

Australian
Reminiscences

BY

MARTIN BRENNAN,

Ex Superintendent.



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Ex Senior Superintendent.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

GOLD FIELDS

And Elsewhere in New South Wales, covering a
period of forty-eight years' service as an
Officer of Police.

BY

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DEDICATION.

These reminiscences of many years in New South Wales are dedicated to my dear daughter, Sarah Octavia Brennan, M.A., B.Sc., who encouraged me to place on record some stories of my adventures in the land of her birth, which she intensely loves.

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PREFACE.

ON occasions during the past few years when my mind was temporarily freed from the anxiety of official duty, my thoughts recurred to many marvellous experiences in my long police career on the gold fields, and elsewhere, which were pregnant with the deepest interest to myself and others.

As a New South Wales mounted police officer of over forty-seven years' service, it fell to my lot in the early days to have been in charge of most important alluvial gold fields, where thousands of all classes, including almond-eyed Mongolians, and others of a nondescript character, were located, bent on making their fortunes in divers ways.

The gold fields were the resort of mountebank lords, charlatan doctors, clerical hypocrites, wily conjurors, artful spirit-rappers, deceitful fortune-tellers, and brazen impostors, who on occasions appeared in profuse fertility, swindled the honest miners and business men, and caused the principal troubles on the gold fields. The position of the police officer in charge was in truth an important one, and afforded me special facilities for acquiring an immense insight to the shrouded lives of many persons, or, in the language of Plinius Minor, "to the mysterious depths and skeleton closets of man's chequered life."

I had great experience, too, amongst the Aborigines, many of whom, though possessed of vices in common with their more civilized white

brethren, were nevertheless endowed with many redeeming characteristics.

"The primal tribes, lords of the old domain,
 Swift-footed hunters of the pathless plain,
 Unshackled wanderers, enthusiasts free,
 Pure nature sons of savage liberty—
 To you, ye sable hunters, sweeter too
 To spy the track of bounding kangaroo
 Or long neck'd emu;—quick with eager gaze
 His path you follow thro' the tangled maze,
 O'er the boundless wilds your panting game pursue
 And come like trusty hounds, at last in view;
 Then creeping round her, soon the forest's pride
 Is hemmed with bristly spears that pierce her side."

WENTWORTH.

It occurred to me that I should place these experiences and adventures on record, as the principal factors are absolutely true, interesting, and might be, as far as the psychological incidents are concerned, sensational. In this volume I present to the public, with the greatest deference, 14 Australian stories, which I trust will be found more than entertaining. I also attach, as an addendum, an article giving a summary of the noble deeds performed by Doctor Badham, the renowned Professor of Classics and Logic at the Sydney University, which will speak for itself.

The illustrious Cook, the Columbus of Great Britain, when he took possession of Australian territory on behalf of his King, could not in his wildest anticipations have conceived the far-reaching importance of his achievement. Botany Bay, where he landed, was used as a Depot for more than half a century, for convicts, who, in the language of Coriolanus, might be regarded as "fragments of society." People were transported thither on the most flimsy charges, which in the present day would have been disposed of by nominal fines.

The treatment the unfortunate culprits received, however, was harsh, brutal, and barbarous in the extreme, and as a result Botany Bay came to be regarded as a veritable inferno. In the forties of the 19th century, however, the free residents of Sydney and the Colony rose *en masse* and prevented the further pollution of this country as the dumping grounds of the "outcast progeny of the Jakes," to use the expression of De Foe.

A marvellous change took place at this juncture; squatting enterprise was prosecuted with vigour, scores of rich alluvial gold fields were discovered, which caused an influx of population and gave employment to tens of thousands. A scheme of assisted immigration was established, and liberal provisions made for the settlement of the people on the land.

Coincident with these, large mines of coal, iron, silver, copper, tin, and about two hundred and thirty other metals were discovered, all of which gave an impetus to settlement, produced improved conditions of life, and created a prosperity almost incredible.

During the one hundred and odd years of Australian settlement, extraordinary incidents and thrilling episodes took place well worthy of being recorded for the information of the succeeding generations of Federated Australia, which is destined in the near future to become a great Power; yes, a Britannia Major beneath the Southern Cross.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I. MRS. LAMBERT'S MISFORTUNE	11
II. CAPTAIN MORRISON'S ADVENTURES	35
III. THE FAITHFUL YOUNG WIDOW	54
IV. THE INSPIRATION OF CARL SLEICHMAN	71
V. WILLIAM QUINTILIANUS McCOMBE, M.A., A FAMOUS TEACHER IN THE GOLDEN AGE	98
VI. DORA DORAN AND THE MYSTERIOUS KING	122
VII. THE ADVENTURES OF DR. KEATINGE, THE NOTORIOUS IMPOSTOR AND MOUNTE- BANK... ..	147
VIII. VAGARIES OF "TRUTH-SEEKING" SPIRIT- UALISTS	173
IX. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES : THEIR TREATMENT PAST AND PRESENT	192
X. MEMORABLE EPISODES IN THE OFFICIAL CAREER OF A N.S.W. POLICE OFFICER	221
XI. A WOMAN'S REVENGE	249
XII. THE ADVENTURES OF A N.S.W. SABLE PRINCESS	267
XIII. INCIDENTS OF OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE EARLY DAYS	287
XIV. THE WASHPIN MURDER	312
XV. THE REVEREND CHARLES BADHAM, D.D., A FORMER PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS AND LOGIC, SYDNEY UNIVERSITY	329

I.

MRS. LAMBERT'S MISFORTUNES.

A SENSATIONAL GOLD FIELDS EXPERIENCE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

IN eighteen hundred and fifty-nine I was a trooper in the Southern Patrol, and was, in December, transferred to fill a vacancy at Major's Creek, an important portion of the famous Braidwood gold fields, situated one hundred and ninety-six miles south from Sydney, and thirty miles from the great Pacific Ocean. The locality is on the high table land, bounded by the coast range, and close to the Jingeras, rendered notorious of late years as being the rendezvous of the desperate bushrangers known as Clarke's gang, whose depredations were unsurpassed in the annals of crime.

From the Major's Creek mountain could be observed, two thousand feet below, in all its grandeur and picturesqueness, as far as the eye could scan, the happy valley of Araluen, the richest alluvial gold field probably in Australia. All the creeks flowed through deep gold-bearing ravines into the valley, forming cascades indescribable in their rare sublimity.

The township of Major's Creek consisted of slab, bark, weatherboard, and galvanized buildings facing the creek, and the surrounding forest was literally studded with huts, gunyahs, tents, and every conceivable habitat, where the miners dwelt.

There were at this time several thousand miners on the field, comprising representatives of

all nations, as well as all sorts and conditions of men, and there were no lines of social demarcation observed on the field; hence all moved on the same plane, Jack being as good as his master, and frequently better. Lawyers, doctors, authors, poets, professors, auctioneers, and men of other calling were largely in evidence. The almond-eyed Mongolians, too, were there, and numbered about one thousand, having a township and camps on adjacent creeks.

Large quantities of gold were obtained weekly from the sluicing and cradling operations, business was brisk, and prosperity abounded on all sides.

There were numerous so-called hotels on the creek, and centres of population, where Bacchanalians—and their name was legion—worshipped their god. The strains of the Scotch pibroch, the Irish pipes, fiddles, flutes, drums, dulcimers, a German band, as well as the rattle of skittles and the click of the bagatelle balls, could be heard nightly at these dens, which could not fail to impress a stranger that the god Thermosiris had established a musical academy on this enchanted field. The publicans, alive to their interests, imported, at high wages, dancing girls from Sydney, the arrival of each contingent being marked by a great demonstration, which was familiarly known as the "New Rush."

Three nights each week were devoted to dancing and various pastimes, when nearly the entire population flocked to the various centres of attraction, and indulged more or less in the high jinks that prevailed. The boy Cupid flapped his wings with satisfaction at witnessing the devotion paid to his beautiful mater Venus. On occasions the excitement became intense, and developed into orgies which rivalled the saturnalias

of the Cyprians in their worship at the temples of Cytherea, Idalium, and Paphos.

The strength of the *posse comitatus* consisted of a Sergeant and myself. The former was an old man who had served many years as a soldier; he was unable to write, but that was of no consequence in the good old days. His small stature was more than counterbalanced by that of his wife, who was of elephantine proportions, and the actual commander-in-chief.

The camp, consisting of a few slab and bark huts, overlooked the township, my domicile being a single-room hut, calico sides, and covered with bark.

My uniform was similar to that worn by the 13th Light Dragoons of that day. I rode a splendid horse, and was regarded as an accomplished rider.

A few weeks after I had placed my Lares and Penates in order, I mounted my steed and proceeded to take a survey of the surrounding localities, and, while doing so, came to a three-rail fence, which my mount negotiated at a canter. The performance was witnessed by a female, who was watering cycads in a small garden close by a weatherboard cottage. On seeing me she raised her hands and said:

"Oh! is that you, Bertie?"

I replied: "I am not Bertie."

"Excuse me," she continued, "for seeming forwardness, but your appearance and uniform recall the most memorable days of my life."

"How is that?" I asked.

She shook her head, disclosed visible manifestations of grief, and remarked, "I may tell you some other time."

She spoke English correctly, and with a musical accent.

"You are, I presume, a native of dear old England?"

"Yes, I was born there, but I can also speak my dear mother's tongue, French, and likewise Italian."

"Are you a digger's wife, madam?" I asked.

"I believe I am by law, to my sorrow. My name is now Mrs. Lambert."

"Then happy is Mr. Lambert, who has the privilege of claiming you as his wife."

She was about twenty-three years old, slight build, graceful figure, very fair complexion; a profusion of golden ringlets fell carelessly over her square shoulders; large, bright, blue eyes; rosy, oval cheeks, with a well-defined dimple in each; faultless dentition, pouting mouth bounded by ruby lips, and a well-shaped, slightly Roman nose. She was well dressed, and to my mind a lady fit to grace the most exalted position.

While gazing on her unrivalled beauty, I could not help thinking that, had she lived in the days of Praxiteles, or Phidias, she would have furnished the true ideal for the typical angel in marble.

I said on leaving: "If I can be of any assistance to you, officially or otherwise, it will afford me much pleasure to render it."

She thanked me, and I returned to the camp.

The appearance of this young woman was not alone beautiful, but majestic, which made a deep impression on my mind, and filled my every thought. There was a mystery about herself and her husband which I felt determined to solve, and did not experience much difficulty in doing so.

While paying my usual rounds to the carnivals one night, my attention was attracted to the "Diggers' Rest" hotel, where three barmaids were busily engaged serving liquor to a hilarious crowd of miners, who thronged the bar and side en-

trance. Beside the bar stood a remarkable-looking individual, a regular Polyphemus, in the person of an aged German, about six feet four, blind of one eye; enormous moustaches, the ends of which were tied in a knot over the region of the *foramen magnum*; and, strange though it may appear to biological scientists, his orbs seemed furnished with nictitating eyelids; his description in other respects is accurately portrayed by the poet Syntax in his canto III., "In Search of a Wife":—

"Therefore it is as I suppose, the squinting eye, the wide
 spread nose,
 The yawning mouth that may appear
 Stretching athwart from ear to ear,
 The rising back a sad mischance and stomach's rude pro-
 tuberance
 Are crimes which, by their laws intent
 Received proportioned punishment.
 While ugliness in every sense must be a capital offence,
 And they will be condemned to die
 Whose crimes complete deformity."

This man was the redoubtable "Champagne Charlie," at the time gasconading on the superiority of the German soldiers, showing how battles could be fought and won, and recounting the incidents of his heroism in the destruction of Frenchmen, to one of whom he ascribed the loss of his orb. When any manifestation of applause was evoked, he ordered every man present to fill his glass and drink to his health.

"Champagne" arrived early on the creek from the Californian gold fields, had some knowledge of mining, and was conceded by the Local Board the privilege of constructing a dam at the head of his claim, by which means he stored large quantities of water, which enabled him to carry on sluicing continuously, and thus accumulated a fortune.

He spent money freely in champagne, and was

rewarded with the *sobriquet* of "Champagne Charlie."

Beside him at the bar stood Rufus Lambert, Champagne's factotum, who received four pounds a week for looking after him when on the spree, and otherwise advancing his interests with the semi-monde dancing girls. Champagne had given the appointment to Lambert, who had selected for him a pretty, dark-eyed female, named Rebecca, on whom he showered many marks of favour, including a nugget of considerable value, after which she was christened by the miners as "Champagne's Nugget."

Lambert was somewhat attractive in appearance; a vain fop, a gay Lothario with the girls, on whom he frittered his earnings, and, after a brief period, he drifted into the habits of a boozier, and finally became a downright unscrupulous and worthless fellow. It was no wonder, therefore, that his amiable and accomplished wife had become stricken with grief at her unfortunate position.

A few months after this, the township was placarded with posters announcing the sale by auction of the stock-in-trade, books, and jewellery of a storekeeper, who had, to use a colonialism, gone up King Street—that is, to the Insolvent Court. Mr. Wallis, the famous auctioneer, was brought from Braidwood to conduct the business; the premises were crowded with the *profanum vulgus*, anxious to secure some of the goods to be sold without reserve. I attended the sale on duty, in my best official style, and had the good fortune to be declared the purchaser of the books for one pound fifteen shillings.

During the sale I noticed Mrs. Lambert outside, and procured her a seat near the door. I told her of my purchase, and said, "The books shall be at your disposal."

She thanked me, and remarked, "I shall avail myself of your generous offer."

The jewellery, a prospecting dish full, was then put up, and descanted on by the auctioneer, who informed intending purchasers that some of the gems excelled the Koh-i-noor diamond in scintillation. The bidding was brisk and spirited till it reached £3 15s., when there was a lull; the auctioneer gave his opinion that the lot would be a sacrifice for a hundred pounds. To stimulate the business I bid four pounds, which was repeated several times, when, to my surprise, I was named the purchaser. While the dish of gems and articles of vertu was being passed through the crowd to me, the major portion was abstracted. I took, however, this undue interference with my property in good part, and said somewhat sarcastically, "I was sorry the supply was not large enough to enable me to give a handful to each." Rounds of applause followed this magnanimous sentiment.

I placed the remaining articles in Mrs. Lambert's lap, saying, "You can distribute them as you wish"; and she was not long in doing so, to the entire satisfaction of the women present.

I returned to the camp a much wiser man, feeling thoroughly disgusted with my foolishness, and resolved that, no matter at what sacrifice jewellery would be sold in the future, I would not be the purchaser.

In a few days, Mrs. Lambert visited the camp, and asked me to select her a book. I looked through my recent purchase, passed over the works of Scott and Dumas, and picked up Thackeray's celebrated romance, "Vanity Fair."

"Here," said I, "is a work I can recommend. It will prove entertaining and instructive. Yes, it will give you a deeper insight than you now possess of the huge mockery which is covered by

the name society, and the worthlessness of many of those who pose as the leaders of it."

She accepted the volume with thanks, and said she would read it carefully.

Mrs. Lambert having taken a seat, I remarked, "I hope you are now getting reconciled to your fate."

"It is impossible," she answered; "every day adds to my misery."

"You must not," I said, "let this feeling grow upon you; act with prudence; it is a protecting power. Juvenal, the great Latin poet, has written, 'Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia,' that is, 'No God is absent where calm prudence dwells.'"

She opened her large, dreamy eyes, fringed with long lashes, looked me full in the face, and said with deep emotion, "Oh! that may be true; but, after all, I am only a frail mortal."

"I have some doubts about it," I remarked. "Your looks and appearance impress me as being those of a goddess rather than a mortal, and I have been thinking that if you had competed for the golden apple, Paris would have selected you for the prize in preference to Venus, and thus prevented the destruction of Troy."

"Your nationality betrays itself by these undeserved encomiums," she replied. "I came to tell you hurriedly who I am, and what I have gone through, as I have a strong presentiment that some misfortune is impending."

"I shall be glad," I replied, "to hear your story, but I must counsel you not to anticipate troubles. Your motto should be '*Spero meliora*,' or 'I hope for better things.'"

"Well, then, to commence, my father's name was Rudolf Goldstein, a London jeweller and lapidary. He married my mother, whose maiden name was Clemintina Laura, the daughter of a

French merchant at Marseilles, and regarded the belle of the city. We lived in a beautiful villa near London, where my mother died when I, their only child, was thirteen years old. Madame Ganselle, an old friend of the family, took charge of the house and acted as my chaperone. When seventeen years old I was introduced to Bertie Alexander, a captain in a dragoon regiment. He visited our house repeatedly; we loved each other intensely, and, after some time, we were engaged to be married, with the approval of our parents, and certain properties transferred to us. Bertie obtained furlough, when Madame Ganselle and myself accompanied him to India for a trip. We enjoyed ourselves immensely. I had the initials of his name tattooed in Indian ink on my right arm, and he had my initials, E.G. (that is, Elisha Goldstein), on his.

“Shortly after our return to England, Madame Ganselle died. Bertie lived as far as possible in my company, awaiting the happy day for the consummation of our union to arrive. Oh! those were the halcyon days of my happiness, which I fondly dreamt would last for ever. But alas for the vanity of human wishes, it was not to be so, as I was doomed to a bitter experience, and probably a terrible end.

“One afternoon in May, a carriage drove to the villa; the coachman was in livery. A young lady alighted, and informed my maid she wanted to see me on important business. She was shown into the library, where I was engaged with my governess. After the governess had withdrawn, the stranger said, ‘I came to see Miss Goldstein on a private and important matter.’

“I bid her take a seat beside me. She did so, raised her veil, and continued sobbingly:

“I know, from report, that Miss Goldstein is an honourable and conscientious young lady,

who would not knowingly injure, not to say ruin, one of her sex. I heard she intended to marry Captain Alexander, and hastened to inform her that her doing so will entail ruin and disgrace upon me, as well as on herself. I have been the victim of his villainy, and he clearly desires to make you a victim also.'

"She drew from her satchel a packet of letters, and said, 'Here is the last one I received from Captain Alexander,' handing it to me to read.

"I recognised unmistakably the handwriting of Bertie; it was addressed to Madeline Dubois, Soho Square, London. He mentioned he would not marry me for all London, and made most insulting innuendos regarding my chastity. I was shocked at the unexpected revelation from one whom I almost worshipped, and asked permission to retain the letter, which was granted; it is now in my possession.

"'Now,' said Miss Dubois, 'my request is that you write at once to Captain Alexander, break off the engagement, and I shall unmask his villainy.'

"After recovering my self-possession, I wrote to Bertie in the strongest language I could command, and informed him 'I would not under any circumstances see him again.'

"Miss Dubois departed, the letter was promptly posted, and I was left to my own reflections. I could not eat, drink, cry, or sleep; his insulting and atrocious allusions to my character stung me to the heart."

"Well," I interposed, "I believe all men, from the highest to the lowest, are prone to deception. We have a remarkable instance of it in the conduct of Aeneas, who, after the destruction of Troy, sailed with a large fleet to establish a new settlement. Aeolus, at the request of Juno, scattered the vessels over the sea, many of them being

driven on the coast of Africa, where the celebrated Dido was building the city of Carthage. The beautiful queen, through the influence of Mercury, was predisposed favourably to the Trojan leader. Unfortunately for herself she was so, as she conceived an intense passion for him, which proved her destruction. After bestowing on him every privilege in her power, the ungrateful leader secretly left her possessions in the night, and thus established the basest case of ingratitude on record. Dido, whose proper name was Elisha, became so prostrated and filled with grief, that she ascended the funeral pyre, and slew herself with a wretched sword he had left behind him. But remorse overtook the deceiver, as, when proceeding with the Sybil on his course to the Elysian Fields to see the shades of his father Anchises, he saw the beautiful Dido, whom he fondly wished to embrace; but she flew from his grasp, leaving him wretched and disconsolate. Virgil in his *Aeneid* makes reference to this case. '*Haerit lateri lethalis arundo.*' She feels the painful dart; the deadly weapon rankles in her breast."

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Lambert, "that case is applicable to mine; I have felt, and do now feel, the poison of Bertie's letter.

"Next morning I made hasty preparations, informed the servants I was going to London, and left my home in indescribable grief; proceeded to my friends at Marseilles, to whom I related what had taken place. They felt deeply indignant at the treatment I had received. My health partially gave way, and I was advised by my medical attendant, Doctor Du Ross, to take a long sea voyage, as the only means to restore it. Fortunately, or I should rather say unfortunately, Madame Etienne and her husband were at the time leaving for Australia, who undertook to look after me, and see to my comfort.

"We landed in Sydney, and thence proceeded to the highlands of Braidwood, coming on to Major's Creek, where Monsieur Etienne decided on remaining for some time; he purchased a sluicing claim, he had the weatherboard cottage erected, and a flower garden formed, where I was usually employed. After four months' residence, Monsieur Etienne made the acquaintance of Lambert, who represented he had just arrived from England, and was making a tour of the diggings. He was a good-looking fellow, and his suavity of manner was such that he gained the confidence of Monsieur Etienne, who told him, as a friend, all the particulars of my case, and introduced him to Madame and myself.

"He professed to know all the aristocratic families of England, and said he expected every day to hear that he had succeeded to a Baronetcy. He wrote a letter at the cottage to England, requesting that his half-yearly remittance of £500 should be sent to him at Major's Creek, in care of Monsieur Etienne, and, as he was short of funds, Monsieur lent him £50 until the remittance arrived.

"Lambert, in the course of conversation, casually introduced the name of Captain Alexander, and said, 'He met his deserts.'

"I said, 'What! Do you know him?'

"'Yes,' he replied; 'almost everyone in London knows him as the worst of men, but he met his fate.'

"I asked, 'What has happened?'

"'Why, he has been stabbed to death by an actress at the Globe Theatre; it was the sensation of London when I left.'

"A thrill of grief and sorrow seized me, and it was a week before the doctor allowed me to leave my bed. Madame Etienne, in her efforts to console me, said, 'You ought to be thankful,

Elisha, that a just Providence has seen fit to punish him for the injury he has done you.'

"Shortly after this Monsieur sold his interest in the claim for a large sum, when he and Madame decided on visiting Melbourne, preparatory to returning to Europe. Lambert informed Monsieur that as soon as he received his remittance he, too, would return and call upon him; he intimated to Etienne he was deeply attached to me, would like to take me to England as his wife, and asked him as a great favour to press his suit. To be brief, the suit was pressed successfully, and I married him.

"Monsieur Etienne, before leaving, handed me one hundred pounds to enable me to meet expenses, being under the impression that Lambert and myself would return to England in a few months. A few days after my guardian had left, Lambert and 'Champagne' came to the cottage late at night, both intoxicated. I refused to admit the latter, when Lambert abused me and said, 'I have married a London cast-off.' His conduct from that time to the present has been intolerable; he is now a drunkard, and I believe worse."

I said, "How is that "

"Well, you know his conduct with those girls, especially the dark-eyed one, called the 'Nugget,' is very bad. In fact, she sent him a note in pencil yesterday, marked 'Urgent,' wherein she alluded to him as her dear husband."

"You must not believe everything you hear, Mrs. Lambert," I remarked.

"Oh, this is not hearsay; I have the letter."

"Then you should retain it for the present. How much money have you?"

"I have," she said, "sixty pounds."

"You must keep as much of that as possible, so that you may return to England to your father

without delay. You were very foolish you did not consult him instead of going to Marseilles. I shall write to Sydney and ascertain for you when the first ship sails for England, as I have no doubt from what has come to my knowledge that Lambert is a bigamist."

Mrs. Lambert thanked me for my advice, said she would act upon it, and left the camp for her home.

In a few days the news spread that Lambert and Champagne's "Nugget" had levanted, which caused considerable commotion amongst those concerned. It was also hinted that Champagne's proceeds for the last clearing-up were found considerably lessened.

Search was prosecuted throughout the district without avail, and not even a reward of thirty pounds, which Champagne offered for information leading to their whereabouts, had any effect in tracing the fugitives.

On the following Wednesday morning I proceeded to the Jingeras on duty, while the sergeant had to attend the Braidwood Court. When I returned at sundown, and was dismounting, the sergeant's wife said:

"Oh! Mrs. Lambert has been here twice to-day looking for you; she is most anxious to see you. Lambert returned last night, nearly killed her, robbed her of her money, jewellery, and that twenty-five-day gold watch you talked so much about. Go down at once."

I remounted, and, while riding towards the cottage, was informed that Mrs. Lambert had drowned herself in Champagne's Dam. I returned quickly to the station, procured grappling irons and a rope, and then cantered to the cottage, where everything appeared in disorder.

It was raining in torrents; the ground was sloppy, and a dense fog had settled on the moun-

tain like a pall. I picked up several of the unfortunate lady's garments between the cottage and the dam, and found her Leghorn sun-hat beside the water's edge. After a few efforts I succeeded in finding the body, and drew it on to the bank, when I tried by rubbing and other artificial means to restore animation, without success.

The sergeant arrived at this stage, and said, "We shall have to take the body to Lundy's public-house, Long Flat."

"It will," I remarked, "be no easy matter to do so, as the night is intensely dark, the scrub is dense, and the route of more than a mile is studded with miners' shafts." However, acting on the legal maxim, "*necessitas non habet legem*," I adjusted the dead body of my dear friend on my back, and followed the sergeant's footsteps as best I could along the track he cautiously explored by the aid of a sapling.

I was nearly knocked up when we reached a pipeclay flat, where I imagined we were free of danger. At this juncture my spur caught in a root, and in my efforts to retain my equilibrium I was pitched forward, and landed in a miner's shaft, five feet deep. The body had fortunately fallen off my back, else my position would have been more serious. I received, however, a severe shock; my clothes were saturated, and all the sympathy I received from my considerate officer was a hearty laugh and an admonition to be more careful.

After a few minutes' rest, the body was again placed on my back, and carried to the hotel, where Mrs. Lundy, good soul that she was, supplied me with a mattress, on which the body was placed in the stable, to await an inquest. I locked the door, took charge of the key, and was about to depart, when my officer reminded me I should remove the diamond ring from her finger, and retain it for

production at the inquiry. I did so with some difficulty, and placed it in my trousers' pocket. We then proceeded to the deceased's residence, where we found everything in disorder. I noticed the splendid corded silk dress, with its series of flounces, lying on the floor, and the contents of trunks scattered about. We carefully searched for money and jewellery, but could find none, and, as for provisions, there were only a few pieces of bread. It was evident, therefore, that Lambert had robbed her of her money and jewellery, as well as maltreated her. I picked up a packet of her letters, and took charge of them.

"Well," said the sergeant, "this is a bad case. We shall have to arrest him if possible. Let you remain in charge of the cottage, and I will search the hotels, as he may be still on the Creek."

When the sergeant left, I sat on a log in front of the door, contemplating in review the sad occurrences, the result of deception, cruelty, robbery, and starvation. I could not help realizing the fact that, had it not been for the exigencies of duty, which necessitated my absence that day, the poor creature would be then alive. Whilst absorbed in these meditations, I was startled by mournful wails, almost beside me, and these were intensified by lamentations, and shrieks near the door; but, owing to the stygian darkness which prevailed, I could not see whence they proceeded.

A strange feeling came over me, and as soon as I was able, I took flight from what I regarded as a haunted locality, followed the route the sergeant had taken, and did not stop till I reached a culvert, from which I could discern the candle-lamp of a public-house. I remained there till about eleven o'clock, when, on hearing the sergeant's approach, returned to the cottage. "Well," said he on arrival, "did you see anyone since?"

"No," I replied; "but I heard some strange lamentations about the place."

"Oh," he remarked, "they must be the curlews that were singing out."

"Curlews, were they? Why! they seemed to have been banshees."

Having fastened the cottage, we made our way to the camp; when the moon rose, her silvery rays dispersed the clouds into thin air, and made the night almost as bright as day.

I placed my trousers beneath the pillow, lay on the bed, and felt indescribably miserable. In about ten minutes I was startled by a peculiar sound from the stable. I sat up and listened, when I heard what seemed the rustle of silk, and the tread of footsteps coming towards the door. A few moments elapsed; the string of the door latch was drawn, the door flew open, and, "mirabile dictu," I then saw the manes of my departed friend, in all loveliness, standing before me, hand raised, and finger extended towards me. I promptly seized my trousers, in the pocket of which the diamond ring was, and threw it outside through the window, when the door closed with a bang, and the apparition disappeared. I was in no wise disconcerted, and lay awake till seven a.m., when the sergeant appeared and instructed me to proceed to Braidwood for the coroner. I told him what had taken place; that I was very ill, and unable to go.

"Well! well!" he said; "it's very strange that, after I had gone to bed, a female knocked at the window and said, 'Get up! get up quickly!' when my wife remarked, 'Well! whether Mrs. Lambert be dead or alive, that's her voice.'"

"I went outside, walked round the house, but could see no person."

On examination of my trousers, the ring was still in the pocket, so that the cause of this

strange psychological manifestation remains a mystery, and furnishes a problem for medical science to solve.

Doctor Codrington, the district coroner, a fine specimen of the *genus homo*, arrived that afternoon, prescribed for me, and, on the following day, an inquest was held, when a verdict of suicide by drowning was returned, to which a rider was added that her death was largely due to her husband's ill-treatment.

At this stage my feelings were shocked by the arrival of the undertaker with a rude box, which he designated a pauper coffin, in which he purposed enclosing the mortal remains of one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and refined ladies that ever visited this great colony.

I objected to this barbarous procedure, with the result that a polished coffin, lined, and properly mounted, was constructed, for which I paid. The body was then interred in the cemetery, in the presence of a large crowd, principally females, who testified sincere sorrow at the sad end of Mrs. Lambert.

As a last tribute to the departed, I placed at the head of the grave a chastely-executed timber cross, bearing the words: "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Lambert (*nee* Elisha Goldstein), whose death is deeply regretted by the residents. Aged twenty-three. Erected by a friend."

Nothing was heard of the culprit Lambert for two months, when he stealthily came to the Creek at night, and slept at the residence of a German, named Gustav Bamburg, who informed him there was a warrant for his arrest.

He said, "They will never have a chance of arresting me."

He authorized in writing Mr. Bamburg to take charge of his cottage and effects, and left

next morning with the intention of going overland to Melbourne.

A few days later I was informed there was a human body floating in Champagne's dam. I hastened thither, and, with assistance, brought it out, when it was clearly identified as being that of Lambert.

I placed the body beside a large log, close by, and covered it with pieces of stringy-bark until an inquest could be held. The following day the coroner, seven jurymen, myself, and three witnesses reached the spot to hold, as Doctor Codrington remarked, "An inquest, *super visum corporis*."

The offensive odour of the place denoted the remains were in an advanced stage of decomposition, and, to minimise the disagreeableness as much as possible, the good-natured and thoughtful medico produced from his wallet a large bottle of whisky, drank to the health of those present, and then administered a good dose medicinally to each of the others as a precautionary measure. Having performed this function to the satisfaction of all, he said, after the jurors were sworn, "Now, gentlemen, we shall proceed to business, and our first duty is to view the body."

The bark was promptly removed, when a terrible spectacle presented itself. A monster snake, of about twelve feet long, was coiled round the legs, with its head resting on the abdomen. The serpent raised its head in an arch, disclosed its deadly fangs and crested mane, and hissed menacingly. A regular stampede took place for saplings to dispatch it; but, before anything could be done, it had entered the log, which was promptly set on fire at both ends, and in less than half an hour no fewer than fifteen reptiles, some very large, were destroyed.

"Well, gentlemen," observed the coroner, with much gravity in his manner, "in all my experience

in this colony, and elsewhere, I have never seen or read of so marvellous a spectacle."

"It is," I remarked, "a fitting reward for deception and cruelty, which culminated in the death of an innocent person, and it reminds me of the fate of Laocoon, the Trojan prince and priest of Apollo, who offended Neptune, and was, with several of his sons, strangled in the coils of two enormous snakes."

"Well done, my young friend," rejoined the doctor. "I had forgotten that case."

The inquest was then commenced, the side of a washing cradle being used as a substitute for a table, while the jurors sat round him on the grass. Just as the jurors were considering their verdict, the implacable Charlie, who had since the loss of his "Nugget" been seriously indisposed, was seen to approach, limping, and supported by a huge crutch.

"Why," said the doctor, "did you leave your bed?"

"Because," returned Charlie, "I want to be on the jury to bring in a verdict of murder against Lambert."

"Oh, that has been already settled; go back to your bed."

The jury returned a verdict of suicide; the body was placed in the usual pauper coffin, and the burial, that afternoon, was marked by one of the most terrible cyclones it has been my lot to experience.

The sky became as dark as Erebus; the howling winds travelled with a force and velocity which uprooted trees, unroofed houses, and demolished tents; the peals of thunder filled the air with a rumbling sound, whilst streaks and flashes of forked lightning infused terror into the hearts of the residents, and these dangers of the storm were intensified by the falling, fast and furious,

of sleet, hail, and pieces of ice, some of which were four and five inches long.

An ironbark tree beside the cemetery was shattered by a thunder-bolt, and filled the grave with its debris. There was a terrible scene of devastation all round, and many people on the Creek ascribed the phenomenon to causes other than the real one. The ways of God, gentle reader, are inscrutable, while those of men are deceitful, wicked, and productive, in many cases, of far-reaching misfortune.

The "Nugget," whose disappearance from the Creek with Lambert caused such a shock to Champagne's sensibilities, was no other than Lambert's lawful wife, whom he married in Sydney, previous to his bigamistic contract with the unfortunate Miss Goldstein.

On hearing of her husband's death, she made her way from Goulburn to Braidwood, and thence proceeded to the Creek to claim his cottage and household effects. While crossing a log that spanned Jembaicumbene Creek, near Exeter Farm, she over-balanced herself, fell into the water, and was found drowned by a Chinese miner in the locality.

I remained on the Creek for several months after the events narrated had occurred, when the Lambing Flat and Forbes gold fields broke out, causing thousands to flock to these Eldorados. At the former diggings, the miners in their strength attacked the Chinese residents, destroyed their property, and put them to flight, and thus caused the memorable riot of 1861. All the available police and military were despatched thither; highway robberies became of daily occurrence, and, as a result, I was transferred to Braidwood to the responsible position of running the gold escort to Goulburn, sixty miles.

On my return from escort, one afternoon, I found a gentleman waiting to see me.

He said, "I am Major Alexander, a new arrival from England, in search of information regarding a lady named Goldstein, said to have resided at Major's Creek. I have been to the place to-day, and was referred to you."

The gentleman was of good appearance, and of a military cast. I invited him to my room, and, on taking a seat, I said, "You shall satisfy me that you are Captain or Major Alexander before I tell you anything about the lady you enquire for. Have you tattoo initials on your right arm?"

He seemed surprised, and replied, "Yes," and in a moment disclosed to my view the letters, E.G.

"I am now satisfied you are the man who acted so cruelly towards Miss Goldstein, and is primarily the cause of her death."

"Your impeachment," he said, "is a serious one, and the more so because it is diabolically untrue. I have been the victim of designing scoundrels, who have sacrificed both her and me for their own purpose; and if it were not so, I would not have travelled sixteen thousand miles in search of her."

"Your argument is a strong and satisfactory one," I remarked, "and I have now no objection to state fully all I know of the late Miss Goldstein."

When I had concluded he burst into a fit of sobbing, uttering exclamations: "Oh God! Oh God! I can now see through the whole plot, which has destroyed our happiness, and brought ruin and misery on our families. Mr. Goldstein," he continued, "had a manager named Borwick, a clever young man, who, through his position, visited their villa frequently, set his heart on Miss Goldstein, and did all that was possible to obtain

her hand. She rejected his suit, and informed him of her engagement to me.

