support. It certainly was, for the fearless Isabella pulled out her pistol and shot the bushranger through the shoulder. The wounded man galloped his horse into the bush, hotly pursued by the courageous Miss Kelly, who sent another shot after him to hasten his retreat. Losing him among the trees, she returned in smiling triumph to her gang of convicts. "Let him go, lads!" she cried. "He's not worth bothering about. And let that be a lesson to any of you who may think of turning bushranger! Now then, on your way! Come up, Calendar! Come on, men!" And the undismayed Isabella resumed her journey as if being held up by a bushranger was a mere commonplace.

Joe Burn, badly hurt, managed to reach Sugarloaf, where a Dr. Beardmore lived. Some of Burn's friends persuaded the good doctor to attend to the man's wounded shoulder. So the desperado was taken into the doctor's house, and remained there for six weeks until his shoulder healed, none of the occupants ever dreaming that their patient was Joe Burn, the notorious bushranger!

"Miss Kelly was right in defending herself," summed up H.D. at the conclusion of the story. "And the doctor was right in helping him, bushranger or no. I'd have done the same myself. Criminal or gentleman, the sick must be looked after. Such is our sacred ministry. We are sent not to destroy but to heal!" Yet there were those tight-lipped exponents of justice rather than mercy who dubbed H.D. a "radical Yankee" because he dared to express such a kindly creed.

THE GATHERING STORM.

Great storms often gather slowly. So the tempests of life, which most have to face sooner or later (for all men of worth must needs be tested), are usually composed of various events, of whose final import we are often unaware. In H.D's. case the Kanaka question, and the battle of the land grants, were the clouds, at first no bigger than a man's hand, which finally blew up into a mighty tempest of bitterness and near-tragedy.

Some of the sugar plantations were being worked by Kanaka labor. The sorry business of blackbirding was condoned by many cane-growers, on the grounds of cheapness and efficiency. Admittedly, the Kanaka was poorly paid, said those of the cheap sugar school, but he was comfortably housed and well-fed. And quite happy. However, with statesmanlike vision, H.D. pointed out that the continued influx and employment of Kanaka labor would ultimately involve Australia in a colored question, as serious and perplexing as that in America. "I speak from bitter experience," he said. "Remember Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the recent unhappy Civil War! What happened in America can happen here!"

Even in those now distant times, the Manning pioneer, keen student of history, was an ardent believer in a White Australia policy. His eloquence, and wisdom, in the Kanaka question, were largely responsible for the ultimate cessation of colored labor, and the later returning of many Kanakas to the island homes from which they had been forcibly removed. And these later events proved that white labor could work the canefields without causing the economic disaster so many feared. H.D's forecast of a racial civil war may have been exaggerated, but the murder of Bishop Patteson, of Melanesia, in the Islands in 1871, as a reprisal for blackbirding, at least served to show the high feeling of hatred and revenge which the Kanaka labor question was capable of engendering.

Yet, for his charitable expression of kindness and common-sense, which eventually helped to solve the Kanaka question before it became a major problem, H.D. received harsh criticism from many cane-planters. "That damned, interfering Yankee!" was a mild epithet compared to many that were bandied round the Manning. H.D. was hurt, but undaunted. "I did but speak as I feel, my dear," he said to Jane. "I know, my darling," replied his understanding wife, consoling him as only a good wife can. "The way of an idealist is always hard. Little men hurt great men without really meaning to." And the great pioneer thought of the Cross on St. Paul's Church, and carried bravely on. And many a man, fighting a lone, or losing, battle against fire, flood, drought, or poverty, which made for him the storm of life, took up the battle again, after hearing H.D. speak of better times ahead, or paint a word picture of the Manning's future possibilities.

"Carry on, my dear doctor," urged wise John Newby, sensing the lacerations caused to a sensitive spirit by the callous few. "Remember Gideon! The Lord is with you!" And the rugged old puritan gripped the pioneer's hand, imparting the strength that only a good and honest man can give.

So, carrying on, as indeed his noble and courageous nature demanded, the generous doctor continued to spend his strength and treasure on behalf of the people of the Manning.

His next embroilment in local politics was in a matter which became known as the battle of the land grants. A small affair, at first, it finally produced repercussions as loud as thunder in the hills. And again H.D., appealed to for advice, became the innocent sufferer for his championship of high ideals.

A rather vague, but characteristic letter, from old Poppa Peneplane, first gave the doctor an inkling of what was afoot. "There is a prolific tendency here," wrote the estate agent from Sydney, "to promote the welfare of the landed gentry, the Wentworths, Burdekins, Dumaresqs, at the expense of the small farmers. Unless we are careful, the rich landowners may gain a monopoly of land grants, and close settlement may cease. This may adversely affect you on the prolific Manning. It may not be wise for you to intervene personally, but, as the champion of the Manning, I deem it my duty to advise you accordingly. I received your last copy of the 'News,' and congratulate you on its excellence. I actually prefer it to the 'Herald.' Some of your advertisers are well-known to me, such as O'Doud and Co., Blake and McDonald, Samuel and Henry Priestley, Fred. Lasseter, S. Plummer, and Harry McCabe. I seem also to have heard of H.D. and Co., universal grocers and local agents! You must have a prolific business. You can send me a consignment of maize at 3/6, also eggs at 1/6, and some butter, at 1/6, by the 'Fanny Gorilla.' She seems as good a boat as any, though she sounds like a floating zoo! I see the 'Mary' was wrecked on the Bellinger Bar. Sad news, too, about the ketch 'Lightning.' You seem to live in a stormy time! Can't make out how the 'Lady Bowen' came to ram her in clear moonlight. However, no lives were lost, and I note that the Queensland Steam Co. will pay all losses. I wonder will they? I'm glad the 'Jane' is still in commission. A beautiful little vessel. Reminds me of your dear wife, to whom my prolific regards, and to your family. I see horses are getting dear, averaging 35/-. I can only afford to walk! Good for my figure, anyway, as you medical men advise me, and then dash round in a carriage! Bacon is up to 10d, but sailor friends continue to supply my rum, fortunately. Come and see me again, when in Sydney. I'm getting old and shaky, but still enjoy my breakfast. The

Duke of Edinburgh is coming to Sydney, and I shall wear a top hat, smoke a cigar, and go aboard the 'Fire Place' with Captain Nixon and Phoebe. I shall also——" but the rest of the letter was indecipherable, Poppa having apparently spilt some rum on the last page!

H.D. smiled at this prolific effusion, little realising the embarrassment Poppa Peneplane's "Letter of advice" was to cause him. For the large-hearted doctor took up the cause of the small farmer, in the Battle of the Land Grants, and wrote a leading article, in his best style, headed "Land and Politics." A fair-minded article in every respect. He clearly put the case for the necessity of making land available for the small farmers and new settlers, while taking care to safeguard the rights and interests of the larger land-holders. He earned the applause of the "small man" for his wise championship, but his sense of tolerance was overlooked by some of the landed gentry. They thought he was attacking their position, and, worse still, their pockets. The opposition he met with in this regard, though confined to a few, was bitter in the extreme, and then was coined the phrase that later found a sad fulfilment, "This anarchist Yankee must go!"

A sad commentary on certain elements in human nature, which cause the jealous few, in every age, to stone the prophets and cast out the idealists.

Despite this gathering storm of unmerited opposition, however, H.D. labored unremittedly on, for the betterment of the Manning, as Editor, physician, surveyor, storekeeper, banker, educationist, and general philosopher and friend to all. In short, his almost superhuman activities provided the perfect portrait of a pioneer. Yet his enemies were equally active, seeking cause against him. Ever looking for some chance to bring "the clever Yankee" low.

One day a young man, a stranger to the doctor, came into the store and asked for the proprietor. A tall and sallow young man he was, rather handsome in a flashy way, crippled in one leg apparently, for he limped slightly, and walked with a stick. "Lord Byron himself!" smiled H.D. inwardly, as he came forward in response to the striking stranger's request.

"I'm the head of the firm, young Sir," he said, with his usual courtesy.

"Known as H.D.?" asked the youthful questioner.

"The very same," replied the pioneer.

"Editor of the famous 'News'?" went on this curious person.

"Yes, Sir," answered the Editor, rather sarcastically.

"Standing for Parliament?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"I've heard differently."

"You surprise me, Sir! Nothing in the 'News' about it!"

"No need for sarcasm, Doctor. One last question, please. Are you still Postmaster here?"

"I certainly am, young man! Any objection?"

"Any idea of resigning?"

"Certainly not!"

"Thank you, H.D.," concluded the stranger. "That's all I want to know. Good morning." And, turning on his heel, he limped from the shop.

"A strange young man," said Jane, who happened to be in the store.