“Borwick, during his visits, made presents to one of the maids, gained her confidence, and was by her informed of everything that took place between us; even my letters to Miss Goldstein were stolen from her desk and sent to him.

“The letter presented by Miss Dubois to Miss Goldstein, and purporting to be mine, was a forgery of my handwriting, perpetrated by Borwick, who was a deceitful, wicked man where his own interests were concerned. The disappearance of Miss Goldstein caused a terrible shock to her father and to myself. Search was prosecuted in London and the country districts, and a reward offered without result; the servants were closely interrogated, when the maid confessed the part she played in the business. It was evident, therefore, that Borwick was the principal; but, on being questioned, denied absolutely he had hand, act, or part in the lady's disappearance. He was promptly dismissed, however, and his movements in London kept under police surveillance. I received a letter from a ballet dancer named Madeline Dubois, stating that Borwick had paid her a sum of money to act the part of a hypocrite and villain in the plot. The first tidings received of Miss Goldstein were contained in a letter to her father by Mr. Etienne on his return to Marseilles from Australia about six months ago; but, unfortunately, there was no father, as Mr. Goldstein, whose health had broken down after the disappearance of his daughter, had died some time previously from injuries accidentally received through a cab collision.

“The letter was sent to me by his executors, and hence my present sojourn to Australia in search of that consolation which I am now destined never to receive.”

“But Miss Goldstein,” I remarked, “was positive the letter was in your handwriting, and it certainly compared accurately with others she had received from you.”

“What a pity,” said the Major, “you didn’t retain the letters.”

“It is possible I may recover them, as, when leaving the Creek, I put them in a mustard tin, which I concealed in the police paddock.”

I accompanied the officer next day to the Creek, pointed out the grave of Miss Goldstein, and the modest wooden cross I had erected to her memory, when he knelt down and kissed the earth under which the remains of his beloved Elisha Goldstein rested. I found the packet of letters intact, and handed it to him. He discovered the forged one without difficulty, compared it with the others, and was amazed at the similarity of the writing, and the note-paper used. He pointed out, however, several peculiarities which left no doubt on my mind the document was a singularly clever forgery.

We returned to Braidwood that afternoon, when he thanked me most affectionately for my kindly actions to Miss Goldstein; said he did not know, under the circumstances, what action he could take, but on his return to England would inform me. Nearly forty years have now elapsed, but I have not heard from the Major; hence it is I have long since come to one of two conclusions—that he must have either died of grief, or, what is more feasible, sought consolation in the hymeneal bands of connubial felicity with some other lady.

I have never forgotten the memory of the beautiful, sensitive, and kind-hearted Elisha, and feel an innate pleasure in contemplating the many little services that I, in my youth and inexperience, rendered to her.

II.

CAPTAIN MORRISON'S ADVENTURES.

"The cheek may wear a smile
"Though bitter anguish rends the victim's breast."

THE many discoveries of gold in New South Wales in the fifties caused thousands of all classes of men, from various climes, to flock to the new rushes, in anticipation of making speedy fortunes, and, as was but natural, produced a condition of life incredible to those who have not experienced it.

I was stationed on the Braidwood gold fields in 1859, and for many years later, during which I witnessed many extraordinary phases of human character. In those days there were large populations settled at Crown Flat and Mudmelong localities, situated on the famous Araluen Eldorado, which subsequently developed into the most important alluvial diggings in Australasia. The richness of the place, and the prosperity of its large population, gained for it the *sobriquet* of "The Happy Valley." It was surrounded by vast mountains 2000 feet high, and the supplies for publicans, storekeepers, and others had, in the absence of roads or tracks, to be taken down the mountain spurs on slides. Mr. Blatchford had large stores established at Crown Flat and Mudmelong, and used to supply the principal publicans with spirits, all of which had to be taken down the Major's Creek mountain on slides.

One afternoon I was informed at Major's Creek that a miner named Lionel Rochester was accidentally killed in his hut down the mountain.

On my way to the locality I met the slide man, who informed me that a terrible accident had taken place; that, while proceeding down the range, having a hogshead of rum on his slide, the horse swerved, brought the slide against a rock, the result being that the hogshead slipped off and rolled down the mountain. On reaching a prominent point it bounded and lodged directly on the miner's hut, demolished it, and exploded with a terrific report, resembling the discharge of a cannon. We went to the hut, expecting to find the miner dead, but found he had marvellously escaped, and had succeeded in saving a bucketful of rum. On seeing us, he remarked, "It is a bad wind that does not blow fair for somebody."

He was a man of fine physique, about 50 years old, well-set, good-looking, and of a military cast. There was a sapling resting on two uprights in front of the wrecked hut, from which were suspended about forty dead snakes of various colours and sizes. After a brief conversation as to his narrow escape from the rum fiend, I asked where he got so many snakes.

"I killed them, and a number of others, during my two months' encampment here. I have been in the British Army in India; have been mining in California, where I have seen thousands of reptiles, but I have never seen so many snakes as I have on this mountain. Look at this one," pointing to a peculiar brown snake about twelve feet long; "it's like a large gutta-percha tube. See, it has a prominent ligament from the head to the tail, along the ventral side. This snake is known as the Rota Anguis, probably the most dangerous of all."

"Where did you get it?" I inquired.

"I killed it this morning close by, at very great risk. While going up the mountain, I saw

what I thought was a cask-hoop, but soon discovered it was a hoop snake. I endeavoured to strike it with my sapling, but failed. I saw from the gyrations it made that my position was serious, and ran down the declivity to an ironbark-tree, when lo! I heard the whizzing of the wheel serpent, which I saw was almost upon me. I moved beside the tree, and, just as it glanced the ironbark, I struck it with my sapling and fractured the vertebra. There is sure to be another of the class about, and, as my hut is now demolished, I think it is a good omen for me to leave, and I will do so this afternoon, and go to Crown Flat. I have now had two marvellous escapes, and I think these are sufficient for one day."

On a Saturday, a few months later, I was sent to Mudmelong to pay the police, who, at this time, had just been transferred from the charge of the Gold Commissioners to the Superintendent of the Southern Patrol. They were old soldiers, and men who never considered there was any difference between "*meum* and *tuum*." They wielded great influence over the promiscuous miners on the field, got their refreshments at the hotels free, and, on occasions, administered so-called justice.

There was but one Justice of the Peace in the "Happy Valley," the recognised Shakespeare of the Southern Hemisphere; but, whether his time was wholly occupied in Parnassian lucubrations, or otherwise, the fact remained that he was very rarely seen in the Police Court—an unpretentious stringy-bark room erected in a gully some distance from the township.

I proceeded to the Court from curiosity to see how three persons arrested on minor charges would be dealt with, when, to my surprise, I saw the Corporal in charge, dressed in a monkey

jacket, occupying the rostrum. The prisoners pleaded guilty, and, strange to say, each was fined the exact amount found upon him when arrested.

The next morning being Sunday, I took my departure. On reaching Crown Flat, I noticed the street and surroundings filled with miners, some engaged in boxing tournaments, and others in various pastimes. There was some excitement going on amongst a large crowd, which I found was caused by the action of a dissipated miner, who had just sold his wife and two children to the highest bidder.

The woman was young and good-looking, and was fortunate in falling into the hands of a man who treated her children and self well during the many years that they were under my observation afterwards.

I noticed my military friend, Lionel Rochester, in the crowd, who informed me that he was nearly successful in purchasing a wife.

I remarked, "It is an ignominious way to secure one."

"Yes," he replied, "it is un-English, and I deeply regret my action. I was led on to it. I am now a publican at Sapling Point, and doing a good business, and want someone to assist me."

"A good wife," I remarked, "would prove an advantage, and I have no doubt you will get one by the exercise of a little discrimination."

I accompanied Mr. Rochester to his hotel, where we had luncheon, and, on leaving for my station, he said: "You see, I am pretty well off, but experience much inconvenience. If you can find a young woman in your travels that you think would suit me, let me know. I shall take her on your recommendation."

I promised him I would, and left. Some time afterwards, the rich gold discoveries of Redbank, Newtown, Burketown, and Upper Araluen took place. Large townships sprang up in these localities, and within twelve months there was a population of about 30,000 persons at Araluen. Circumambient roads were made over the mountains on Major's and Bell's Creeks, and as a consequence there was enormous traffic between Braidwood and "The Happy Valley."

To meet the requirements of the large population, no fewer than one hundred and ten hotels were established, and the keenest rivalry was carried on amongst the proprietors in providing attractions. Each hotel had its band of music, and a number of dancing girls. Dancing was permitted on five nights of the week, and the indescribable saturnalias of Saturday nights equalled at least the orgies of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

It fell to my lot to be in charge of the police in the "Happy Valley" at this period. The old soldier police were happily got rid of; a Police Magistrate resided on the diggings, and the administration of justice was carried out daily on true British lines. The police had much difficulty in preventing the nightly disorders at many of the hotels, where extra special inducements were offered to patrons, and they were fairly successful in checking the wanton tendencies of the ill-disposed.

There was one hotel at Newtown which attracted large numbers nightly, owing to the females employed there. On one occasion the proprietor of this establishment posted the prominent positions of the principal centres of popula-

tion with the following printed announcement:--

“MARVELLOUS ATTRACTION!

“The proprietor of the GREAT EASTERN
“HOTEL, Newtown, resolved on keeping in ad-
“vance of his brethern in the trade, has speci-
“ally selected in Sydney, regardless of wages
“and expense, SIX ATTRACTIVE YOUNG
“BARMAIDS, who will arrive by special coach
“on Wednesday evening to minister to the re-
“quirements of his patrons.

“A FULL BAND.

“Miners from the entire valley respectfully
“invited to roll up.”

Wednesday night came, as did also the attractive barmaids, and the patrons in hundreds. The street was lit up with Chinese lanterns, while a large marquee was erected close by for refreshments; the spacious ballroom, 150 feet long, had temporary bars the entire length, to meet the exigencies of the occasion. After the reception of the vast crowd by the barmaids, the business of the night began, and did not terminate till 5 o'clock next morning, by which time the publican had made a large sum, and many of his patrons found themselves in the police cells.

Five of the newly-imported, attractive barmaids made a splendid impression on the miners; but one, the most ladylike and prepossessing, named Lucy Somerset, was considered “too particular and stuck up” for her position. After the lapse of a few weeks, Miss Somerset called upon me; said she was advised to see me. She complained in tears that she was subjected to the grossest insults from some of the miners because she would not degrade herself like the other barmaids, and the proprietor seemed to take the part of the offenders.

"I am," she continued, "a native of St. Pancras, London, and on my arrival in Sydney, where I had no friends, I was forced to accept the first position that offered. I agreed for six months at thirty shillings a week. I cannot get a shilling of my wages, I am shocked at the brutal conduct carried on, and I feel so distressed that I do not know under heaven what to do."

Lucy Somerset was of small stature, regular features, brown, wavy hair, large, brown eyes, with an intelligent but sad expression of countenance.

I said: "Continue for a little while as you have begun, Miss Somerset. I may be able to do something for you before long."

"I shall be ever grateful to you if you will get me some respectable place," she replied, and then left.

I promptly mounted my horse and rode to the residence of a man named Burke, who had frequently rendered service to the police. On seeing me he said, "What's up?"

"I am glad to see you, Burke. You frequent the Great Eastern. There is a friend of mine employed there, named Lucy, who is being hourly insulted by contemptible creatures. You have sisters of your own, and you respect virtue when you find it in a young woman 16,000 miles away from her home."

"Yes," he said, "I know Lucy. They are all mad after her, she is so good-looking, and, although she smiles at them, and is extremely civil, it's hands off if they go near her. To tell you the truth, I am in love with her myself, but I am glad you have mentioned the matter to me. I'll put a stop to it, as sure as my name is Burke."

That evening Burke was at the Great Eastern

with a number of his friends, and, while they were being served by Lucy, two miners grossly insulted her. Burke rose quickly, and, without saying a word of remonstrance, stretched both assailants on the floor. A row was imminent; but when the respectable miners heard the cause of the assault they applauded the defender of the girl. Burke, being master of the situation, said: "Fellow-miners,—We, as British subjects, respect a good girl, a virtuous girl, and Lucy is one. Many of you love her for her beauty, but I love her because she is one who would make a man happy for life; and let it now go forth that whoever insults Lucy will suffer for it in a manner that he will remember during his life. It is the duty of all good Britishers, as it is their privilege, to protect the weak from the ruffianism of the brute." Cheers followed this manly speech, which had a salutary effect on the reprobate class.

Having heard of the fracas, I called at the Great Eastern next morning, when the proprietor complained of Burke's misconduct and said "he should be prosecuted."

I remarked "I did not think so, but it was probable I would have to prosecute himself for keeping a disorderly house."

"Oh!" he replied, "it is Lucy who is the cause of all this. She is no use to me, and I will have to discharge her, as she is not giving satisfaction."

"Well, then, you will have to pay her the full amount of her wages, that is, for six months, before you can legally do so."

"I am not," he said, "liable for the full amount."

"You will find you are, as she will prosecute you immediately for breach of agreement, and then there will be such a revelation as will result in the forfeiture of your license."

"Very well; I don't want any Court proceedings. Will you come inside, and I'll pay her off at once?"

"I shall do so," I remarked, "when I return in a couple of hours," and then rode off to Sapling Point, to see my friend Lionel Rochester.

"Well, Mr. Rochester," I said, "I have now found you a young lady whom I can recommend as a suitable manageress for your hotel; and if you only succeed in winning her affections by virtuous acts of chivalry, you will have secured a woman worthy to be called your wife, and one who will prove a blessing to you."

I told him all I knew about her, and, when finished, he expressed great joy.

"Get your trap ready at once and follow me."

I returned to the Great Eastern and witnessed the payment of £39 to Miss Somerset, who was then discharged. I informed Lucy of the arrangement I had made for her with Mr. Rochester, where she would, so to speak, have the management of the hotel in her hands, and that the wages would be £2 a week.

She shed tears of joy in getting rid of the toils of the Great Eastern, and remarked: "If it were not for you I would have been turned out penniless. May God bless you."

At this stage Mr. Rochester drove up to the door, when I introduced him to Miss Somerset, and in doing so expressed the hope that he would do what was possible to make her happy, as I was certain she would deserve every consideration at his hands.

"I'll do it without fail," returned Mr. Rochester.

The luggage having been transferred to the vehicle, Miss Somerset and her new master en-

tered and drove off in the midst of cheers from the miners present.

On reaching the Rochester Arms Hotel, Lucy was installed in full charge, and in a brief period succeeded in making it the most comfortable hostelry in "The Happy Valley." She was invariably civil and polite to all comers, possessed a cheerful disposition, and gave not only satisfaction to her master, but gained the respect and esteem of all classes. Hundreds of miners who frequented the Great Eastern at Newtown during her time there transferred their custom to the "Rochester Arms," and her influence for good soon became widespread. Mr. Rochester made money rapidly, which he truthfully admitted was due to the exertions of his "dear Lucy," whom he intensely loved, but there was no reciprocation on her part further than a deep feeling of respect and gratitude, which did not satisfy him.

"If ever he beheld an eye
That beam'd with kindred sympathy;
If e'er a smile on features play'd
That a benignant heart betray'd;
If ever rightly understood,
He saw a being fair and good;
He could those charming symptoms trace
In Lucy's manners, Lucy's face.
Thinking on her he heaved a sigh
In sad and pitying sympathy."

—SYNTAX, "IN SEARCH OF A WIFE."

About twelve months after Lucy was installed in her new home, Mr. Rochester was induced to accompany a number of citizens to Bet-tawynd, kangaroo hunting. When returning in the afternoon his horse fell over a log, rolled upon him, and caused him considerable injury. Lucy, on being informed, proceeded to the locality with a vehicle, where she found him in a helpless con-

dition. She brought him home, and sent a mounted messenger to inform me. I called on Doctor Francis, a skilled surgeon, at Redbank, and took him with me in all haste. On arrival we found Lucy almost distracted at the apparently dangerous condition of her good master.

The doctor, after a careful examination, found there were no bones broken, and stated he would be all right in a few days, with care and attention. I prevailed on Lucy to secure the services of a nurse, but still she scarcely left the bedside until he was able to get up and move about. I called to see him a few days later, when he said, "I had a narrow escape, but Lucy carried me through. She is better than the doctor."

In course of conversation I asked him if he had made his will.

"I am," he said, "pleased that you mentioned it. I have not, but I shall be glad to do so at once. Will you write it for me?"

"Certainly," I answered; "but, before commencing, I want the names of your relatives in England, whom you would wish to mention in it; the amount of your property, etc."

"I understand you. I have now no relatives in England that I know, and the only person to whom I intend leaving my property is my dear Lucy, who has saved my life. I have in the Oriental Bank, Braidwood, deposits amounting to about £7000; I own this hotel, four allotments, and that is all."

"Then whom shall I name as executors?"

"I wish you to be sole executor, as I know if anything should happen to me you will do justice to Lucy."

"Well, Mr. Rochester, I will accept the position through the regard I have for both of you, but it will be necessary to get Doctor Francis and

some other confidential person to witness your signature. Of course, they will not be made aware of the contents of the document."

"Yes, that is what I wish."

I prepared the will, left it with him, and it was completed the same day, read over to Lucy in my presence, and then handed to me for safe-keeping.

The poor girl was amazed at this extraordinary action, and implored him not to do so.

"You deserve it all, Lucy, and a thousand times more if I had it," observed Mr. Rochester, with a magnanimity that did him credit.

At this juncture I interposed and said: "Miss Somerset, I have known you and Mr. Rochester since you came to the Valley. I have the highest opinion of both of you. I know that Mr. Rochester loves you intensely, and his action in leaving you nearly £8000 in his will is the best proof of it. I would therefore be delighted to see you married."

Lucy burst into tears, and cried out: "Oh! Mr. Rochester, my good master, pray do not mention me in your will; I have no claim on your great kindness. It would be the delight of my heart to marry you, as I love you in the recesses of my heart, but my conscience tells me that I cannot."

"Then," I remarked, "it is due to Mr. Rochester to know the reason why."

"Well," said Lucy, "I will tell Mr. Rochester and you what I have not mentioned to any person in this country—it is because I am already a married woman."

Rochester nearly fainted on hearing the innocent woman's declaration.

"But where is your husband?"

"I have not seen him since I married him 17 years ago. I was then only 15 years, a mere

school girl; and, what is more, I would not know him if I did."

"Did you not live with your husband after marriage?" I asked.

"Not an hour. I was led to believe by my parents, and do believe it, that it would be a grievous sin to marry, unless I was aware that my husband was dead, and I have a strange feeling about my husband that would prevent my being happy in marriage, even if I knew he were dead. I have the certificate of my marriage in my trunk."

In a few moments Lucy produced her marriage certificate, which I carefully scrutinized, and said, "This marriage was performed by the Rev. M. Joyce Blundell in May, 1844, at 'The Towers,' Russell Square, St. Pancras, the contracting parties being Lucretia Florence Russell and Captain Downes Morrison. There is clearly a mistake."

"There is no mistake," said Lucy. "Lucretia Florence Russell was my name when I married Captain Downes Morrison, and Lucy Somerset is not my proper name."

Mr. Rochester, on hearing the names and explanations, fell into a swoon on the sofa. On recovering himself, he raised his arms towards heaven and exclaimed aloud: "My God! Lucy is my lawful and beloved wife." His further actions might be fairly represented in the language of the great Euripides:—

"Do I behold thy face? Ah! fold thine arms
Around me,—clasp me to thy bosom,—lean
Thy cheek against my fond cheek,—shade my heart
With the brown ringlets of thy clustering hair.

Can I believe I hold thee in my arms?

Unlooked for this, so much beyond my hopes!

What shall I say to thee? How tell thee all?

To touch thee thus, to hear thy voice is joy—

Is transport—and the throbbing heart once more

Feels its old rapture."

Before seeing the signature, Mr. Rochester said, "Let me sign my name as I used to when I was in the Army." He did so with a circular flourish nearly enclosing the whole signature, which exactly corresponded with that made by him on the marriage certificate.

"Oh!" he cried, "my dear wife, you have gone through a crucial test of unparalleled temptation, and your character now shines forth with unsullied purity. I'm all to blame, and I might truthfully exclaim, in the language of our Church, '*Mea maxima culpa.*' The circumstances, my friend, are these:—

"My father was a Colonel. We lived in Russell Square, as did also John Russell, my dear wife's father, whose mansion was known as 'The Towers.' The families were real friends. Mr. Russell proved that by purchasing for me the position of Captain in a regiment going to India. I remained in the Army five years, but the climate did not agree with my health, and I got into debt. I returned to England to find that my father was dead, and my mother in distressed circumstances. I sold out my commission, and gave her the principal part. Mr. Russell at that time kept a large hardware establishment in Tottenham Court Road; he received me with kindness, and encouraged me to take a trip for the benefit of my health.

"I told him I was short of means, and could not do so, when he said, 'That is all right, my boy; you shall have a thousand pounds as a kind of lien on your good looks.'

"'Well,' I remarked, 'if your daughter Lucretia were not considered too young I would ask her hand in marriage, and then you would have a greater interest in the partnership.'

"'She is young, Captain; only 15 years; and

has not yet completed her education. Nevertheless, I would like to have the families united in that way.'

"To make the story short, Lucretia and myself were married next day at 'The Towers,' on the understanding that we were not to live as man and wife until I returned from my trip.

"I received drafts covering £1000, and left immediately for the Californian gold fields, which were at the time the talk of everybody, without having the honesty to tell my benefactor that I had sold out. I assumed the name of Lionel Rochester for convenience, and resolved within myself that I would not return to England unless I made a fortune. While in California, I saw by the papers that the bank in which Mr. Russell transacted his monetary affairs had failed. I fancied he was ruined, and was convinced of it afterwards by hearing of his death. I made £900 on the gold fields, and then left with a number of others for the Australian diggings. While in this district I became deeply impressed with the conviction that I was a scoundrel in the deception I had practised on my best friend, and would give the world to know some tidings of my young wife, whose image hovered continuously on my memory. So wretched did I become, that I went to live by myself on the range, and the day before I saw you, my good friend, on the mountain, when I ran two serious risks of being killed by a deadly viper and an explosion, I had prayed to the Lord to shorten my days, and from what occurred I believe my prayers were heard and granted, to my own advantage."

Lucy, who had been crying during this recital, had heard nothing previously of her husband's marvellous escape, and thanked God that he had been spared. She supplemented her hus-

band's statement with details of what transpired after he left England. Her mother was an invalid, and died two months before the bank collapsed, which ruined them. The mansion called "The Towers" was assigned to be her residence when the Captain returned, but it was not to be. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

"My father," continued Lucy, "never recovered the shock of being ruined, and died six months afterwards. His last words in life were: 'Lucretia, take care of yourself; walk in the path of virtue, which is its own reward, and you will, with God's help, be rewarded some day, as I cannot believe the Captain will forget you.'"

"I have had a severe struggle for existence since; was employed at three places as governess, but I felt so unhappy and miserable that I could not remain long in one place. No one knew I was married, and I had two offers of marriage, which had the effect of intensifying my grief, as I would sooner die than violate the promise I had made on my dear father's last injunction. My only friend in London arranged for me to come to Australia; I was glad of the chance of going to any foreign country, in anticipation of finding my dear husband to—

Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his; that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers ;
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot—walk by his side, an outcast—
Work for him, beg with him—live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost."

(E. B. LYTTON.).

"On arrival in Sydney, I found myself amongst strangers, and without means. I took the first chance of employment that offered, and engaged

for six months with the proprietor of the Great Eastern Hotel, Araluen. My experience of that establishment was such that it cannot be told, and, had it not been for our friend, I believe I would not now be alive."

"Yes," returned the Captain, "he was the instrument in God's hands that restored us to each other, and he will have luck. Oh! Lucretia, if you were to hear the splendid character he gave you when leaving that wretched den, it would make you feel comfortable; in fact, it overwhelmed me with joy, and infused into my soul a presentiment that there was real and lasting happiness in store for me, and such it has proved."

I left the happy couple in the full enjoyment of bliss, and did not see them again for some days, when I called in answer to a note from the Captain, in which he stated he wished for my advice. I returned him the will, saying, "There is no valid reason why I should retain it further."

"Well," said the Captain, "no one knows anything about our case but yourself."

"I am glad of that," I remarked, "as it would be certain to cause a sensation in the Valley, and no doubt be productive of annoyance to you."

"What would you advise us to do?" asked the Captain.

"You ought, in my opinion, to sell out, return to England, and spend the halcyon days of your lives in the sacred place where both of you were born. You would get at least £1200 for the hotel, land, and license, and probably much more."

"Yes, yes," returned Lucretia; "it makes me happy to think of going back to dear England."

"I shall act upon your advice," said the Captain. "If you know of any person likely to purchase, send him round."

"That is not the way to get its value," I observed. "You should put an advertisement in the

papers to the effect that, owing to your projected departure for England, you are desirous of relinquishing business; describe the hotel, stock, land, etc., including license, and state that tenders for the purchase will be received by you up to a specified date. This will give an opportunity to all parties desiring to obtain a good-paying business to compete."

The advice given was adopted, and within the time mentioned he had received twenty-seven tenders, the lowest being £1300 and the highest £2000, which latter sum was accepted. Before leaving the "Rochester Arms" Hotel, Captain and Mrs. Morrison wanted to compensate me handsomely for the invaluable services I had in my own way rendered to both, but this I peremptorily declined, on the ground that I felt more than compensated in the consciousness that I was instrumental in solving a marvellous case, fraught with inexpressible happiness for two of the most lovable characters it was possible to conceive.

The happy couple, on arrival in Sydney, secured berths in a large ship leaving for England, and, after a good passage of 91 days, reached the land of their birth.

"England, thou art home—our rest—
Our own dear land, we love thee best,"

exclaimed the Captain, on touching its sacred soil.

On reaching London, they found good news awaiting them. The bank which involved the ruin of Mr. Russell showed, on careful examination, that the assets were equal to seventy per cent. on all investments; consequently Captain and Mrs. Morrison became entitled to nearly

£20,000. They were thus enabled to purchase the "Towers," which they made their home,

"Where everything was so full of rich delight
That all the past dwindled to a point,
And all the future seemed already theirs."

About twelve months later I received a letter from my never-to-be-forgotten friends, giving an account of their passage, and of their position and prospects. They had not forgotten me in the meantime, as was evidenced by the fact that they sent me a ring made from the "Happy Valley" gold, the design being two hoop snakes, as a souvenir of the mountain incident, when I first fell across the genial soi-disant Lionel Rochester. I wore the ring for many years, as a memento of the parties, and of an experience which proves to demonstration that fact is stranger than fiction.

THE FAITHFUL YOUNG WIDOW.

"Ultima talis erit. quae mea prima fides."—PROPERTIUS.

IN 1858, on board the good ship "Hornet," bound for Sydney, I made the acquaintance of one George Greenland, 26 years, six feet two inches high, well educated, pleasing expression of countenance, and in every respect a handsome fellow. During the voyage he became attached to me, when I informed him that I had friends in Sydney, and, if nothing intervened to prevent it, I would join the police on arrival.

"I have been in the police force myself," said Mr. Greenland. "I joined the Irish Constabulary at twenty-one, and resigned to come to Australia, where it is possible I, too, may join. I have a letter to the Governor from the Earl of Tyrone, which will doubtless benefit me, but the great loadstone in my case is a young lady, now in Sydney awaiting my arrival; but until I see her I cannot be certain what I may do."

"You are a lucky man," I remarked, "in having a lady waiting to receive you."

"Yes," said Mr. Greenland; "I may as well tell you all. While stationed in Dungannon, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman's daughter, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and the result was, we fell in love with each other. Her father, on hearing of it, took prompt action, and caused me to be removed to Cork City. Love was powerful, however, and, notwithstanding the cruelty inflicted upon us by separation, we regularly corresponded through the medium of a brother policeman in Dungannon, and, after some time, arranged that she should go to Australia,

where I would join her later on. She had a relation said to be well off in New South Wales, and hence it was she did not experience great difficulty in getting her parents' consent to leave for that distant territory.

"She saw me in Cork before embarking for England *en route*, when we discussed the matter of future action, which was that I was to remain in the force until I received a letter from her. Her last words were: 'George, you are my first, last only love; nor shall any ever tempt my heart.'

"Twelve months after her departure I received the long-looked-for letter announcing her safe arrival, and intimating that she wished me to come to her as soon as possible; that she was employed as governess at the Harbour View Hotel, Circular Quay. I resigned forthwith, sent her a letter that I would leave by the first ship, and thus it is I am now on board."

"What is her name?" I asked.

"Dorothea Cordova Pellisier," he replied.

"What an uncommon name!"

"Yes," he said. "Cordova was her mother's maiden surname; she was a native of Castile, in Spain, and Dorothea is a veritable Castilian in appearance," and added, with emotion, "and is the most beautiful young lady I have ever seen."

Our ship, after a rough passage, encountered adverse winds and high seas on the coast of New South Wales, and there was continuous tacking for three days and nights before she could enter the Port Jackson Heads. Mr. Greenland was despondent during this time lest anything should occur to mar the consummation of his happiness.

When the good ship had anchored in the harbour off Circular Quay, her weather-beaten appearance, ragged sails, loss of spars, etc., disclosed unmistakable evidence that her passage of one hundred and fifteen days had been a rough and

severe one. Numbers of persons came on board the following morning, laden with peaches and other choice fruits for their friends, but there was no Dorothea. Mr. Greenland was disappointed, and wondered why she did not come to meet him.

I told him to go to the hotel, and that I would call on him in a day or two. A few days later I called to see him, and found him in bed.

"Well," I asked, "have you seen Dorothea?"

"I have not," he answered. "The landlady informed me she left the hotel about two months ago; that she had an offer of engagement from a lady at Potts' Point, as governess, but whether she had gone there or to the country she could not say; and that there was a letter addressed to her now at the hotel."

"That is unfortunate," I remarked. "She is sure to turn up all right. Get up and come with me for a walk to Surry Hills; it will do you good."

He did so, and while going through the Gardens I advised him to go and join the police; that it would be the best course he could pursue under the circumstances.

"I cannot do it before I see her, and I'll find her, even if I have to inquire at every house at the Point."

Potts' Point was then regarded, as it is now, the most fashionable and aristocratic suburb of Sydney. Mr. Greenland returned to the hotel, and I did not again see him for some weeks. When I did so he presented a most dejected appearance.

I said, "What is the matter with you?"

"I am almost dead," he replied.

"Did you see Dorothea?"

"Yes, I saw her, when she told me to be off, turned her back on me, ran into her house, and closed the door."

"Are you quite certain it was she?"

"I am perfectly certain of that; her image is

engraved on my heart; and the most cruel act of all was, she sent her husband to order me off the premises, saying, 'If you come here again frightening my wife, I'll give you in custody to the police.'"

"Then she is married," I said, "and has sacrificed her love for a position?"

"Yes, she has cruelly wronged me," he weepingly answered.

"Well, Mr. Greenland," I remarked, "in view of what you state, I do not think there is any use fretting. It may turn out all for the best; she may regret it some day."

"It cannot be best for me," he sobbed. "She has ruined me in body and mind, destroyed my happiness in this world, and death alone can give me peace. I cannot survive it."

I saw the poor fellow was in a trembling and dangerous condition of health, and advised him to return to the hotel. He did so, took to his bed, and for seven days he was in a high state of fever, raving continuously about his beloved Dorothea. The medical man who attended him regarded his case as hopeless, and, notwithstanding that every attention was paid him, he never rallied, and died on the ninth day from a broken heart. His beloved Dorothea was everything in this world to poor Greenland; to call her his own was his dearest aspiration and the sole ambition of his life, but the conviction that she had deceived him and betrayed her sacred promise crushed the very life out of him. It was a sad death, in the midst of painful surroundings, in a strange land; but such was the cruel destiny of fate, reminding us that, after all, life is but

"A fair—where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn—where travellers bait, then post away."

About four weeks later, a cab drove up to the

Harbour View Hotel, from which alighted Dorothea. The landlady, on seeing her, exclaimed:

"You are too late; you have acted most outrageously to Mr. Greenland, and have been the cause of his death."

Dorothea seemed amazed, and, on ascertaining particulars, was inexpressibly distressed, and remained confined to her room under medical treatment for some time. Hearing of her return, I called upon her, conversed with her for some time, during which I explained everything in connection with Mr. Greenland's procedure, from the day we left England to his death. She sobbed bitterly, and marvelled how he could have believed that she had proved false to him.

"I have never been," she continued, "at Potts' Point. He must have mistaken some other person for me. I went to my friend's place at Goulburn about two months ago, and I have only this day received the letter he sent me from Ireland. I cannot realize that poor George is dead; my heart is now withered, and not all the world could compensate me for his loss."

She seemed grateful to me for giving her such full information, and wept when told how dearly he mentioned her name, and his anticipations of happiness when he joined her in Sydney. I bid her adieu, and proceeded to Goulburn, where I joined the Mounted Patrol, under the impression that I would not see her again.

Early in 1862 I was made a Sergeant of police, and transferred to Moruya, on the coast, to take charge of the gold escort from the Gulph diggings to Bateman's Bay. The diggings were situated forty miles south of Moruya, between two long spurs of the coast range, and persons attracted to the rich deposits of the field had to pass *via* Moruya, thence through the famous Boddalla Estate, known all over the world for its celebrated cheese, and finally negotiate the coast

range, about eighteen hundred feet high. There were about four thousand miners engaged on the alluvial workings on the Creek at Bombo, upper and lower townships, Deep Creek, and Tin Pot, on the Cadgee River. The principal, or Lower township, was a stirring place, particularly on Saturday nights at the hotels, where dancing and drinking carousals were carried on. The Gulph (now called Nerrigundah) was bailed up in 1865 by seven desperate bushrangers, known as "Clarke's Gang," who robbed the principal residents, and in the encounter which took place between the gang and the two brave constables, O'Grady and Smyth, O'Grady was shot dead, close to Jones' Hotel, and the bushranger Fletcher met a similar fate. The escort consisted of three mounted constables and myself. We reached the Gulph every Saturday afternoon with specie, and left the following Monday with gold. On reaching the Gulph one Saturday afternoon, the officer in charge informed me that a fresh importation of dancing girls had arrived, and that there was much excitement over one of them at Jones' "Golden Fleece" Hotel; a young widow, who was, in the language of Juvenal, a "*rara avis in terris*," and, in his opinion, it was a pity to see her in such a position.

I felt anxious to see her, and took the first opportunity of doing so, when I, too, felt convinced that she eclipsed all the dancing and other females I had seen in my experience, both in loveliness and beauty.

"Hers was that enchantment which the heart prefers;
A mouth—sweet from its smile, and large dark eyes
That had o'er all expression mastery;
Laughing the orb; and yet the long lash made
Somewhat of sadness in its twilight shade."

While gazing on the young widow, she recognised me, and smilingly said, "I am glad to meet

you in this uncivilized region. I saw you coming with the escort, and would have sent you a line had you not called."

"I, too, am glad," I answered, "at meeting you again, but am sorry you have had further trouble during the last three years. You are now, I understand, a widow, and, without flattery, a very charming one."

"I am now," she remarked, "what I was when you saw me in Sydney—poor George's widow. I feel I am indirectly the cause of his death, and I shall remain his widow as long as life remains. I told him before I left Ireland that he was my first, last, and only love, and it will be so."

At this stage I heard speech-making in the next room, with cheering at intervals. One speaker said in substance:—"I drink spirits because my medical adviser insists on my doing so, on the ground that alcohol is an infallible food-assimilator, and if I exceed the usual allowance on this occasion, pray excuse me; it is my right, and the privilege of my class, whose motto is 'As drunk as a lord.'" Cheers followed this popular phrase. Before I had time to ascertain what function was taking place, a shapeless individual, with broad face, large ears, and flat nose, dressed in a short coat, and wearing a steel-enamelled stock, or collar, reeled into the room, and, on seeing me, sang out hilariously, like the screech of a cockatoo, "I can't stand this; I don't know you."

Seeing his remarks were addressed to me, I said, "It is possible you may do so before long. Who is this fellow, Miss Dorothea?"

"He is a mystery," she replied. "He poses as a clergyman, and as a lord; he is the source of great annoyance to me, and I cannot understand why Mr. Jones allows himself to be imposed upon by such a character."

On hearing this, the pseudo-cleric grinned, and returned to his boon companions. I did not see the young widow again for several weeks, and on doing so remarked that she was doing well in having so many admirers.

"Yes," she observed with a smile, "including a 'lord,' who is the most persistent and troublesome of all. He has shown a number of papers to Mr. Jones, who is a kind-hearted, simple man, and he is satisfied that he is a real lord; he has lent him sums of money, is accommodating him on a grand scale, and the principal residents recognize him as a person of distinction.

"He has given Mr. Jones a big cheque, and has proposed to me several times, saying I would be a Countess before long if I married him, but I thoroughly hate the fellow, and will have nothing to do with him. He has a heavy box in his room, labelled 'Lord Balcarras,' and bearing a seal impression with Latin words on it, which no person can make out, and which he states is the family motto. The box is hooped round, and contains family curios."

"Where is this distinguished individual?" I inquired.

"Mr. Jones and two others have driven him to see the Bodalla Estate, and they will not be back before to-morrow."

"Can I have a look at the box?"

"Certainly; it is in this room," she answered.

The box was a heavy one, and hooped round, as already mentioned. There was a large sheet of paper pasted on the lid, with the impression of what resembled a crest, bearing the Latin words "*Astra, castra, numen, lumen*," the word "*castra*" being mis-spelled "*castera*."

"I am as certain," I said, "as that I am alive, that the man is a fraud, and is only deceiving Mr. Jones."

"What is the meaning of the motto?" inquired Dorothea.

"Well," I said, "by correcting the spelling in '*castra*,' which should be '*castra*,' it would be 'The stars are my camp, the Deity my light.'"

On Sunday evening, while standing outside the "Golden Fleece," the party returned from Bodalla. Mr. Jones, on seeing me, said:

"Allow me to introduce you to Lord Balcarras, who is paying us a short visit."

The bogus lord eyed me with apparent concern. I said, without extending my hand, "Are you Lord Balcarras in reality? If you are, it would be an honour to be introduced to you; but if you are not, you are posing in a position which may lead to serious consequences."

"I am Lord Balcarras," he replied, "and will show you the family crest on my box."

"I have grave doubts about it," I remarked, "and would advise you to be careful."

When the bogus lord entered the hotel, Mr. Jones called me on one side and said, "What is your opinion of this man? I have lent him a considerable sum on the strength of his representations, and on the letters he produced addressed 'Lord Balcarras.'"

"I am of opinion that the man is an impostor; he is too illiterate for the gentleman he represents. If Lord Balcarras visited the colony, the newspapers would be certain to notice so distinguished a nobleman; and, moreover, it is absolutely certain he would not come to the colony without means to defray his expenses. This man has no means, and is no more the lord he represents than I am."

Mr. Jones did not look at it in that light before, and said:

"I'll put him to the proof in a day or two."

On the following morning the bogus Lord Bal-

carras was met leaving the township at an early hour, going in the direction of Moruya, and his sudden disappearance from the "Golden Fleece" Hotel formed the theme for general conversation.

A week later, on visiting the Gulph, Mr. Jones informed me he had just received a letter from Lord Balcarras, stating he was on his way to Sydney to arrange his affairs; that he would discharge his indebtedness to him as soon as possible, and, in order to mark his sense of the kindness received, he would make Mr. Jones a present of his box, and its valuable contents. Mr. Jones was delighted at the prospect of being made the recipient of a souvenir from a nobleman, and remarked, "There is generosity in the man's character, whoever he is."

"Have you opened the box?" I inquired.

"Not yet, but will do so at once."

The box was carried to the dancing-room, and, after some difficulty, the hoops were taken off, in the presence of a number of people. The first article drawn forth was a steel-enamelled stock, similar to the one he occasionally wore when posing as a cleric; the next was a second-hand Bible, of large size; then followed a huge piece of conglomerate, composed of gravel and cement, and blown with brass filings reduced to dust; then some old garments, and at the bottom was a sheet of lead, several pounds in weight. These valuable family relics of the pseudo-lord were placed on a table, and caused considerable amusement to hundreds who inspected them during the evening.

Mr. Jones was now convinced the man was an impostor, and vowed he would obtain a warrant for his arrest, but on consideration did not do so.

The young widow expressed thankfulness in having got rid of a persistent and troublesome suitor, whom she detested; and those who had believed in the rascal's bona fides now felt humili-

ated at being the dupes of his imposition. Dorothea remained at the Gulph for a considerable time after this, and then returned to Sydney, where she became saleswoman for a bookseller in the South Head Road. Her employer, an old gentleman without wife or family, was much attached to her, and did remarkably well in his business during the time she remained in his service. He died, however, shortly after she left, and bequeathed to her what money and property he possessed.

After realizing on the estate, she returned to Ireland, in, I think, the year 1868, but I have not since heard what became of her. She was a beautiful Castilian type of woman, rarely to be found in any grade of society. Her love for poor Greenland was not that ordinary element based on coarse affection, but was of a holier inspiration, founded on "soul enamoured of soul," which only pure and noble natures can conceive. Plato dreamed of such a love; Dorothea illustrated it. During the years she remained at the Gulph in the strong light of temptation, her conduct and actions were governed by strict propriety, and she was made, when leaving, the recipient of many valuable presents.

In 1868 I was stationed at Araluen, when prosperity on that gold field had reached its zenith, and where there was ample scope for missionary enterprise. On one occasion it was visited by an American Evangelist, named Taylor, a gentleman of great reputation, whose advent was heralded for weeks previously by advertisement and posters. This propagandist of eternal truth was a man of colossal stature, with flowing red beard and whiskers; he was endowed with a powerful voice, and gifted with evangelistic eloquence of profuse fertility. Hundreds flocked to his nocturnal redemption gatherings at Redbank, during his

sojourn, and witnessed the stupendous success of many self-acknowledged sinners being saved. The second night's manifestations were witnessed by a number of clerics and pious brethren, who occupied seats on the platform. One of these was introduced to the meeting by the Reverend Missionary as the Rev. Clodius Winkers, "a devout and God-fearing brother, who had travelled much, was of high family, and had, he was assured, spent a fortune in the good cause; and, as he purposed remaining amongst them for a brief period, he trusted they would benefit by his spiritual ministrations."

The devout and saintly Winkers received a warm reception from the crowd, and his unique appearance deserved it. He was of low stature, broad face, flat nose, and large ears; but these otherwise defects were discounted by his clerical garb, consisting of a well-worn cloth coat reaching to his boots, and a rather high enamelled stock. The pious Winkers offered up a short prayer, the crowd communed, after which five persons acknowledged salvation.

On going outside, I said to the trooper who was with me, "Do you know the Rev. Clodius Winkers?"

"No," he replied; "I have not seen him before."

"Well, then," I continued, "if I am not mistaken, he is the self-same Lord Balcarras that I previously mentioned to you, and you may rely upon it we shall have something to do with him before he leaves."

Shortly after the revival meetings had terminated, a local preacher and colporteur, thinking it a favourable opportunity to collect funds for the erection of a non-sectarian church, held meetings, at which the Rev. Mr. Winkers, evangelist, was

the principal actor—and the success was represented at sixty pounds.

A week later the lay preacher called upon me and said, "Do you know the man Winkers, who assisted me at the meetings?"

"Yes, I know him," I replied. "What's the matter with him?"

"Well, it's this way. He stayed at my place, as you know, and paid nothing; he gave two cheques for five pounds each as donations, and I cashed a cheque for him a few days ago out of the funds for twenty pounds. The cheques were on the Oriental Bank Corporation, Head Office, Sydney, and they have been returned as worthless, as he has no account. So, you see, instead of having sixty pounds, I have now only thirty pounds."

"What does Winkers say?"

"He says he thought his remittance would have reached the bank from England before this, but that is poor satisfaction to me. We had some words over the business last night when he left, and I think he is gone towards the coast. What would you advise me to do?"

I took the dupe to the Court-house, where an information was laid, and a warrant issued for the arrest of the bogus Rev. Clodius Winkers for obtaining the sum of twenty pounds by means of false pretences—that is, a valueless cheque. I proceeded promptly in pursuit of the fleeing culprit, and succeeded in overhauling him twenty-four miles from Araluen. I read the warrant to him, arrested him, and said:

"Well, Winkers, honesty is the best policy, after all."

"Yes, it is," he replied, "for those who are not clever enough to succeed otherwise."

"When I saw you at the Gulph posing as Lord

Balcarras it struck me you had not been long out of gaol."

"You were quite correct," returned Winkers; "I had only been discharged from Darlinghurst a few days, after serving a sentence of two and a half years under another name, when I went to the Gulph, because that place had been assigned to me by the 'Council of Experts,' to use a gaol phrase."

"What council is that?" I asked.

"You know there are very clever men in gaol—great scholars, good speakers, some who can quote Scripture as if they had the Bible by heart—in fact, they represent every calling. Now, when a batch of prisoners is about to be discharged, the 'Council of Experts' decide on the course that each man, on gaining his liberty, is to follow. If good-looking and polite, they should pose as lords, or persons of great families, and there were persons appointed outside to address letters to them under the new titles. If clever with the pen, then forgery would be their calling; if delicate, with a good knowledge of Scripture, then they should follow a religious calling; and if strong and determined, they should adopt burglary or bushranging as their calling, and so on; but it was strictly enjoined that every prisoner discharged should assume another name."

"Winkers," I said, "it is hard to believe your statement. Is it absolutely true?"

"I tell you it is true."

"Well, then, what did the 'Council of Experts' think you fit for?"

"They said my appearance was against me, that I was low down in the scale of qualifications, and that I should act according to circumstances. I endeavoured to qualify myself on the religious

tack before I was discharged, and was presented by the Governor of the Gaol with a Bible."

"Was that the Bible you left in your box at the 'Golden Fleece' Hotel?"

"Yes," he replied, "it was the same, and, had I stuck to the religious, instead of the aristocratic, title, I believe I would have succeeded at the Gulph, where there was plenty of scope for my labours."

Winkers was prosecuted before the Araluen Bench, and committed for trial to the Braidwood Quarter Sessions, where he was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. During his incarceration Winkers devoted his leisure time to Bible-reading, and gained high favour in the estimation of the gaoler for his uniform good conduct. After his discharge I saw him in Braidwood roaming about the street with two other discharged prisoners. I asked him what he intended doing for a living, and he replied, "We cannot get anything to do in the town, and have no means to take us out of it."

"You are," I remarked, "able to work, and would readily find it either on the Mongarlow or Major's Creek diggings."

"We have no miners' rights," they said, "or implements, even if we went to the diggings."

I took the men to Mr. Clemenger, Clerk of Petty Sessions, represented their case as one deserving of consideration, and that gentleman issued them miners' rights, on their promise to pay him at a future date. Mr. Clemenger and myself paid for the implements required, and then despatched them to Mongarlow. Six days later, on reaching Braidwood with the Araluen gold escort, the Superintendent instructed me to proceed with the escort coach to Mongarlow, eight miles out, to bring in a huge nugget of gold dis-

covered that morning in a shaft by three miners. On reaching the locality, I noticed hundreds of miners about the shaft, in great excitement over the marvellous find by three discharged prisoners, Winkers and his two mates.

It appears that, on reaching the field, they decided on prospecting an abandoned shaft, about twenty feet deep, and had not been many hours employed when they unearthed a mass of gold and quartz, about two hundredweight. A strong windlass had to be placed over the shaft to haul the treasure to the surface. The miners who had abandoned the claim, after much time and labour without result, were present, and boisterously claimed the find as their property, but it was soon decided by the Commissioner that they had no legal claim. Owing, however, to the excitement that prevailed, a constable was placed in charge, to prevent interference with the shaft.

On reaching Braidwood, the gold was deposited in the Oriental Bank, and inspected by many residents and others. The net value of the find was slightly under four thousand pounds, and so elated was the bank manager with the enormous exhibit that he offered the lucky prospectors ten thousand pounds for their claim, which they unwisely refused. On resuming work later on, Winkers and his mates found a small patch of nuggets of the value of about two hundred and fifty pounds, but were unable to find the trace of gold afterwards; hence they abandoned the shaft and gold-mining pursuits.

Before leaving Braidwood, I saw Winkers dressed in a new suit of clothes, kid gloves, and silk bell-topper, the coat-collar and cuffs being trimmed with platypus-skin. I asked him what he intended doing in the future. He replied: "I shall lead a straight course. I have now a good

knowledge of the Bible, and I intend to give my whole life to missionary labours. You knew the great American who worked miracles at Araluen at the revival meetings?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, then," he continued, "he is now in India doing great work, and I intend to join him."

I have not since heard of him, and know not how he invested the large amount of money which fickle Fortune, from the superabundance of her resources, threw in his way.

The New South Wales gold fields in the sixties were prolific in incidents. There was invariably to be found thereon a nondescript class, more rogues than fools, more impostors than dupes, who lived by strategy, preyed upon the respectable miners, and citizens, by fraud and misrepresentation, and it is to this class that the Proteus mountebank, lord, and cleric, the principal character in this narrative, belonged.

THE INSPIRATION OF CARL SLEICHMAN.

Bonus vir, sine Deo nemo est.

SENECA, ep. 41.

A GOLD FIELDS EXPERIENCE.

THE most contemptible *role* for the practice of deception on the unwary is that of the hypocrite who poses as being religiously inspired. His conduct in the past may have been disreputable; still, if the mountebank professed to be moved by religious zeal, he forthwith became the idol of the weak-minded, and a veritable *abnormis sapiens*. While stationed on the Braidwood Gold Fields many years ago, a man named Carl Sleichman arrived there, labelled with a criminal history. He was uneducated, did not care for work, and after a brief sojourn received three months for robbing a miner's hut.

When discharged he returned to the field, and formed a strong friendship with a countryman of his named Rasch, a miner possessed of means, but a pronounced religious fanatic. One Saturday I was informed that Sleichman, while drinking at a public-house bar, dropped dead, and that his body was then in the stable. I proceeded there, examined the body, and discovered that Carl was not dead in reality, but dead drunk. I placed him in a sitting posture, procured a bucket of water, poured it down his back, and the result was most satisfactory.

Sleichman soon recovered, and was taken charge of by his friend Rasch. A few evenings later Carl had a crowd round him in the street,

to whom he proclaimed he was an inspired prophet. "I was dead, as you know, and came to life again. When life had just left my body, a spirit appeared to me in a vision and said, 'Not yet, Carl; not yet. A great work is before you.'" When asked what kind of spirit it was, Carl shook his head and said, "I cannot describe it, but Rasch and myself think it was that of St. Martin Luther himself." The crowd laughed, and one of them remarked, "It is a pity that Luther's spirit did not hold on to you, you profound idiot."

Religion at this time was in a smouldering condition on the field, as a recognized minister of any denomination rarely paid it a visit, and, when he did so, few were aware of the fact. The prophet Carl called on me one afternoon and said: "I am now a reformed man. I'm going to start preaching on Sunday morning in Nesbitt's Hall, and would like you to be present, as I expect a great crowd."

"I'm glad," I replied, "for your own sake, that you have reformed. You should prove that reformation by a sincere desire to do what is right; exhort the miners to keep the Sundays properly, to refrain from drink, and to lead honest and virtuous lives. If you do that, you need not fear interference."

"I don't think," returned Carl, "that is the doctrine which Rasch wants me to preach. He has an old German Bible, which he states belonged to Luther, has marked several passages for me, and is of opinion that I should preach on different lines to the ordinary clergyman."

"Then your business is a co-operative concern; you find the inspiration, and Rasch the doctrines to be revealed," I remarked.

"That is just it," replied Carl. "There will be great attraction on Sunday, as Madame Sappho

will be present, and her accomplished daughter will sing and play on her Cremona."

"Surely," I remarked, "Madame Sappho will not permit her daughter to be present at your meeting?"

"She told Rasch, who deals at her store, that she will attend and render what assistance she can," he replied.

While preparing to start for Nesbitt's Hall on Sunday morning, two horsemen rode up, one being a young clergyman, who introduced himself as Father Kennedy, and asked to be shown where Nesbitt's Hall was. "I am," I said, "going there to attend a meeting, and will accompany you thither." While proceeding there he informed me he had just arrived from Ireland for the benefit of his health, and would return, if all went well, in twelve months. "A Mrs. Nesbitt," he continued, "who resides on these diggings, called at St. Bede's, Braidwood, where I am staying, and asked the Parish Priest to celebrate Mass in the hall attached to the hotel on this day, and, as he was unable to comply, I volunteered to do so."

We reached the hotel at 10 a.m., and I was surprised at the enormous crowd about the place. Mrs. Nesbitt was, I might mention, a Catholic, while her husband might be placed amongst the unclassified. The fact, however, remained, that Mrs. Nesbitt was the commanding force of the place, and it was only right it should be so, as it was her money that built the hotel, and gave her husband a position. She was a woman of strong faith, and was withal a generous benefactor to clergymen of all denominations, whom she never charged while at her establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt gave the clergyman a cordial reception, ordered the groom to take his horse, and then escorted him to the best parlour,

the door of which opened into the hall. Mrs. Nesbitt was greatly annoyed that the use of the hall had been granted to Carl and Rasch without her knowledge, and was about to revoke it, when Father Kennedy interposed and prevailed on her not to do so.

When the hall was opened, the room was quickly filled with miners, anxious to hear what the inspired prophet had to say, while Father Kennedy and some friends sat in the parlour, spectators of the proceedings.

The prophet, clothed in a black alpaca gown, and Rasch, armed with a large Bible, then mounted the platform, and sat beside a table, on which were a decanter of water and two glasses, and a few feet away sat Madame Sappho and her daughter, the accomplished Madelena, having her Cremona and bow resting across her lap.

Madame Sappho was a resident of the diggings for two years, and kept a small store. She was 50 years old, stylish appearance, a native of Jersey; had resided in England, Spain, France, and Italy some years, and was able to converse in the languages of those countries. Her daughter Madelena was about 17 years, dark complexion, raven hair, slight build, large dark eyes, small mouth, regular dentition, and of most affable manner. She was of quiet, unassuming nature, modest in looks, and was in truth a beautiful child.

Madelena was endowed with a heavenly voice, and was taught the violin by one of the best masters in Rome, who was so enraptured with her success that he presented her with a valuable Cremona when leaving that city.

Having arranged preliminaries, Rasch rose from his seat, drank a tumbler of water, and said, "Gentlemen, before commencing the business pro-

per I call on Mademoiselle Sappho to give one of her favourite songs, and a recital on her famous instrument." The pretty girl rose from her seat, threw the long folds of her raven hair over her shoulders, and made a modest bow, which evoked rapturous applause. Madelena sang an Italian song with such marvellous pathos as led many present to express the belief that she was inspired by Heaven. When concluding, she knelt on the platform, raised her hands, turned her large, dark eyes appealingly towards the ceiling; her figure assumed the appearance of a suppliant, while her angelic voice and gesture brought tears into the eyes of many, who judged correctly that the child was invoking mercy from the Saviour of the world.

When she retired, Madame Sappho, in tears, kissed her daughter on both cheeks, and the applause which followed expressed the feelings of an appreciative audience. On being recalled, Madelena gave a display of her musical power on the Cremona, which electrified the large crowd.

This part of the programme being finished, cleared the way for the more dramatic incidents. Rasch again stood up, and in a grave, hypocritical tone announced that the prophet Carl would address them as an inspired mortal, which produced excitement. Carl rose, looked vacantly round to gather his thoughts and inspiration, and said: "Fellow-mortals, I come here to-day with my friend Rasch to inform you that I have been dead, and that I rose again, as you know, inspired to reveal to you important truths about your salvation. My friend Rasch, who is a great authority on the Scriptures, has collected from his Bible the truths that I am to reveal. Now, you know that ministers, for their own benefit, have made a hell, and are continually preaching hell and damnation

to sinners. That is not my revelation. Rasch has found in his Bible that there is no such place, and I, as the inspired Carl Sleichman, agree with him. I proclaim to you that, under the Gospel dispensation, the moral law has no force whatever. The Ten Commandments of God need not now be obeyed; God will think the more of you for not obeying His laws. Rasch informs me that his Bible proves that all sins are forgiven before they are committed; that there is no sin in stealing other people's property, or in committing any offence whatever."

At this stage the audience hissed and hooted the prophet, who was endeavouring to proceed, when Mrs. Nesbitt, armed with a fire-tongs, made her appearance on the platform, and in a menacing attitude sang out in a stentorian voice: "Clear out of my house, you pair of incorrigible sinners. Instead of making this a hall of prayer, you are endeavouring to convert it into a den of thieves."

This prompt action dethroned the mountebanks, who cleared outside, being hooted as they pushed through the crowd. The furniture on the platform was then promptly removed, the desecrated spot where the hypocrites sat sprinkled with holy water by Mrs. Nesbitt, who in a brief period improvised an altar, supplied wax candles, silver candlesticks, a vestment stand, silver crucifix, etc. There was a crowded congregation present, which included miners of all denominations, Madame Sappho, her daughter, the irrepressible prophet, and his satellite Rasch.

After celebrating Mass, Father Kennedy divested himself of his chasuble, addressed the congregation, and said, in substance: "I have by a chapter of accidents become a spectator of a scene so extraordinary that, had I not witnessed it, I would not believe that such could have taken

place. The doctrines promulgated by these unfortunate men in the presence of respectable and God-fearing miners is horrible to contemplate, and repugnant to the feelings of true Christians, who believe in the justice of the eternal God, who created them, and endowed them with the divine gift of reason, to distinguish between right and wrong; and these doctrines are aggravated when it is put forth, for the purpose of deception, that they are deducible from the Holy Scriptures, which is a monstrous blasphemy, as, if the man Rasch had only looked to St. Matthew, 19 cap., 17 verse, in his Lutheran Bible, he would have found, 'If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments.' God in His mercy permits blasphemers to live, and even allows the sun to shine upon them, *et sceleratis sol oritur*. These men read the Word of God to their own destruction; God pity them. I am convinced that a mind that has no restraint from a sense of its own weakness may very easily attack everything the most excellent and venerable; that it would not be difficult to criticise even the Creation itself, as, if we were to examine the Divine Truths by our own ideas of reason and fitness we might readily make the power, wisdom and goodness of God appear to many no better than foolishness.

"The terrible blasphemy proclaimed this day is not a new doctrine, as a sect was founded on the self-same doctrine in Germany by a man named John Agricolo in 1728. That sect was known as Antinomians, and it will scarcely be believed that it flourished in England for a brief period. The most lamentable display in this sudden ebullition of wickedness was the production on this platform of a respectable female and her highly-accomplished daughter, who appeared to be possessed of heavenly gifts and graces. The

Italian song she sang was composed by a saintly nun in a celebrated convent in Spain; it is called 'The Sinner's Appeal to the Saviour of the World for Mercy.' I have heard it sung in several convents in Rome, but I have never heard it rendered with such seraphic sympathy and heavenly feeling as I did this day.

"Oh, mother of this innocent and divinely-gifted child, beware of your responsibility."

After reading the epistle and gospel of the day, the reverend gentleman preached a powerful sermon on the Day of General Judgment: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul" (St. Mark, 8 cap., verse 36). He pictured St. Michael, the Archangel, sounding the last trumpet when all those in heaven, on earth, and in hell will appear before the judgment seat of God to receive their final rewards, and portrayed in thoughts that breathe and words that burn the majesty of God calling the souls on His right: "Come, ye blessed of My Father; possess you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," and, turning to His left, in a voice of thunder, exclaiming, "Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the Devil and his angels." "Oh, may God in His mercy infuse into our hearts the light of Faith, to acknowledge His Divine Will and keep His Commandments; as the fear of God is the beginning, so the love of God is the perfection and accomplishment of Christian wisdom."

At the conclusion of his sermon many persons sobbed audibly. The subject of his eloquent discourse was the theme of conversation for some time afterwards, and he received the thanks of many who had heard him for his powerful and timely philippic.

After dinner, the clergyman was conversing with some friends outside the hotel, when, to the surprise of many, the prophet Carl and his partner Rasch approached, and congratulated him on his brilliant speech. "I shall," said Rasch, "be thankful if you will give us information on points that we do not understand." "I shall certainly do so, as far as I am able," said the priest. In a few moments a crowd gathered to hear the discussion about to take place. Rasch had prepared himself with notes, and sat in front of the clergyman. His first question was, "Is there a hell in reality, or is it your Church that has made one to frighten people?"

"Yes," said the priest; "there is a hell, but my Church did not make it. God has told us in His inspired word that there is a hell, and all Christians believe in God's word."

"Can you describe the hell of the damned?" asked Rasch.

"God," said the priest, "has not given divine power to any mortal, not even the Evangelist St. John, to describe the hell of the damned. Men, however, have written much speculatively on hell. For instance, we have the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante, wherein he relates that he visited this region with the soul of Virgil. We have the explorations of Tartarus, by Telemaque in search of his father Ulyssis, written by the renowned Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; and we have Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

"These are great works, which cast a halo of splendour on their authors. Take Milton's description in brief:

'A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still rages, and a fiery deluge fed
 With ever burning sulphur, unconsumed:
 Such place eternal justice had prepared
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of heaven
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.' "

"I would," interjected the prophet, "prefer to be in gaol all my life than to remain in such a place for an hour."

"Did the Jews believe in a hell?"

"Yes," said the priest; "the Jews believed in a hell, and had two of their own, one at Gehenna, and another at Hinnom, where they burnt their children as a sacrifice to the Devil. In fact, all nations believed in the existence of a place of punishment after death."

"How," continued Rascu, "could nations who did not believe in God entertain such a belief?"

"It is," answered the priest, "a well-established fact, demonstrated by famous writers of all countries and ages, that no nation ever existed so wild, so barbarous, or untamable, that did not believe in the existence of a supreme power, although unable to define it. They attributed that power to various objects: to the sun, moon, stars, fire, mountains, rocks, wild animals, and even to leeks, which grew in their gardens; they worshipped these symbols, and believed they possessed the power of punishing the wicked after death, in a dismal abode in the lower regions, or you might call it a bottomless pit. Homer, the great historian,

who, as history relates, was blind, conceived and formulated a place of eternal punishment, or local habitation of the dead, far deep in the earth; classified those who suffered according to the enormity of their crimes, and allotted regions in the infernal sphere for each class, where they indulged in those pastimes for which they showed a predilection while on earth. The theory of the 'Platonic Philosophy' was the same, but embraced an Elysium, which might be designated a Paradise, or less incorrectly a Purgatory, where crimes would have to be expiated by punishment.

"The Romans, too, in their notions of eternal punishment, adopted the belief of the Greeks, but Virgil, in his sixth book of the 'Aeneid,' largely developed and modified the Infernal Empire, as described by Homer.

"Virgil's description, although mythological, is interesting in the highest degree:

"Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras, hoc opus hic labor est."

"That is to say:

'Avernus' gates are open night and day—
Smooth the descent and easy is the way;
But to return to heaven's pure light again
This is a work of labour and of pain.'

"On the confines of Pluto's regions, over which darkness broods, are the couches of sorrow, and revengeful remorse, wan disease, and morose old age; and not far distant dwell wasting famine, squalid poverty, fear, and evil. Further on reside toil, death, and its twin brother sleep; while on the opposite side sit pernicious war, the furies, and discord, with their locks of vipers. In the midst of this region stand aged elm-trees, on whose lofty branches are perched delusive dreams.

"A large tract is reserved for the spectres of savage beasts, the centaur, the scylla, the hundred-

headed giant Briarius, the fifty-headed snake which Hercules slew; the gorgon, and the filthy harpies; those regions form merely the vestibule of the lower world.

“Further on is the terror of the ghosts, the river Styx, which separates the regions mentioned from the more terrible departments of the lower Coeythus. Here old Charon, the inexorable monster, presides as ferryman, ready to convey those who are buried to their various destinations, while those who have not been buried must remain wanderers in Stygian marshes for one hundred years. Paleness and wintry cold inhabit this dreary region; ghosts newly arrived know not the roads that lead to grim Pluto’s palace, nor where is the metropolis of Hell. The mighty city has a thousand avenues and gates for ever open; the disembodied spirits roam bloodless and in imitation of their life on earth. Some frequent the law courts, others the court of Hell’s tyrant, while others again suffer the punishment due to their crimes.

“On the opposite side of the Styx is the monster, the three-headed Cerberus, with all his mouths wide open.

“The borders of this interior Hades are occupied by three classes—infants wailing, those put to death wrongfully, and those who have committed suicide. In the distance, amongst the myrtle-trees, of which there is an immense area, are the haunts of deceased lovers, and close by are the ghosts of warriors. On the left is Tartarus, having walls of adamant, round which Chaos and Phlegmathon rivers flow, where Minos by just laws rules the realms of Pluto. I would call the special attention of Carl and Rasch to this, that herein are confined the Titans, or giants, who had the impious audacity of attempting to scale

Heaven and dethrone Jupiter, father of gods and men, but were cast down by a blast of lightning to the lowest abyss. Here, too, is confined Salmoneus, who attempted the imitation of thunder, and was struck dead with a thunderbolt; here Titius suffers eternal torture from an immortal vulture; here Lapidus is bound to a wheel, surrounded by frightful serpents, which he is doomed eternally to turn; and here also dwell Sisypus, Tantalus, and others too numerous to mention, who for their impious misconduct in life are doomed to everlasting perdition.

“On the right front, however, in pleasing contrast to the all-round Stygian gloom and desolation, are seen the green fields of Elysium. This beautiful region has an eternal sun; its occupants are engaged in the most agreeable pastimes, and enjoy the fruits of Ceres, a spring everlasting, and an atmosphere of divine music, which charms even the trees and rocks. Its celestial splendour is marvellously delineated by the great Fenelon in his ‘*Telemaque*,’ which is too elaborate for me to advert to further. I shall say but a few words more by way of illustration. Take, for instance, a terrestrial globe in your hands; allow for the limited knowledge of geography in the time of Virgil; look over the map of Europe and adjacent countries; apply carefully his description, as developed, to the various nations thereon, taking Mount Aetna as Tartarus and Vesuvius as the abode of Charon, and you will have some conception of the hell of Virgil.”

“Where,” asked several, “would we look for the Elysium, or, as you say, Purgatory?”

“Look,” said his Reverence, “according to description, to the right front, and you will see the green fields of old Ireland, to memory ever dear; that is Innis Fail, or Isle of Destiny, which

was and is known as the Isle of Saints. It answers to the location as described by the great Roman poet. What I have said, however, only gives you a faint idea of the fancies and conjectures of the Greeks and Romans of the period regarding a future state. These phantoms, thank God, have now been swept away for ever, by the light of God's revealed truths, and unless mortals are totally blind to the importance of their eternal salvation, they need experience no mists of darkness in realizing a future world of misery or happiness."

"What you have said," interposed Rasch, "is highly interesting. Has any of the Pagan writers given a description of God, and of Heaven?"

"Yes," replied Father Kennedy; "all the Greek and Roman writers have shown a profound reverence for the gods; they regarded Wisdom and Virtue as the *summum bonum* of perfection, according to the Platonic Philosophy, and considered that virtue gave a truer nobility to the human mind, nothing more; that virtue was its own reward, mere empty sounds. The writings of Claudianus, Seneca, Silius Italicus, and many others demonstrate conclusively what I say. Lucanus, a native of Cordova, in Spain, and classed as one of the great Roman poets, seems to me to have had a conception of the true God, as he states in his writings, 'We are all dependent on God, and even when His temples sound not His praise, we are able to do nothing without His will. Neither does the Divinity require words to express His commands. The Almighty has told us once for all at our birth what is allowed us to know, nor does He confine His knowledge to the barren Lybian sands to teach the spare inhabitants around, nor has He drowned His truths amidst desert wilds. Does God choose for His

abode any spot except this earth, sea, air, and Heaven, but above all—virtuous minds? Why seek for God elsewhere? God is in everything thou see'st, and wherever thou movest. Let doubting mortals consult juggling mountebanks, and those who live in fear and anxiety. It is not oracles, but the certainty of death, that gives firmness to my mind.'

"The coward and the brave are doomed to fall; it is enough that God has told us this undoubted truth.' The same far-seeing poet describes how the soul of the good man leaps up to heaven. 'But his soul was not laid in the ashes of Pharos, nor could a little heap of dust contain so great a shade; he leapt from the pyre, and sprang towards the vaulted throne of the Thunderer. Where the murky air meets the starry circles, midway between our earth and the orbit of the moon, there dwell the sainted Manes, whom, innocent in life, fiery virtue directed to the lower abode of God, and gathered in eternal mansions. Those laid in gold and perfume do not come hither. After he had feasted himself in the pure light of God, and admired the wandering planets and the pole-fixed stars, he beheld the mists of darkness that enfold our brightest days, and mocked at the farce called death in which his own maimed body lay.'

"I shall now leave you," said Father Kennedy, "as it is late; and I wish you every blessing."

"Wait a moment," replied Rasch; "Carl and myself thank you for convincing us that we are pursuing a wrong course; we would be glad of your further assistance."

"I am pleased," returned the priest, "you are convinced of your shocking errors; it is some approach to virtue to get rid of vicious habits, and

it is the highest wisdom to be free from folly. The God of mercy who pardoned Dimas will also have pity on all sinners who do not err wilfully. You require instruction, but, unfortunately, I have not the opportunity of giving it; still, I think my friend Mrs. Nesbitt will undertake the pleasing task."

At this stage the clergyman received a message that two ladies desired to see him. On proceeding a hundred yards from the hotel, he met Madame Sappho and her daughter, who wished for the interview.

Madame introduced herself, and said: "Oh, Father, it is God who has sent you this way. What you said to-day has greatly affected my mind. I wish to make known to you my troubles, which are very great."

"It is too late to hear them," said the priest. "I will be here again in a week, when you can tell me."

"Come sooner, Father, I entreat you; the matter is of the greatest importance to myself and others."

"I shall do so, then," he replied; and, after wishing them good-bye, left for Braidwood, accompanied by a number of miners. On reaching his home he narrated to the Parish Priest what had occurred, when that good man laughed heartily at the unique experience.

Father Kennedy could not sleep that night; the one factor which impressed him above all the others was Madame Sappho's desire to entrust to him, an utter stranger, a matter of vital importance to herself and others. What was it that could not admit of a week's delay? His conscience prompted him to go at once and hear the woman's trouble, and he did so. On reaching the diggings next morning he called on Mrs. Nesbitt, who

accompanied him to Madame Sappho's shop, where he was accorded a warm welcome. Madelena entertained Mrs. Nesbitt, while her mother unfolded her troubles to the priest in an adjoining room.

"I am glad," said Madame, "you have come out. God has heard my prayer. I have a premonition that I will soon die. I tell you, Father, that it was your discourse yesterday that has led me to reveal a great secret, which it was my intention to carry with me to the grave. You heard dear Madelena sing, and you have formed a high estimate of her. Yes, you have attributed to her heavenly graces, and you have been correct in doing so. Madelena herself, and those who know her, believe that she is my daughter. Happy would it be for me if she were so, as she is in truth a living saint. She is not, however, my child, and it is with the view of making reparation to her parents for having deprived them of so blessed a treasure that I now reveal to you alone these particulars."