"You've said it, my dear," replied her husband. "A kind of defective detective, I should say!" And, smiling at his jest, he kissed his charming Jane, and went on weighing sugar, dismissing the mysterious visitor from his mind.

However, Hannah McLaughlin was also in the shop, having come in, as the household Nannie, to announce lunch. "Now, who's that piece of elegance, Doctor-man?" she asked, with the frankness of an old servant. "Never seen him before. Never want to see him again. He didn't look straight to me. He's up to some mischief, Doctor-man, you mark my words!"

"Nonsense, Nannie!" laughed H.D. "You've been reading Wilkie Collins!" But, later on, the ever-trusting doctor had sad reason enough to mark her words.

"Elevenses" at the Tinonee Universal Store was always a popular and well attended session. The Editor always left his desk to be present, and, indeed, preside. Any citizen who happened to be passing usually dropped in. Even Tom Parsonage patronised H.D's. for this daily function, saying that the tea supplied was the one commodity in which his rival proved superior to the branch store of Wilson's of Taree!

So it happened, a few days after the incident just related, that the Tinonee Universal Store was crowded with local citizens for H.D's. morning tea.

The doctor himself was in charge, and in high good humor. Outside, the placid Manning rippled in the sun. Inside, all was gaiety and good fellowship.

Captain Gollan hustled in belatedly.

"Late, as usual, Hector!" cried the host teasingly.

"Who wouldn't be late," retorted the captain, "with that pile of maize cluttering up the wharf? What are you trying to do, Doctor, plant it?"

"There's 400 bags of maize on the wharf, I admit, Hector. Some of them for old Prolific Peneplane, and all consigned to Sydney."

"Well, get 'em away, Sir, and give a man room to move!" barked the little captain, in mock anger.

"Don't blame the doctor, Hec.," interposed Sam Plummer, the shipping agent, who always took Captain Gollan seriously. "It's not his fault. There's been no ship in for a week."

"Well, who's to blame, then?" snapped back the captain, who delighted in baiting the tall and worried-looking agent.

"Oh, I suppose we can blame the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh," replied H.D. in jest. "Sydney's gone so mad over him that a little matter like sending ships to the Manning has been overlooked!" This sally amused the crowd, and provoked much laughter.

"We are not amused," said a gloomy voice at H.D's. elbow. "Such a remark grates on loyal British ears, though, I suppose it is permissible on the lips of a Republican Yankee!"

The rebuked doctor turned in amazement, to find the mysterious stranger standing by his side, having limped in unheralded and unnoticed.

A deep hush fell on the assembly, for all awaited a crushing reply from their champion, knowing how he hated being called a Yankee. But the doctor was too hurt and surprised even to be angry. The remark was too absurd, and uncalled for, to need rebuttal. So he stood and glared at the strange young man in dumbfounded amazement.

"I suppose I can quote you on this, my dear Sir," went on the handsome, but truculent cripple.

"Certainly, young man," replied H.D. curtly. "I'm never ashamed of any remark I make. I'd say the same to His Royal Highness, if he did us the favor of visiting Tinonee."

"Thank you, Postmaster," returned the young man coldly. "That's all I wanted to know. Good morning." And, turning, he limped from the shop as mysteriously and suddenly as he had entered, his stick tapping on the wooden floor, a menacing sound in the dead silence which prevailed.

John Newby was the first to break it. "A serious-minded young man," he said drily.

"Who is he?" asked George Beattie. "Looks like a broomstick to me!"

"I forget his name," volunteered the knowledgeable Tom Parsonage, "but he says he's a cub reporter from Sydney."

"He's a young cub," all right! stormed Captain Gollan. "Needs a ducking in the river, by thunder!"

"Who's he going to report to, anyway?" asked Joseph Andrews.

"Could be to Burdett Smith," supplied Arthur Else, who had come over on the ferry. "They say he's a protege of his."

"Burdett Smith? The chap who's going to run for Parliament in Henry Flett's place?"

"The same," replied Arthur.

"Then look out for squalls, H.D.!" barked the blunt Captain Gollan. "It's a good job you've got a full crew of friends, for, by Neptune, you'll need them!"

THE DEPUTATION.

The fiercest storm is often heralded by a last period of bright sunlight, and H.D's. case was no exception. The antagonism exemplified by the young stranger puzzled and bewildered him, but failed to dismay. He knew his ideals were true, and pure; and his generous nature could see no real evil in anyone. So he dismissed the young man's rudeness from his mind, and, indeed, the criticisms levelled against the pioneer were so unjust, and ill-founded, that they should have died like the froth on a wave.

As it happened, a great event occurred that night which gave the good doctor a large measure of pleasure, and drove away any anxiety the limping visitor had aroused. Jane had just retired to bed. The Editor was settling down to burn the midnight oil on a leading article, first calling on Hannah to lock up.

"You can't write, Doctor-man, and I can't lock up. You've a pile of visitors at the door. All dressed in their Sunday best. Reckon they're going to make you Governor or something!"

"Visitors, at this time of night, Hannah?" asked the doctor. "Nonsense, my good woman!"

"Visitors it is, H.D.!" boomed the voice of Captain Gollan. "A deputation from the quarter-deck. On urgent business! Can we come in?" And, without more ado, in marched a group of men, all officially dressed, even as Hannah McLaughlin had said. The Rev. Mr. Hawkins followed the Captain. Then came Joshua Cochrane, Richard Churchill (who had succeeded Mr. Alderton as school-teacher), Joseph Andrews and John Newby.

"Make yourselves at home, gentlemen," invited the mystified doctor. "And, Hannah, please prepare some supper before you retire. Now, what can I do for you, gentlemen?" he asked the imposing assembly, as soon as they were comfortably settled.

"We are a deputation, H.D.," replied the captain, "representing the citizens of the Manning. Mr. Hawkins is our spokesman" . . . But the good old captain rattled on, without giving the clergyman a chance to get a word in edgeways.

However, when supper was served—for Hannah preferred curiosity to sleep—Mr. Hawkins at last had his say, and it all boiled down to this: That a public meeting had been held that night, at which it had been unanimously decided to ask H.D. to stand as candidate for the Hastings Electorate at the next elections.

"You see, we don't want Burdett Smith; we want you, H.D., and my honest opinion is——"

"Fair go, Captain!" interposed John Newby. "You talk as much as Paul the Apostle. Give the reverend gentleman a chance!"

"You see, my friend," said Mr. Hawkins hastily, getting in before Gollan could resume, "it's like this. You're our leading pioneer. Our local champion. Your name is a household word from the the Hastings to the Bellinger. You're known and respected from Taree to the Queensland border, and so we feel that no worthier a person than your good self can be selected to represent us in Parliament. What do you say?"

"I say this——" began Captain Gollan.

"Have another cup of tea, Hec." interposed Joshua Cochrane, "and give the doctor time to think." And, since Joshua was the leading citizen of Wingham, and spokesman for his district, Gollan took his advice.

"Just as you say, Josh," he mumbled, and lapsed into unwonted silence.

"This is a surprise request indeed, friends," returned the doctor, after a considerable pause. "And an honor I shall never forget, little as it is deserved. But if you think I can serve the Manning still further by entering Parliament, I'm willing to try. However, to be selected is not necessarily to be elected. So don't be disappointed if I'm not returned."

"You'll be returned all right, Doctor," said Mr. Churchill enthusiastically. "I'll tell the children to vote for you. Their fathers, I mean, of course!"

"Thank you, Mr. Churchill," replied the pioneer, much moved. "I can tell you this: If I'm elected, I'll work for a Rural University on the Manning. I thank you all for your trust in me, and agree to stand for the Hastings seat."

THE FIRST ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

The news of H.D's. selection soon spread, and was received with satisfaction by the majority of the electors. A few, however, were against him, but, as Tom Parsonage said, "Without opposition there'd be no fun!"

Being essentially English in outlook, and well-versed in political law and practice, thanks to his wide reading, and Parliamentary experience in South Australia, H.D. took his election campaign most seriously. In all he said and did, his portrait as a great Australian pioneer emerged more gloriously than ever. He prepared his speeches meticulously, and delivered them with the superb skill and eloquence of a mighty orator, packing every meeting to overflowing, holding the most uneducated with his mastery of the spoken word. Never had the majesty of his power been so forcibly shown as in the stirring speeches in which he devotedly proclaimed his policy of progress for the Manning and the whole electorate of the Hastings.

"Not the voice of a man, but the inspired utterance of a prophet!" cried old John Newby in delight.

"H.D. is an orator!" exclaimed Tom Parsonage. "Burdett Smith is just a talker and a self-seeker."

"What was Smith talking about to-night, Tom?" asked Arthur Else, after a stormy meeting in which Burdett Smith, as the rival candidate, had been sadly heckled.