The priest at this stage obtained writing materials and recorded her statement. "My father," continued Madame, "was an Englishman by birth, but a long resident of Spain, while my mother was a Castilian native. I was educated partly in England, Spain, and Jersey, where my parents dwelt in turn. I was considered a good musician, and a fair linguist, but my studies were cut short by the death of my parents in Tarifa, near Gibraltar. I was thus an orphan, but had some means. I decided on residing in Rome, and to that end had made arrangements for departure.

"A few hours before leaving my lodgings in Tarifa, a friend introduced me to a lady, who said, 'I understand you are going to Rome to-night. I have a delicate child, and a change would do her

good. Will you take charge of her, and I shall pay you handsomely? You can send your address to your friend, who will remit you further instalments.'

"My friend recommended the lady's proposal, and I agreed. I took charge of the dear child, eighteen months old, as well as a hamper of suitable clothing. My first thought on embarking was to assume the name of Madame Sappho, widow of Captain Sappho, to get over the embarrassment of my being a single woman, and I gave the name Madelena to the child, that being my own mother's name. I rented a suitable villa in Rome, where I taught four languages and music to pupils requiring those accomplishments, and, as my terms were moderate, I did very well.

"When Madelena was six years old, I sent her to the best convent for acquiring a special training in music and singing, where she remained for more than eight years. Her progress was so rapid that critics pronounced her a genius. She had on one occasion the extreme felicity of singing her favourite song before His Holiness, Pius IX., who was, it is said, visibly affected by her performance, and not only gave her his blessing, but also a valuable silver crucifix, which she has now in her room.

"I was not long in Rome when I read in a Spanish paper reports that almost paralyzed me. They related that a female child, the only offspring of Senor Roderigo, a Spanish grandee, who had vast estates in Teneriffe, Granada, and Tarifa, had been kidnapped for a reward, and, despite the most diligent search by the gendarmes, no trace of the child or the offenders could be found. I ceased correspondence with my friend, and, as time went on, my love for the child became so great that I could not think of parting with her. We lived

most happily, and the marvellous success she achieved at the convent brought upon me showers of praise.

“Three years ago, when I thought all had been forgotten, I read in an Italian paper that the gendarmes at Tarifa had got a clue to the kidnapped daughter of Senor Roderigo, and concluded the real criminals, for the sake of the reward, had conspired to secure my imprisonment. I then resolved to accompany Antonio Sebastian and his family, who were embarking for Australia. These people now reside on the diggings down the creek. When I first took charge of Madelena she had a blue silk cord round her neck, to which was appended a small Maltese cross, and a medallion of pellucid alabaster, bearing the child’s likeness, and surrounded by the words ‘Mamma’s little angel, Santa Maria.’ I have these trinkets now in my possession, as well as the garments she wore. Madelena loves me tenderly as her mother, and I regard her as being dearer to me than life. She is now a young woman, and the thought that there is no suitable prospect before her while living with me seriously depresses my happiness. Our appearance at Sleichman’s meeting was meant for the best, and I believe that God has ordained it to be so. Rasch gave me to understand it was to be a benefit concert to raise a few pounds for Carl, and no persons were more shocked at the real object than ourselves. I have never lost the faith, and could not possibly do so, while Madelena was with me, but have been unable to attend to my duties, owing to my terrible dilemma.”

At this stage Madame burst into tears. “Your revelation,” said Father Kennedy, “is in every sense an extraordinary one. The criminal part has been considerably modified, because you were not the actual culprit, but the innocent agent of

designing ruffians. You doubtless became attached to the child, and the fear of punishment prevented restoration to the bereaved parents. You should in the circumstances have sought the counsel of your clergyman, who would have advised you for the best, and made your innocence known to Senor Roderigo and his wife, and that would have ensured you their lasting gratitude, as well as the esteem of all well-disposed people. Your detention of the child, however, when you knew it was stolen, rendered you a *particeps criminis*, and liable to severe and just punishment, apart from the great sin you have committed.

"You have, however, given the child a splendid education, which embraces a knowledge of four languages. You have sent her to a convent school for more than eight years, at great expense for a person of your means. She has been taught accomplishments beyond the range of most persons, and she is now better, aye, far better equipped, than she probably would be had she been with her parents. You have in that respect made reparation. Your acknowledgment of your faults is greatly in your favour, as it is a prelude to restoration which cannot fail to be productive of happy results. I shall send the statement you have given me voluntarily, with a long letter of my own, to the Archbishop of Granada, who will interview Senor and Madame Roderigo on this important matter, and when they hear of the varied accomplishments of their child, and the mother's care and affection which you have bestowed upon her, they will, I am certain, feel deeply indebted to you."

"Oh, Father!" cried Madame Sappho, "you have made me happy. I shall restore my dearest treasure in life to her parents, and I am certain

that my own Madelena, who is a living saint, will save me from punishment."

Madame Sappho showed the clergyman Madelena's room, which was a chapel in miniature. It was arranged that Madelena should not be informed of the mystery of her life, for the present. Madame Sappho, relieved of her long depression, thanked the priest for his visit, and he returned to Braidwood.

Father Kennedy promptly communicated full particulars to the Archbishop of Granada, and in due course received replies from His Grace and Senor Roderigo thanking him profusely for the glad tidings he had sent of the lost child, and intimating that a lady friend of the Roderigo family would start forthwith for Sydney to take charge of her.

On receipt of these missives, the clergyman waited on Madame Sappho, and, after detailing their contents to her, said: "The time has arrived for apprising Madelena of all the facts," in which Madame concurred.

The clergyman then informed Madelena, who wept bitterly at the thought that she should lose her dear mother. She embraced Madame Sappho tenderly, and sobbed, "I cannot live without you."

"Well," said Father Kennedy, "as the lady may arrive at any moment, you should lose no time in disposing of your store, and in making preparations for departure."

"We will give the business over to Sebastian, who is a poor man with a large family," said Madame, "and are ready to leave at any moment."

A month later Madame Sappho, Madelena, and a Spanish lady left Braidwood to embark on a ship leaving Port Jackson Harbour for England, and they were accompanied by Father Kennedy, returning to Ireland. It was previously arranged

by Senor Roderigo that Madelena and party should land at Teneriffe, where the Senor had a mansion and extensive property, and, as it happened, when the ship was sighted, a steamer bearing Madame and Senor Roderigo, with a number of friends, drew alongside, when Madelena and her friends were taken on board. Madelena wore on the occasion the silken cord round her neck, from which were suspended the medallion of her likeness as a child and the Maltese cross. Madame Roderigo and the Senor, by a parental instinct, recognized Madelena as their long-lost child, and the scene which ensued was most affecting to on-lookers.

Madame recognized the likeness, and in a moment raised the long, raven tresses of her daughter's hair, and sang out with joy, "Oh, this is in truth my little angel, Santa Maria," the identity being established beyond doubt by a birthmark, a perfect cross, between her shoulders.

Santa Maria spoke in Spanish to her parents, and added, as a condition of her happiness, the recognition of Madame Sappho as a member of the family, and this was promptly acceded to. On landing, the parties were driven to the church, where a thanksgiving service took place for the preservation of Santa Maria. Senor entertained a large party of his friends for several days, and then proceeded to Tarifa, in Spain, where he met an enthusiastic reception from the clergy and people. He did not, however, remain long there, but continued his journey to Granada, where his Moorish castle seat was situated. On entering the famed city, Roderigo and his party received a brilliant reception; thousands of convent and other children formed a procession, carrying the battle standards of victory used by the army of the great Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492 against

the Moors, and led by the Archbishop and clergy, to the grand Cathedral of Our Lady. Multitudes lined the streets, bands played, banners were displayed on every vantage point, and the church bells of the city pealed joyous strains of jubilation.

Thousands assembled at the thanksgiving service carried out in great splendour by the Archbishop and the clergy. This remarkable Cathedral was founded in 1529, and is pronounced by ecclesiastical critics as the finest specimen of the Roman style in existence. It is rich in treasures and historical associations. It contains the great painting of the Blessed Virgin Mary and her Divine Child, presented by Pope Innocent VIII. to Ferdinand and Isabella, who carried it as a battle standard against the Moors, including the final siege of Granada, which on the second of January, 1492, capitulated, thus putting an end to Moorish occupation in the Spanish Peninsula. Since the erection of the Cathedral a great commemorative ceremony of the capitulation victory takes place annually, when the holy picture is exhibited for the veneration of the faithful.

Amongst the treasures in the Chapel of the Sovereigns, decorated by paintings of the best masters, are the monarchical robes of the famed Isabella, her crown and sceptre, a chasuble worked by her own hands in marvellous style, her missal, and many unique battle standards.

On reaching the Castle from the Cathedral, a grand scene presented itself. The beautiful grounds were thronged with thousands of children, who were entertained by the munificence of Senor and Madame Roderigo to commemorate the recovery of Santa Maria.

Santa Maria made a deep impression on all who saw her. The Archbishop had a long conversation with her, and discovered she was a linguist.

and at his request gave a recital on her famous Cremona, in presence of distinguished persons, including her aunt, the Abbess of the great convent, which produced rapturous applause, and elicited the remarks from a great musician present that she excelled Paganini himself. She sang the "Sinner's Appeal to the Saviour of the World for Mercy" with such thrilling effect that all present were moved to tears, and this condition was intensified by the pious spectacle of the Abbess embracing and kissing her niece.

"God," said the Archbishop, "has divinely inspired this child with singular gifts. The hymn she has sung with such heavenly pathos was composed by the saintly Abbess now present, who governs our great convent, and who is the aunt of Santa Maria. God's ways are inscrutable, but his mercies are manifold. The bereavement of Senor Roderigo and his devout lady in the loss of their child has been more than compensated for in the joy of her restoration, endowed with so many gifts and graces, and in the public jubilation. Madame Sappho and the young Irish priest, whom we have the pleasure of seeing in our midst on this day of rejoicing, have been chosen by God as the child's preserver and restorer, and deserve lasting thanks for their noble actions."

Three years after Santa Maria's restoration she entered the convent of which her aunt was Abbess, where her varied accomplishments proved of the utmost advantage to that institution; and when the Abbess died, she was unanimously selected by the community as her successor.

Father Kennedy, having performed his part nobly, returned to Ireland, where he was warmly congratulated on the singular success he had achieved during his brief tour beneath the Southern Cross. It was announced later on that

Father Kennedy, the distinguished classic, had joined the great Order of St. Francis of Assisi, in which thousands of saintly ecclesiastics had consecrated their lives, including the illustrious Duns Scotus. He became a very popular priest, and was regarded as having no superior as a pulpit orator. According to God's decrees, the humble are exalted, and it was so with the Abbess Santa Maria, whose piety, sanctity, and extraordinary success attracted the attention of the Archbishop. The Archbishop was not slow to place the circumstances before Pius IX., and to recommend that the Abbess should receive some special token of his approbation, which was in a brief period complied with by His Holiness conferring on the Abbess Santa Maria the high distinction of a mitre.

The news was received in Granada and throughout the great province of Andalusia with joy, and the 2nd of January was appointed for the solemn ceremony of investiture. Thousands of religious and representatives from distant parts assembled, including the distinguished Franciscan, Father Kennedy, from Ireland; and, as might be expected, the grand Cathedral of "Our Lady," and all the chapels, including the Sagrario, or parish church (formerly a mosque) were crowded. The memorable ceremony was carried out by His Grace according to ritual in the Chapel of the Sovereigns, occupied exclusively by nuns, and was of a very imposing character.

The Archbishop wore on the occasion the blessed chasuble bequeathed to the Cathedral by the famous Isabella, and, as he placed the starry mitre on the saintly little Abbess's head, when kneeling before him in spotless robes, the church bells pealed, and the vast assemblage prostrated themselves in prayer. The mitred Abbess was

then led to a dais in the centre of the chapel, where she received the felicitations of the nuns. Father Kennedy called upon the mitred Abbess in the Convent, where he congratulated her, and wished her years of happiness. She thanked him and gave him souvenirs, including a valuable present for Mrs. Nesbitt, of the Braidwood gold fields. The present was duly received, and in her acknowledgment Mrs. Nesbitt said, "I have had great difficulty with the prophet and Rasch; still I am satisfied, as they are now respectable citizens."

Can there be any doubt that the solution of this extraordinary case was governed by a Divine interposition? I answer, gentle reader, there cannot be. We feel the presence of the Almighty, and mortals, unless they are blind, can see Him in His works, as well as in His word. Ancient writers have dwelt in raptures on the beauties of Nature, and have traced their origin to the Omnipotent and Omniscient God, Who created and rules the whole world by immutable laws.

The Bible contains many sublime references to the God of Nature, the outcome of inspired pens, and the hearts of those writers evidently glowed with devotion in offering praise and glory to the Creator.

Let us imagine in our mind's eye the illustrious David, after wresting the Holy Land from the Jebusites 1049 years before the coming of our Blessed Redeemer, standing on the citadel of his beloved city Zion at sunset, looking down on Akra and Moriah, where the great temple stood, and beyond their confines the valleys Jehosaphat and Hinnom, the Mount of Olives, and the plain of Jeremiah, his eyes tracing the panorama of indescribable grandeur all round. To the east the fertile valleys of Megiddon, rich in cattle and the

products of Nature; in front Mount Tabor, and the snowy peaks of the greater Hermon; to the north the famous mountains of Lebanon; while to the west and south the mountains of Samaria and the Mediterranean Sea could be discerned. What lofty thoughts must he not have contemplated on beholding in review so marvellous a picture, and what more appropriate definition could he have given than the 104th and 125th Psalms? Oh Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches, so is this great and wide sea.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people.

WILLIAM QUINTILIANUS McCOMBE, M.A.,
A FAMOUS TEACHER IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

*“Nam non solum scire aliquid, artis est, sed quaedam ars
ctiam docendi.”*

CICERO, Leg. II., 19.

THE paramount question of educating the youth in the early settlement of New South Wales was sadly neglected until the thirties, when Governor Sir Richard Bourke took the matter vigorously in hand, and promulgated a scheme based on the Irish National School system.

This scheme negatived the teaching of religion, and was consequently opposed by the Churches, with the result that two systems were established, in 1844, one a national, for those who desired it, and the other a denominational system, controlled by the respective heads of the denominations, namely, Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, &c., who appointed teachers and School Boards in the city and country.

Great difficulty existed in finding suitable teachers; hence many unsuitable and incompetent men had of necessity to be appointed.

Late in the fifties the *personnel* of the teachers became improved by the appointment of numerous trained teachers from the old country; still there were many who cut high jinks, and concealed their utter unfitness by posing as bards, who received inspiration only after paying devotion to Bacchus. About the year 1860, a gentleman named William Quintilianus McCombe came to Sydney from

Ireland, bringing letters of introduction to Dr. Woolley, Professor of Classics and Logic at the Sydney University, and to Archbishop Polding, St. Mary's Cathedral. The letters were from a professor of Trinity College, Dublin, and referred to Mr. McCombe as being a distinguished M.A. of that University. Dr. Polding introduced him to his Education Board, which I think consisted of Messrs. Dalley, Butler, Plunket, Duncan, and others, whose names I forget, all men of great ability, who, on seeing Mr. McCombe's testamur, gladly accepted his services, and appointed him head teacher of a large school at Kangaroo Flat, situated near a populous gold field.

There was a large school building at Kangaroo Flat, with an attendance of one hundred and thirty, which necessitated the appointment of an assistant, who happened to be an eligible young man of studious habits.

On being placed in charge by the district clergyman, Mr. McCombe made it his special business to ascertain the degree of knowledge which the children possessed, and classified them in accordance with their intelligence. After the lapse of two years the number of pupils increased to nearly two hundred, when an additional room had to be erected.

There were six pupils in the fifth class, five boys, and a half-caste girl named Mary Lee, fifteen years old, the daughter of a well-to-do Chinese storekeeper. Mary was good-looking; still her oval face and jet black hair denoted a slight tinge of the Flowery Land origin. She was, however, gifted with a great memory, and was intellectually the best scholar in the school. Taking the school as centre, an imaginary circle described with five miles radius would embrace five other schools, two national and three denominational.

I was not at this time acquainted with Mr. McCombe, but I knew intimately the other five teachers, who met weekly at the national school, beside the police station, to discuss, as they termed it, "difficult problems in Arithmetic, Geometry, and Algebra." The teachers of the national schools were named Harrison and Treehey, both untrained. The former was pompous, sour in temperament, and aggressive in manner; he was a great talker, had a smattering of many subjects, concluded he was a profound scholar, and impressed that so much on the other teachers that they took it for granted, and styled him "professor." Mr. Harrison was a martinet in school, treated the children harshly, which he designated "enforcing discipline," and as a consequence scores left his establishment and attended the denominational school at Kangaroo Flat. Mr. Harrison was annoyed at this, and denounced Mr. McCombe and his teaching in violent terms.

On my first visit to Mr. McCombe's school to collect statistics, I was surprised at the beauty of the place. The front and sides of the building were laid out in walks, and the beds, representing geometrical figures, were profusely studded with choice flowers in bloom, including the *Cytisus Aburnum*, the *Rhododendron*, and *Lobelia Cardinalis*, while Cloth of Gold, various-coloured roses, and carnations presented a great display.

The assistant, who was teaching a class in singing, informed me the head master was lecturing to the advanced pupils in the Academy, pointing to a clump of trees about one hundred yards from the school. "I did not think," I said, "that you taught the pupils on Saturdays."

"We teach every day in the week, and devote Sundays to giving the children religious instruction."

I rode up to the Academy, where I saw the teacher, coat off, standing before a blackboard, with six pupils sitting at a rustic desk in front. He was about thirty years old, fair complexion, unassuming in manner, and possessed a religious cast of countenance.

After obtaining the information I sought, Mr. McCombe told me he was teaching his matriculation class Latin composition, on the lines of Caesar's style, which he regarded as "the best for beginners, because it is characterised largely by the ablative absolute, and the accusative with the infinitive." The pupils had Eton Latin Grammars and other books on the desk, and seemed to be deeply interested in what the master had written on the board. The day was hot, and the trees afforded a cool shade. I asked why he preferred to teach outside. "Because my pupils can hear my instruction better, and will be free from the disquieting sounds of the singing class. Moreover, it is more classical to teach in a grove than in a building devoid of acoustic properties. Miss Lee," he continued, "kindly tell this gentleman why we call this an academy."

"It is," said Miss Lee, "because a grove near Athens was called an academy, where Plato and his followers held their philosophical conferences; hence it was a school of philosophy."

"I explain to my pupils," said Mr. McCombe, "every matter of interest relating to the illustrious teachers mentioned in the Classics. I have named the new room the Porch, to symbolise the great hall where Zeno and his followers taught their philosophy, and I have styled the schoolroom the Lyceum, after Aristotle, the founder of peripatetic philosophy."

I congratulated him on the beautiful appearance of his school, and remarked, "You must feel

very contented in the noble work you are engaged in."

"Yes," he said; "my duty is a sacred one. I delight in teaching the children, who are the embryo of the future generation; but still I have been subjected to annoyance by a malicious person in the district, who has written anonymous letters reflecting on my teaching and my school."

"Do you know the person?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have the clearest proof that they were written by a school teacher named Harrison, whom I have not seen. I am, however, aware that a number of pupils, whom, it is said, he treated harshly, left his school, and were brought here by their parents—probably forty, or more. This doubtless gave rise to the ill-feeling, but I had nothing to do with it. I do not claim to be free from imperfections, nor do I subscribe to the classical allusion recorded of Seneca's wife, who, to conceal her own blindness, asserted the whole world was in darkness." On leaving, Mr. McCombe enjoined me to call frequently to see him, and I promised I would do so.

On a Saturday, some months later, the five teachers mentioned asked me to accompany them on a visit to Kangaroo Flat and introduce them to the teacher at that place, and I did so. On the way Mr. Harrison inquired what sort of person he was. I remarked he appeared to me a perfect gentleman, who had very little to say. "I have heard," continued Mr. Harrison, "he is a conceited fellow, and conceals his ignorance by keeping to himself."

"I do not think he is ignorant, as no ignorant man could teach the classics, and he has several pupils who can read fluently Caesar's Commentaries."

"Does he know anything of Mathematics?" queried teacher Harrison. "I do not know further than this—that all his flower-beds are geometrical figures."

On reaching Kangaroo Flat, I found Mr. McCombe teaching his six pupils in the Academy. After a formal introduction, I intimated that teacher Harrison was a great geometrician. Mr. McCombe surveyed him closely, and said, "*Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno.*" This line from Juvenal would apply to Mr. Harrison were it not that all swans in this country are black."

"What are you teaching this class?" asked Mr. Harrison.

"Latin," replied Mr. McCombe.

Mr. Harrison picked up an Eton Latin Grammar, and, on opening it, asked the smallest pupil to read a sentence which he pointed out. The boy did so: "Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via." "Translate it," continued Harrison. "The way to good manners is never too late," said the boy.

"Does that assist you in grammar?"

"Yes, sir; it is a part of syntax, and shows that a clause of a sentence may be a nominative case."

"Where is the clause of that sentence?"

"The way to good manners, sir, is the clause."

"Why do you teach on Saturdays?" asked Mr. Harrison.

"Because," returned Mr. McCombe, "I love teaching, and Saturdays are the only days that I can devote my whole time to imparting instruction on special subjects to my advanced pupils, whom I am preparing for matriculation."

"Do you teach mathematics?"

"Yes; I teach mathematics and classics, as well as the rudiments of science, to this class."

"May I ask your pupils some questions in Geometry?" queried Mr. Harrison.

"Certainly; it will doubtless benefit them to be examined by a strange teacher, particularly by one of your high mathematical attainments."

"Well, then," said Mr. Harrison, "I shall ask the Chinese girl to stand at the blackboard."

"This child," interposed Mr. McCombe, "is Miss Lee, and I shall be pleased if you address her as such."

"Well, Miss Lee," said Harrison, "have you gone through the first book of Euclid?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the forty-seventh proposition?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is a theorem as distinguished from a problem, and its enunciation. In any right-angled triangle, the square described on the side subtending the right angle is equal to the squares described on the sides containing it."

"Prove it," said Harrison.

Miss Lee took the chalk, constructed the right-angled triangle, and the squares on the three sides, and in a masterly style demonstrated the proposition, without using letters, which gained for her the plaudits of the other teachers.

"I shall be glad," said Mr. McCombe, "if you will put some questions to Miss Lee on the properties of this great proposition."

"I cannot at present," replied Mr. Harrison, "think of any."

"Yes you can," interposed teacher Tierney. "Give her the question that we have discussed so long, and failed to solve."

"It would be scarcely fair," said Mr. McCombe, "to expect a young pupil to solve a question which five experienced teachers failed to do. However,

give her the question, and if it be a fair one she will try it; and if she fail, I shall solve it myself."

The teachers looked somewhat crestfallen at this pronouncement.

"The question is this," said teacher Tierney. "In a square, we will assume that the excess of the diagonal above the side is five, or any number, to find the side."

"A fair and very simple question," said Mr. McCombe.

"I can do it," returned Miss Lee. "It is an easy quadratic." She took the chalk, described a square, drew the diagonal, cut off the excess, which represented five. "Let x = the side, then x plus five will be the diagonal, as the squares of both sides are equal to the square of the diagonal by the forty-seventh proposition; hence we have the equation, $2x$ squared equals $(x$ plus five) squared," which she solved in a few seconds, to the amazement of the teachers.

"What," asked Mr. McCombe, "is the difference between the side of a square and the diagonal?"

"It is this, sir: that, when the side is one, the diagonal is the square root of two."

"Do you know of any rule for finding the side, when the excess of the diagonal is given, apart from reducing it to a quadratic?"

"Yes, sir; it is this: Square the excess, double it, extract the square root, to which add the excess, and you have the side."

"To whom are we indebted for this famous proposition?"

"Pythagoras, sir, who offered a hecatomb, or one hundred oxen, as a sacrifice to the Gods of Egypt, on the wonderful discovery. Its importance is said to be of great value in the higher mathematics, involving trigonometry, as all

triangles can be reduced to right-angled triangles."

"I have been told," said Mr. Harrison, "that you" (addressing Mr. McCombe) "knew nothing of mathematics, and am astonished at your vast knowledge in that branch."

"Then," replied Mr. McCombe, "you have been misinformed. I have spent many years under the best professors in Great Britain, in acquiring a knowledge of the Classics and Higher Mathematics, including conic sections, physics, etc. I presume you are not aware that I am Master of Arts of the Dublin University, or, as it is best known, Trinity College."

"That is a great distinction," said Mr. Harrison, "but what proof can you give that you are what you say? I could say that I am M.A. of Oxford, or Cambridge, and you could not disprove it."

"Well," replied Mr. McCombe, "I could readily disprove it, but it is not necessary for me to do so, as you do not claim to be M.A. of either University. I can give you irrefragible proof of what I assert; I have my testamur with the University seal stamped thereon, vouched for by the signatures of the principal officers, and Deans of the various Faculties, and I can refer you to Professor Woolley, of the Sydney University, who has a personal knowledge that I am what I say."

"Allow me," said Mr. Harrison, "to apologise to you for what I have said. I now believe that you are an M.A. I shall be glad if you will tell us your mode of teaching."

"I may tell you," said Mr. McCombe, who was somewhat excited, "that my system of teaching is altogether different from yours. I teach the pupils principally by lectures on the blackboard, and explain their lessons simply and fully. I also deliver numerous brief lectures to my ad-

vanced pupils on all important events, remarkable men of Great Britain and elsewhere, on Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and get them to note in their lecture-books all matters of special interest of importance."

The teachers inspected the school, which was well furnished with desks, maps, blackboards, a terrestrial globe, biological charts, etc. Mr. McCombe produced his Latin testamur as proof of his being M.A. The document was vellum, and bore the University seal of Trinity College, Dublin. The masters examined the seal and signatures, but that was all. Mr. McCombe, however, enlightened them by translating the contents. In looking over the lecture-books, the teachers found many extracts of interest, relating to warriors, poets, orators, etc., and one in Miss Lee's book under the heading the "Great Tribune."

"That portly form arrayed in olive green,
That head on which a scratch peruke is seen;
That countenance of true Milesian mould,
Oft waxing warm, but never calmly cold;
And lineaments that forcibly attest
The character in which he stands confess'd."

On a low shelf was a rectangular box, divided into seven parts, each part containing numerous insects. The teachers asked what the exhibits were for. "I have these," replied Mr. McCombe, "to illustrate my short lectures of Natural History. Miss Lee will please explain to these gentlemen what they desire to know about them."

Miss Lee, with a smile, approached and said, "These insects are different species, arranged by Mr. McCombe in their proper order."

"Why," asked teacher Clarke, "are they called insects?"

"Because they have a separation of their

bodies into two parts, that is cut or notched; hence they take the name from the Latin word *insectus*, cut."

"Why are they not in the same case?"

"Because it would not be proper that they should, as they belong to seven orders, according to Linnaeus, the great naturalist, and you see the compartments are numbered from one to seven."

"Explain to us how you know that all these specimens belong to seven orders."

"In No. 1 compartment," said Miss Lee, "you see black beetles; they have four wings, the two larger being crustaceous; the wings are in sheaths, and are called Coleoptera (*kolcos*, a sheath; *pteron*, a wing). In No. 2 you see cockroaches of several kinds; they have four wings, the two larger being semi-crustaceous; half one wing overlaps the other, and for that reason are called Hemiptera (*hemi*, half; *pteron*, a wing). You will observe in the third compartment a number of different-coloured butterflies; they have four wings, all imbricated with scales, and are called Lepidoptera (*lepis*, a scale; *pteron*, a wing). In the fourth are numerous flies having four wings interwoven with veins or nerves; these are called Neuroptera (from *neuron*, a nerve; and *pteron*, a wing). The fifth contains numerous bees differing in appearance, all furnished with four membranous wings, and a sting, and are designated Hymenoptera (*hymen*, a film; *pteron*, a wing). In the sixth there are numerous small flies differing in size, having two wings, and two balances behind each; these are called Diptera (*dis*, twice; *pteron*, a wing). The seventh contains centipedes and spiders; they have no wings, hence they get the scientific name Aptera (without wings). The numbers on each compartment represent the number of species in each order."

"These big names sound well," said teacher Treehey, "but it is foolishness, in my opinion, to lose time in studying such a subject."

"You are not a naturalist, nor a scientist," replied Mr. McCombe, "or you would not think so. The study of Natural History is probably the most instructive and interesting of all subjects, and no person can be said to possess great knowledge without having some acquaintance with Biology. The eye of the ordinary fly is a phenomenon in itself. It contains thousands of regular hexagonal facets, each one of which has a distinct vision. Those insects may appear small to you, as a great teacher, but not so to the Creator of all things. If these insects were seen through a microscope, children, and school children especially, would learn to respect the lives of beings so perfect and wonderful. To use the words of Shakespeare—

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suff'rance feels as great a pang
As when a giant dies."

"This is very poetical," returned Mr. Treehey, "but the fact remains that flies and insects are a nuisance, and are useless to man."

"It is sad to hear a teacher express himself so," said Mr. McCombe. "Insects, on the contrary, are of great use to mankind; they destroy numerous weeds in the bud, or extirpate them when full grown; they feed on carrion, live in dung, and destroy, disperse, and change noxious substances. In this way they keep the air purified, and promote the fertilization of the earth; they effect the impregnation of plants, and in other respects are most serviceable in warm climates. They produce honey, silk, dyes, galls, wax, lac, sealing-wax, medicines, oils used for hydrophobia, and even for toothache, etc."

On the invitation of Mr. McCombe, the teachers entered the additional room, where the assistant was engaged with a class of forty children.

Teacher Harrison asked what he was doing. "I am," said the assistant, "teaching singing according to the Tonic Sol Fa method."

"What is meant by the Tonic Sol Fa method?"

"The etymology of the words would, I think, explain that—tonic, tone or sound; and solfa, the gamut; that is, the proper pronunciation of the notes of the gamut, ascending or descending, as do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," and this was illustrated by the children running the scale up and down. Before leaving, the teachers congratulated him on the proficiency of his school, and complimented Miss Lee on the creditable manner in which she had acquitted herself.

"Yes," said Mr. McCombe, "Miss Lee is an exceptionally clever girl, and may one day become a great mathematician. She can at present find with the greatest ease a logarithm for any number. Her father, Dr. Lee, was educated at the great University, Nankin, and he has taught her thoroughly on the calculating instrument known as the Abacus, with the result that she can apply it to all forms of calculations in arithmetic, algebra, and logarithms. Baron Naper, the mathematician, has constructed a somewhat complex abacus, the principles of which can never be grasped by ordinary intelligence. It is possible that, if I remain here for any lengthened period, Miss Lee will produce a work on 'Mathematics Made Easy' that will entitle her to be ranked as a benefactor. I may mention before you leave that a children's concert, preceded by a lecture on education and the principles of teaching, will take place in this school on Wednesday night, when I

shall be glad to see you present." We thanked Mr. McCombe, accepted his invitation, and proceeded homeward. On the way teacher Tierney said: "We have seen and learnt much to-day. This school is a great college, and the master, both as a gentleman and as a scholar, has no superior in the Colony. We, as teachers of national and denominational schools in this district, are no better than the blind leading the blind, and should, like the Haruspices of old, turn our heads on meeting one another, lest we should laugh at our impostureship."

"I admit," rejoined teacher Harrison, "there is some truth in what you say."

"Yes," continued Mr. Tierney; "and you know it. You pose as a mathematician, and have shown to-day you know nothing about the subject. Your wanton insult to Miss Lee, properly rebuked by her teacher, does not say much for the courtesy or politeness of yourself or the teachers associated with you."

On the night of the lecture the school-rooms were decorated with British and Colonial flags, Chinese lanterns, and a profusion of scented flowers and waratahs; while in a marquee outside, Dr. Lee and his wife supplied refreshments gratuitously. The various clergymen and teachers of the district were in attendance, as well as a large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the school. The chair was taken by the Very Reverend, the Chairman of the School Board, who introduced Mr. William Quintilianus McCombe to the meeting. Mr. McCombe was dressed as M.A., with gown, hood, and trencher, and his appearance evoked much applause. After a dignified bow, he proceeded with his address.

"Knowledge is power, a truth by all confessed
When rightly used and heavenward bound is blest."

"This thought, it is said, emanated either from the philosopher Bacon, or the classic poet Pope; but whoever gave expression to it, the fact remains that the sentiment is correct. The distinction between a savage and a civilized life is knowledge. By instructing children in habits of mental discipline we promote virtue, and implant in their tender and pliant minds a sense of moral obligation. There are various kinds of knowledge, the first being what is termed necessary, that is, the natural instinct that prompts man to obtain food. This is expanded by cultivation into the useful knowledge, which relates to the arts of agriculture, providing clothing, and everything tending to promote a well-ordered state of society.

"Then follows ornamental knowledge, which makes a greater demand on the intellect, and it includes an acquaintance with painting, poetry, geometry, algebra, history, eloquence, music, drawing, the living languages, etc.; whilst the highest knowledge comprehends not only the subjects mentioned, but also abstract inquiries, physics, metaphysics, experimental philosophy, the dead languages, etc. God has created man for a divine appointed purpose. He placed him on this globe to perform the design of His will; He endowed him with numerous powers, including the divine gift of reason, and it is the cultivation of these powers and this gift in a proper manner that constitutes what is termed education.

"The word education has a wide significance. It is derived from the Latin *educare*, to lead out, to unfold, to train the faculties in such a manner, and with a view to such purpose, as the position of the child in society may justify or require, and to regulate those principles which govern the formation of character. The children to be operated on are of tender age, and no pains should be spared

to foster, to encourage, and to nurture them into an intelligent and vigorous manhood.

"Children have not only physical and intellectual, but also moral and spiritual, faculties, all of which should come under the care of education, and if any one of these faculties is neglected, then the education would be incomplete, as the training in all should harmonize.

"The great work, then, for the discriminating teacher is to foster, strengthen, and cultivate the faculties mentioned, especially the moral and spiritual ones, which govern the others. There is a large school of Philosophy extant, which scoffs at and ignores religious teaching; it is a fashionable school; it has a large number of adherents, and its influences produce absolute paganism. A religious training is all-important; nay, it is the indispensable aegis which every Christian should be possessed of to enable him to pass with safety through the trials and duties of life. St. Augustine (serm. 1500) says: 'Dic, Epicurus, quae res faciat beatum? Responde, Voluptas corporis. Dic Stoice; Virtus animi, Dic Christianae; Donum Dei.' That is, 'Tell us, Epicurus, what makes a man happy?' Answer, The pleasures of the body or senses. 'Tell us, Stoic, The virtue of the mind; tell us Christian, The gift of God.' So it is the gift of God that makes a Christian happy. Children should therefore be instructed intelligently on the Divine Revelation, and it should be impressed on their plastic minds that they were made to God's image, to know, love, and serve Him in this life, and be happy with Him in the next. This would give a religious formation of character, upon which the superstructure of their intellectual requirements could rest with safety. The Persians, in the days of Xenophon, had an intelligent conception of education; they removed

the instruction of the youth from the parents, and placed it in the hands of the State; this was done so that proper attention might be paid to the moral and intellectual training, and the result was in the highest degree satisfactory.

“The youth were brought up under the influence of precept and example, and the State was saved from the painful necessity of inflicting punishment. Morals with them were a practical science, the principles of which were first propounded by word of mouth, then by actual example, and daily practice. Thirty years ago there was a strong prejudice extant against educating the poor children, lest their enlightenment should produce discontent, but this benighted fallacy has exploded and vanished into thin air. Education does not promote discontent, but, on the contrary, lightens labour, and conduces to happiness. There are many good teachers in this sunny clime, and there are also many unsuitable ones, who possess no qualifications for instructing properly.