"I don't know," retorted the volatile Parsonage. "He didn't say!"

"There goes our future Prime Minister!" shouted Hector Gollan excitedly, after listening spellbound to the doctor's eloquent word-picture of the future of the Manning.

"There he goes, all right, Captain Gollan," said a harsh voice in the captain's ear. "But he's on his way out, not in!"

And the angry captain turned to see a young man limping away, thrusting the crowd imperiously aside with his stick.

"The young pup!" snorted the single-minded captain. "Remind me to throw him in the river, Tom!"

"Any time you say, Hector!" returned the agreeable Mr. Parsonage, whole-heartedly.

Being a man of strong human sympathies and understanding, H.D. was prepared for a vigorous fight in the election campaign, and, brave warrior as he was, enjoyed it. What he wasn't prepared for, however, was the bitterness of the opposition. He tried to work in with Burdett Smith, even suggesting combined meetings, but the idea was so coldly brushed aside that the puzzled doctor began to realise that a personal issue was involved. Even had the bitterness of his rival candidate's addresses failed to make this clear, the idealistic pioneer was left no longer in doubt, after a visit he received one night, a week or so before the polling day itself.

He was working late on his final speech, which was to be delivered in the various chief centres of the electorate, when an urgent knock sounded on the door of his home. Opening it, he found himself face to face with the mysterious stranger, who was brandishing his stick like a weapon of war.

It was a stormy night, occasional bursts of rain being accompanied by lightning and distant thunder. The flashes of lightning lit up the pale and severely handsome face of

the young man who, shrouded in a heavy cloak, looked like some messenger of evil omen. He was no longer a stranger, although no member of the Manning community. His name was Nicodemus Decker, a young free-lance journalist from Sydney, acting as election agent for Burdett Smith.

"Come in, Mr. Decker," invited the doctor, for, late though the hour, and weary as he was with the many arduous duties of the campaign, the kindly candidate still retained his old-world courtesy.

"A drink?" he asked.

"No, thank you," was the curt reply.

"Take a seat."

"I'd sooner stand. My business is brief, and to the point, Mr. Postmaster. I've come to ask you to withdraw from the election contest."

"Why?" asked H.D., amazed, but interested.

"Because you can't win!"

"Then why worry? Did Mr. Burditt Smith send you?"

"No. I came of my own accord. We need an Australian to represent the Hastings, not a Yankee. You're not the type of man we need. Mr. Burdett Smith is! Your speeches are mere verbiage. They contain nothing constructive. You haven't read a speech yet. People say you make them up as you go along. You're all talk, and no backbone! Pull out now, and you'll never regret it!"

"Is this a bribe?"

"Not a bribe, Sir! I'd never stoop so low."

"I believe you, young man," said H.D., inclined at first to be angry at his visitor's studied insolence, but now feeling sorry for him. Decker was obviously sincere, but a fanatic. A young man, led astray by a desire for power. A heartless dictator in the making.

"You live up to your name, young man," went on the doctor pityingly.

"Meaning what?"

"Nicodemus, the man who came by night," explained the saddened pioneer. "I would have respected you more had you come by day. However, I appreciate your frankness; but what you ask is, of course, utterly impossible."

"Then you refuse to withdraw?"

"Exactly, Mr. Decker. I refuse to withdraw."

"Then you will regret it!"

"A threat, Mr. Decker?"

"No, a mere statement of fact. I warn you that even if you are elected, which is most unlikely, you will never be allowed to retain the seat, as you are a public servant. Further, you have made enemies. You have said too much and gone too far. You have alienated land-holders and cane-planters. We have been very patient with your disloyal and interfering Yankee ways. But you're an alien, and now you're on the way out! That's not a threat, but a friendly warning. Think it over before too late. Good-night to you, Mr. Postmaster!" And the fanatical young man limped out into the stormy night, in his usual sudden manner.

"If that's a friendly warning," thought H.D., as he closed the door after him, "I'd hate to be around when he came as an enemy!"

However, presuming the young man to be slightly unbalanced, he told no one of the nocturnal visit, and took no serious notice of the warning. "For," said the noble Manning statesman to himself, "politics is a strange business, and affects some human minds in a mysterious manner. I certainly have a fight on my hands, but that's nothing new. The Manning is worth it, and, win or lose, I can be the happy warrior!"

This serene courage, in the face of bitter persecution and deliberate misunderstanding, was, perhaps, the noblest feature in the portrait of the mighty Manning pioneer.

POLLING DAY.

Despite the gloomy forecast of Nicodemus Decker, the result of the Hastings election was never seriously in doubt.

Polling Day was a gala day for the Manning community in particular. The voters all plumped solidly for their benefactor, the good and great doctor, and even the more distant parts of the straggling electorate had such a high regard for him, of whom they had heard so much, that he was much preferred to his rival candidate, Burdett Smith.

The polling wasn't heavy, for in those days comparatively few enjoyed the privileges of voting. But what was lacking in quantity was more than atoned for in enthusiasm. Men rose with the dawn, and cheerfully walked, or rode, the rough bush tracks to record their vote. For the early settlers of the Australian Bush were as politically minded as the members of any London Ward. And in this case they knew that the election of their local champion would mean a new deal for the Manning, and all the Hastings.

"Hasting to the hustings of the Hastings!" was how the volatile Tom Parsonage described the animated scenes in Tinonee.

Having voted, all remained to make a day of the great occasion, and hear the result.

Arthur Else did a roaring trade at the Ferry Inn, and offered easy odds on the popular H.D. But there were few takers.

"Can't bet on a foregone conclusion, Arthur," boomed Captain Gollan. "Smith's sunk, but the doctor's well and truly afloat!"

"He'll be the new broom to sweep the Manning clean," opined George Beattie, and J. E. Chapman concurred.

"Aye, as sweet and sound as the best sugar-cane," added Morgan Poole.

"He'll be the sword of the Lord!" cried that old puritan, John Newby.

Even the Rev. Mr. Hawkins paid a visit to the inn, and declared that H.D. would be a warden for the whole electorate.

Such universal praise was a worthy tribute to the greatness of the doctor-pioneer, and a refreshing antidote for the insidious poison of a few jealous critics. H.D. heard something of these remarks, of course, but remained unmoved.

"Praise is well, and blame is well, my dear," he said to Jane. "But, to do your best, in all circumstances, is the only sure way to happiness and peace."

It was a typical Australian evening when the goodly company of Manning folk gathered before the Post Office at Tinonee, to hear the progress scores of the election. Softly blew the breezes from the river. Gently outlined against the unrivalled Austral sky were the great and graceful gums, and in the South a friendly Cross hung low towards the distant hills. A scene of peace indeed, accentuated by the eager chatter of the happy crowd, awaiting the vital news with patient interest. Critics may decry the burning heat of a few Australian days, but the cool vigor of the star-lit Austral night is a boon appreciated by the poet and the sage.

That evening's peace was just as well. Arranged, perhaps, by whatever Gods there be. For it was the last spell of peace the great Manning pioneer was to know. The lull before the final breaking of the storms in all their maddened fury.

A select company was gathered inside the Post Office, where the doctor was seated at his famous "electric wire." Hundreds of others were crowded round outside.

"How shall we get the news, H.D.?" asked George Beattie.

"Leave that to me," smiled the doctor. "Everything's organised."

"It's all done by mirrors!" put in Tom Parsonage.

"Or by live wires, like yourself, Tom!" boomed Captain Gollan.

As an efficient and progressive Postmaster, H.D. well knew the value of the electric wire, whose usefulness he was never tired of quoting. Indeed, it was the secret of his remarkable news service which made "The Manning River News" so outstanding a periodical. So the candidate for the Manning had arranged for the returns from the chief centres to be telegraphed to Tinonee as early as possible.

"It pays to be a Postmaster, George," said the doctor to the broom man. A statement with which all agreed, save Nicodemus Decker, with whom nothing in life agreed, apparently, judging from his gloomy visage. However, he was only hovering furtively on the extreme edge of the crowd, and in any case no one took much notice of him.

"He's a foreigner from Sydney!" said Arthur Else. And that about summed up the local feeling.

Because of the wise doctor's genius for organisation, the news came through like clockwork. The electric wire clattered away, the Postmaster took down the various messages, his contented smile ever broadening, while, outside, the atmosphere of the expectant crowd became even more electric than the wire.

Generous refreshments were served by Jane, Hannah, and many willing helpers, and at midnight a great cry arose: "Silence for the Doctor!" For then it was that H.D. forsook his beloved telegraph, and appeared on the verandah, with a sheaf of papers in his hand. "My friends!" he cried, with triumphant gladness in his carrying voice. "My friends! I am happy to inform you that sufficient results have come through to ensure my election as your representative to Parliament!"

He would have said more, but such a burst of cheering arose that his next words were lost in the noise of excited acclamation. Cappy Gollan called for three cheers. Tom Parsonage called for the chorus of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," while Mr. Hawkins vainly called for silence.

Nicodemus Decker, on behalf of Burdett Smith, or so he stated, yelled that he was going to call for a recount.

So piercing was his strident voice that it reached above the hubbub to Captain Gollan, who immediately stopped his performance of a hornpipe on the Post Office steps to demand furiously, "Who said that?"

"Young Nick," replied Tom Parsonage.

"Sounds more like Old Nick!" exclaimed John Newby, who had so far forgotten his puritanical upbringing that he was dancing a jig of joy with the delighted Nannie McLaughlin.

"Nick Decker, eh?" boomed the irate captain. "Well, let him rave, poor soul. Nothing matters, now that H.D's. in!"

"He's not going in!" shouted the young agitator, fairly leaping on his limping leg with anger.

"Well, if he's not, young man," yelled back the captain, "you are! To the river with him. Young hotheads need cooling down!"

Exactly what happened will never be clearly known. A large portion of the crowd made for the river, where Dan the ferryman was waiting to take passengers across, and Nick Decker, somehow or other, was taken with them.

Probably no harm was intended, but a sudden catastrophe occurred. Burdett Smith's unpopular agent found himself on the very brink of the stream. Whether he slipped, or whether some excited person pushed him, will always be a matter of conjecture, but a sudden cry, and then a splash, were heard, and the young man was floundering in the river.

All this was good fun, and no great harm done, for Decker had boasted of being a good swimmer. But apparently he hit his head in falling, for, after rising to the surface, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd, he flung up his arms and disappeared. The tumult of the people ceased abruptly, and the stunned crowd stared, white-faced, at the spot where Decker had disappeared. Dan threw a rope, and cried "Lend a hand!" But none made any move.

That night of the poll would assuredly have ended in tragedy had not H.D. pushed through the paralysed crowd, and dived headlong into the river. Swimming under water, he located his unconscious enemy, and brought him to the surface, and then safely to the shore. Willing hands received the young man and his brave rescuer, and Nurse Clarkin and the doctor soon brought him round. Rising to his feet, the young fanatic amazed the onlookers by refusing the doctor's outstretched hand, and limping angrily away, without a word of thanks. Reaching a ridge above the banks, he swiftly turned, brandishing his stick like an evil prophet, and cried, "I'll get even with you for this, Mr. Postmaster! You put me in—I'll put you out!" Then he made off rapidly into the night.

"Mad as a pirate!" exclaimed Captain Gollan.

Unbalanced in mind, young Decker probably was, but from the madness of ungrateful men spring the evil schemes that so often crucify the great souls of the earth.

THE STATESMAN.

Now dawned for the pioneer politician a period that should have been his golden age. But, alas, it was a false dawn, soon to be filled with the sound and fury of blind, unseeing, jealous minds. It was almost the last rosy glow before the crippling, devastating storm. A man- made storm of jealousy, that robbed the State of New South Wales of the services of one of its finest political brains. For H.D. was no mere local politician. By birth, and training, he was fitted to be a Statesman, who could have led the Manning, the Hastings, and the State to heights undreamed of. H.D. and his supporters knew this, and the brilliant doctor at once threw himself whole-heartedly into Parliamentary affairs, seeking only the good of the whole community.

He was generosity itself to his defeated rival, and, to give Burdett Smith his due, he apparently played no leading part in the plot that was being laid to encompass the doctor's downfall.

Nick Decker had vanished from the Manning as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come, and H.D. was far too busy, in conscientiously carrying out his new duties, to worry about the young fanatic's violent and repeated threats. The pioneer knew the mercy of forgiveness, and expected the same treatment from his adversary.

In the House, H.D. soon made his presence felt. His speeches were eloquent, but brief and to the point. Progress for the Manning. Development for the Hastings. Bridges, ferries, roads, railways, and humane treatment for all. How quickly he obtained a grant of £700 for Jones Island, for instance! This, and other grants, well spent for the help of local settlers. Money to aid the pioneers of Tinonee, Chatham and Taree. But more than this, the genius of H.D. was working on a plan which would bring economic security and scientific development to every part of his vast electorate.

While other politicians talked vaguely and at great length about nothing in particular, the Manning pioneer always had something constructive to say. A born organiser, he had the clear vision of a State running like a machine. A new land, drawing inspiration from England's mighty past, and yet making use of America's genius for getting things done quickly.

"We are a new country," he declared. Neither English nor American. And we must use every scheme of modern scientific ingenuity to build here a true Australian way of life. Let us not be afraid to experiment. To try all things new. To make our land develop. To build here, our own peculiar Australian civilisation, on democratic principles, for the happiness and prosperity of the humblest, as well as of the highest. Let us develop Sydney, by all means, but let us, also, bring every amenity into the most remote rural areas. Tinonee deserves as much consideration as the State capital itself. Gentlemen, I see a vision of the Manning, as rich in shipping, and as mighty in progress, as this famous Harbor itself!"

Brave and inspiring words, which brought prolonged applause from many Members of the Parliamentary benches. An acclamation, however, which goaded his enemies to fury.

"A fine speech, H.D.!" congratulated a fellow-politician. "Keep it up, and you'll be the next Premier!"

"Thank you," said the doctor humbly and sincerely. "But you must, please, excuse me now. I have still much work to do on 'The Plan for the Development of New South Wales,' which the Premier has asked me to deliver in the House to-morrow."

"That will be a great day for you, H.D.!" exclaimed his colleague, in admiration.

"Not for me," replied the doctor, "but a great day, I hope, for the State in general, and the Hastings and the Manning in particular."

However, the great day never arrived. That very night the blow fell. Nicodemus Decker presented himself at midnight at the doctor's lodging, demanding admittance on urgent business. H.D. left the final draft of his masterpiece, the Plan for State Development, to listen courteously to what his visitor had to say.

The courtesy was misplaced, however, and certainly one-sided. Decker's handsome face was livid with triumphant hate. "Tear up your speech, Mr. Postmaster!" he cried. "You'll never make it! You're suspended from Parliament for holding an office of profit under the Crown! You're a clever Yankee, but not smart enough to know that no Postmaster is allowed to sit in Parliament. You're through! You're out! You're finished! And now, good-night, Mr. Postmaster! Back to your stamps in Tinonee! But no more speeches in Macquarie Street!" And, before the dumbfounded Statesman could reply, the bitter fanatic had limped off into the night, his stick tapping vindictively on the Sydney sidewalk as he went.

THE SECOND TERM.

The blow had fallen. The storm had burst. It was sad, but true enough. The brilliant Statesman of the Hastings electorate was suspended because of a legal quibble. His election was declared null and void. Regrettably, and courteously, by the officials concerned, of course, but an inexorable decision all the same.

A lesser man would have been broken in health and spirit, but H.D. was made of sterner stuff. He did the unpredictable. He fought back: for evil machinations must be met, if goodness and noble ideals are to prevail in the cruel storms and harsh vicissitudes of life.

As soon as the great doctor had ascertained that no appeal against the official decision was possible, he hastened back to the Manning, resigned his public servant's position as Postmaster of Tinonee, and announced his determination to stand again as candidate in the new election.

A daring move indeed. His friends applauded. His foes fulminated.

The second election campaign was short and sharp, but exceedingly bitter. H.D., angrily disappointed as he was, remained as courteous as ever, though he spoke straightforwardly about the cruel victimisation of bureaucracy, but Burdett Smith, acting on unwise advice from young Decker, made his speeches an excuse for attacks on the character of his opponent.

"This man is a Yankee!" was the burden of his remarks, "and therefore un-Australian. No fit person to represent the Hastings in Parliament!"

"That's what he thinks!" protested Tom Parsonage. "Tinonee, at all events, thinks differently! You'll see!"

And so it seemed. Not only did Tinonee disagree with Burdett Smith. The whole electorate rallied round H.D. in spontaneous loyalty and enthusiasm.

The true Australian loves fair play and a straight deal, and, when polling day arrived, the doctor-statesman was triumphantly returned, with a bigger majority than ever.

Decker and Burdett Smith were discomfited, and might well have withdrawn gracefully from the scene, according to the rules of democracy, but, unfortunately, evil is even more obstinate than good, and never seems to admit defeat.

However, the idealistic doctor didn't realise this, and returned happily to Sydney, confident that he had safely weathered the storm, and so he would, were only mortal hearts more kind and human minds more just.