“It is extremely rare to find, even amongst the best teachers, one gifted with that peculiar instinct which characterises the young robin, which, though hatched in the oven, can go forth and build its nest, perfect in every detail, without ever having seen one. The fact is, ignorance in the teaching, and harshness in the discipline of our schools, which should approximate to second homes, take the place of aptitude and consideration, and consequently the children suffer. It is a grave mistake for masters to assist advanced pupils either too much or too little. I give assistance only when absolutely necessary. I teach the principles thoroughly, exhort them to think out and reason for themselves, and in this way they become masters of the subject. In one

instance, two of my best pupils, after devoting great pains to the solution of a question, failed; I proffered assistance, which they stoically declined, and finally triumphed. I shall not forget the joy they disclosed at their success; it was a great victory, for which I applauded them, and said it was only students of their character that distinguished themselves in the higher arts. Yes, it is only students who are fired by a noble ambition, who think and reason for themselves, who drink deep from the Pierian Springs, who hold, so to speak, 'converse with the mighty dead, who rule us from their urns,' who surmount difficulties and reach ultimate success.

"Knowledge is a deep mine, where poor students can dig as well as the rich ones, and in most cases with greater success. If the writings of Pindar, the greatest of the nine Grecian Lyrics, seem difficult to our comprehension, the fault is our own, and we should give the learned Theban the benefit of the retort, '*Intelligibillia non intellectuam fero*'; that is, 'I bring you understandable things, but do not profess to give you brains to comprehend them.' Many persons labour without aim; they take up classics, discard them; then mathematics, which are soon cast aside; they then soar to the solar system, contemplate the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and probably the Pole-fixed stars.

"Tired of star-gazing, they take up geology and paleontology, scrutinize the monster skeleton fossils of a Megatherium or a Labyrinthodon, close their studies, and pose as learned men. I would advise pupils to ascertain their particular forte, and pursue it with diligence, if they desire to succeed. A Milton would not have made a Bacon, nor would a Descartes have made a Fenelon. Each of these had his own sphere, and each revolved

in his orbit with marvellous brilliance. Such differences in preference and action might be regarded as so many radii extending from one centre, or so many beams from one refulgent orb. All their knowledge, however, does not cover illimitable space, which is the sphere of education. Yet we have teachers at the present time who regard a smattering in ordinary subjects as being a comprehensive education. The teachers of old appear to me to have studied the characteristics of youth more accurately than we do in this so-called enlightened age.

“Quintilianus, the Roman poet, and prince of schoolmasters, says: ‘Give me the boy who rouses when he is praised, who profits when he is encouraged, and who cries when he is defeated. Such a boy will be fired by ambition, will be stung by reproach, and animated by preference. Never shall I apprehend bad consequences from idleness in such a boy.’ Educated men are aware of the remarkable boy who was pronounced so stupid as to be incapable of learning anything. He was sent to various teachers, who could find no streak of intelligence in his nature. As a last resource he was taken charge of by the Jesuits, who treated him in their own masterly way. After a test in various subjects without result, he was exercised in geometry, which he found a congenial study, and soon outdistanced all his competitors in mathematics. This stupid boy, as he was termed by his teachers, was no less a personage than Clavius, the renowned geometrician.

“I use the blackboard largely in teaching, as the eye retains a lasting impression, and assists the memory, or, as Herodotus says, ‘The ears of man are less to be trusted than the eye.’ A healthy training improves the powers implanted

in us by Nature, and a sound cultivation in religion cannot fail to be productive of the best possible results, as it would be better that this great island continent should be laid desolate, and covered with thorns and briars, than that the minds of the rising youth, the gardens of their intellect, should be sapped by the pestiferous weeds which spring from ignorance."

The second part of the entertainment consisted of flute selections, cornet solos, songs, duets, choruses, recitations, and speeches by rote, in which the children acquitted themselves creditably. At the request of the audience, Mr. McCombe gave a song, which evoked much applause.

1. "Hark! the world is rent asunder,
Nations are aghast; and kings
(Mingling in the common wonder)
Shake, like humbler things;
Only thou art left alone,
Napoleon, Napoleon."
2. "Plague, from out her trance awaking,
Quits her ancient hot domain;
And War, the statesman's fetters breaking,
Shouts to thee in vain.
Both to thee are now unknown,
Napoleon, Napoleon.
3. "He who rode war's fiery billows,
Once, and ruled their surges wild
Now beneath Helena's willows
Sleepeth like a child—
All his soaring spirit flown,
Napoleon, Napoleon.
4. "In his grave the warrior sleepeth,
Humbly laid, and half forgot,
And naught beside the willow weepeth
O'er that silent spot!
Calm it is, and all his own,
Napoleon, Napoleon.

5. "But what columns teach his merit?
 What rich ermines wrap him round?
 None. His proud and plumed spirit
 Crowns alone the ground!
 Proud and pale, and all alone
 Thou art dead, Napoleon!
 O Napoleon."

This concert did much good in the district, and established satisfactory relations between Mr. McCombe and the five teachers, who for about twelve months afterwards attended his lectures on Saturdays. On one occasion I also was present, to hear his lecture on geology.

Close to the grove there were several huge granite rocks, two of which were dissimilar, but each had a weathered and crumbling appearance.

After carefully inspecting and noting their distinctive appearances, he said: "These two are granite rocks, both in course of disintegration. Granite is a primary rock, and under that generic name are included all crystalline aggregates of quartz, feldspar, and mica. The other primary rocks are syenite, porphyry, hornblende, gnesis, serpentine, and basalt; they are all crystalline, and true igneous rocks. From the lowest depths yet known to the highest mountain peaks all over the world, the granite form of rock is the most universal. There are two invisible but powerful agents which, under favourable conditions—that is, heat, moisture, light and electricity—weather and disintegrate rocks. These are the carbonic acid and the oxygen gas of the atmosphere.

"Carbonic acid and water are perpetually absorbed by rocks, which loosen the coherence between the particles on the surface, and produce decomposition, or crumbling. Now, feldspar is the principal component of the hardest rocks; it will withstand for some time the corrosive effects

of muriatic acid, yet it will readily give way to moisture charged with carbonic acid, and will fall into powder. The reason is this: the feldspar of the granite contains a large quantity of alkali, for which carbonated water has great affinity; the result is, the alkali is dissolved in the feldspar, the granite breaks and turns into dust. The condition of this granite boulder has been brought about by the agencies stated.

“Now, the second granite boulder shows reddish brown stains on the weathering (not withering) surface; it contains some different elements, and its colour indicates that it embraces some compound of iron.

“The oxygen of the atmosphere acts powerfully on iron, loosens the particles of rock, which crumble; while the carbonic acid acts on the feldspar, and both produce disintegration and powdered clay. What I have stated regarding these two boulders applies to all granite formations in the universe. In Wales the disintegration of the white porphyritic granite is of great importance. Many thousand tons of this clay are annually collected and manufactured into the most beautiful porcelain. The Chinese use similar material in their porcelain factories. In the West and South of Ireland the porphyritic granite contains various-coloured feldspar crystals, namely, white, red, or purple, and green, and when the granite is polished it is much esteemed as marble.”

Mr. McCombe dwelt on the minerals of the district, and explained how the fine particles of gold and silver came to be detached from the ancient rocks by disintegration, washed away by mountain torrents to valleys at a distance, and formed gold fields, etc., which gave employment to hundreds of thousands.

Mr. McCombe was a relation of Marshal McMahon's, and had an influential University friend in Paris, who pressed him to visit that city, where there would be more scope for his literary attainments. He acceded to the invitation, sent in his resignation, which was accepted with regret, and the occasion of his departure presented a scene of genuine sadness at Kangaroo Flat never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. On reaching Paris he received the appointment of lecturer in philosophy in the famous Sorbonne.

Two of his late pupils at Kangaroo Flat subsequently distinguished themselves at the Sydney University, where they graduated in honours.

The Education Act of 1866 and the drastic measure of 1880 did away with denominational schools, and the teachers for the most part were transferred to the public schools. At this time the miners on the alluvial diggings around Kangaroo Flat abandoned the locality for more prosperous regions; hence the necessity for a school there ceased to exist. I passed the place a few years later, and was surprised at the change of scene it presented. The ruthless hand of the settler had wantonly destroyed the famous grove, or academy, as well as the school buildings and the geometrical figures, and nothing except my memory was left to recall the scholastic glory of the place. Mr. McCombe was probably the first teacher in the Colony who pursued a course of his own over an untravelled teaching route; hence he became a leader and a guide to teachers and to pupils alike, and demonstrated in his own person that culture was a great end of education, and that a knowledge of the Sciences and Arts refined the manners and made men to be mild and gentle in their conduct. I have known hundreds of teachers in the Colony since, many University men, but

found no one gifted with Mr. McCombe's aptitude.

Education, it is said, can form men after the image of the schoolmaster, but a Mercury cannot be carved out of every block of wood; and so it is that all the education in the world would not of itself make a Faraday, a Porson, a Locke, or a Newton. In such cases there must be an inborn talent, the gift of the Creator; for, as Cicero relates, "*Nemo vir magnus sine afflatu aliquo divino unquam fuit.*"—"Yes, the divine inspiration is the indispensable factor."

VI.

DORA DORAN AND THE MYSTERIOUS
KING.

“Deus est pectore nostro.”

—“OVIDIUS.”

DURING the fifties, hundreds of thousands of the bold peasantry of Ireland, forced by fate and landlords' unrelenting hate, left the Hibernian shores in sadness for the land of the stars and stripes in the West, where all persons willing to toil had an equal chance of bettering their condition. Many, too, at this period emigrated to Australia, beneath the Southern Cross, then better known as Botany Bay.

Amongst the latter was a young emigrant named Dora Doran, whose ancestors in the 15th century owned a large tract of the County Galway.

Dora from her childhood was imbued with a religious fervour and, before taking her departure, waited on the Parish Priest to obtain his blessing. The good man expressed his sorrow that a child so young should be constrained to leave her parents and country, and to seek a home in a foreign clime. After a brief meditation, he gave her his blessing, then took from a bracket in his study a small tablet of polished Connemara marble bearing the letters ^XJMJ, having affixed in the centre a miniature crucifix, and said, “I prize this tablet very much; it was blessed by Cardinal Wiseman, my relative. Nevertheless, I give it to you. Take care of it. Our Blessed Redeemer will protect you.”

The separation of Dora from her parents on the Galway mountains was marked by a grief that

could not speak. She felt she was leaving, never again to see her dear parents, and the thought nearly broke her heart.

In this condition of mind she knelt in front of the door, raised the blessed emblem in her hands, and sobbingly exclaimed, "Oh, my God! it is for my dear parents' sake that I'm going to seek my fortune in a far-off country. May the angel of God protect me, and ordain that I may return to them again." The parents and friends present responded, "God grant your prayer; God grant your prayer."

After a four months' passage, the emigrant ship on which Dora sailed arrived safely in Port Jackson Harbour, when Dora and her many companions were landed, and conveyed to the Immigration Barracks, near St. Mary's Cathedral, under the management of Mr. Wise. There was a brisk demand for female servants at the time, and Dora was fortunate in getting a good mistress and 14/- per week. While in this situation she made the acquaintance of the Venerable Archdeacon McEncroe, a native, I think, of Cashel, Co. Tipperary, and a pioneer priest, who took a special interest in her spiritual and temporal welfare, and remitted on her behalf within four years the sum of eighty pounds to her parents.

The marvellous finds on the gold fields at this period changed the condition of labour in the Colony, and thousands left the city for the various gold fields, where prosperity reigned. Dora, too, was affected with the gold fever, in common with other domestics, and engaged with a Mrs. Grant, of the "Olympic Hotel," on the Braidwood gold fields, at 30/- per week. It was the best hostelry on the diggings, and admirably conducted; hence it was Dora was satisfied with her new engagement. She was twenty-one years old, above the

average height, slight build, large dark eyes, regular dentition, and a splendid head of jet-black, wavy hair, worn *a la chignon*, the prevailing fashion. Her graceful figure, refined manners, and kindly disposition had a marked influence on the visitors and patrons of the hotel, and they invariably showed her respect.

The various clergymen visiting the diggings on missionary labours held their services in a hall attached to the hotel. Dora supervised the hall arrangements, and did everything possible to promote the convenience of the clergymen in the discharge of their religious duties. Her exemplary conduct and pious mien became a potent factor for good amongst the miners, of every denomination, and it was generally acknowledged to be so, not only by her own clergyman, but also by worthy representatives of the English, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan Churches respectively, who on one occasion hazarded the belief that Miss Doran's influence for good bordered on the miraculous. The Irishmen on the field imagined she possessed—

“The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face;
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole;
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul,”

and her name could not be mentioned amongst them without eliciting an encomium such as “What a splendid lady she would be, if in a good position; what a saintly appearance she has. There is only one man on the diggings fit to be her husband, etc.” And these tributes were, as far as I could judge, well merited.

Doctor Codrington was at this time Coroner of the district, and there were three medical practitioners located on the fields. The Olympic was the favourite rendezvous for those gentlemen, as well as the higher class of visitors. On one occa-

sion I accompanied Doctors Codrington and Francis to the hotel for luncheon. Dora was not about, and the doctors inquired where she was. Mrs. Grant replied, "She is in her room. She is not well; she had a singular experience this morning."

"How is that?" queried the doctors.

"I sent her to Mr. Tyrell's store for a few things, and when returning a strange-looking man playing a harp met her on the way, accosted her by name, and said he was her guardian King. She was disturbed in mind, and told me in all seriousness she did not believe the man was a human being."

"A very mysterious King," said Dr. Codrington.

"Yes," replied Dr. Francis; "I see they are practising that game in Australia as well as in India, where strolling mountebanks and impostors waylay people on the highways, tell them their fortunes, and extort money from them. These vagrants proclaim themselves augurs, astrologers, and Gipsy fortune-tellers, and must be stopped with the utmost rigour of the law."

The doctors interviewed Dora, who was pale and nervous, but not otherwise affected. Dora corroborated Mrs. Grant's statement, and added: "I never saw a man like him. The music he played was so enchanting that I believed while it lasted I was listening to a heavenly choir. I was not frightened in the least, but I was surprised when he called me by name, and said, 'Dora Doran, I am your guardian.' I am now quite well, but I still faintly hear the sweet sounds of the music."

"Dora," said Dr. Francis, "you have had little experience of the world. These impudent strolling impostors are fortune-tellers, whom we must get rid of."

The two doctors and myself promptly decided to interview the mysterious King, and bring the vagrant to a sense of his responsibility.

On reaching the locality we could see no person, and concluded he had levanted, when suddenly we were almost entranced by the strains of sweet music, which filled the surrounding atmosphere with a heavenly melody, and simultaneously we saw a remarkably fine-looking man, almost beside us. He was clad in a flowing white silk cloak, cone-shaped cap surmounted by a crown, and an ivory sceptre or lituus suspended from his breast. He held in his hands a harp, or lute, apparently of ivory, on which he was playing, and close to him was a small cone-shaped tent. We felt at the time that we were in an enchanted region, so charmed were we with the music he discoursed. When he had finished, the mysterious King turned to us and bowed. Dr. Francis was the first to speak, and did so in a tremulous voice. "You are, I presume, a strolling Gipsy fortune-teller, an interpreter of dreams, or an augur of some kind, whose game it is to impose on the credulous, and to frighten women into hysterics on the by-ways. I regard you, and so do all sensible men, as a mountebank and an impudent impostor. You must therefore find some legitimate mode of employment."

The mysterious King took the ivory lituus in his right hand, when we noticed he had abnormally large and prominent eyes, which emitted a marvellous luminosity.

"Be it known to you," said the mysterious King in a prophetic tone, "that God loves the human race; that He does not abandon worthy creatures to the blind decrees of a fatal destiny, nor to the fantastical caprice of pagan deities; but He rules them by the immutable law of eternal

Wisdom. Dora Doran is endowed with the aegis or virtue, and is favoured by Heaven. You profess to care nothing for the Marsian Augurs, nor the village Haruspices, nor the strolling Astrologers, nor the Gipsy priests of Isis, nor the interpreters of dreams, nor necromancers, and you proclaim them impudent impostors. I am aware that frail mortals on this terrestrial globe do not feel surprised at what they see daily, and regard as common things, although ignorant of what they are; but if that happened which they never beheld previously, then they would call it a prodigy.

“I tell not fortunes by oracles, which your learned men call Theomancy; nor by ghosts, which they call Psychomancy; nor by shadows in the air, called Chaomancy; nor by sacrificial appearances, called Aruspicy; nor by precious stones, called Lithomancy; nor by walking in a circle, called Gyromancy; nor by colour rays, called Chromoscopy, or spectrum analysis; nor by any form of necromancy. God, the sovereign Lord and Creator of all things, has in all ages given divine power to mortals, whose lives of sanctity and virtue are known to Him, to tell fortunes in divers ways, to cure the sick, to calm storms, to speak unknown tongues, and even to raise the dead to life. He has by His Almighty fiat scattered mortal beings bearing His image in a small degree among the planets in the infinity of space, to note their actions, manners, piety, and faith, so that each may receive reward according to his virtue. In the universal world, which is the temple of God, mortals should be active, watchful, and of good counsel; and, to ensure this being so, certain guardians are charged to look after and direct them. These divine beings are only visible to few who are distinguished by virtuous qualities, but on occasions they manifest themselves to others who are not so distinguished, for some sufficient

reason. Remember that the souls of mortals, when freed from the service of the body in sleep, disclose a foresight of things that will happen; the souls do not die with the bodies, because they are immortal, but return to their everlasting abode in Heaven, the virtuous and upright having a more speedy entrance to eternal life than those stained with imperfections, which must be purified to render them worthy of participating in eternal bliss. You, O medical men, are limited in your knowledge of God's ways and powers; hearken therefore to His Voice, which is the thunder that shakes this globe, and the living air that surrounds it. Even the great founders of your profession, Aesculapius and Galen, are unknown to you."

The voice, and the awe-inspired manner in which the mysterious King delivered the foregoing dissertation, were truly majestic, and impressed us very sensibly. Doctor Codrington in a few moments said, "Neither Aesculapius nor Galen was an augur or a fortune-teller."

"Yes," replied the mysterious King, "both those great mortals were augurs, and remarkable for vast knowledge in psychology; it was they who first interpreted the talking of birds (*avis garrit*), and placed their exegesis on the oracle code, which formed a key to the prosperity or adversity of the human race."

"What good," asked Dr. Codrington, "did augurs do at any time?"

"They did so much good," replied the mysterious King, "that the Roman King Numa Pompilius established them as a priesthood, and ordained that great honours should be paid them. You have forgotten history, or you would have known that in the first Punic war, Claudius, the Roman General, was warned by the augur not to proceed

with the war at that time, as his chickens had refused to eat—a very bad omen. Claudius would not hearken to the augur's warning, but in defiance ordered the chickens to be thrown into the sea, saying contemptuously, 'If they will not eat, let them drink.' Claudius was disastrously defeated, and returned in disgrace to Rome. Caesar, however, had more reverence for the fates; as, when at Adrumatum, in Africa, with his army, he tripped and fell on his face, which he recognized as a bad omen, and, realising the warning, he spread his arms on the earth and exclaimed, 'It is thus I take possession of thee, O Africa,' and he did so."

"How did you find out our professions?" queried Dr. Francis.

"I know the names and professions of all mortals whom I behold," replied the mysterious King.

The medical men, without making any further observation, walked away, and, after making a reverent bow, I followed them. On proceeding about two hundred yards, they stopped and said they owed the fortune-teller an apology for seeming rudeness; hence it was they returned to the spot, when lo! there was no appearance of the man or his tent, but the air vibrated with the departing strains of celestial music, which in a few moments gradually died away.

The medical men were unmistakably disconcerted at not having the opportunity of offering an apology. "Francis," said Dr. Codrington, "this is an extraordinary affair. I never felt, as I do at present, such a religious fervour. I realize that God Himself is within my breast; hence I might say, in the words of Cato:

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us
'Tis Heaven itself that points an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man."

"It is a wonderful case," responded Francis. "Perhaps our friend can throw some light on the mystery."

"I am of opinion, doctor, you disclosed profound ignorance in psychology."

"How is that?" he asked.

"Because I recognized at once that the extraordinary being was no strolling fortune-teller, but was, in fact, an apparition."

"How did you arrive at that conclusion?"

"Because it was forced upon me, as, in the language of Dryden:

'I saw, I saw him manifest in view
His voice, his figure, his gesture knew.'

"Nonsense," ejaculated Dr. Francis; "only fools and weak-minded people believe in apparitions and dreams, a fact which has been thoroughly demonstrated."

"It may have appeared so to your mind," I rejoined, "which has only reached the stage of wonder, and the great Divine Horseley says that 'no wise man should wonder at anything that happens, as it is a principle even of piety, but wonder which ends in wonder, and is satisfied with wonder, is the quality of an idiot.' The Bible contains references to apparitions and dreams, and you profess to be an authority on Biblical matters."

"You cannot," he said, "refer to one text in the sacred volume in support of your apparition theory."

"Well," I replied, "I'm not a great reader of the Bible, nor have I the memory of a Cardinal Mezzofanti, but still I have read in the Book of Job, 'When deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling; then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form

thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence then, and I heard a voice.' The raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor is another instance recorded in the Bible."

"Francis," interposed Dr. Codrington, "you might well exclaim with Hugo Grotius that you have spent your life so far in learning nothing."

"I am glad," I continued, "that you have mentioned Grotius in this connection. He was a philosopher, a soldier, and a statesman; he says in his work on the 'Christian Religion,' 'This we know for a truth, that ghosts have not only been seen, but heard to speak.' It is recorded that Caesar's apparition appeared to Brutus, and it is also said that Socrates, one of the wisest men of antiquity, had a demon continually attending him, which he consulted on all occasions. I presume you have read Dr. Abercrombie's 'Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth.' If so, you will find that eminent member of your profession has arranged dreams into four classes. In each class he has given several well-authenticated instances of their having been realized, but how does he reason out the phenomenon? Simply that the dreams and their verification were coincidences; in fact, accidental. Surely no one in his senses, except yourself, would accept that as a satisfactory psychological solution. But this is not all. Locke, in his 'Essay on the Understanding,' is confirmation strong on this important question, as are also Dr. Johnson, Montaigne, and other learned men; and if you consider these men of weak intellect, then I would prefer to be on their side than that of a strong-minded materialism. There are many secrets of Providence, besides the apparition we have just beheld, which mortals cannot divine;

and, what is more,, it was not intended they should."

"A crushing rejoinder," interposed Dr. Codrington.

On reaching the hotel we all felt prostrated, when the medical men prescribed pale brandy as a restorative. Numbers of miners, having heard of Dora's trying experience with the mountebank fortune-teller, came to the hotel at night to sympathize with her, when they expressed their determination to make short work of all impostors of that genus who made their appearance on the field in future. It was then decided that they should mark the occasion in a practical form, and this resulted in £30 being raised and presented to Miss Doran as a souvenir of their esteem.

Dr. Codrington returned to Braidwood next day, filled with the incidents of his psychological adventures, while Dr. Francis became so ill that he did not regain his normal health for some months.

About twelve months later Mr. Grant received an important letter, bearing the signature of Comte Van Del Esperanza, who was then in Melbourne, informing him that he intended visiting the Braidwood Gold Fields for a a few weeks, in the interests of geological science, before returning to his estates in Belgium; that he required three rooms and accommodation at the Olympic for that time for himself and his valet, and that they would reach the diggings on a fixed date. Mr. Grant, who had an aristocratic leaning, was delighted at the prospective importance which the patronage of so distinguished a visitor would give the place, and, to ensure that the visit should be widely known amongst the diggers, he had two dozen copies of the missive posted in prominent places on the field.

On the arrival of the distinguished visitors they were shown to the rooms, which were lavishly furnished, and Dora was selected to the honour of attendant. The Comte was 34 years old, slight build, dark complexion, clean shaved, well dressed, and clerical appearance. An hour after his arrival the Comte's banner of yellow silk, bearing his coat of arms, the anchor of Hope, floated from the hotel mast.

In order to become known to the miners, the Comte gave a banquet to a number of the principal residents, nominated by Mr. Grant, which proved a most successful function. When the feast was concluded, the Comte rose from his seat, and desired that Mrs. Grant should be called in, and that lady was quickly in attendance, beaming with smiles. "I wish," said the Comte, "to express my sense of satisfaction at the high-class accommodation, and the unsurpassable attention, which I receive at this hotel, for which I thank Mrs. Grant, to whom I feel under very considerable obligation. I think, therefore, that the present is a fitting opportunity, surrounded as I am by the principal residents, to mark my sense of it in a small way. I have therefore much pleasure in presenting to Mrs. Grant a souvenir of my respect and esteem." The Comte then drew from a Mosaic box, handed him by his valet, a marvelously beautiful diamond brooch, and a diamond ring, and handed them to Mrs. Grant, to whom he said, "Please accept these articles from Comte Van Del Esperanza as a souvenir of his esteem."

The brooch was a swallow pattern, studded with costly diamonds, and both articles were admired by the gentlemen present.

Mr. Grant returned thanks for his wife, and said: "The gifts are of great value, but the value is increased fourfold from the fact that they have

been presented by Comte Van Del Esperanza, whom my wife and self will never forget."

The Comte's liberality established his popularity with the residents, and, as was but natural, Mrs. Grant could not do too much to serve him. Some time afterwards, the superior style of Dora attracted his attention. He passed many encomiums on her appearance, and remarked to her one day, while in attendance upon him, that in all his experience he had not met, either in his own or in any other country he had visited, a lady that combined so many attractions, and added in a serious tone: "I am a single man, and the owner of vast estates; I am desirous of a suitable partner for life, and I place at your disposal my hand and heart. Here," he added, "is a small souvenir of my affection." placing on the table before her a beautiful diamond brooch, crescent pattern, and a diamond ring, both of great value. Dora nearly fainted at the unexpected proposal, and on recovering her equanimity, hurriedly left the room, without making any response. She promptly saw Mrs. Grant, and asked to be relieved from the duty of attending on the Comte. On being informed of the reason, Mrs. Grant exclaimed: "Why, Dora, you are the luckiest being alive to get such a chance. If you refuse the Comte and marry that storekeeper Tyrell, you deserve to be a servant all your life. Consider the matter well before you refuse."

Just at this juncture the Comte came into the room and repeated the offer he had made to Dora, and said if she accepted him the marriage would take place promptly, as he intended returning to Europe shortly. "I am just speaking to her about it now, Comte," replied Mrs. Grant, "and I think it will be all right."

The news soon spread that Dora and the

Comte would be married in a few days, which caused somewhat of a sensation. The hotel was filled that night with Dora's friends, congratulating her on her good fortune; but Dora's manner disclosed no jubilation over the prospective union. The Comte, too, was seen, and heartily applauded for the selection he had made, and the honour he had conferred on the residents.

Two days afterwards Miss Doran called at the police camp to see me. I noticed she wore a troubled appearance—yes, she seemed to suffer from a depth of woe “which tears could never speak.”

I asked if she were ill. “I am very ill and much distressed.”

“I am sorry,” I remarked, “that you are ill just now, when you are, I understand, going to marry the Comte.”

“There is no truth in the story,” she replied, “and it is the strange conduct of Mrs. Grant and the Comte that now troubles me.”

“Mrs. Grant has no right, nor the Comte either, to interfere with you in your own concern, and I shall see them on the subject,” I replied.

“I feel,” rejoined Miss Doran, “that I am in danger. The Comte has made Mrs. Grant the recipient of two diamond brooches and two diamond rings, and he would not do that unless he had some purpose to serve. I had a dream last night that the Comte was in the act of killing me, when the mysterious King came on the scene and saved me. I awoke screaming, and in dreadful fear.”

“Dora,” I said, “the doctors and myself had a significant interview with that extraordinary personage, who said you were a virtuous mortal, and led me to believe he was your guardian. As I am convinced it was an apparition, I believe in guardian angels, and you may rest assured that

when an angel manifests himself, there must be some grave necessity for such. However, fear not; you must leave the hotel and Mrs. Grant at once, and stay at the Royal for the present. I shall accompany you to the Olympic, and see that no person interferes with you." I put on my uniform and proceeded towards the hotel along a circuitous path. Miss Doran was in my view until the path took a turn through some dense scrub, when I lost sight of her. In a couple of minutes I heard a scream in the direction, and fancied something unusual had occurred. I ran quickly to the place, when I discovered with surprise that the Comte was endeavouring to catch her, no doubt for some sinister purpose. I exclaimed in a loud voice, "Stop, at your peril!" and pointed my horse-pistol at him. The rascal, on seeing the weapon, threw himself on the ground like a poltroon, and protested he meant no harm. I warned him that, if he interfered with her again, I would put him in gaol, which was the proper place for such characters, but he did not reply.

On reaching the hotel, I noticed Mrs. Grant wearing the splendid jewellery she had received from the Comte. "Dora," said Mrs. Grant, "you are a foolish girl, and I am displeased with you."

"I cannot help that," replied Dora. "I am thankful for your many kindnesses. I now leave your service, and wish to remove my property, if you do not object."

"Certainly, you may remove it," said Mrs. Grant; "but I am sorry that you are leaving, as I not only liked you, but I love you," saying which, she burst into tears.

I accompanied Dora to the Royal Hotel, to make arrangements for her return to Sydney. A few days after my contretemps with Comte Van Del Esperanza, I received a communication from

the Police Superintendent, Goulburn, containing the photo of a criminal named Bland, alias Brigstock, charged with the robbery of a jeweller's shop in Melbourne. The description of the offender was carefully given, with a foot-note that it was strongly suspected he had murdered his wife on the Mount Blackie gold fields. It was recorded that the criminal was well educated, could speak three languages, and posed as a geologist. I carefully read the list of jewellery stolen, and noted that one brooch was of crescent shape, with thirteen diamonds. I had no difficulty in concluding that the Comte was an impostor, and identical with the criminal Bland, alias Brigstock. I promptly put on my uniform, armed myself with a horse-pistol, and proceeded to the Olympic, where I saw the bogus Comte's valet, John Houston, and asked him where the Comte was. "He went to Braidwood at 3 p.m. to-day with a parcel of gold, and I don't know when he will return," said Houston. On further inquiry, he added, "He took all his valuables with him. I do not know much of him; he employed me in Melbourne as a valet, gave me a suit of clothes, and promised me good wages, but so far he has not paid me any, and I'm afraid he does not intend to do so."

I interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Grant at the hotel, and asked them where the Comte was. "He is gone," said Mr. Grant, "to Braidwood with a parcel of gold which he purchased yesterday from two miners. He will be found at the Doncaster Hotel, and he may not be back for a few days." I showed Mr. Grant the photo I had received that afternoon, and said, "do you recognise it?"

"Oh, yes; it is a capital likeness of the Comte," and this opinion was corroborated by Mrs. Grant, who considered it "a speaking likeness." "Why," she continued, "I could not get one from him."

"Have you, Mrs. Grant, received any jewellery presents from the Comte?"

"Yes, of course I have—two diamond brooches and two diamond rings, the equals of which are not in Australia. I thought you had seen them." Mrs. Grant produced the articles, which were no doubt expensive ones. "Here," she said, pointing to the crescent brooch and a small diamond ring, "are the ones that the foolish Dora refused."

"I presume you were not aware how the Comte became possessed of these expensive articles when you received them?"

"I was not."

"I shall have to retain the articles for the present, until I have an interview with him, as I have a strong suspicion that they are part of an extensive jewellery robbery." Mr. and Mrs. Grant were terribly upset at this revelation.

"Well," said Mr. Grant, "it is a strange affair, and the only thing I regret is that my wife has acted so foolishly, and run the risk of being charged as the receiver of stolen property. I have already cashed several cheques of his, and I know I'll be a great loser. Dora is the only one that will come out of the affair with credit."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grant, bursting into tears; "I have been foolish, but who would have thought that a Comte would have acted dishonourably?"

When leaving the hotel, the valet came up to me and said cautiously, "If you want the Comte on some charge, don't lose a moment, as he will leave Braidwood early in the morning, and you must not think that he will return here."

The night was dark and wet, so that I could not proceed in pursuit until daylight. I reached Braidwood at 7 a.m., and found he had left by the mail-coach for Goulburn at 6 a.m. I knew the coach would change horses at Boro, thirty

miles from Braidwood, and the passengers have dinner. I continued the pursuit with all speed, and on reaching Little Boro, near the Shoalhaven River, took a short cut by Lake Bathurst, and reached the Mounted Police Station at Tarago before the mail. I informed the Corporal in charge of my business, and he accompanied me to Mrs. O'Brien's hotel, to await the arrival of the coach.

Presently the cracking of a whip was heard, and in a few minutes the vehicle drew up at the door, when the Comte, wearing a disguised suit, alighted, carrying a large carpet-bag, and came into the parlour where we were. On seeing me he seemed surprised, and was about to withdraw, when I said, "You are, I believe, Comte Van Del Esperanza?"

"Yes," he replied, "that is my name."

"Well, Comte, to shorten the conversation, I now arrest you on the charge of robbing a jeweller's shop in Melbourne; the property stolen consisted of an extensive assortment of jewellery, bank-notes, and sovereigns."

"You make a great mistake, and will suffer for it," returned the Comte.

"I don't think so," I replied. "Look at this photo," which I placed before him. "Do you recognize it?"

The Comte scrutinized it for some time, then turned the back, read the description of the criminal Bland, alias Brigstock, and gravely replied, "It is meant for me."

I searched his carpet-bag, which contained a large assortment of jewellery, a parcel of thirty ounces of gold, a number of Melbourne bank-notes, and several sovereigns. I compared the jewellery found with the list, and it corresponded. I showed him the brooches and rings received from Mrs. Grant, which he said were his property.

"How do you account for the possession of so much jewellery?"

"It is," he replied, "sufficient for you to know that I am a jeweller, and the articles now in my bag form my stock in trade."

I took the offender and his jewellery to Goulbourn next day, when Captain Zouch, Superintendent, Southern Patrol, telegraphed to Captain McMahon, Chief Commissioner of Police, Melbourne, apprising him of the important arrest, and recovery of the property. In a few days an officer was sent from Melbourne, who identified the offender, and in due course he was remanded to the southern city, where he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

On my return to the diggings, I was congratulated on all sides for the important service I had rendered the community, and in a brief period, through my representations, the parcel of gold found on the bogus Comte was returned to the two miners, whom he had defrauded by means of a valueless cheque.

The excitement consequent on the capture and conviction of the bogus Comte, whose criminal history disclosed sensational episodes of cunning rascality, had scarcely subsided, when a more pleasing incident occurred, which gave unbounded satisfaction to the residents.

As previously stated, Mr. Tyrell was the principal storekeeper. He was an Irish-American, and of unimpeachable integrity. His love for Dora was intense from the first day he beheld her stately appearance, and was full of anxious cares, which she did not fail to perceive. She, after some time, satisfied herself that Mr. Tyrell was a man of good reputation, when she gradually liked him, respected him, and finally loved him for his virtuous and exemplary life.

The marriage of Dora Doran and Sarsfield

Tyrell took place amidst exultations of the residents, and was such an union as Middleton had in his mind's eye when he wrote:

“What a delicious breath marriage sends forth,
The violet's bed not sweeter, Honest Wedlock
Is like a banqueting house, built in a garden
On which the spring flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours.”