Back in Sydney, H.D. had much to occupy his mind, and felt the need of a friendly counsellor. During his brief first term in Parliament he had breakfasted again with the wise and dissolute old "Prolific" Peneplane, and to his office he once more repaired.

Alas, the dingy stairs were more uncared for than ever. His sign of business dark with grime. The door of his sanctum was shut, and displayed a torn and tattered notice, "Back at ——."

"When will Mr. Peneplane be back?" asked the M.P. of an old untidy woman, who was apparently the cleaner when she got round to it.

"Him? You mean old Poppa?" And she pointed to the grimy office with an even grimier finger. "Why, don't you know, Sir? Old Poppa will never be back. Slipped down the stairs a month ago come Tuesday—or was it Monday?—and broke his hip. They took him to hospital, but he died. They say the shock killed him. A nice old man, Sir, but a bit rummy, if you know what I mean. Now, I never take anything beyond a cuppa—— Oh, thank you, Sir! Kind of you, I'm sure!" And the garrulous old lady swiftly pocketed in her apron the coin H.D. gave to her, and made for the nearest inn, where, apparently, her innocent "cuppas" were indulged in.

A sad blow to the doctor, the tender-hearted, this loss of his old friend. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces," he mused, a lump in his throat, as he turned away down the empty and desolate street.

H.D. may have had an omen of the sadness that was to be his in Sydney. From his earliest visit, he had never felt at ease in the great and sprawling city. His soul belonged to the Bush. The sound of the settler's axe was music to his ears, rather than the rattle of city traffic. The smell of smoke, curling over the canopy of the bush, was incense to his nostrils, far more than the acrid smoke of city chimneys. But, most of all, he loved the simple loyalty and affection of his friends upon the Manning. An affection that was a striking contrast to the bitter jealousy of many of his Parliamenary colleagues in Sydney.

Yet, as he turned sadly away from Poppa Peneplane's closed door, having said farewell, forever, to his dear old friend, he little realised the last cruel shadows of the storm, that so soon were to engulf him and force him to cry "Farewell, forever," to the Parliamentary scene.

However, now the final shades of tragedy and ill-will fell thick and fast. Although elected for the second time by an overwhelming majority, he sensed the opposition that was against him. Burdett Smith, a trained solicitor, aided and abetted by James Martin, a legal man with an abnormal lust for political power, both spurred on by the fanatical Nicodemus Decker, lost no time in undermining H.D's. position.

Smith, the twice rejected candidate for Hastings, should have been the political exile. However, by clever, if unethical, manoeuvring, Burdett Smith and party exiled the pioneer statesman from Parliamentary sympathy and support. H.D. was ignored in Parliament. If he rose to speak, he failed to catch the Speaker's eye. His great, and carefully planned speech, on State Planning, was never called for.

His brilliant talents, at the behest of small men of feeble lustre, were to be condemned, to wither and decay. Bitter revenge was in full cry. No matter if the State suffered, so long as narrow jealousy was served.

The beginning of the end came with dramatic and unexpected suddenness. H.D., at long last, caught the Speaker's eye at the close of a long and wearisome debate, in which many words had been used, but little purpose achieved.

"Mr. Speaker," said the doctor-politician, "We have listened all day to old and threadbare platitudes. I feel that in a new and young country we should welcome all things new. I see an analogy between the growth of the United States of America and Australia. Although the Old World has history and romance, it also has injustice and tyranny, from which we are striving to be free. Let us be bold enough to build, in Australia, a civilisation of freedom and justice for all. A democratic way of life, in which the poorest settler can share, as well as the richest merchant, or the wealthiest grazier!"

Then pandemonium broke loose. Many honorable members forgot their manners, and the clear and penetrating words of the gifted and eloquent statesman were completely lost, as if spoken in the roar of Niagara.

"Protest! Protest! Sit him down! He's out of order! He's disloyal! He's a Yankee!"

Such were a few of the phrases shouted, by many members, who were too angry and excited to heed the Speaker's repeated cry of "Order, Order, Gentlemen, please!"

Eventually the hubbub subsided, whereon the intimidated Speaker requested the doctor to resume his seat, and called on James Martin, who was still standing, and waving his arms like a frantic windmill, to address the House.

"Mr. Speaker," cried that petty power-seeker. "I stand amazed at the remarks of the honorable member for Hastings. He has forfeited his right to sit in this Assembly. His words show him to be disloyal, and biassed against England. He's a Yankee, and obviously not an Australian.

"Yet he's made aspersions on America, as well as on England and Australia! I demand that he either withdraw his remarks or retire from Parliament. Failing that, I shall move that he be dealt with by the Elections and Qualifications Committee, and be dismissed from Parliament as a non-British subject. An alien has no legal right to sit in a British Legislature. And the Member for Hastings is not a naturalised British subject, and therefore has no right to be here as a Member at all! I speak with every courtesy and consideration, Mr. Speaker, but I feel very strongly about this matter!"

And having added this hypocritical rider, the self-seeking politician sat down in smug complacency, amid the cheers of the many whose poor talents made them envious of the gifted statesman from the Hastings.

The cheers subsided as the Manning pioneer rose firmly to his feet. Never had his presence been more majestic. His gigantic stature more impressive. His composure more calm and assured. "Am I permitted to speak, Sir?" he asked the Speaker courteously. "Or does that infringe some legal ruling so dear to the heart of the last honorable spokesman?"

"You may make a statement, or a withdrawal," replied the Speaker coldly, "but not a speech."

Whereupon the Leader of the House, the Premier, the Right Honorable Sir Charles Cowper, rose to his feet and said: "Mr. Speaker, in view of the seriousness of the charges made against the honorable Member for the Hastings, I move that he be heard. If he wishes to make a speech in self-defence, I, for one, am in favor of his being heard."

"Those in favor?" asked the Speaker.

"Aye" came from many.

"Those against!"

"No" muttered a few, bitter to the end.

"The ayes have it," announced the Speaker. "The Honorable Member for the Hastings may address the House." And he settled back in his chair of office, amid a silence tense and electric.

H.D. looked calmly about him for a few moments, and every eye was fixed on him. Even his enemies felt a secret pang of sympathy for him, while his friends were almost in tears. For here was a great and good man, unfairly pilloried, about to make a speech for his very spiritual life.

The Legislative Chambers in Macquarie Street had known many dramatic moments, in their comparatively short history, but never such a moment so fraught with drama as this. For here was conflict, and here was tragedy. The conflict of right and wrong. The tragedy of an idealist being crucified.

And yet the indomitable spirit of the mighty Manning pioneer shone at its brightest in this sullen gloom of the mortal storm. The unfair tempest raged about his noble head, but his soul remained unmoved. In his calm courage, sublime faith and unshattered hope, the portrait of the Pioneer was made complete. Here again was a man of genius of whom the world of little men was not worthy.

"Mr. Speaker," said the Doctor-Politician, in ringing, vibrant tones, "I thank you for your impartiality. And, Mr. Prime Minister, I thank you for your well-known sense of justice. And, Gentlemen, I thank you for your permission to reply. I will be brief, so I beg you to bear with me, for it seems as if I shall not speak much more in this honored and sacred place. If any of my remarks have offended, I apologise. I assure you that they were made in good faith, and, with the last speaker, I confess that any disloyal utterance would be out of place in this honorable assembly. First of all, may I once again emphasise that I am not a 'Yankee.' I was born of English parents. In New Orleans, certainly, but, by birth and tradition, I am English, and not American. I was asked to sit in the British Parliament. I have sat in the Parliament of South Australia. By loving this land of my adoption, and the Manning in particular, I claim myself an Australian.

But, to set my critics' fears at rest, let me add that, to remedy any legal obstacle to my claim to citizenship, I applied, some years ago, for naturalisation papers, so that the charges against my right to be an elected Member of this august House are quite unfounded. Now, Sir, as to the charge against my loyalty. England is rich in its grand retrospect of statesmen, soldiers, sailors, scientific men, scholars and writers, as Pitt, Cromwell, Nelson, Newton, Milton and Shakespeare. The Englishman must be very sluggish of imagination, who can stand beside the tombs of the great, undying dead, without a deep stirring of his national pride and patriotism. Upon such a feeling is my sense of loyalty to England based. Such is the bias of my feelings towards England, which has been called in question.

"As to my aspersions upon America, may I say that I honor the sturdy 'Mayflower' pioneers, and their descendants, who have suffered untold hardships in their struggle for unhampered spiritual truth. The American venerates Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, and other national stalwarts, and so do I. Think, also, of Garfield, Mark Twain and Thoreau, Lee and Jackson, and, above all, of the towering figure of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest democratic leader of any time, or any country. Perhaps the greatest man since Christ. In my deep admiration for all these is found the reply to the charge of my aspersions on America. But, as a cousin of us who are proud to be called British, the American is beginning to realise that he also shares in the earlier national heroes of England. And this is good, because, Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen, I bow to no man in my admiration for the British Empire!"

This brilliant speech closed the debate, and indeed should have marked the close of the whole unhappy affair. And would have done so but for the evil power and machinations of H.D's. stubborn opponents.

Indeed, for a time it seemed as if righteousness would prevail. The Doctor's calm and reasoned speech won for him many new supporters, including such men as Sir William Manning (the Attorney-General), Mr. Butler (a leading barrister), Mr. William Forster (a former Prime Minister and famous statesman, and the Prime Minister himself, Sir Charles Cowper.

With such an array of allies, it seemed certain that the righteous cause of the Manning pioneer and Hastings statesman would triumph. Possibly, the friends and advisers of the Doctor-Politician were too sanguine and complacent. In the goodness of their hearts, and the nobility of their minds, they reckoned without the power of the opposition.

Driven underground, for the moment, Decker, Martin, Burdett Smith and Company, supported by the great landholders and Kanaka employers, left no stone unturned, and, indeed, no stone uncast, to wreck the reputation and career of the great statesman from Tinonee. What passed, in secret sessions, between Burdett Smith and his confederates, and the Elections and Qualifications Committee, cannot be accurately ascertained. Suffice to say that H.D. was officially "reported," and that the Elections and Qualifications Committee took upon itself a legal power it did not possess, and finally declared the pioneer-statesman unseated, and "elected" Burdett Smith as Member for the Hastings in his place.

But this unjust, and illegal, decision was unknown, and, indeed, unexpected, when the Prime Minister asked H.D. to call upon him, and discuss the whole sorry business.

Sir Charles Cowper, an historic figure of early Australian politics, whose name is perpetuated in the Cowper Electorate, received the Member for the Hastings with the courtesy and consideration which so endeared him to his contemporaries. "Please be seated, H.D.," said Sir Charles. "I needn't tell you how grieved I am at this quite unjustified attack on your reputation, and Parliamentary membership. I don't believe a word of it, of course, but the matter unfortunately has gone to the Elections and Qualifications Committee, and, until I receive their report, there is little I can do in the matter. Except to reaffirm my complete confidence in you, and to assure you that I am following the whole affair with sympathy and interest. I may also say that I have taken legal advice about it all, and my Counsellors tell me that legally your position is sound. Unfortunately, a few hot-heads have other ideas, but I'm certain that they will soon realise their mistake and come to their senses, and then the whole thing will blow over. However, there

is one very serious charge against you, which seems to be the main weapon of your opponents. May I speak frankly?"

"You may, Sir," replied H.D. calmly. "Frank speaking holds no dismay for one whose conscience is clear."

"You know the real basis of your critics' attack, of course?"

"Beyond jealousy, no, Sir Charles. I'd be glad indeed if you could enlighten me."

"Disloyalty to the Crown!"

"But, I've already explained that, in praising America, I bow to no one in my loyalty to the Empire, Sir Charles."

The Prime Minister looked grave, and toyed with a pencil on his desk. Then he said, obviously ill at ease, "A blunt question, H.D. Is it not a fact that in a public speech, made by you in Tinonee, you openly disparaged the Duke of Edinburgh?"

"It is NOT a fact, Sir. It is a deliberate lie!" retorted H.D. calmly, but with firmness and vigor.

"I have it, on the authority of a witness who was present on the occasion, that you publicly stated, in Tinonee, that the Duke of Edinburgh was a nuisance to the State. That his visit should never have been permitted. That the sooner Australia became a Republic, the better. And that the Crown was a useless and out-worn symbol."

The good Doctor was aghast. "But that's more than disloyalty, Sir Charles. It's treason!"

"Exactly, H.D.," replied the Prime Minister coldly. "No doubt you didn't mean all you said. You were put out over some business matter, apparently, and spoke in heat. An apology, explanation, and withdrawal, will clear up the whole thing, and make it easier for me to help you."

"An apology by whom?"

"By your good self, my dear Sir."

"But I have nothing to apologise for. Nothing to explain, and certainly nothing to withdraw!"

H.D. now spoke with some heat, for even his monumental patience was beginning to wear thin.

"I agree that the charge is probably exaggerated, but, as a gesture of courtesy and tact, I suggest you take my advice, all the same. Politics is a strange and touchy business, you know. It pays, at times, to climb down, and withdraw a remark that has caused offence."

"Cowardice and double-speaking are not my ideas of tact and courtesy, Mr. Prime Minister!" returned the Manning pioneer vehemently, "and running away from the truth never pays. I can tell no lies, Sir; no, not even to save my political life!"

"A pity, my dear Sir," returned the Prime Minister. "You would have gone far in Parliament. In fact, I had my eyes on a Cabinet post for you. To groom you even for the Prime Ministership. But as it is . . . ." and Sir Charles sighed sadly.

To say that the Doctor-Statesman was bewildered at the sudden turn the conversation had taken would be a classic under-statement. He was dumbfounded. Too amazed at the senseless accusation to think clearly. His first reaction was that he should reach for his hat, resign from this strange and touchy business of politics there and then, and rush from the stifling and cramping room, to seek the peace and spaciousness of the open air.

Indeed, he had risen angrily to his feet, towering like a majestic Colossus above the Premier, when a sudden thought struck him, making all things vividly clear. He sat down again, and asked with a terrible calm: "Who laid this charge against me, Sir Charles? A blunt question that demands a frank answer!"

The Prime Minister paused, then said in a low voice: "A certain Mr. Nicodemus Decker, Doctor. He was present when you made your unfortunate speech."

"I might have guessed it," replied H.D. "Since you've heard the lying report, and apparently have been impressed by it, you shall now hear the truth of the matter."

And the man from the Manning told, in detail, the circumstances of the jesting remark made by him in the store at Tinonee, concerning the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh.

A jest overheard by Nick Decker, and an idle remark, made in all innocence and good faith, upon which the whole false charge of disloyalty had been built. For so do our enemies seize upon our most innocent words and twist them into weapons to stab us in the back. It seems to be an old human custom. The greater the man, the more spurious the charges brought against him.

"And that is the truth of the matter, Sir Charles," concluded the Doctor, looking his leader straight in the eyes.

The Prime Minister rose from his desk and grasped his fellow-Parliamentarian warmly by the hand. "I believe you, H.D.," he said smilingly. "Indeed, I never doubted you. Forgive me my seeming lack of faith, my dear Doctor. I was only acting a part to put you to the test. Always, I have had a high regard for you, and now you stand higher than ever in my esteem. So far as I am concerned, you are clear of all charges, and free from all threats of being unseated. I look forward to hearing many more eloquent speeches from you in the House. Especially concerning your promised plan for State Development. And I intend to bear in mind my suggestion of a seat in the Cabinet for you at an early date. You're too great a man, H.D., for us to say farewell to!"

So these two great and noble men, of an honest and good heart, met in faith and friendship, and thought that all was well. Indeed, H.D. stepped out into the streets of Sydney with a new confidence. His matchless mind filled with high ideals for a new deal for New South Wales, and for the Manning in particular.

Alas, he little knew that his position was already undermined by his unwearying enemies, whose nefarious schemes and their evil fulfilment we have already mentioned.

Let him walk for the last time, in peace and happiness, by the shores of lovely Sydney Harbor, its vivid waters gleaming in the crystal Austral sun. And spare him the sad foreknowledge of the final stormy and dramatic scenes which were to rob Australia of the services of one of its finest Statesmen.

THE FINAL REJECTION.

Alas, the wisest of prophets may forecast wrongly. Sir Charles Cowper was a good Statesman, but, in this case at least, a bad Prophet. H.D's. enemies failed to come to their senses. In desperation they stooped to illegal and unjust measures. The Elections and Qualifications Committee submitted no report to Parliament. Instead, it exceeded all authority by declaring the Member for the Hastings disqualified from sitting in Parliament, and "electing" Burdett Smith in his place.

So evil flourished on a legal quibble, and the promising career of a brilliant politician came to an untimely end. But not without its last moments of drama and excitement.

News of the unprecedented decision of the Elections and Qualifications Committee spread like a bush-fire through Sydney, and wild rumor added fuel to its flames. Some said that the unseated Doctor would refuse to accept his dismissal. Would appeal to the Privy Council. Would appeal to the Queen. Even to the President of the United States.

Others had heard, from a man who knew a man, that H.D. was to be summoned to the Bar of the House, and forcibly ejected by the Speaker.

Then there were those, desiring to be more interesting than truthful, who said that the irate Doctor was going to challenge James Martin "to a duel" in the Domain.

There were certainly alarums and excursions. Secret meetings, and open conferences, and suggestions in plenty.