Mr. Tyrell was a man who looked after his business, which rapidly improved after his marriage, and he retired three years later, a comparatively wealthy man. On the disposal of his property on the gold fields and in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell decided on bidding farewell to Sunny New South Wales. They proceeded by steamer to Ireland, and reached Dublin in the month of June, where they were met by Dora's parents, when a most pathetic scene of parental love and filial affection took place.

The happy people, after a few days' sojourn in the Metropolitan City, proceeded by cars to Galway, visiting *en route* many ruins and remarkable places. On arrival in the historic city of the West, they were met by several clergymen and a large number of Dora's friends, who gave them an enthusiastic reception. Dora and Mr. Tyrell were sensibly affected by the kindly feelings manifested, and marked their sense of it by giving each poor person a substantial souvenir.

Preparatory to Dora's visit to her parents' residence, a general invitation was issued to Mr. Doran's friends to assemble at his home on the Mountains on a certain date, to participate in the rejoicings of Mrs. Tyrell's return to the place of her birth, and it is needless to say a large number responded. Special invitations were sent to the Parish Priest and his Curates, the landlord's agent, and other persons of note.

On the appointed day Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell, accompanied by a number of clergymen, drove to Mr. Doran's residence in the afternoon, where everything was in readiness for the evening's great function. Numbers of the neighbours had already assembled, who, in bare heads, manifested their joy at the wanderer's return.

The times had changed during the previous ten years, and the appearance of the old home had very much changed for the better, consequent on substantial improvements having been effected. The parents and friends met Dora and her husband near the door entrance, and tendered them a loving welcome. Dora was not unmindful of the past, as in a moment she drew from her bosom the polished, rectangular piece of Connemara marble, bearing the initials JMJ^x , knelt before the door, raised her hands, bearing the blessed emblem, and offered her heartfelt thanks to God for the blessings conferred upon her, and for granting the favours she prayed for ten years before, when leaving her home and kneeling in the same place.

The worthy Parish Priest was moved to tears by this act of genuine piety, and, remembering that it was he who had given her the marble tablet before she left Ireland, called on the people to kneel, when he recited the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, as a thanks-offering for Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell.

Suitable arrangements had been made outside for accommodating the large gathering of neighbours, who did justice to the abundance of good things provided, while a marquee was erected for the specially-invited guests, where the catering arrangements were faultless.

The surrounding hills and dales appeared all in a blaze, consequent on the numerous bonfires made by the residents; and these poor people, who

in their own way sought to do her honour, were not forgotten by Dora, whose forethought enabled them to dance and sing, to fill the bowl, to cast away sorrow, to hope for brighter days to shine on old Ireland, and to drink to the health and happiness of their beloved countrywoman and her worthy spouse. The worthy Parish Priest took the chair, while the vice-chair was filled by Lord Clanricarde's agent, an estimable gentleman, named, I think, D'Arcy. After doing justice to the varied substantials, the Very Reverend Chairman, in proposing the toast of welcome, dwelt in an eloquent strain on the sterling qualities of the Doran family, and paid a well-deserved tribute to Mrs. Tyrell, whom it was his privilege to have baptized; her career was characterised by singular piety, and her virtuous life should be emulated by every Irish girl in the country.

The Vice-Chairman, too, paid high compliments to Mrs. Tyrell and the Doran family. Mr. Tyrell said, though not born in Ireland, he was intensely Irish. It was his first visit to the Isle of Saints, and if God spared him and his dear wife, whom they had so much honoured, he intended to make it their permanent home. When driving through the country from Dublin he was amazed at the diversity of its panoramic beauties; the hedges on the roadsides abounded with apples, and crab-trees bearing ripe fruit, sloes, hazel-nuts, and blackberries appeared in profusion on all sides; the people were engaged harvesting, cutting turf, and in divers occupations, enlivened by the familiar notes of the corncrake, the cuckoo, and the prophetic warbles of praise to their Maker of the larks aloft in the thin air. The country seemed, in fine, a veritable paradise.

The Galway Mountains, too, in their sublime grandeur, intensified his impression, and reminded him of the couplet:

“These mountain scenes attest the might
Of Him who said ‘Let there be light.’”

The pious Parish Priest was regarded by many as a living saint, and it was the popular belief that he could, and did, work miracles.

Before leaving for America, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell called upon him to return their thanks for the services he had rendered them, when Dora handed him the cost of a set of new Stations of the Cross, and a stained-glass window for his church, to symbolize the blessed tablet he had presented her with when leaving for Australia. The good priest was much affected at the strong faith of Mr. and Mrs. Tyrell, and thanked them for their generous gifts.

“Dora,” said Mr. Tyrell, “thinks the blessed tablet has greater power than the Palladium of Troy.”

“Well,” replied His Reverence, “she is correct in doing so. The Palladium you mention was an idol, representing the mythological goddess Pallas; whereas Dora’s blessed tablet is a symbol of the crucified Redeemer of the World.”

“Is it true,” asked Mr. Tyrell, “that the Irish at any time possessed a stone which had miraculous power?”

“It is said so,” returned the priest. “Many historians, including Brayley, Fordun, Hollinshed, Sir William Ware, Chalmers, Buchanan, Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, as well as a host of early Irish writers, say yes. Tradition has identified this prophetic stone with that on which the Patriarch Jacob reposed his head when he saw the vision of the ladder reaching to Heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending,

in the plains of Luz. Some historians believe the stone was brought by Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, from Egypt many centuries before the Christian era, into Spain, and thence to Ireland, then known as Innis Fail—that is, the Isle of Destiny—by a prince named Simon Breck. It is, however, believed that the fatal or prophetic stone called Lia Fail was placed on Tara Hill by a Colony of the Tuath de Danens, or Dorans, and that it possessed the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder whenever any of the Royal Scythian race sat upon it for inauguration, and he only was crowned Chief Monarch of Ireland when the stone spoke. Unfortunately for the Isle of Destiny, a noble prince of Ireland, named Fergus, was permitted to remove the stone to Scotland, where he was crowned first King of that country, and the prophetic stone was never returned. The stone was for centuries preserved by the monks in their monastery at Scone until taken to England by Edward I., and placed in St. Edward's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and the monarchs of England have since been crowned upon it; so that you see that what was first Ireland's gift is now the Palladium of English power."

"Was it not very extraordinary for a stone to possess the power of speech?"

"Yes," replied the priest; "but I do not place implicit reliance on the historical statement."

When bidding good-bye, the clergyman placed his hands on their heads as they knelt before him, and said, "God bless you both, and may the Spirit of the Lord be upon you."

The career of Dora Doran was marked in a special manner by the love of God, which brightened her understanding and warmed her affections for her fellow-creatures. It was the opinion of many that she possessed an inexplicable power for

good, and that Heaven on many occasions responded to her humble prayers.

God, in the language of Publius Syrus, as also in that recorded in the "Mimes of Laberius," looks with complacency on pure, not full hands.

"*Purus Deus, non plenas adspicit manus.*" The stream of time rolls on to the vortex of eternity, carrying in its impetuous course wealth, genius, power, beauty, and all the frivolities of this sublunary orb; strong faith, and a virtuous life, are alone destined to survive the ruin.

Let us therefore, gentle reader, realize the stupendous fact that no security can be too great where eternity is at stake, and exclaim with Sturm, "O man, spectator of the wondrous works of God, adore with me the all-wise Being. Do not disdain to seek in apparently small objects the impression of His Goodness, His Power, and His ineffable Wisdom."

THE ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR KEATINGE,
THE NOTORIOUS IMPOSTOR AND
MOUNTEBANK.

"Nil hominē terra pejus ingrato creat."

AUSONIUS, Epigr. 140, I.

AMONG the many hypocrites, swindlers, rogues, and charlatans who have figured, in various roles, Proteus like, in New South Wales during the last forty-five years, the notorious Crouch, alias Mereton, alias Dr. Keatinge, the so-called eminent ex-Jesuit, was *facile princeps*. He was a plausible man, gifted with fluency of speech, very suave in manner, and possessed a marvellous power of gaining the confidence of ordinary mortals. I had some experience of this unparalleled Cagliostro on the gold fields in 1861, and this fact has led me to give a recital of some of his adventures, which may not prove uninteresting.

The origin of this Medicaster is involved in mystery, and hence it might be said of him, as of the hardened reprobate referred to by Virgil in the *Aeneid* 4, 365, "No goddess was thy mother, nor Dardanus thy father, but Caucasus, in horror drest with its flinty rocks, gave thee being, and the Hyrcanian tigress gave thee suck." It is surmised, however, that he was born in London, where he spent his boyhood.

In 1845 his mother died, and his reputed father, named Crouch, deserted him. In 1847 he was sent to his uncle in Mountfield, Sussex, where he remained for some time, but his refractory conduct and vicious habits became such, that his

uncle, in order to get rid of him, placed him in the Battle Union workhouse. In this institution young Crouch displayed much apparent concern to become a Roman Catholic, and, after considerable preparation, did so. The Reverend Mr. Melia removed him to Gravesend, where he received every care and attention from a Mr. Stillwell, who, after six months' probation, transferred him to Hastings, where he could more conveniently exercise supervision over him.

Later on Crouch was sent to London, under the personal control of the learned Dr. Faa, where he remained for two years, when he was sent to the Mission College, Rome, to undergo the necessary course of training for the priesthood. Crouch was not, however, more than three years at the College when his vicious proclivities manifested themselves; hence he was expelled, and sent back to England.

At this time Crouch possessed a good knowledge of the Latin and the Romance languages, which, if rightly applied, would have secured for him a respectable living. He called on Mr. Stillwell, his former patron, and informed him he had left the College, as he felt he had no vocation for a religious life. Mr. Stillwell, who had not so far received any intimation of his *protege's* misconduct at Rome, felt disappointed. Nevertheless, he took suitable lodgings for him, and supplied him with funds, until he could procure him a respectable situation; but the extravagance and misconduct of the developing genius forced Mr. Stillwell to stop supplies and discard him altogether.

Crouch visited Rome shortly afterwards, in the garb of a cleric, and by forged recommendations obtained the position of tutor to an Italian prince, at a good salary, and held it for about two years. At this period there were some special

festivities at Rome, and in connection therewith the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda gave a *conversazione* at his palace, to which all the Cardinals, principal clerics, and noblemen of the city were invited. It was held on a Thursday afternoon in the month of October, which, by a strange coincidence, happened to be the same day when thousands of young maidens and swains were assembled at the famous Villa Borgese. To that rendezvous a continuous stream of Roman citizens wended their way. Seats and stands surrounded this natural amphitheatre, within which the young people, dressed in gay colours and wearing garlands and coronas, formed themselves into fantastic groups, bent on some great performance. A long line of equipages of unique designs, having shields, crests, and armorial designs emblazoned in gold, and representing every degree of nobility, fringed the seats on the outside, from which the wives and daughters of the wealthy citizens, elaborately dressed, viewed the scene.

What occasioned the assembling of this vast multitude? Was it to commemorate a festival in honour of a Flora or a Diana, whose temple still exists beside the great Cathedral of St. Lazarus, Marseilles?

No; it was to celebrate the annual festival of the *Saltarello*, in which the Roman citizens take great interest.

The day was beautiful; the lovely surroundings of the Villa, the stately alleys, the diversity of the noble palaces, churches, and convents, over which the marvellous dome of St. Peter's shone in varied hues and majestic splendour, presented an enchanted spectacle of panoramic grandeur and picturesqueness which the inimitable Dr. Syntax had sought for in vain. The air vibrated with heavenly music and song, discoursed by the youth-

ful Romans, who proved themselves not unworthy representatives of an Orpheus, a Termosiris, or an Apollo himself. Oh, happy Italia; oh, innocent maidens; oh, joyous swains; Nature has been profuse in its kindness to you.

As the Saltarello was proceeding, a Cardinal in scarlet robes, accompanied by a chaplain, and followed by a miscellaneous crowd, *magna comitante caterva*, passed through the Porta del Popolo to the Villa Borgese, where he was received with peans of joy and profound reverence. Glasses were turned upon the great church dignitary from the carriages, but his individuality could not be ascertained. His youthful appearance, however, caused some surprise, and the opinion entertained was that Pio Nono had conferred the dignity on the young Monsignor to mark his appreciation of his transcendent ability. When the Cardinal was leaving, an Italian Comte placed at his and his chaplain's disposal his state carriage, in which they were driven to the conversazione in great pomp by liveried postilions. While alighting from the carriage at the Palace, however, a livery servant of the nobleman to whom Crouch was tutor discovered the imposture, and might have exclaimed with Perseus, "Show these trappings to the rabble; I know thee intimately inside and out." The mountebank Cardinal and his bogus chaplain were promptly arrested by a gendarme and lodged in durance. They were brought before the proper tribunal next day, stripped of their borrowed plumes, and given twenty-four hours to leave the city and States, on pain of being transferred to the Castle St. Angelo.

The bogus Cardinal and his dupe, on regaining their liberty, took flight to Florence and crossed the border. Crouch proceeded to Marseilles, where he posed as nephew of an English Archbishop, lived *en grand seigneur* at the Grand Hotel

du Louvre et de la Paix, and then suddenly disappeared, to the no small chagrin of the manager.

He next visited Sour, the Phœnician Tyre of ancient celebrity, wearing a scarlet fez with long tassel; waited on the Shiek, to whom he presented an introduction from the Islam of Constantinople, and expressed his admiration of the Mahometan religion, which he was at the time studying. As a special favour, the Shiek permitted him, wearing a Tarbush, to accompany the hadjis on their pilgrimage to Mecca to worship at the shrine of Mahomet, after which he journeyed on to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. He returned to England rich in experiences, and, under the name of the Reverend Arthur Mereton, settled down in London for a brief period, during which he occupied his time in executing a series of clever forgeries to aid him in the new enterprise which he had marked out for himself, "*sic itur ad astra.*" He arranged with the committee of the Bluecoat School, Bridgenorth, to deliver three lectures on the Holy Land, but the expense and trouble gone to in preparation for the distinguished lecturer went for nothing, as he failed to make his appearance. The bogus cleric next visited Bilston, waited on Mr. Edkin, of that place, and represented he was a friend of the Revd. Mr. Fletcher, who held a large sum of money belonging to him. He thus obtained money from Mr. Edkin on these fraudulent representations, and left the town.

Mereton was promptly captured, and in January, 1858, indicted at the Shrewsbury Sessions under the name of Edward Arthur Augustus Morton, clerk in holy orders, for false pretences, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and while in gaol occupied his time writing poetry.

sermons, &c. The first couplet of the "prisoner's complaint" runs thus:

"Stay, memory, stay; the aching thoughts of joy for ever past and
gone;
My life is now with misery fraught; in my sad cell I weep alone."

When he had served his sentence he was re-arrested for fraudulent representations, and sentenced at the Guildford Assizes to twelve months' imprisonment.

After his discharge he proceeded to Helmdon, waited on the Revd. Dr. Foster, whom he informed that he was now firmly convinced, after careful study of the question, that "infant baptism was unscriptural, and he desired to enter his Church." The Doctor re-baptised him, and his inclusion in the Baptist Church was regarded as a very important conversion. He preached in the Baptist Tabernacle to crowded congregations, but after a brief period he became involved in a breach of promise case, and disappeared without notice. The bogus cleric next turned up in London, where, through forged letters of introduction, he obtained money from the Revd. Newman Hall, Mr. Remington Mills M.P., and others. In January, 1860, he, in a new clerical suit, paid a visit to Bradford, with the twofold object of lecturing on "London Life" and seeking a wife. He put up at a very select establishment, kept by a Mrs. Bonner, a gay young widow, who was charmed with the powers of conversation and the good looks of the clerical bachelor. Both widow and cleric were poetical. The latter, in describing his feelings of loneliness, said, in Syntaxian metre:

"What's to be done, how can I cure
The restless something I endure?"

to which the young widow replied:

“A learned Divine, it may be said
Should know where to apply for aid;
And he who doth to others preach
Should have the means himself to teach.
And after all 'tis this same folly
That seems to make me melancholy.”

On the 23rd June following, this artful deceiver under the name of Arthur Henry Montague Mereton, clerk in holy orders, married the young widow in the Parish Church, in the presence of a distinguished party. They removed shortly afterwards to York, where he expected to obtain a curacy, but failed. The wife was not long in her new home when she discovered that her husband's real name was Crouch; but before she could obtain an explanation he levanted, taking with him all the available money she possessed.

Mereton, on reaching London, produced forged documents to Mr. King, clerical agent, who obtained for him the chaplaincy on board the ship “Boanerges,” then sailing with emigrants to Sydney, Australia.

In the latter part of 1861 I returned to the Braidwood gold fields from the Lambing Flat riots, when I noticed that three men had arrived a few days before, and occupied a slab hut on the Red Hill, Major's Creek, jointly with three prospectors. The names of the new arrivals were the Reverend Montague Mereton, clerk in holy orders, John Dunbell, and Adolphus Spohr, who was a phrenologist. Mereton was about twenty-eight years, five feet eight inches, medium build, dark hair and complexion, and had a pronounced Jewish profile; he was particular in dress, like the Greek judge mentioned by Cicero, *modo palliatus, modo togatus*. Dunbell kept a skittle alley, and did well.

A miner named Carl Schrader and family lived also on the Red Hill. Mereton frequently

visited the place, conversed with the old couple in French, and gained their confidence to the extent of getting a loan of £10. Four months after Mereton's arrival on the Creek, Schrader's daughter Marie accepted an offer of marriage from a young man named Turnbull, and both were about to proceed to Braidwood to have the ceremony performed, when Mereton interposed and said he would marry them without charge for their kindness to him, and he, as they thought, did so.

On the Sunday morning following the marriage, Charley Champagne, of the Great Alluvial Claim, reported to me that a large quantity of rich wash-dirt had been stolen from his claim during the night, and that he suspected Mereton and his companions as the thieves. I accompanied Champagne to prosecute inquiry, and discovered Mereton, Dunbell, Spohr, and the three prospectors in a creek about a mile from the township, just as they had completed the washing up. The explanations they offered as to the possession of the wash-dirt were unsatisfactory; consequently I arrested the six men for the robbery, and took possession of a billycan containing nearly twenty-nine ounces of gold, which Mereton had charge of. I placed the prisoners in the lockup for the night, and next morning escorted them to Braidwood. The case was heard before Mr. Bunn, J.P. Mr. Solicitor Scarvell defended the prisoners, having received £12 from Dunbell to do so. When the prosecution had closed, Mr. Scarvell made a powerful speech for the defence, urging, amongst other things, the want of identification of the wash-dirt, and the improbability of a distinguished clergyman, a tourist in the colony, taking part in such a transaction. The Bench considered a strong case of suspicion had been established; still it was thought a jury would not convict and

they were discharged. The gold was then handed over to the bogus cleric. Five of the discharged prisoners returned to Major's Creek that night, while Mereton remained in town till the following day, when he sold the gold at the Oriental Bank for over £100, with which he levanted to fresh scenes. On his companions hearing that their leader and principal in the recent robbery had cleared out, they were furious. Dunbell called upon me, stated he was a shipmate of Mereton's, and that the so-called cleric had violated two females on the voyage, and that he escaped being thrown overboard through promising to marry one of them on his arrival in Sydney; that it was Mereton who had proposed the robbery, &c.

A few days later Mr. and Mrs. Schrader called on me with the certificate of marriage received from the bogus cleric. I read the document to them, which ran nearly as follows:—

“I have this day joined in the holy bonds of matrimony Charles Turnbull and Moselle Schrader both of Major's Creek, in the Colony of New South Wales.”—Theo. Montague Mereton, Clerk in Holy Orders.

“Missionary *in partibus infidelium.*”

It was clear, therefore, that the bogus clerk in holy orders and missionary among the heathen had not married the girl Marie to Turnbull, but her mother Moselle, who was, as far as the certificate was capable of making her, a bigamist. The Schrader family were greatly distressed, as well they might be, and the girl Marie returned to her parents, pending further action.

I rode to Braidwood and saw Mr. Gurney, the District Registrar, who informed me the marriage had not been registered, and that the name of Mereton was not on the list of clergymen authorized to celebrate marriages, as required by 19 Vic.

No. 34. Charles Turnbull and Marie Schrader were married later on by a duly-authorized clergyman.

Mereton, after his escapade at Major's Creek, journeyed to Tasmania, where he remained until 1865, when he left on board the ship "Rifleman" for England, his passage being paid by Mr. McQuade in consideration of his acting as tutor to his children during the voyage. On reaching London he introduced himself to the Revd. Mr. Bowen, Chelsea, and, by means of forged credentials, obtained the curacy of St. Jude's, as well as £10 and a clerical suit, and then disappeared. He is next heard of as having entered Father Ignatius' Monastery, Norwich, taking the name Brother Manus; but monastic life did not suit the predilections of the impostor, who left the institution after a brief sojourn, and was not again heard of till 1872, when he was charged at the Worcester Assizes under the name of Arthur Henry Mereton, alias Keatinge, with uttering and forging documents purporting to be issued to him by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, on which he was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in Worcester Gaol and five years' penal servitude in Portland Convict Prison, respectively, with seven years' police surveillance. He was further indicted and convicted of uttering and forging letters of orders, and sentenced by Baron Bramwell to seven years' penal servitude; but, owing to a technicality in the indictment, the last conviction was quashed. Mereton would therefore, according to gaol regulation, be entitled to freedom in 1879, but would be still under police surveillance to the 10th June, 1886.

Mereton, alias Keatinge, after his discharge from gaol, fell across a suitable partner for missionary work in the person of a female named

"Polly," whom he designated "a lady by birth, a direct descendant of the author of 'A Serious Call to a Devout Life,' who possessed all the piety of the writer." The happy couple visited America in 1881 to try their fortunes under the stars and stripes. On arrival, he presented himself to Bishop Potter, of the Evangelical Church, and, by means of forged certificates, obtained a licence, after which he delivered lectures and preached sermons to large congregations in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, so that in a brief period his fame had spread through the States, where he was known as "Dr. Keatinge, the famous ex-Jesuit." He was patronized by the Revd. Henry Ward Beecher, whose pulpit he filled on various occasions, and was tendered a hearty reception by the pious Padre Chiniquay, *par nobile fratrum*.

These Arcades ambo prophesied great things, as the result of their united attack on the common enemy, but the partnership was soon dissolved by Mrs. Chiniquay, who denounced the bogus Keatinge for his rascally behaviour to herself. Nothing daunted, however, the wily hypocrite next published an *autobiographia literaria* designated "Ten Years in Rome," which bristled with sensationalism for the moment. This was replied to by Dr. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, and the Revd. Father Hecker, who demonstrated the untruthfulness of the statements, and exposed his various crimes of forgery, fraud, and imposture in England, with the result that the Revd. Henry Ward Beecher withdrew his patronage, and Bishop Potter his licence. Matters had now reached a crisis; the bogus theologian was disowned by his quondam friends, and in this extremity he travelled to Montreal, where he opened a correspondence with the learned Jesuit, Father Hamblin, of Quebec, with a view to enter the

Order, and to attain that object he would, *mirabile dictu*, even sacrifice his beloved "Polly." Ah, what a sudden fall; deceiver that thou art, you should not trifle with the gods. Knowest thou that "Vengeance is creeping silently and with slow pace to grasp scoundrels when she falls in with them."

At this time the Worcester "Police Gazette" notified that the offender Mereton, alias Keatinge, was wanted on various charges of fraud committed on Church of England clergymen, and also for failing to report himself to the police for comparative purposes, as a condition of his former sentence. An addendum to his description stated: "Keatinge passes himself off as a clergyman; he is well educated, a fluent and eloquent preacher, can speak several languages, including Hebrew, and is accompanied by a female named 'Polly,' who poses as his wife, and who is regarded as an expert forgeress." On his return to London from America, Keatinge interviewed the clerical agent, produced his credentials, and obtained from him £3 and a curacy under the Revd. Mr. Vincent Stafford, but the empiric failed to turn up. He had in his possession at this time an important document, which read as follows:—"Barrington House, W., University, London, May 11th, 1885. I hereby certify that Mr. Arthur G. H. Morton, of University College, obtained his degree of Master of Arts in this University in 1859, and Bachelor of Arts in 1845.—William R. Carpenter, D.D."

If this certificate or Testamur were genuine, the bogus cleric would have obtained his B.A. degree at twelve years, which is absurd. He had also credentials purporting to bear the signatures of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Brisbane, Lord Ebury, Lord Auckland (Bishop of Bath and Wells), and other distinguished gentle-

men. He next, by a clever device, obtained from the London clerical agent the curacy of St. Martin's, Worcester, and appeared before the Bishop of the diocese to have his appointment confirmed. The condition of his papers, bearing an unique seal two inches in diameter, attracted attention, and upon which information was sought. Dr. Keatinge said, "The condition referred to is easily accounted for. I was shipwrecked on the coast of Stromboli, in the Lipari Islands; I believed at the critical moment that, if I could only hold on to my ordination papers, they would save me. I held them aloft in my hand when battling with the waves, and both myself and my papers were saved in a miraculous manner."

"You are," said his Lordship, "a man of strong faith."

"Yes," returned the counterfeit; "I was never wanting in that. It is," he continued, "an historical fact that more than eighteen hundred years ago Caesar and Camoens were shipwrecked in the identical locality. They besought the aid of Jupiter, and as a result the former saved his Commentaries, and the latter his Lusiad, in a similar manner."

The Bishop, with a kindly smile, said, "A marvellous coincidence. I regard your explanation as lucid and satisfactory. I confirm your appointment."

Keatinge was now officially recognized as a clergyman *intra Ecclesiam Anglicanam*, and performed all the duties of curate in marrying, baptizing, &c., under the Revd. J. L. Wheeler, who, after a brief experience of his coadjutor, entertained suspicions, which he promptly put to the test. He examined the University Testamur carefully, and discovered it to be a forgery; the name Lyne, to whom it was originally granted, having

been erased, and that of Mr. Arthur G. H. Morton substituted. The Revd. Mr. Wheeler states:—"During the time he was at my house I advanced him several sums of money; I gave him a cheque for five pounds to pay his landlady in London, and five pounds in cash to meet his immediate wants. Acting on information, I went to Morton's lodgings at Green Hill, and said to him, 'Show me your letters of orders which you produced to the Bishop.' He did so, and the sight of them confirmed my impression; they were not genuine. I made an appointment with him to go to the Bishop, then in Worcester, which he did not keep, and I did not see him again until he was apprehended."

The charlatan had caused much trouble to those whom he had married in Worcester. He was now well known in England under his various aliases; he was hard up, and concluded his game of fraud was played out, when his "Polly," the veritable paragon of a devout life, came to his assistance, and reminded him that there were prosperous days in store for him; that he should claim the right granted by Queen Elizabeth to "reformed Popish priests."

"Certainly! Certainly! It is a happy thought, it is an unexplored region for me, in which I doubt not I shall make my mark," he replied.

Dr. Keatinge promptly applied to the Secretary of the Priests' Protection Society, Dublin, for employment and assistance, and received the usual printed form containing nine questions. The mountebank answered the questions *seriatim* as follows:—

"1st. My name is Theodore Oswald Keatinge, D.D., 47 years, living at Hepscode Road, Victoria Park, London. 2nd. I was ordained in 1862 by Cardinal Conella, Archbishop *in partibus*, Nuncio to Brussels. 3rd. I was a Jesuit novice only, and

was educated by the Society of Jesus. 4th. I was never a parish priest, but was a domestic chaplain to Cardinal d'Andrea. 5th. I left the Roman Church because I wanted to get married, and secondly on account of persecution. 6th. The same ecclesiastical sentence was pronounced against me as against Padre Passaglia, and I was also condemned from the Altar of St. Ann's, New York, for publishing my 'Ten Years in Rome.' 7th. I am willing to place my ability as a writer, preacher, &c., at the disposal of the Committee. 8th. I would prefer quiet work to any that was openly aggressive. 9th. I converted several French and Italians by my Bible Classes, and have translated twenty Gospel tracts, such as Bishop Ryle's."

In addition to answering the nine questions, he furnished the Society with a so-called history of his career, which for unscrupulous mendacity has never been surpassed. "I have," he said, "studied at Stonyhurst College, and afterwards at St. Michael's, Brussels; I was Latin translator to Cardinal Pecci, of Perugia, now Leo XIII.; I was made a Monsignor and D.D. by Pope Pius IX., and appointed domestic chaplain by Cardinal d' Andrea. I am in conscience compelled to admit that theological reasons did not affect my secession from Rome. I have written to Dr. Tate, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the usual permission to officiate as a Church of England clergyman, who replied that I must be certified to have been a Romish priest of blameless life by some beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. I knew of no one but Dr. Frederick George Lee, Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, who is playing the Jesuit in disguise, and who circulated a report that I assassinated my dear friend and benefactor Cardinal d' Andrea. Still he certified, and the Archbishop issued his *fiat confirmatio*; but, alas, I could find

no clergyman to give me a show. I proclaim that Ritualism in England is Anglican Popery. I, however, succeeded in getting an offer of the Curacy of Wyvenhoe, and sole charge of Trinity Church, Ipswich, but I could not accept, because of the tyranny of the Ritualists and the Jesuits, which followed in my wake and bounded me down. The Archbishop of Canterbury discourages priests who leave the Romish Church, and he actually refused permission to Pere Hyacinthe to officiate in London without his special licence. Lord Plunkett, in Dublin, is, I know, satisfied with me, and if appointed in Dublin I could officiate anywhere at once, as I have a big testimony to unfold against the Church of Rome." "*Credat, Judeas Apella, non ego.*"

"The silly Jew Apella may receive
The wondrous tale, which I can ne'er believe."

The bogus cleric, in conclusion, appealed *ad misericordiam* to the Committee to take his case into favourable consideration, and to remit him promptly some money to meet his urgent wants; that he was hampered with the seediness of his appearance, an important factor when the worship of clothes is so rampant; and that Colonel Rowe, who knew his history and had read his "Ten Years in Rome," could vouch for his bona fides.

It is needless to say the charlatan's appeal was favourably considered, without making the slightest inquiry as to the truth of the allegations, and a sum of money remitted forthwith to pay his debts and to equip him for his new clerical labours.

The impostor arrived in Dublin with a flourish of trumpets as Dr. Keatinge, the eminent ex-Jesuit and "converted" Catholic priest. A "converted Catholic priest" was to the Dublin Catholics as enigmatical as it was paradoxical.

De Foe's definition of a "True-born Englishman," slightly altered, will solve the difficulty of grasping the mountebank's new title:

"A 'converted' Catholic priest is a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction,
A banter made to be a jest of fools,
Which every thoughtful man rightly ridicules;
A metaphor invented to provoke
The ire of Catholics by a stupid joke."

"Dr. Keatinge," dressed in a new clerical suit, called on Mr. Thompson in Dublin, and unfolded to him some startling experiences which he alleged he had in the Romish Church, and so impressed was that gentleman with the story, that he promptly introduced him to the Revd. Mr. Mills, of the "Priests' Protection Society," as the Revd. Dr. Keatinge. Mr. Mills welcomed him to a home of peace, and took him to inspect the schools of the mission, where the pious mountebank delivered addresses to the children, in which eloquent sparks from the Biblical anvil were scattered broadcast from his Nestorian lips, which deeply and favourably impressed all who had the pleasure of hearing them.

Lord Plunkett, on being informed of his eloquence and Biblical knowledge, sent for him, and, on production of his papers containing the large seal already referred to, granted him a licence to preach and officiate. As Dr. Moffatt was at this time absent from his church at Milltown, Dr. Keatinge acted as *locum tenens*, administering the sacraments, and preaching to the congregation. His sermons were eloquent, forcible, and learned, and made a deep impression on his congregation.

On Dr. Moffatt's return, he was waited upon by many members of his Church, who recommended that Dr. Keatinge should be appointed

curate at Milltown. Dr. Moffatt, who was a far-seeing cleric, said he would like to have some experience of his unknown assistant before deciding on so important a matter. After a brief period, Dr. Moffatt had to speak to "Dr. Keatinge" on his assumption of authority, when the latter became insolent and defiant. A rupture ensued, when Dr. Moffatt decided to have nothing further to do with him. Keatinge had therefore to seek new scenes for his clerical ministrations. The congregation of Milltown were much disturbed at the action of Dr. Moffatt, their pastor, against their favourite, the eloquent rhetorician, and ascribed his procedure to conservatism and jealousy, in proof of which they started the "Keatinge presentation fund," which reached the sum of £100, when untoward circumstances stayed their misdirected zeal. Dr. Moffatt regarded the bona fides of his quasi curate from the first with grave suspicion, and he now set to work to unravel his mysterious antecedents. He wrote to the Rector of the Jesuit College, Stonyhurst, to ascertain if he knew of such a Jesuit student, and obtained a reply to the effect "that from time to time similar inquiries had been made by various clergymen, to whom he replied that there was no such student at any time in the College; but the Worcester police were in a position to furnish full particulars regarding the man now posing as an ex-Jesuit." Dr. Moffatt, in furtherance of his investigation, proceeded to Worcester, where evidence was placed before him to conclusively establish the fact that the Revd. Dr. Keatinge, of Dublin, and Arthur H. Mereton, alias Morton, alias Dr. Keatinge, convict, of Worcester, were identical. A photo of Mereton, alias Keatinge, taken in prison clothes when serving penal servitude for forging qualifications of a Church of England clergyman, was placed in his

hands by the Chief of the Worcester police, which removed the possibility of doubt that the bogus cleric in Dublin and the criminal of Worcester were one and the same. Dr. Moffatt, armed with irrefragable proof, returned to Dublin and placed the whole matter before the Primate, Lord Plunkett. Dr. Keatinge, after his dismissal from the duties of the Milltown Church, was installed as curate in the Albert Chapel, Molyneux Asylum, Peter Street, where he was soon regarded as a distinguished divine. The first two sermons delivered by him were faultless and eloquent specimens of pulpit oratory, which produced a marvellous effect, and excited, it is said, the jealousy of many distinguished clergies. At the commencement of the third sermon, before a large congregation, Dr. Keatinge appeared in the pulpit with a manuscript, and said by way of explanation "that the Lord Primate had sanctioned his reading his sermons, lest, in the heat of his horror against the Romish Church, by which, since his secession, he had been hunted from pillar to post, he should say something, the warmth of which would be derogatory to the sacred dignity of the pulpit."

His written sermon was even more classical and beautiful than his extempore ones.

His fourth sermon, entitled the "Fall of the Leaf," was regarded as a masterpiece of pulpit oratory, which produced a furore of excitement. On the following Sunday, as the great divine was about to preach to an enormous mixed congregation, which the fame of his eloquence had attracted to the Church, he was served with an inhibition issued by the Lord Primate. On reading it, the redoubtable Dr. Keatinge assumed a very distressed appearance; he then raised the document aloft to the full extent of his arm, and said in a mournful tone of voice, "I am spiritually assassinated by my supposed friend, and might appro-

privately exclaim with Caesar, '*Et tu Brute.*' I am debarred from addressing the Word of God to my dear people, whom I may, however, tell that their sacred right, freedom, religious freedom, no longer pervades this land; it is extinguished in this country, which is now ruled by Ritualists and Jesuits. Farewell."

Great commotion followed these remarks, and in the confusion the charlatan doctor, clothed in cassock and stole, jumped into a cab, and was driven to Rathmines, where he dwelt. The estoppel of the Keatinge imposture, and the exposure of his criminal career, caused a profound sensation in Dublin. The newspapers contained startling episodes of his career in England, and very properly applauded the action taken by Dr. Moffatt, which had the effect of dethroning the mountebank, and thus preventing the continuance of grave scandal. The great sermons and masterpieces which established the deceiver's reputation were no other than Canon Liddon's, delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, and contained in his standard volume of addresses. Keatinge was soon afterwards arrested and tried in Dublin for impersonating a duly-ordained Church of England clergyman, by means of forged documents, through which he obtained a licence. He was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour, but was, according to the bogus cleric's own statement, released by the Right Hon. James Balfour, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the expiration of eight months.