The Pioneer-Statesman could have fought on, and won, but even his gallant soul was wearied, at last, by all the strife and petty spite. If this were politics, he'd had enough. The Parliamentary game wasn't worth the candle. The Manning drew him irresistibly. Back, in its quiet reaches and fragrant bushlands, he would find peace of mind, and serenity of soul, of which his second rejection had robbed him.

"It's asking too much, Sir Charles," he said to the dismayed Prime Minister, "to expect me to stay on. Quite unjustly, I admit, Burdett Smith has been preferred to me. I must decrease, that he may increase. Let it end at that. I seek no power beyond that of serving my fellow-men. In Sydney I can do nothing, it seems. In Tinonee I can at least continue to be of some small service. I have only one last request to make, Mr. Prime Minister—that I may be allowed to deliver a farewell speech in the House, before I bow to the Committee's unwarranted decision."

"Your request is granted, H.D.," replied the Parliamentary Leader, with tears in his eyes. "I can't say how sorry I am that things have turned out in this unfortunate way." And the good man turned away to hide his deep emotion.

So it came about that a special meeting of Parliament was called to hear the Pioneer-Statesman utter his famous reply to his second rejection. A speech later delivered, in fuller detail, in the more placid surroundings of his beloved Manning.

The spate of rumors was enough to pack the historic chambers in Macquarie Street to overflowing on this dramatic occasion. Every Member was present. H.D's. many friends with a lump in their throats. His few, but all-powerful, enemies, with a triumphant sneer on their faces.

The public gallery was crowded out. Even Captain Nixon had deserted the "Fire King," to be present with Phoebe, who lost no time in telling all and sundry, in no uncertain manner, what she thought of the disgraceful dismissal of a man "fit to be President," until a peace officer asked her to "pipe down—or else!"

Hundreds more, who failed to gain admission, thronged and milled in the streets outside. "At all events, my dear Phoebe," said her captain husband, "if H.D. is going, he's not going unheralded and unsung. This is more like a triumph than a defeat!"

"You've said it, chum!" put in an old sailor, possibly a one-time companion of Poppa Peneplane. "If this here H.D. gets kicked out, me and my mates will start an almighty mutiny!" And he glared round in a bellicose manner. But, so far as Captain Nixon could judge, his mates consisted of two bottles of rum.

Inside the House, on the sacred floor itself, the atmosphere was electric. A few sanguine friends of the Doctor-Politician were still hoping for a miracle. Some last-hour reprieve. Even some of his foes feared this, and had come in an angry mood, prepared for any emergencies. Indeed, no one seemed to know for certain just what was to take place, beyond the fact that H.D. was to appear and speak.

Rumor, however, was still busy, and news went round that a very important person was to intervene at the last moment, and save the popular politician from ignominious dismissal.

The hour for the opening of the Session arrived.

Robert Burdett Smith appeared, with James Martin, and the limping Nicodemus Decker. Two Policemen accompanied them, which was just as well. For the crowd greeted them with boos and jeers.

The militant old sailor, indeed, had half a mind to let fly a bottle in their general direction. But confided to Captain Nixon, who had wisely persuaded Phoebe to take the air outside, that "It seems a pity to waste good rum on such poor scum!"

Sir Charles Cowper, and his colleagues of the Cabinet, were next on the scene. They met with polite cheers, but one voice cried, "Why didn't you save H.D., Charlie? You could have, if you would have!"

Then came the Speaker, resplendent in his robes of office. He received a mixed reception. Some cheered; some catcalled. "Good old Pontius Pilate!" cried someone. "You'd sell your best friend for thirty bits of silver!"

In the general approval of this sally the lack of strict Biblical accuracy was allowed to go unchallenged.

Then arose a mighty cheer. It began in the distance, far down Macquarie Street, and then was taken up by the jostling crowd, until the very heavens rang with a resounding welcome.

"Who's coming?" asked Phoebe. "The Governor?"

"Lord bless yer, Lady, not the Governor, but good old H.D. himself!"

And so it proved. Accompanied by the Attorney-General (Sir William Manning), the rightful Member for the Hastings made his last entry into the House, amid a roar of applause that was reminiscent of a Roman triumph at its highest. A disinherited Statesman had come to say farewell. But what a great farewell, and what a grand finale it was!

But what a perfect mask mankind can wear when it pleases. On the floor of the House all was perfectly calm outwardly, a studied indifference that masked officially the seething tumult within. The mask of formal legality, seeking to hide the feelings engendered by the mighty issues involved. The age-old human conflict of ideals against expediency. Of truth against falsehood. Of right against wrong.

The Speaker took his place impassively. The Prime Minister appeared grave, but unmoved. And the disqualified Member for the Hastings, pale and tense indeed, occupied his rightful place for the last time with dignity and grace.

We can guess the inward feelings of this great and sensitive personality, but his calm and noble countenance gave no hint of his disillusionment and suffering. He came, like a lion at bay, to bear, with stately fortitude, the defeat of his

highest dreams. His calm and undisturbed demeanour completed the portrait of a mighty pioneer.

After a few brief formalities, the Speaker called on the Prime Minister to make a statement. Equally briefly, Sir Charles Cowper outlined the events which had led to this special meeting of Parliament, and stated that he had granted permission to the retiring Member for the Hastings to make a farewell speech.

"In view of the unprecedented nature of the honorable gentleman's disqualification, although he is legally no longer a Member of this House, I feel that we can do no other than allow him to deliver a farewell address," concluded Sir Charles, his honest face now working with undisguised emotion.

He sat down, amid a silence as deep as death, only broken when the Speaker rose, to call on the departing politician to address the House.

However, as the Statesman from Tinonee rose majestically to his feet, the silence was shattered. The rumored last-minute intervention was at hand.

An excited figure burst into Parliament, crying with a voice of thunder: "Mr. Speaker, I protest!"

This dramatic interruption was caused by Henry Parkes, a very important person indeed, the Father of the New South Wales Parliament, and for many years the friend and adviser of the Manning pioneer.

Knowing this, and thinking, in their guilt, that Parkes had come to favor and protect his friend, the enemies of H.D. lost their heads and their temper, and an angry melee ensued.

Before Henry Parkes could explain his actual protest, he was set upon by infuriated Members, who pulled his hair, his ears and whiskers, and blacked his eye.

Never before had such a disgraceful scene marred the proceedings of the so-called honorable Assembly.

From the fight, which revealed the real nature of H.D's. worthless opponents, Henry Parkes, that great figure of Australian politics, emerged bruised and bleeding, supported, in his amazed distress, by the good doctor, who administered first aid to the battered veteran.

Indeed, a riot of first magnitude was only avoided by H.D., who waved back friends rushing into the fray. "Forgive them, gentlemen," he cried, assuming command of the sorry situation. "Forgive them their bad manners, for they know not what they do!"

His majestic mien and courteous courage calmed even the tempest of his adversaries' rage, and H.D. then called upon the Speaker to recall the House to Order, and to demand an apology from the Members "whose dastardly attack upon an honored elderly statesman would have brought shame to the black men with flat noses and woolly hair on the plantations of Carolina and Louisiana!"

Thus adjured and admonished, the bewildered Speaker obediently called the House to order.

Apologies were given and accepted, and the Prime Minister himself apologised for the sad breach of Parliamentary etiquette, adding: "In this, his last public appearance in our midst, the late Member for the Hastings has once again done us signal service. In quelling the unhappy disturbance which has disgraced this sitting, he has again revealed the full measure of his greatness. His friends are vindicated in their affection for him, and even his political enemies—for surely he can have no others—must realise the true worth of the man they have presumed to reject. He deserves our vote of thanks and our best wishes in his honorable retirement. Mr. Speaker, I have much pleasure in asking the people's elected Member for the Hastings to speak to us, in farewell, in any manner that seems most fitting to him."

So fickle is human nature, and so relieved was everyone to break the tension of the final scenes which marked the Pioneer-Statesman's farewell to Parliamentary life, that a burst of applause nearly lifted the roof of the Council Chambers as H.D. rose to speak in the House for the last time.

Pale but resolute, saddended but undaunted, his gaze was as flashing as ever, his voice as clear and melodious as always, as his words of eloquence ran for the last time through those sacred halls.