In 1888, Keatinge, on the advice of Lord Kinnaird, it is said, published his history in the London *Evening News*, in which he threw himself on the generosity of his country and asked for another chance. "He was not now in Fortune's power. He that is down can fall no lower."—"Hudibras."

The chance was granted him; a subscription was raised, which enabled "Polly" and himself to come to Australia, where he had ample scope for obtaining an honest living. But how did he avail himself of the opportunity? The reader will soon learn.

On his arrival in Sydney, Keatinge called at the offices of several journalists to obtain employment, and produced testimonials of an exceptionally high character. He contributed several articles to *Truth*, an independent and fearless journal, ably conducted by Messrs. A. G. Taylor and W. N. Willis, Members of Parliament. On the 17th November, 1891, Keatinge visited Mr. Taylor's residence, Woollahra, in his absence, and criminally assaulted the girl in charge, named Mary Ann Brown, twelve years and ten months old. The outrage, although known to Mr. Taylor, who caught the rascal *flagrante delicto*, was culpably withheld for two months, when Keatinge went to the Legislative Assembly, where he met Mr. Taylor, who, on seeing him, denounced him as a criminal, and kicked him out. Information was then given to Superintendent Camphin, Chief of the Detective Department, who detailed Detective Hinds to investigate the matter.

Keatinge was soon arrested, brought before the Police Court, and committed for trial. On the 24th May, 1891, Dr. Keatinge, with numerous aliases, was placed on his trial at the Sydney Criminal Court, charged before his Honour Judge Windeyer with having criminally assaulted Mary Ann Brown on the 17th November, 1890; a second count of indecent assault was contained in the indictment. The Court was thronged with spectators. Mr Coffey, afterwards Judge, prosecuted for the Crown, while the prisoner conducted his own defence. On the conclusion of the Crown case, which was supported by the strongest testi-

mony, his Honour asked the prisoner if he had any witnesses to call. Keatinge replied, "I have no evidence to adduce, but I shall address the jury at length, and leave it with them to decide if I am guilty or not." The criminal seemed unconscious of having committed a crime, and he has not, as far as is known, ever turned pale when charged with an offence, no matter how serious. "*Nil conscire sibi nulla pallascere culpa.*"

He adjusted his papers, looked towards the ceiling for a few seconds, as if seeking inspiration, then raised his right arm with dramatic effect, and gazed intently at the jury. "Gentlemen, you have," he said, "heard the evidence in this case; but you have not heard, nor are you aware, of the wicked conspiracy of which this terrible onslaught on an innocent man is the outcome. Before arriving at your verdict, you must not have the least doubt in your minds. The charge is a grave one; yes, it is death to me, and is fraught with serious consequences to society; consequently, no man should be found guilty unless there was absolute proof of such guilt. At the trial of Colonel Valentine Baker on a similar charge, the Lord Chief Justice informed the jury that, if they had the least doubt of his guilt, he was entitled to an acquittal. The evidence of the precocious child in this case has been contradicted *in toto*, and there now remain but the wicked innuendoes of my enemies. I regard the present as a diabolical conspiracy in which Detective Hinds has been paid to act the accomplice. Many a man has shot himself because a malicious charge of this sort has been brought against him by some depraved girl or woman, urged on by unscrupulous reprobates.

"I call your attention to the case of the Reverend Mr. Hatch, which occurred in England about thirty years ago, similar to the one that I

am now charged with. Mr. Hatch was found guilty and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, but he never served the sentence; nobody believed him guilty, and it was subsequently established that the case was brought against him by the mother of the child because she had a grudge against him. The Reverend Padre Chiniquay had no fewer than three such charges brought against him by his religious enemies.

"The dearest friends of Dr. Wright were done to death through the foul breath of slander. I am, gentlemen" (assuming a sanctimonious, clerical attitude), "one of those victims subjected to the *odium theologicum*, that is, religious, malignant hate, by those who are determined to hunt me down.

"This foul charge is the last link in the long chain of systematic persecution. I appeal to you, gentlemen, not for mercy, but for justice."

In the peroration of his prepared address of more than an hour's duration, Keatinge besought the jury, as a Christian man, being human and liable to sin, that, for the credit of religion and humanity, they would let it go forth to the world that they did not approve of the pitiless vindictiveness which hunted down the fallen; that they would be no party to secret murder, which would do to death just as surely as steel or poison. "I plead," he said, "as one who, having sinned and suffered, rose up with the strength of a man resolved to start anew. I would ask you, gentlemen, to throw around me your protection to keep me from being hunted down till hope dies out of my soul. I solemnly protest to you I am guiltless of this charge, and, whatever your verdict may be, there is no one who knows me will believe that I was capable of having committed such a crime. I, however, confess to you and the whole world, with shame and sorrow, as a frail human

being, that I have committed grave errors during my life, and that I have suffered as few men have suffered.

"I have now to my credit five years of reproachless life, which is more than my persecutors can say. I implore you, gentlemen of the jury, to save me from my enemies. I trust in you, and leave myself in your hands."

Ah, wretched impostor, your misdeeds have aroused the anger of the gods. Minerva refused you the aegis of her protection, and the furies now claim you as their hostage. You are the very antithesis of the happy man, advanced in years, who could look back on his former life of rectitude with satisfaction.

His Honour carefully and impartially placed the facts of the case before the jury, and asked them to consider their verdict. The jury, after thirty minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty on both counts, to which they added a rider that "they unanimously decide to record their highest indignation at the conduct of Mr. A. G. Taylor in suppressing for two months knowledge of the committal of this offence."

Before passing sentence, His Honour adversely criticised Mr. Taylor's conduct for not promptly reporting the offence to the police. He reviewed the prisoner's career, and denounced him as a "hardened criminal, who was a pest to society." His Honour then sentenced him to five years' penal servitude.

The prisoner was removed to Darlinghurst Gaol, where he underwent a tonsorial change, and was clothed in convict garb, according to regulations. The convict's wife visited him that afternoon and had a long interview, but when she left he became very despondent. At 6.30 a.m. next morning, the warder, on entering his cell, found him in a stupor, and speechless. He was promptly

removed to the infirmary, where every attention was paid him, but he never rallied, and died within the space of an hour. He left a letter on the night-tub in his cell, addressed to his wife, in which, *inter alia*, he said: "This will be the last communication I shall have with you on earth; but if the spirits of the dead can re-visit this world, my manes will certainly and surely visit you." He gave directions to her to collect the manuscripts relating to his life and have them published, to enable her to obtain a living.

At the inquest, Dr. Maurice O'Connor, gaol surgeon, made an autopsy of the body, and found fatty degeneration of the heart, stomach empty and normal, liver and kidneys diseased, lungs healthy. On removal of the scalp, he found the inner surface of the posterior portion congested, *dura mater* adherent to the skull. In the interior of the skull there was a large extravasation of serous fluid, and blood clots in the ventricles. The cause of death he assigned to cerebral apoplexy. The public, however, concluded, and I think rightly so, that the prisoner died from the effects of poison, self-administered. "Man suffers," according to Seneca, "for his deeds; crime finds out its author, and the guilty is overwhelmed by his own acts." His chequered career of impostureship and his miserable death furnish an object lesson to men of his stamp. There was no panegyrist present to recount his noble virtues, nor was there any religious service observed at his interment. The raven's croaks and the hollow shrieks of the owls were alone the mystic dirges of his funeral.

Thus terminated the career of the so-called "Dr. Oswald Keatinge," of numerous aliases, whose adventures as a clerical impostor, forger, swindler, and hypocrite have never been surpassed even in

the pages of history or the conjurations of romance.

“To him, alas, to him I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear;
Does not himself, when he is dying, know
Nor what he is, nor whither he’s to go.”

—Cowper.

VIII.

THE VAGARIES OF TRUTH SEEKING SPIRITUALISTS.

“Adspiciunt oculis Superi mortalia justis.”

—OVIDIUS, *Met.* xiii., 70.

MEMORY, that mystic faculty of the mind, the purveyor of reason, and the gift of God, recalls certain scenes and actions which came under my observation many years ago. I regarded them at the time as of no consequence, but now think a recital would prove interesting.

It fell to my lot to be placed in charge of a large town and an important district in Sunny New South Wales. The residents were orderly and thrifty, and prosperity reigned. The town was well represented in hotels, stores, churches, schools, and mail-coaches ran daily to and from the place.

After a brief period I made the acquaintance of a local clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Trueman, who joined me in establishing an Improvement and Debating Society, which, after some difficulty, turned out a success, as it proved instrumental in rescuing young men of the town from wayward and vicious inclinations. We succeeded in forming a small library of the best English authors, and many evenings were profitably spent in interesting debates. Circuses and strolling companies frequently visited the town, amongst which was the “Asterique Renowned Company of Conjurers, Illusionists, and Necromancers,” of which the Honourable Horatio Asterique, a member, in fact, of the British Aristocracy, was proprietor. This gentleman’s name was printed on his advertisement cards as being the greatest astronomer of

modern times, and the author of celebrated works, including "Revelations of the Starry World" and the "Phenomenon of the Fata Morgana Scientifically Explained." I interviewed Mr. Asterique as to how I could obtain copies of those famous works, when he informed me in confidence there were no such works, as far as he knew; the names alone represented the books, in the same way as libraries are sometimes formed by blocks of wood with ornamental bindings, bearing the names of the books on the back in golden letters; they made a splendid show, gave the impression that the owner was a literary man, but the whole business was a conjurer's trick.

Mr. Asterique was the guest of a Mr. Dodley, who was a resident of the town a few months. Dodley was regarded as a literary man, a graduate of a British University; had come to the Colony five years previously to gain colonial experience in squatting pursuits, and established for himself the reputation of being a good judge of cattle and sheep. He was stylish in appearance, received regular remittances from home, and was a favourite with the local celebrities.

Some time later I was at the Post Office, where a large crowd assembled to await the arrival of the mail-coach, when I took the opportunity of inviting the parties to our meeting that night to hear the discussion as to "whether the American War was justifiable," and was gratified at the spontaneous response in the affirmative. Mr. Dodley expressed himself eloquently on the advantages of Debating Societies, and laughingly remarked, "You may consider me as two—that is, myself and my dog, Demosthenes—as I cannot go to any place without him." The animal was present, and presented a splendid sample of the Collie sheep-dog.

Asked why he named him Demosthenes, "Because," he replied, "I was convinced, and am so now, that he is Demosthenes, and possesses the self-same vital principle which departed from the greatest orator the world has ever produced."

The Reverend Mr. Trueman remarked, "Surely you do not mean that you believe in metempsychosis?"

"I certainly do mean it. Christians do not believe in the transmigration of souls; I believe in that great doctrine of Pythagoras; therefore I am not a Christian," rejoined Dodley.

A man named Pickle, a pronounced fatalist, said, "Mr. Dodley is quite correct; the people in this age are too blind to recognize that everything happens by chance, or is predestined."

At this stage the coach arrived, and the conversation terminated.

This unexpected revelation caused me some anxiety as to the prudence of having invited them to our meeting, but there was no help for it.

A large crowd attended the meeting, when several books of famed authors were handed in for the library. Mr. Dodley, seeing this, said, "I shall make a present to this library of twelve very valuable books," which announcement was greeted with applause. He wrote the names of the books on a slip, and handed it to the secretary. Mr. Trueman looked through the list, and said to me, "Some of these books are the production of well-known infidels; others are suppressed editions of obscene and indecent literature, and the remainder are atheistical. We must not receive them."

After a moment's consideration I said, "The books so generously offered are unsuitable for the members of our Improvement Society; hence I move that 'they be not accepted.'" This was seconded by Mr. Trueman, and provoked a stormy debate. Mr. Pickle, with an angry frown on his

os frontis, denounced the resolution as unwarranted. "Are we," he continued, "living in a free country? The books sought to be excluded are my literature, and that of a large number present, and we are determined to have our rights."

Mr. Trueman pointed out the danger of having impure and tainted literature on our shelves; "it was to improve the minds of the members that the Society was established, and not to destroy their moral and religious sentiments, which these books would certainly do." The Hon. Mr. Asterique strongly protested against the introduction of the books, which were unfit to be read by decent people. Such literature was excluded from all reputed libraries.

Mr. Dodley, with perturbation, said, "I regard the proposition not to receive my books as a wanton insult to myself. These and similar books were read by tens of thousands in England, and this effort to reject them should be stamped out by all lovers of freedom and independence of thought. It appears to me there are a few persons, with sinister purposes of their own, who want to introduce amongst a free people the Index Purgatorius, so well known in history, and I warn you against this relic of the dark ages. The Greek and Roman writers gave their thoughts untrammelled in their writings, and their books were read by the people with avidity. Pliny, a great writer, has said that he extracted something good from every book he read."

I replied, "If Messrs. Dodley and Pickle did not desire to assist our Improvement Society, I denied them the right to destroy it. The so-called insult was a phantom; they had an indisputable right to read their own literature, but that was unsuitable for our purpose. These books were written for an avowed object, and ministered to every vile passion. In some the vice is so con-

cealed that it captures the youthful imagination, and deadens the principle of religion in the heart. In others the literature is unmistakably hostile to Christianity; while in the remaining numbers the writers boast they have rigorously avoided any allusion to religion whatever. The aim and object of all these books are the same. Mr. Dodley has endeavoured to mislead the meeting by his reference to Greece and Rome. Pliny Major, in his third book, relates that he made it a rule of his life to extract anything he found good from every book he read, and that he found no book so bad that he did not find something good in it. This reference does not touch the question at issue in any way. Quintilianus records that certain Greek and Roman writers, naming Horace, had written objectionable passages, which were not translated to the youth. In the sixth book of Valerius Maximus it is recorded that the Lacaedemonians ordered the books of Archeloeus to be banished from the State, because they considered the reading of them would be more injurious to the morals of the people than beneficial to their intellects.

"Books, however, which denied or doubted the existence of the gods were treated in a drastic manner. Protagoras, the greatest sophist of his time, hinted in one of his books that he doubted the existence of the gods. For this grave offence he was, by order of the Athenians, banished from the city and State, and all his books burned at a meeting convened for the purpose, and it is said that a talent of silver was offered as a reward to any person who would slay him. *Ferunt quoque talentum argenti fuisse propositum praemium ei qui illum occidisset*, as even a doubt could not escape punishment. Scores of cases could be cited from Seneca, Cicero, and others on this subject. If, therefore, a doubt regarding the existence of pagan deities was such a serious crime, how much

more serious is the denial of the true and living God in a Christian country! The Index Purgatorious of the Greeks and Romans was a valuable institution, which would be a much-desired desideratum in New South Wales."

The meeting by a majority of non-members defeated the resolution, which proved to demonstration that Paganism flourished beneath the Southern Cross. The Honourable Mr. Asterique at the close of the meeting severed his acquaintance with Mr. Dodley, and removed to the principal hotel. A few nights later, Mr. Dodley returned to his cottage at a late hour laden with spirits extramundane and sublunary. He was observed entering his home at midnight, and shortly afterwards the cottage was in flames. Assistance was promptly rendered, and Dodley and Demosthenes rescued. The fire was accidentally caused by Dodley himself, who lost everything in the building, including his collection of the most indecent literature published. This untoward occurrence was regarded by Mr. Trueman and others as a signal manifestation of God's warning to erring mortals.

There was a storekeeper, wine and spirit merchant, and landowner named Buffoon, at this time residing in the town. He had a high reputation for hospitality towards his patrons, whom he never permitted to leave his shop without some token of his esteem. His wife and himself were adepts in spiritualism, and so was their principal servant, Bradley, who gained some notoriety as a spook and ventriloquist. An unfortunate free selector, having run heavily into debt in the store, was unable to pay, and left Mr. Buffoon his selection of 320 acres in settlement.

The residence condition not being complied with, Buffoon's man, Jack Bradley, had to take up his residence on the farm. Shortly afterwards,

and just as Buffoon received the honour of Justice of the Peace, his wife died; but before the sad event occurred, she promised she would correspond with him spiritualistically, and, as he subsequently stated, she kept her promise. Mr. Buffoon became so infatuated with spiritualism that he set apart two large rooms of his spacious residence for the practice of this idiotic extravagance, which he designated "Truth Seekers' Temple," where he held weekly seances for the benefit of numerous votaries who attended, and these comprised the "isms" of the town and district, represented by Justices, bank managers, solicitors, clerks, squatters, &c. Even the vain-glorious Mr. Spondike, Police Magistrate, was inveigled into it, and, strange though it may seem, soon became one of the principal mediums. Mr. Buffoon, J.P., was regarded by the fraternity as the pontifex, because he was favoured with signal manifestations by spirits in the higher spheres, with many of whom he was on familiar terms; consequently his revelations at the seances produced a deep impression on the illuminati, and caused no little anxiety among the clergy and God-fearing citizens of the place.

As a counterblast to the spiritualistic buffoonery then raging, the Honourable Mr. Asterique gave a free performance to the citizens to expose the fallacy of the spiritualists. There was a crowded attendance, including the clergy of the district. Various spooks were produced on the stage, who answered numerous questions put to them.

Mr. Asterique showed the audience how the illusion was accomplished by a conjurer's trick, which produced rapturous applause. The exposure was thorough, and demonstrated the hallucinations of weak-minded persons; as Pope states:

"Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise."

It is an old truism, however, that there are no men so blind as those who will not see, and it was so as far as Buffoon's brethren were concerned. Large numbers attended his temple weekly, when table-rapping, turning, and seances of a spiritualistic and sensational character were indulged in to such an extent that respectable residents raised their hands and exclaimed, "What in the name of God are we coming to?" When members were spoken to, they excused themselves on the plea "they were seeking after truth," but no one went so far as to say that he had reached the bottom of the proverbial well and found it.

In this condition of affairs, Mr. Trueman called on me officially, and said, "Cannot anything be done to break up this drinking den before the people are all ruined in body and soul?"

I replied there was no law to prevent the meetings, unless it could be proved the place was kept as a "sly grog shop." I suggested he should attend one or more of the meetings to ascertain for himself fully what was actually carried on, and this was the more incumbent upon him, as several members of his church belonged to it. If no legal action could then be taken, he would be justified in denouncing it from the pulpit, and warning his flock against its dangers. Mr. Trueman concurred with me it was the best course to pursue.

A very important meeting of the spiritualistic brethren took place shortly afterwards. Mr. Trueman, in pursuance of his resolve, attended. Mr. Buffoon, the pontifex, wearing a Sibylline toga and tarboosh, received him very cordially; said it was an honour to have him enrolled, and he had no doubt his good example would influence other clergymen to do likewise. He took him to a large room, the Fool's Paradise, where about thirty of the principal residents were seated at a table,

which groaned with various brands of spirits, the relative merits of which they were discussing. On introduction, Buffoon called on his brethren to fill their glasses and drink to the health of Mr. Trueman, the most enlightened clergyman, which was promptly done, with the usual refrain, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Trueman noticed a large Chinese painting of Buffoon's wife in the room, suspended on the wall over a circular table, on which rested a costly bronze statue of the goddess Minerva. There were also curious designs painted on the walls, which he took to represent simulacra, and concluded the drinking carousal was intended as a libation to the heathen deity.

When the parties had performed this part of the programme, the pontifex ordered the brethren to take up their positions in the spiritualistic chamber, to continue their noble work in searching after truth. Each person had a chair allotted to him, while six cushioned seats were placed round a circular cabinet table for the mediums, who on this occasion were represented by Messrs. Buffoon, Spondike, Dodley, Pickle, and two District Justices. Mr. Trueman had a seat beside the pontifex, from which he had no difficulty in diagnosing the spiritualistic theology of the proceedings.

The pontifex, in commencing the seance, made several peculiar signs, the mediums rapped the spiritualistic table, and the signal was responded to by agents of the spirit world. He said:—"Brethren, signs and wonders will never cease. We as truth-seekers will rise from this earth, ascend Jacob's ladder set for us all to the altitude of the higher spheres, where we shall repose in peace, whence we shall look down on frail humanity, direct mortals to the glorious truth lying unexplored—yes, and stimulate them to follow

whither our voices lead. 'The Kingdom of our destiny is within us, and the spirits who convey to us glad glimpses encircle us like an atmosphere. Oh, yes, my brethren; they breathe into the capacities of our comprehension oracularly.'

The pontifex then recited a verse from one of Henderson's poems:

"Days foretold by bards and sages,
Bright with living glory,
Hasten to adorn the pages
Of undying story,
Clouds that dimmed the fair horizon,
Frown no longer o'er us;
Errors that the soul would poison
Flee away before us
In the past dark shadows slumber
Never to awaken;
And the wrongs we blush to number,
To the dust are shaken,
Every day we are improving
Hasting to perfection;
We are moving, We are moving
In the right direction."

The pontifex continued: "Since our last seance I experienced marvellous glimpses and proofs of the spirit world. Four nights ago, I proceeded by a spirit appointment to a gum-tree on my farm, where I had previously manifestations of my wife's spirit. The night was as dark as Erebus, and, on reaching the hallowed spot, I heard the usual spirit salutation, which I answered. I looked round, and saw distinctly and unmistakably the shade of my dear departed wife, dressed in white, a few yards from me. A feeling indescribable came over me, and when I recovered consciousness the sky was ablaze with stars. I found beside me on the form this letter which I hold in my hand. There is no writing apparent on the enclosure or envelope, except a slight trace of a skull."

The document was handed round for inspection, without any satisfactory solution. Mr. Dobson, a chemist present, undertook to solve the mystery. He immersed the letter and envelope in a chemical solution, when the writing became very distinct, and revealed the astounding fact that it was an important business letter sent by Mrs. Buffoon.

Mr. Dobson declared it was written in a chemical spirit, being the writing fluid used by the spooks of the higher sphere. This was regarded by the mediums and brethren as a marvellous manifestation, and the pontifex was congratulated for having furnished such absolute proof of the spirit world.

Mr. Spondike was the next medium to declare his spirit manifestation. "You remember, my friends, I conversed with the spirit of my uncle in the higher sphere, at this table, some time ago, when he informed me I would meet him, speak to him in the broad daylight, and would not know him. Well, three days ago, when proceeding from the Court to my home, I met a gentleman in the street, well dressed and of military gait. He accosted me, and passed on to the corner of an intersecting street. When he had passed, it occurred to me I had some knowledge of the stranger. I turned round to take more particular observation, and, as I did so, I saw him standing at the corner. He waved me an adieu, and turned into the cross street. I hastened after him, but found he had disappeared in a most mysterious and inexplicable manner."

The brethren, however, had no difficulty in interpreting this mysterious manifestation. This would seem to ordinary mortals a unique experience, which Mr. Spondike might have amplified by giving a parallel case in the history of Telemaque, a young prince, who had undergone experiences

indescribable in search of his father, the renowned Ulyssis. When he met his father, however, on the rock-bound coast of a savage island, and spoke to him, he did not recognize him, although he possessed a majestic appearance and a military gait.

Mr. Pickle was the next medium, who desired information respecting certain shadows which appeared on the walls of his bedroom nightly. The table was rapped for some time, but the spirits of the higher region vouchsafed no reply. Mr. True-man could not stand the idiocy longer, and remarked laughingly, "Take my word, Mr. Pickle, the shadows in your room are the writings of warning on the wall," bid the fraternity good night, and left with the firm resolve of breaking up the pagan club.

When the seance was over, at a late hour, the brethren retired to the Fool's Paradise, where the pontifex received the congratulations of the members for the marvellous prospects of success at hand. One clergyman had been already a votary, and the others were certain to follow his good example. Mr. Dodley made a speech, in which he prophesied that their worthy pontifex would ere long be designated on the portal of the temple as "Jupiter Panhellenus Minor," a title to which he was well entitled. The hour was late, and the night dark; hence it was decided that the country members should remain for the night, and Mr. Buffoon had beds improvised accordingly.

The prescience of the pontifex that "signs and wonders would never cease" was demonstrated in a remarkable manner in the persons of two of the principal mediums and seekers after truth, namely, Pickle and Spondike. The former, after returning to his house, discovered the mystic shadows in his room, which probably produced a serious effect on his mind; but whether they did so or not, the fact remained that he was found

dead in his room the following morning, which was put down to cardiac syncope.

No person mourned his loss; the funeral was not attended by the residents, the fessor alone being present.

Spondike was more fortunate. He left the club and his friends at a late hour, heavily laden with spirits within and spooks without. While passing along the street in the darkness, he fancied he could hear a muffled voice behind him; he increased his speed, and in doing so took a glimpse over his right shoulder to satisfy himself as to whether he was pursued by a spook or a materialist, and scarcely had he done so when he was hoisted in the air, and pitched with great force against a paling fence, which bounded one side of the street. A constable on duty saw the occurrence, ran to his assistance, and with great difficulty conveyed him to his home, when it was discovered that his face and hands were covered with skin abrasions.

Mr. Spondike's recollection of the mishap was hazy. He believed that a person of giant-like stature had waylaid him, but, after a desperate encounter, he put him to flight. The constable's version, however, was the true one. He had seen Mr. Spondike, with ill-adjusted equilibrium, moving along the street, when all of a sudden he ran against a neighbour's cow, lying beside the fence, and the result of the impact was that Mr. Spondike was thrown with great force against the fence.

Mr. Spondike had of necessity to lie-up for several days before he could resume his magisterial functions. When he did so, however, Mr. Trueman waited upon him with a strong impeachment. He upbraided him with setting a bad example to the residents in frequenting a pagan and drinking den, informed him that the clergy

and respectable residents were determined that prompt action should be taken to break up the place as a disorderly house and a common nuisance, and that they were about to petition the Government to have a Chief Magistrate in the town, who would command their confidence and respect.

Mr. Spondike protested against this unwarrantable procedure. He had a perfect right to profess what form of belief he thought proper, and would not brook interference either from the clergy or residents; that the club in question was a private one, where many of his brother Justices met him for social pastime, and the present unjustifiable furore was got up by a few jealous creatures who were not permitted to cross the line of social demarcation. "Then," retorted Mr. Trueman, "I am to understand that you are determined to support this den, where young men, and old ones, too, are encouraged in drunkenness, their minds unhinged regarding their belief in the true God, and where blasphemous carryings-on take place? You are well aware of the injury this pagan club has already caused in the suicide of a respectable citizen, who held a responsible position, the mysterious deaths of two others, and the almost miraculous escape of yourself from a terrible and untimely end. Think, therefore, of your position and family; as, if you persist in your determination, go you must."

Mr. Spondike paced his room in trepidation, looked vacantly through the window, and, after a few moments' contemplation, said: "I realize fully the gravity of the complaint you have made. I shall from this day sever my connection with the club and the truth-seekers. Will that satisfy the residents and yourself?"

"Yes," said Mr. Trueman; "and you shall have

a renewal of our respect and confidence for so doing."

Mr. Trueman shook hands with Mr. Spondike when leaving; and, to the credit of the latter, he adhered rigidly to his determination.

On the following Sunday, necromancy formed the subject of the Reverend Mr. Trueman's sermon in the pulpit. He realized the danger that menaced Christians in the town and district, came prepared with an intellectual arsenal of arrows, and fastened one in the caput of every well-known practical necromancer or pagan in the place. He denounced Buffoon and his satellites in forcible and figurative language, branded them as wicked charlatans, who dubbed themselves "Truth-seekers," and warned his congregation from fraternizing with maniacs whose aims and objects were the subversion of the Christian religion.

At this time, Jack Bradley, the ventriloquist, left Buffoon's employment, and took up a selection of his own adjoining that of his late master, which caused much unpleasantness between the parties, as the selection included Buffoon's preemptive right. Bradley felt annoyed at statements made by Buffoon reflecting on his character, and resolved to expose the impostureship of Buffoon's spiritualism, and his so-called marvelous manifestations. Bradley in his narrative said: "I knew Buffoon would believe anything I said about spirits or ghosts. I told him I had frequently heard his name called at the gum-tree seat on the selection, that I recognized the voice, and suggested that he should visit the seat on a certain night. Buffoon was delighted at what I told him, and agreed to the proposal, as he required some important information from the spirit of his late wife. Knowing what he required, I disguised myself as a spook with a few suitable garments so successfully that my most intimate acquaint-

ance could not recognize me. I placed the letter on the seat, sat behind some bushes a short distance off, and awaited his arrival. The night was pitch dark, and, as Buffoon was near-sighted, he had some difficulty in reaching the seat, but did so. When the psychological moment arrived, I feigned Mrs. Buffoon's voice of salutation, and conversed with him a few seconds on the information he required. I then approached the gum-tree, extended the white sheet at arm's length, and disclosed myself. On seeing the spectre, Buffoon shrieked and fell beside the seat. I retired, removed the disguise, kept him in view till the moon rose at 10 p.m., when I noticed him sitting on the seat. I called at the store next day, when Buffoon said, 'Well, Bradley, I had a most remarkable adventure last night. I had a long conversation with the spirit of my wife; she gave me important information.' I replied, 'I was glad to hear it,' but expressed no surprise."

The splendid philippic of Mr. Trueman against necromancing Truth-seekers had a most salutary effect, while Bradley's timely exposure aroused a sense of shame and self-respect in the minds of the fanatical fraternity, which led to the breaking up of the spiritualistic club.

Mr. Dodley, with his canine Demosthenes, removed to a town more in the interior later on, where he became a member of a high-toned fraternity, who had a club known as "The Great I am." It was in reality a gambling and drinking den, which ruined many respectable citizens; but this is foreign to my present purpose.

Buffoon was the one man most affected. Bradley's action in leaving him and selecting his preemptive right complicated his affairs considerably, and the exposure had a depressing effect on his ill-balanced mind. He became seriously ill, and was confined to his bed for many months. His

neglected business was entrusted to strangers, and at the expiration of twelve months he was involved in financial embarrassment, which led to his assigning his estate to his creditors.

Buffoon was a man of respectable family, and several of his relatives had distinguished themselves in literary pursuits. I had known him many years before he had fallen from grace. He was pompous and supercilious, fond of novelty, determined on being singular, could not brook contradiction, and was in turn regarded a Deist, Pantheist, Fatalist, Materialist, and Socinian, but each was discarded, and his last freak was Spiritualism, which involved him in ruin.

When passing his residence one afternoon, Mr. Buffoon called me. On entering, I found him sitting at a table strewn with books, and noticed two Buddha idols decorating his mantel-shelf. After a few salutations, I inspected the books, which were written exclusively by infidels.

Buffoon looked haggard, and seemed troubled in mind. "I wrote to you," he said, "some time ago to join our spiritualistic club, but you did not answer my letter."

"Well," I replied, "I had my eye on your place all the same. I did not write lest I should say many things that would be disagreeable to you."

"You could not say anything to offend me, and I shall be glad if you will tell me what you thought."

"I do not," I rejoined, "desire to moralize on your doings; but, as you wish it, I shall tell you my impressions. You have been for a long time surrounded by a peculiar crowd of infidels, who fastened on to you while your prosperity lasted, but when your downfall came they disappeared, having accomplished the work of your ruin."

"I fully realize the truth of what you say," interposed Buffoon.

“I have noticed that during the last ten years your life has been one of continual changes; in fact, you have been all round the compass in your monstrous fads. You acted in defiance of God’s laws, and might at any moment be reckoned amongst the mysterious deaths at your pagan temple. Capaeneus of old, one of the seven heroes, acted somewhat similarly to you; he marched from Argos to Thebes; his pride was such that he defied the gods, and was struck dead by a thunderbolt hurled at him by Zeus while scaling the walls of Thebes. Your infidel books and pagan practices have ruined you in body and soul, and in God’s name burn those books, discard your pagan symbols, and return to the faith of your parents and ancestors, where you will find the true anchor of hope. You should remember that the evening of your chequered life has gloomily set in; you can neither look back on your former career with complacency, nor forward with any hope of mercy, unless you promptly and resolutely commence a new life, which will bring you peace of mind, and an eternal reward beyond the grave.

“A true Christian may be poor and forsaken, but after the storm and troubles of life have passed, he stands vigorous and erect in the midst of the desolation that surrounds him. No man is always a fool, although every man is sometimes one. It was such men as you that the Grecian writer Empedocles had in his mind’s eye when he wrote in his ‘De Natura’: ‘Short-lived mortals enduring a brief space of miserable existence—raised aloft like smoke—fly away, impelled only by that near to them, spinning hither and thither—get a thousand so-called glimpses, but can never see a whole.’ You have had much of that flying away and spinning hither and thither for many

years, and I now sincerely hope you will mend your ways before it is too late."

Buffoon cried with joy on hearing from me that his principal creditor intended to give him another chance. "I shall," he said, "lead a different life, as my past has been a blank." He thanked me for telling him the truth, which he assured me would prove the saving clause of his life, whether of long or short duration.

When the estate was inquired into, the creditor mentioned placed Buffoon in a small business on a neighbouring gold field, where he made a good living, and where he was fortunate in meeting an old clergyman who had known him and his parents in the old country. This good man took a deep interest in Buffoon's spiritual welfare; got him on the right track, with the result that he led an exemplary Christian life afterwards.

"Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise
Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize."

The Christian, pagan, or infidel may profess what he will; still it is impossible for him to extinguish the light of God in his nature. He may trample upon it, deny it before men, and use every human effort to conceal it, yet the Great God of Mercy and the Giver of Life engraven on his heart will, when all apparent hope is abandoned, enlighten his understanding, dispel the mystic veils of error that surround him, and claim him for His own.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

THEIR TREATMENT PAST AND PRESENT.

"How in this rugged land, Australia,
The Aborigine Patriots bled and died for Liberty."

*Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit.
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.*

—HORATIUS, Epis. i., 1.

"Say—Whence your ancient lineage, what your name?
And from what shores your rough forefathers came?
Untutored children, fresh from Nature's mould,
No songs have you to trace the times of old,
No hidden themes like these employ your care,
For you enough the knowledge that you are,
In uncouth numbers seated in a ring
Your ancient fathers' warlike songs you sing,
Or striking each his shields with clattering lance,
The early nights exhaust in Pyrrhic dance."

THE Aborigines of New Holland were a remarkable race; but, unfortunately, the treatment they received in the early days was not conducive to their propagation or civilization; hence they have now almost disappeared from the land, and fifty years hence a pure Aborigine on the eastern coast will form an interesting curiosity.

I might ask, was the great island continent of New Holland always where it now is? There is strong evidence that at one period in the world's history a large continent extended from India to South America, but, like Atlantis and other regions, it was drowned.

There is the clearest proof that New Holland was a submerged continent, as marine shells, petrified and otherwise, can be found on the tops

of the highest mountains, and the remains of animals and plants, too, have been discovered in various parts of Australia, which indicate that the country in remote times had a much warmer climate than now prevails; consequently it is surmised by scientists that New Holland and the Archipelago are portions and mountain peaks of the Indo-American submerged continent; hence it is called Lemuria.

Another query which suggests itself: To which of the three great branches of the Human Family do the Australian Aborigines belong?

It is well established they have not descended from the Great Aryan Japhetic, or white race of the British Isles and of Europe; consequently they must have proceeded either from the Shemitic or Hamitic branches. Some writers class the New Holland natives as Papuan Negroes, an ancient and peculiar people. It is evident, however, to those who have studied their anthropological surroundings, that they are not Ethiopians, as far as that term applies to the Negroes of Africa, as they possess no characteristics in common with them other than that they are black (Niger). Doctor Fraser, B.A., LL.D., in his "History of the New South Wales Aborigines," 1892, published for the Chicago Exposition, 1893, classes our natives as being derived from a branch of the Eastern Ethiopians, with straight hair, while the Libya or Western Ethiopians had hair more curly than that of any other people. He quotes from Herodotus and Homer in favour of his suppositions that the Ethiopians were Hamites, and concludes therefrom that the Australian Aborigines are Hamites, who claim kindred with the American Negroes. The Egyptians, who are Hamites, do not recognize the Negro race as belonging to their branch, and many writers regard the Negro race as being distinct

from those of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, for the reason that it cannot be traced back to Atlantis, and is not included, according to Genesis, among the descendants of Noah.