"Mr. Speaker, Sir Charles Cowper, and gentlemen"—a shade of sarcasm here, which caused a few guilty souls a moment of embarrassment—"An hour ago I would have said that I was leaving this hallowed place with regret. However, the undignified disturbance, staged by my venemous opponents, has at last revealed the smallness of their stature. It is obvious that they have no desire for me to work with them, and I no longer have any wish to do so. So it is without regret that I bid them farewell. My short and obscure existence in Parliament will not be felt, or noticed, in the great sweep of time and the resistless movement of the years. Along the political pathway I have left scarcely a footprint, and my loudest voice, and bravest words, have been lost in the Niagara roar of my opponents. The strong and venomous feeling against me has prevailed, and my only regret is for the unfair and unjust methods by which my opponents have triumphed. Yet I have no doubt that future ages will vindicate the righteousness of my cause, and that any good imputed to my adversaries will be interred with their bones. It has been shown, conclusively, that the Elections and Qualifications Committee was wrong on every point decided by it. My constituency has elected me twice, and no Committee whatsoever has any authority to nullify the people's choice. Nor does the clause that a candidate must have been a naturalised British subject for five years have any ruling in my case. I repeat again that I am of good English stock, a naturalised subject, and a declared and elected Member of the House, by the electors of Hastings, to represent them in their legislature. But Parliament has become mainly a cowering crowd of parochial politicians, whose wavering weakness has sanctioned my illegal rejection. My unjustified dismissal has been mainly the work of a brutal plutocratic clique, who prefer petty power, and formal quibbles, to truth and justice!"

Although the Pioneer-Statesman was flailing Parliament in no uncertain terms, his sublime convictions ensured a per-

fect silence among his listeners. And many wise heads, including Sir Charles Cowper's, nodded in grave acquiescence.

After a pause, H.D. continued: "You may ask, Mr. Speaker, why, if I feel my cause to be just, why I haven't taken action to secure redress? I have!"

Sensation in the House at this, as Hansard would say.

"I have!" repeated the intrepid politician. "I have sought learned Counsel's advice, and am assured that an appeal to the Privy Council could not fail. The famous Wilkes case judgment would apply equally to me. That it is the right of every constituency to return the Member of its choice. However, Mr. Speaker, I have decided to take no further action. An appeal to the Privy Council would only mean great expense to the State. An expense which she cannot afford. An expense which would not punish my detractors, but the taxpayers and electors, who would have to find the money. I could not penalise our people, and our pioneers, by inflicting such a burden on them in order to avert my Parliamentary downfall. Like Cromwell, I will revert to the peace of my woodlands, and so, Mr. Speaker, it is good-bye and farewell for ever!"

With these solemn and final words, the noble and patriotic Doctor resumed his seat, amid a silence too deep for cheers or acclamation. Yet many an eye held tears, for all felt that this final scene in H.D's. Parliamentary life meant the passing of a great and brilliant statesman.

The Portrait of the Pioneer was made complete.

THE AFTERGLOW.

Our tale is done, or, shall we say, our portrait of a pioneer has been sketched as well as we are able. Yet we are loth to say farewell to such a goodly company as H.D. and his worthy fellow-pioneers of the Manning. Men and women whose characters and exploits have helped to build the civilisation and lead the progress of this mighty land, Australia!

The good Doctor returned to Tinonee, disillusioned, but not disheartened. As popular, and as eager for the progress of the Manning as ever. His enemies still pursued him with cruel and false criticism. Even to the extent of accusing him of having engineered the dramatic intervention of Henry Parkes as an excuse to flail Parliament! We can afford to allow such ripples of man's inhumanity to man to cease upon the surface of life. H.D. is beyond them. They touch him not. In the afterglow of history, he stands for ever a giant among men. The perfect pioneer of peace and progress.

Nor was the afterglow of his declining years less rosy. At Tinonee he had his golden moments, such as the proud day when the Governor, His Excellency the Earl of Belmore, visited the Manning, at the loyal pioneer's invitation.

"A thriving town, and a rich area indeed!" exclaimed His Excellency enthusiastically. "I'd no idea such progress had been made. Can anyone explain it for me?"

"I can, Your Excellency!" cried Tom Parsonage, who had installed himself as guide in chief to the distinguished visitor. "In words of two letters! H.D.! H for Heroic. D for Dauntless!"

"Thank you, Tom," smiled the Earl in his easy-going way. Then, turning to the leading townsman of Tinonee, he said, "I congratulate you, my dear Doctor, on the amazing developments made on the Manning. Due chiefly to your own unremitting labors and undoubted genius!"

Such words, from such a noble source, must have more than atoned for the harsh criticism of little men and narrow minds. Hearing them, the mighty Pioneer of the Manning smiled happily. His cup of joy was filled to overflowing, after all. The storms of Sydney had bought him days of gloom, but the afterglow in Tinonee was warm and golden. A crown of peace from whatever Gods there be. A final reward from that power that shapes our ends, and watches over men who face adversity undismayed, and serve their fellows to the end, in sunshine or in storm. This is our last glimpse of H.D. on the Manning. Standing proudly by the river he loved so much, surrounded by the people he served so well, and praised by the Representative of the Empire to which no one was more loyal than he. There he stands, a colossal figure of the past, and a mighty influence in the present. Against the lovely background of the magnificent Manning, the portrait of its Pioneer is enscrolled for ever in the history of our land.

The great Doctor moved to Uralla soon after this. Jane's health had suffered because of her husband's adversities, and the change to the bracing New England highlands was made for her sake. The afterglow followed them to their new home, for, in the small and pleasant country town of Uralla H.D. soon became a leading citizen and successful business man.

But his work was not yet ended, and the splendour of the afterglow increased. Moving to Grafton, that stately city by the mighty Clarence River, he established a flourishing business and became Mayor. The glory of his declining years was only outshone by the fame of his lustrous years on the Manning. Wherever the talented H.D. went, his genius left its mark. New Orleans, London, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Tinonee, Uralla, Grafton, each was the richer for his presence and the impact of his amazing and dynamic personality.

His farewell to life was worthy of his matchless powers. He lived fully and richly to the end. Jane's sudden death was an untimely blow. Then came a flood, in which he again risked his life to save his writings, books and records. His genius undimmed, his service to his fellow-men undiminished, his courage and humanity undaunted, he found life too lonely to be further borne without his beloved Jane, and laid life's final burden suddenly away within a few months of her death. A simple stone, near the banks of the Clarence River, marks their resting place, and the ripples of the rivers he had always loved join in the voice of the Clarence to sound their requiem. However, a final afterglow lighted H.D. in the prime in which he died.

Shortly before Jane's death, two men called on H.D. Two famous men. Henry Parkes, who had now become Sir Henry Parkes, and Sir John Robertson.

"We have made a special trip to Grafton, my dear Doctor," said Sir Henry, "to ask your forgiveness for the unhappy political treatment you have received in the past, and to beg of you a special favor,"

"A favor to the State," put in Sir John Robertson.

"In short," concluded Sir Henry Parkes, the father of Australian Parliaments, "we wish you to accept the office of Prime Minister, and to lead the Government."

"Indeed," added Sir John, "the State needs the guidance of a man of genius like yourself."

These were heartening and comforting words indeed to the good Doctor. They made up for all the words of calumny that had caused him grief and pain. They rang in his ears like a rewarding chime from Heaven. And their very utterance sounded the peace he craved, and fulfilled the happiness and recognition he so well deserved.

He smiled happily, and thought awhile, his eloquent eyes bright with tears. Then he said quietly, but firmly: "Thank you indeed, gentlemen, for your faith in me, and for your kind and wonderful offer. I am tempted to accept. But it cannot be. To politics I have said: 'Farewell for ever'!"

It takes a great man to turn down a great offer. In terms of such self-sacrifice, and in obedience to such high principles of honesty and spiritual integrity, the portrait of a Pioneer is made as near perfection as human nature permits.

This completes our tale. Our portrait of a Pioneer has been sketched to the best of our ability. We venture to think that it will speak for itself. But the influence of the great Dr. Horace Dean remains, and ever will, while Australian history is told. In God's everlasting afterglow the figure of the inspired Doctor of Tinonee stands supreme. Over-riding all bounds of time and space. Beyond the reach of petty spite and criticism. Unsmirched by evil tongues, he now enjoys the praise and affection of all understanding minds.

We leave him against the background of the matchless Manning. That lovely river of breadth and splendour, of shining tree-girt reaches, whose scenes he loved so much, whose people he served so well. He was a typical Pioneer, richly endowed by Heaven to serve his generation.

He would never have been happy in an old country. He loved things new. The settler's axe, and the smoke of the bush, were ever his delight and inspiration. It needs no great imagination to see his shadow still stalk abroad in the ivory moonlight of a Manning night, or hear the voices of his many friends come whispering through the glorious gum-tree glades of fair Tinonee.

In thought, I can hear Captain Gollan calling to Tom Parsonage, "What did H.D. say, Tom?"

And the noble Dr. Dean himself replies: "I say that Australia, and its people, have the brains and energy to work out their own destiny. Go to it, you men of the Manning, and advance, Australians, everywhere!"

THE END.