There is proof, however, that the Shemitic or Hebrew race were blended with the Phoenician Hamites, but there is no proof that the Australian natives are Hamites, or that they claim kindred with the American Negroes, *vide* Atlantis, pages 436 and 437.

From a long and close study of the Australian natives, I conclude, with others, they are a branch of the Shemitic race. I have found on the South Coast five Aborigines of the Broulee Tribe, whose nasal organs and facial contours represented unmistakably the typical Jew.

Two of those old men, who had been circumcised in their early life, informed me in the sixties that their forefathers practised it, and performed many ceremonies which the modern blackfellows neglected. These Aborigines' names were Whyman, Bunyip, Guthawan, Bullaway, and Abraham, who were designated by the residents the five "Black Jews."

Several explorers of Central and Northern Australia, namely, Leichhardt, Mitchell, Kennedy, Gillen, &c., discovered many tribes, all of whom had been circumcised; those tribes were a fine race, many of whom could discourse sweet music on the chora, or hollow reed. The strongest proof, however, that the Australian Aborigines are Shemites is furnished by the Reverend Adolph Kristen, S.J., in a learned contribution to the proceedings of the "First Catholic Congress" held in Sydney in 1900. Father Kristen was ten years a resident missionary amongst the blacks in the Northern Territory. Being a linguist, he made their language, habits, and ceremonies his study, and compiled a lexicon. He regards them as a mixed

race, "mixed perhaps with the black children of Canaan and the Phoenicians. Israel conquered them, and put the stamp of Israel upon them, that is, circumcision, besides other social and religious customs. In the Northern Territory every true son of the natives is bound to receive the sign of the blood covenant. Circumcision is not regarded as a sanitary rule, but as a religious performance, the refusal of which was punishable with death till 1894 by the tribes Melyium and Tyendött." He has shown that most of their words are of Hebrew origin, and their ceremonies of expiation, &c., correspond with those of the Israelites of old.

"Let learning's sons who would this secret scan
Unlock the mystic casket if they can."

The Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish navigators in their earlier discovery of New Holland have seen some of the native tribes. The Dutch claimed the Western Coast, Van Diemen's Land, and New Guinea. In 1540 the Portuguese sent a squadron to the North-west Coast of Australia, when the commander named several islands close to the mainland *Abro Vos Ohlos*, that is, "Keep your eyes open," probably on account of the stormy conditions experienced there. The islands are now known as *Abrolchs*. De Quiros, the great Spanish navigator, discovered the Great Southern Land, or New Holland, in 1606.

In 1628 a fleet of eleven vessels under Commodore Pelsart left Amsterdam for the East Indies to discover treasure, and to establish a colony. On reaching the East a storm arose, when the "*Batavia*," the Commodore's ship, and a sloop were forced on the *Abrolchs*, where the *Batavia* became a total wreck. Captain Pelsart, with several hundred passengers, including sailors, men, women, and children, however, reached the islands in safety, and called the island where his ship was

lost Batavia, and the group Houtman's Abrolchs. The captain and officers visited the mainland in the sloop, and discovered many natives sitting by a fire, who, on observing the white men, jumped to their feet and decamped, carrying with them boomerangs, spears, and other weapons.

When Captain Cook anchored in Botany Bay in 1770 and took possession of the whole Eastern Coast of New South Wales on behalf of King George III., the Aborigines made a hostile demonstration on the beach, where they were armed with spears, and fantastically painted like the North Britons of old. A gun was fired from the ship close to them, and in response the natives discharged a shower of arrows at the invaders. The ship's boats were, however, manned by a squad of officers, and it was not until they had discharged several volleys from their guns and pistols that the wild men, as they were termed, disappeared in the adjacent jungles. After Cook had taken possession of the coast he returned to England, and for eighteen years the Aboriginal warriors were left in undisturbed possession of their *natale solum*.

On the 20th January, 1788, however, Captain Arthur Phillip, Governor, having Captain Hunter as second in command, with a fleet of eleven ships, known as the "First Fleet," containing over 800 desperate criminals, and two hundred officers, &c., entered Botany Bay to establish a convict settlement; but the place being found unsuitable, the vessels and their cargoes were transferred to Cook's open bay, named Port Jackson, probably the finest harbour in the world. They anchored a short distance from the heads, and had scarcely done so when hundreds of canoes were observed along the shore, and shortly afterwards a large number of warlike natives appeared

on the beach, armed with spears, and shouting menacingly, "Wirra! Wirra!"—Keep away; keep off, you rabble; *procul este profani!*

The wonderful courage which the Aborigines displayed on the occasion, and their erect, manly appearance led Governor Phillip to name the place Manly Beach. A convict settlement was forthwith established in a cove up the harbour, and named Sydney, after Lord Sydney, the Prime Minister of England, which is destined in the near future to be one of the largest cities in the world. It is remarkable that on the 24th January, 1788, when Captain Phillip and his fleet were leaving Botany Bay for Port Jackson, two large ships entered, flying French colours. They were the "Boussole" and the "Astrolabe," commanded by Jean Francois Galaup, Comte de la Perouse, which left Brest in 1785 on an exploring expedition. The commander of the second vessel, Mons. L'Angle, had been murdered on the voyage at Navigator's Islands by the natives. La Perouse, after anchoring his vessels, landed on the beach only a short distance from where Cook landed eighteen years before.

An extraordinary mystery surrounds the fate of the Gallican navigator, who was not seen or heard of afterwards. In 1824 the French discovery ships "Thetis" and "L'Esperance," under the command of Messieurs Bougainville and Ducampier, entered Port Jackson Harbour, with directions from the French Government to erect a monument to the memory of La Perouse in Botany Bay, and this was carried out on a spot near the entrance, and close to where Cook landed. It is a circular column surmounted by a globe, and stands about twenty feet high; the site was specially chosen as being the last place whence intelligence was received from the great but unfortunate navigator.

The inscriptions on the pedestal of the column are in French and English.

"This place, visited by Monsieur de la Perouse in 1788, is the last whence any accounts of him were received."

"A La Memoire de Monsieur de la Perouse.

"Cette terre, qu'il visite en 1788, est la dernière d'où il a fait parvenir de ses nouvelles, Erige au nom de la France par les soins de MM. Bougainville et Ducampier, Commandant la fregate 'La Thetis' et la corvette 'L'Esperance' en relache au Port Jackson en 1825. Le fondement posé en 1825—Elevé,—1828.

"Erected in the name of France by MM. Bougainville and Ducampier, commanding the frigate 'La Thetis' and the corvette 'L'Esperance,' lying in Port Jackson, Anno 1825."

"Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
 And glorious was th' emprise of La Perouse,
 Humanely glorious, men will weep for him
 When many a guilty martial fame is dlm,
 He plough'd the deep to bind no captive's chain
 Pursued no rapine, strew'd no wreck with slain,
 And save that in the deep themselves lie low
 His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe,
 'Twas he the earth's remotest bounds to scan
 Conciliating with gifts barbaric man.
 His lilied banner held its homeward way
 And Science saddened at the Martyr's stay.
 An age elapsed; no wreck told where or when,
 The Chief went down, with all his gallant men,
 Fame traced on Mannicob's shore at last
 The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast;
 The Islemen told of some surviving men
 But Christian eyes beheld him not again,
 Sad bourne of all his toils with all his band
 To sleep wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand."

Neither La Perouse nor his vessels ever returned to France. Forty years later Captain Dillon, in command of the "Research," in the service of the East India Company, discovered that

the "Astrolabe" had been lost on a coral reef, and most of the crew drowned. The survivors were cast on the Mannicolo Islands, and died many years before Captain Dillon's visit.

About one hundred yards from the column of Mons. de la Perouse are interred the remains of Pere le Receveur, one of the naturalists of Perouse's expedition, who died in Botany Bay on the 17th February, 1788. On a gum-tree near the spot is the following inscription, carved, it is said, by one of the officers of the Bougainville expedition:

"Pres de cet arbre
Reposent les restes
Du P. Receveur visite en Mar., 1824."

The commanders mentioned visited Botany Bay, and, after praying over the grave of their countryman, ordered a monument to be erected in the name of France to the memory of the learned Franciscan, Pere le Receveur. This was accordingly carried out, and bore the following inscription:

Hic jacet, Le Receveur, Ex. P. F. Minoribus,
Galliae Sacerdos,
Physicus in circumnavigatione mundi
Duce de la Perouse.
Obiit die, 17 Feb. Anno. 1788.

Shortly after the erection of the monument to perpetuate the memory of the first priest and white man buried on the Eastern Coast of Australia, it was partly destroyed by the Aborigines residing in the neighbourhood. It is worthy of note that, when Pere le Receveur was buried at Botany in 1788, Governor Phillip, with kindly consideration, marked the site by having carved on a tree close by the name of Pere Receveur, and the date of his death, which enabled the commanders Bougainville and Ducampier, when they visited the place in 1824, to discover the grave.

About forty years later a branch of the Franciscan Order, or Friars Minor, to which the deceased belonged, was established in the eastern suburbs of Sydney, that is, Waverley, Paddington, and Woollahra (which overlook Botany Bay), where the pious Fathers carry out their duties in a manner worthy of the best traditions of their founder, St. Francis of Assisi. The Fathers visit the grave of Pere Receveur on occasions, and feel grateful for the magnanimity and forethought of Governor Phillip in marking the grave.

There is an aboriginal reserve now at La Perouse, of about eight acres, where the natives, comprising about sixty, of all shades, camp, and receive Government rations, &c.

Governor Phillip, in his "Voyage to Botany Bay," states: "During the stay of M. de la Perouse in Botany Bay, Father le Receveur, who came out in the 'Astrolabe' as naturalist, died. His death was occasioned by wounds, which he received in the unfortunate *rencontre* at the Navigator's Island."

The approximate population of the Australian Aborigines in 1788 was given at 150,000, but it would have been less incorrectly stated at 1,000,000. It should be remembered that New Holland and adjacent islands are nearly as large as the whole of Europe, and natives were found in large numbers on the entire coast, as well as in Central Australia. Shipments of convicts followed the arrival of the "First Fleet," in rapid succession, and in 1840, when transportation to New South Wales ceased, there were 82,250 convicts in the Colony, that is, 70,040 males and 12,210 females, many thousands of whom had been expatriated for the most trivial offences.

Van Diemen's Land was discovered in 1642 by Tasman, who named it after his employer, Van

Diemen, the Dutch Governor of the Indian possessions. The British Government took possession of this island in 1803, and appointed Colonel David Collins as Governor over the projected settlement, which was under the jurisdiction of New South Wales. A penal settlement was formed on the Derwent, to which place all the desperate criminals of New South Wales were re-transported.

The first shipment of convicts sent direct from England to Van Diemen's Land was in 1823, and from that date to 1853, when transportation ceased, no fewer than 64,306 convicts had been sent to the island. In 1805 Governor Collins was placed in a desperate quandary, consequent on the provisions running short. He realised the gravity of the situation, and had no alternative but to liberate all the desperate prisoners, whom he sent to the forests to capture kangaroos, bears, opossums, and other wild animals for food. The convicts roamed at large: many became outlaws, and committed terrible crimes on the Aborigines.

Governor Collins died in 1810, and was succeeded in 1813 by Lieutenant-Colonel Davy, who found the settlement almost controlled by bushrangers. Those reckless men were under the command of an outlaw named Whitehair, who for many years defied the military authorities to capture him, but was shot dead in 1814. Colonel Sorrell succeeded Lieutenant-Governor Davy in 1817. He had no means at his command to interfere with the disordered conditions which prevailed on the island; consequently the bushrangers, and settlers who had obtained their liberty, treated the natives with great cruelty. A convict named Michael Howe, who had been transported from England to New South Wales for highway robbery, proved so incorrigible that he had to be re-transported to Van Diemen's Land, where he escaped from the military authorities and became the leader of

Whitehair's gang. He promptly organised raids on the principal native camps, ruthlessly shot dead the males, and carried their wives and daughters to the bushrangers' lairs.

Those outrages forced the blacks into hostility for self-preservation, and led to disastrous results. Several encounters took place between the unarmed natives on the one side and the armed bushrangers and settlers on the other, which terminated in the slaughter of hundreds of the Aborigine race. In 1824 Colonel Sorrell was relieved by Colonel Arthur as Lieutenant-Governor, who had to face bushranging in its worst form. The settlers, who were sympathizers with the outlaws, frequently represented to the Lieutenant-Governor many cases of alleged brutality by the blacks, and sought some stringent measure to protect them from their violence. The Lieutenant-Governor, no doubt, believing the settlers' representations, decided in issuing an extraordinary proclamation in September, 1830, calling on the inhabitants of the island to arm themselves, and lend their aid to the military (three regiments) in driving the Aborigines into one corner of the island, with the intention of there enclosing them for the future, and added the proviso, "not to shoot them if they could be otherwise taken."

The result of this drastic procedure was the total annihilation of the Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land. Verily, the so-called Christians were more barbarous than the harmless natives, whom they decimated in their struggle for existence.

Military settlements were formed along the Eastern Coast of New South Wales, where the convicts were employed on various works, and where many hundreds were assigned to the free settlers and military officers. Crime became the prevailing epidemic of the country, and convicts were treated brutally by many of the slave-masters

on the most flimsy pretexts; hence hundreds absconded, and became a terror to the settlement as bushrangers. The Aborigines fared badly at the hands of those unscrupulous marauders; their camps were attacked, the men shot, and the females forced from their children.

The wretched natives had to defend themselves as best they could, and the slightest retaliation gave the assumed justification that they might be shot down with impunity as vermin. Three ruffians named Kibble, Coolan, and Grattan are said to have shot scores of blacks in the County of Cumberland, close to Sydney, and at Rylstone, on the Blue Mountains.

On one occasion they attacked the blacks' camp on the Grose River, and shot the whole party. They even shot the poor gins in the trees, where they endeavoured to save their piccaninnies. So openly were these battues carried out, that many persons concluded they had been specially employed for the purpose. The slaughter of blacks in the Moreton Bay Territory, now known as Queensland, was equally disastrous. Soldiers were sent to that part of the country to cope with the savage natives, as they were designated, who were troublesome to the white settlers, and as a consequence those officials organized bands of the worst natives to assist them in the destruction of unarmed Aborigines. Two of those soldiers, on their return to New South Wales, served in the Gold Police, and boasted how successful they were in the destruction of wild savages in the Moreton Bay country. What a reproach on Christian civilization in the 19th century! The Egyptians of old regarded the sacredness of human life from a different standpoint. If any person killed a slave, he was condemned to death equally as if he had killed a freeman. The law made no distinction between the slave and the freeman, and

in either case inflicted a death penalty on the murderer, on account of the gravity of the crime. This law was no doubt part of the Old Dispensation, "An eye for an eye, &c."

"Apud Aegyptios si quis servum sponte occidisset eum morte damnari, aequae ac si liberum occidisset, jubebant leges, non respicientes hominis occissi fortunam, sed facinoris atrocitatem."—Diod. sic. lib. I.

Geographers and early writers have designated the Australian Aborigines as being the lowest type of savages in the world; that they were cannibalistic, and practised polygamy, &c. These statements are unfair, because they are fictions founded on hearsay, or an imperfect knowledge of the race. They have never, as far as is actually known, been cannibalistic, and they have been, and are, unquestionably monogamists.

There would be more actual truth in the statement that many white men practise polygamy. During an official career of nearly fifty years I had much to do with the Australian natives, and could at one time converse with several tribes in their own dialects, which slightly varied. I have found them an intelligent and inoffensive race, who surpassed in mimicry, and possessed many sterling qualities.

The average height of the full-grown male Aborigine was approximately five feet ten inches, well formed, normal breadth of face, differentiated nasal organs, some broad-based, aquiline, others stunted, and many of good type, medium-sized mouths, dark, piercing eyes, dark hair, deep chests, white and regular dentition, small hands and feet, a bold carriage, and erect position. They were fleet of foot, expert swimmers and climbers, splendid horsemen, good trackers, and surpassed the Europeans in sharpness of sight and keenness of hearing.

The females, too, were well formed, and for the most part were very good-looking blacks. They had no artificial wants; the country abounded in kangaroos, or burrahs, opossums, native bears, emus, brush turkeys, birds innumerable, wombats, and other wild animals, edible roots, plants, and fruit in abundance; the rivers and ocean afforded them fish and oysters, and the forests supplied them with honey beyond their requirements. They were thus happy and contented in the midst of plenty in their primeval state. They were acquainted with the use of fire from the earliest times, and knew how to produce it. They were divided into tribes or clans, ruled by kings and chiefs selected for their bravery, who looked after the interests of their subjects, presided at their games, and administered the traditionary laws of their forefathers. When general meetings or corroborees were held, all the subjects of the King's sway attended, and took part in the proceedings; the males and females were painted fantastically, and decorated with brudullahs round their foreheads, studded with feathers and the tails of lyre-birds, and thullabulkahs round their waists, made from the skins of ring-tailed opossums cut into strands, and ornamented with designs in shells.

The men were armed with spears, wommerahs, boomerangs, towrang, or shields, nulla nullahs, or waddies, and spade-like implements. The women were armed with carved sticks and tambourines. Medicine men also attended, who carried rods possessed of charms, and representative men of the various totems. The King in person presided, armed with a yam-stick, or mace, beautifully carved. Those general meetings lasted for weeks at a time, during which they indulged in dancing and singing in warlike style, and competed in various games and pastimes.

Corroborees were held on special occasions for

religious purposes; the ceremonies were expiatory, and rigid fasts were observed. Culprits who had committed offences had to attend and receive punishment equivalent to the crimes they had committed. Young men and maidens of puberty age (15 to 20 years) had also to present themselves to be circumcised, and to have conferred upon them the symbolistic rite to get married to persons not belonging to their tribe. The ceremony on those occasions was mysterious, and terminated in each aspirant having a front tooth knocked out. This religious festival was known as the Yoolang.

The Aborigines invented and constructed many useful articles, including hatchets, termed codjas; and tomahawks, named mogos. These last were made from silex or flint, and were capable of a very keen edge.

They made hammocks, ropes, nets for fishing and for carrying their piccaninnies, cups, dishes, as well as all domestic utensils, and various kinds of shell ornaments. Many limestone caves, rocks, and trees in Australia proclaim their intelligence. Mr. W. R. Mathews, J.P., licensed surveyor, Paramatta, has published much on the rock carvings and paintings of the Aborigines, and has given photographs of his discoveries, which include most of the land animals of Australia, as well as birds, fishes, weapons, &c. I have on many occasions seen scores of similar paintings and carvings, which were splendidly executed. Some writers assert that the blacks have no idea of a Supreme Being, and are not susceptible of religious impressions; that they dispose of their dead either standing or sitting in graves, or place them in trees. These statements are pure invention, and the writers do a grave injustice to the Australian Aborigines. It is a well known fact that no race

has ever existed, no matter how wild, barbarous, or uncivilized, who did not possess some knowledge of a Supreme Being, although unable to define it. Cicero and many ancient classic writers prove it.

The Australian natives have no doubt lost some traditions of their religion; still they cling to the practice of their forefathers, who would not eat of the wombat, because it represented the native pig. There can be no doubt they believed in a Supreme Power, which would raise the good people to the sky, and leave the bad ones in their graves to be tormented by a monster, which they Anglicised in modern times as "Devil Devil." I have been present at the burial of many Aborigines in the sixties, all of which took place in deep graves; the bodies were wrapped in skins and covered with leaves; the graves were then filled with clay, and the surface raised to a mound or cumulus.

On one occasion a farmer residing beside a blacks' camp at Reidsdale complained to me at the Araluen Police Station that a dead blackfellow was tied in a sheet of bark and suspended from the bough of a tree near his garden, which caused his family much trouble. I proceeded to the camp, and ascertained that old Kian had died. There were only six members of the camp present, two of whom were males, the rest being harvesting among the settlers. I asked why they had not buried old Kian, and was promptly informed that they intended, when the blacks returned, to take his body to Milton and to bury it with his tribe.

A message was sent to the absent blacks, who promptly returned to the camp, and two days afterwards I saw six Aborigines take the body of Kian, which was securely tied in a bark-sheet lined with charcoal, to Milton, sixty miles away, for interment. The reason assigned for placing the body in the tree was to prevent the native dingoes from

interfering with it. Mr. Murray, J.P., Milton, can vouch for this.

In January, 1874, I discovered on the London Bridge Estate, the property of Mr. John McNamara, a veritable catacomb on a small scale. It was a limestone cave, wherein were found many hundreds of human bones and skulls, centuries old. I had several bags of them conveyed to Queanbeyan, where they were carefully inspected by three surgeons, including Coroner Morton, who pronounced them to be the skeletons of the Aborigines of former times.

The London Bridge is a natural limestone formation spanning the Burra Creek; beside it is a very spacious cave, which bore traces of having been used in early times by Aborigines. In May of the same year, while on duty at Coolamon, sixty miles from Queanbeyan, on the Cuppacumbalong Run, I visited the famous limestone cave of that place, where I discovered on the smooth surface of one sidewall traces of many paintings, representing kangaroos, dingoes, spears, boomerangs, and wommerahs; these were partly covered with fantastic-shaped stalactites hanging in lustrous profusion from the high roof. Since then, however, vandalism had set in, and many of those beautiful carbonate of lime cylinders have been carted in drays to adorn the walks and gardens of many settlers. It should be borne in mind that Governor Phillip and his successive pro-Consular representatives in the early days were kindly disposed to the Aborigines, and took a deep interest in their welfare. The Colony, however, being a Penal Establishment, was governed wholly by military rule; hence it was the Governors had no civil force at their disposal to protect the Aborigines from the wanton cruelties perpetrated on them by the escaped convicts, or to capture the perpetrators. In the fifties, however, a crisis was

reached. A number of blacks were murdered. The Hon. John Hubert Plunkett was then Attorney-General, who, after careful enquiry had been made by the police, prosecuted the criminals, who were convicted and hanged. This drastic punishment established the fact that British law proclaimed protection and liberty to the black natives of Australia and the white settlers alike, and had a far-reaching, salutary effect throughout the country.

Professor Baldwin Spencer and Mr. Gillen, in their explorations among the native tribes of Northern and Central Australia, and Mr. Howitt in his work on the "Native Tribes of South-eastern Australia," have demonstrated that the Aborigines, whose language for the most part can only be understood by signs and gestures, were not given to cannibalistic practices, but on the contrary were possessed of humane and kindly instincts. In August, 1860, a party of explorers, comprising Robert O'Hara Bourke (in command), Messrs. Wills, King, and Gray, left Melbourne to cross the continent, and accomplished the difficult task by reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria in February, 1861. On returning, one of the party, Gray, died about eighty miles from Cooper's Creek, where he was buried with due formality. When the remaining parties reached Cooper's Creek they found the place appointed for the depot abandoned by Brahe and party. They were in a deplorable condition, arising principally from hunger and thirst, and unable to proceed further. A blacks' camp was situated some miles distant, and the Aborigines, in their peregrinations, discovered the explorers in a dying state. They promptly rendered assistance, supplied them with water and food such as they had, and fed them on nardoo root until Bourke and Wills expired, when they carefully buried them. The sole survivor, King, was then carried to their camp in a dying state,

and attended to by a kind-hearted Samaritan female, who fed him on all the delicacies procurable until he recovered.

When the relief party, under Mr. Howitt, arrived, they found King at the camp, who, with the Aborigines, pointed out the graves of the unfortunate explorers. The remains were taken to Melbourne, where a public funeral was accorded them. It is worthy of note that Mr. Howitt, who has distinguished himself so much in anthropological and ethnological science, is the son of the famous William and Mary Howitt, whose journal in the fifties has never been surpassed in literary merit.

In a popular lecture in connection with the "Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science," delivered by Professor Baldwin Spencer in the Sydney University in 1901, he paid high compliments to the Aborigines of Central Australia.

While exploring this arid region, the Professor and party came to a river-bed; they found an Aborigines' camp some distance away, where they were kindly received by the natives, who explained as well as they could by signs and gestures what the Professor required to know. They stated that on occasions there were large floods in the river-bed, which came close to their camp; that before those floods occurred the bed swarmed with large toads, having attached to them film-sacks or pouches; that when the flood waters disappeared, and the river dried up, the toads remained in all the holes, having their sacks filled with pure water, and it was from that source or reservoir they obtained water in the dry season; and the statement was actually correct. The explorers obtained important information regarding their customs and their marriage laws, which were very strict,

as no inter-marriage between persons of the same tribe was permitted.

The natives were found to be superstitious, practised magic, and believed, if any misfortune occurred to any member or totem of their tribe, it was caused by some member of another tribe, who had to pay an equivalent penalty. This was clearly in accordance with the laws of Moses, "Blood for blood."

There are no monuments in Australia to indicate the past history of the Aborigines, nor are there any traces of a written language, unless the carvings and paintings on rocks and trees could be regarded as such. Their dialects, ceremonies, habits, and customs alone remain from which to diagnose their genesis; hence the results so far achieved by scientists and others do not reach absolute certainty.

Late in the fifties the settlers discovered the blacks were an inoffensive race, from whom they had nothing to fear. Every squatter in the land had blacks about his station to break in horses and do rouseabout work, and the settlers, too, had numbers of them on their farms, who largely assisted in putting in and saving their crops, as well as in procuring honey, for which they received scanty rations, with an occasional dole of bad rum and worse tobacco, the result being they acquired all the bad habits of the settlers.

The gins and children in many cases camped near the residences, and did the drudgery work of the homesteads. The blacks were expert in fishing, as shown by Captain Hunter in his "History of Port Jackson." They could dive from their canoes in the ocean and capture fish by spearing, and they were equally expert in the rivers. I have seen them in the Duah River dam the course, place the leaves and branches of ti-tree or hickory in the water-hole, then insert poles under rocks

and into crevices, when, after a short period, the fish floated to the surface apparently dead, but in reality only stupefied from the narcotic effects of the leaves.

The blacks were held by many Benches of Magistrates as being amenable to the Masters and Servants Act, and punished for absconding from a service for which they received no consideration. In 1856, however, a slight change for the better took place, consequent on New South Wales having been granted Responsible Government, which enabled the residents to make their own laws for the better government of the Colony. The Ministry approved of the issue of a blanket each to full-grown Aborigines, and half a blanket to each child, for the winter months, and it was decided that the issue should take place on the 24th May, so that the blacks might understand it was the Queen's Birthday; hence it was that the Aborigines flocked to the police stations on that day, and received the Queen's bounty, for which they felt grateful.

On occasions, too, brass crescents were issued to the kings and chiefs, having their names engraved thereon, which the recipients highly prized.

It was a pitiable spectacle to see hundreds of those benighted creatures, men, women, and children, naked, roaming about with their dogs and wild animals endeavouring to obtain a sustenance in their own great country. One would imagine that such a condition of affairs was calculated to appeal to the humanitarian instincts of the Naked Savage Clothing Societies of a Christian land, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to do other works of mercy, or to the philanthropy of the wealthy squatters of the territory, but they responded not. Having an interest in a provincial newspaper, I advocated their claim for amelioration for some years, but it did not avail.

The late Judge McFarland did splendid service, too, in that direction, by publishing three letters in the "Town and Country Journal," which were followed by others from Mr. Lovegrove, C.P.S., Shoalhaven, and a Mr. Perry.

In December, 1872, a large corroboree was held on the Braidwood gold fields, at which representatives from Broulee, Shoalhaven, and coastal districts attended. When the festival was over, sixty-two blacks called upon me. Jack Bawn and Alick were the leaders of the deputation. I asked Jack what they wanted. He replied, "We have come to you to intercede for us in getting the Government to do something for us. Araluen Billy, our king, is old, and cannot live long; my wife Kitty and self are old, too. I have assisted the police for many years, and we want to get some land which we can call our own in reality, where we can settle down, and which the old people can call their home. Everyone objects to our hunting on his land, and we think the blacks are entitled to live in their own country."

Alick, an intelligent black, said: "I have been married to Ellen for two years. We had a son born on the Queen's Birthday, and called him Victoria, in honour of our Queen. I have brought you a wombat, a paddymelon, a kookaburra, and other birds, which I wish you to send to the Governor as a present from our son Victoria for the Queen."

I replied I would do what I could for them, and inform Jack Bawn of the result. I wrote to Judge McFarland concerning the deputation, and stated what they required. He was delighted, and replied, "Furnish me as soon as possible with all the particulars you know concerning this interesting race." On the 29th March, 1873, I sent him a comprehensive report covering eight sheets of foolscap, detailing their treatment, condition,

customs, and aspirations, and urged him not to cease exercising his influence nor in wielding his pen to bring about some amelioration in the condition of this fast-expiring race. Judge McFarland presented my report and three of his published letters to the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, who was greatly interested in the details. His Excellency intimated he would take prompt steps to bring the matter under the notice of the Premier, Sir Henry Parkes, who would, he felt certain, give it his best attention. In the meantime His Excellency desired that Jack Bawn and Alick should be informed that he felt pleased at reading their loyal sentiments regarding their beloved Queen.

Shortly afterwards I received instructions through the Police Department to survey forty acres of Crown Lands in whatever locality Jack Bawn desired as an Aboriginal Reserve. Jack desired the land fronting the Shoalhaven River at the base of the Jingeras, where fish, birds, and wild animals were plentiful.

Thither I proceeded with the late Senior Sergeant Lenihan, Jack Bawn, Kitty and a number of the tribe. We remained two days in the locality where a flat surrounded by lofty mountains was selected. While camped at night I told Jack and party that the land was splendid, but the locality was unsuitable, for the reason that as Jack and other Aborigines had been engaged with the police in pursuit of Tommy Clarke and his band of bush-rangers whose parents resided only a few miles distant, and whose relations lived close by, it would not be safe for the blacks to be so near them. Jack and friends realized the danger and decided not to occupy it.

I had on many occasions purchased Platypus skins from Jack Bawn, and on the following morn-

ing he shot a splendid specimen of the species *Echidna* or *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus* in the Shoalhaven which he brought to the camp and handed to me. This animal is the most extraordinary in Zoological science; it is very like a duck, and has a similarly broad flat bill, while its covering is of the most highly prized fur. The Platypus or Mallangong combines in its structure the bird and the quadruped as far as its outward form is concerned—it lays eggs and hatches them like the one, and rears and suckles the young like the other.

I had the platypus skinned, and found it was a female, as it contained two ova of moderate size. Jack told me he had frequently discovered ornithorynchi nests on the Shoalhaven, Queanbeyan, and Murrumbidgee Rivers, and that he could show me one on the bank. I accompanied him to the place, when he pointed out a nest of grass and leaves in a burrow, a few feet from the water's edge, on which rested portions of shells. I secured the fragments, and, with the ova, placed them in methylated spirits, and sent them to Professor Badham, Sydney University, who regarded my discovery as of great importance to zoological science. Sir Henry Parkes took the matter of improving the condition of the blacks promptly in hand. He appointed "An Aborigines' Protection Board" in Sydney, with power to select suitable areas throughout the Colony as Aboriginal Reserves, and placed a large sum on the Estimates to meet all requirements. The Chairman of the Board was Inspector-General Fosbery, while the other members thereof were representative gentlemen who were well known to have sympathetic feelings towards the primeval race. All the police officers in the Colony were commanded to render every assistance to the Board, and they did so loyally; they reported on the suitability of reserves, and made valuable sugges-

tions as to what was best to be done in particular districts regarding the best interests of the race. Reserves were established in all localities where the blacks were numerous, and, on possession being taken, they were supplied with rations, blankets, clothing, implements for cultivating the land, horses, carts, boats, fowls, fishing tackle, &c.

The efforts of the Board got over many difficulties, and in a few years the condition of the blacks was marvellously improved. Schools and residences were established, the children were educated, and, in localities where there were no schools, the black children, cleanly and tidily dressed, attended the Public Schools. Many of the black children displayed as much aptitude in acquiring knowledge as the white ones, and articulated the English language as correctly and as free from imperfections as the white race. I mention in this connection two Aborigine boys, one named Billela, as black as Erebus, reared on the head station of Sir Patrick Jennings, Deniliquin; and the other St. John, of a lighter colour, adopted by Archbishop Vaughan. Both boys were sent to Lyndhurst College, where they remained for several years, and disclosed great quickness in acquiring languages.

These two blacks served under me as trackers in the North-western District fifteen years ago. On visiting the station where St. John was located, I was agreeably surprised to find his table strewn with classical works, and found on inquiry that he was teaching the Senior-Constable in charge the rudiments of Latin from Smith's *Principia*.

The full-blood natives throughout Australia are decreasing annually. The census taken in the various States in 1905 of Aborigines connected with reserves or deriving assistance from the various Governments disclosed the following populations:—

New South Wales, 6910; Queensland, 20,000; Victoria, 365; South Australia, 3745; Western Australia, 30,000; making a grand total of 61,020; and the annual total expenditure for their maintenance was approximately £50,000.

The Aborigines' Reserves in the various States are regarded as Mission Stations, and are frequently visited by clergymen of various denominations, and lay teachers, who do everything possible in imparting to them a knowledge of Scripture truth. There are no protectorates as yet in Central Australia, nor in the Northern Territory, where it is more than probable the population is over 100,000. During the last few years various reports appeared in the press of cruelty towards the blacks in the North and West. Doctor Roth, the Chief Protector of Aborigines, was appointed a Commission by the Queensland Government to investigate the allegations. The Commissioner did so thoroughly, and in his comprehensive report found that the natives had been cruelly and mercilessly treated, without any action having been taken either to capture or prosecute the white assailants. Hundreds of Aborigines decline to go on reserves for reasons of their own, namely, that some of the managers did not want the old but the young blacks on the reserves; that the treatment of blacks in being looked after and forced to work was not compatible with liberty; that the blacks had to do hard work, and received nothing but food; that their earnings went to the masters and the Government; that education and religion were of little use to them, as they believed the white people disliked them; that they preferred liberty to hunt on their own land than to work in it for others.

In 1843 Archbishop Polding established a missionary settlement at Moreton Bay, which was carried on by the Passionist Fathers for many

years. Governor Gipps rendered them every assistance, and hence they were most successful in educating and Christianizing a large number of the natives. The Jesuit Fathers have a large Aborigine settlement on the Daly River, Northern Territory; and the Trappist and Pallatine Fathers, established by Bishop Gibney, have extensive settlements at Beagle Bay and elsewhere on the West Coast. Those zealous missionaries receive no Government assistance; they have numerous stations throughout their settlements, and they regard the Aborigines as being a very superior race, who are highly susceptible of religious impressions.

The labours of the Fathers have been amply rewarded in the conversion of many hundreds of the natives, who are educated in everything appertaining to their temporal and spiritual welfare.

With the approval of Cardinal Moran and the Hierarchy of Australia, a collection is made in every Catholic Church one Sunday in the year for the support of those missions. The most successful missionary settlement in New Holland is that of New Norcia, Western Australia, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers, and founded by Doctor Salvado in 1846. The Benedictine Fathers and Monks at present number seventy, principally Spaniards. The Abbey, which is a stately building, is known as Abbey Nullius, and is surrounded in landscape picturesqueness by about seventy buildings, including a large stone church, of cruciform design; large schools, workshops, and numerous cottages for the natives. The monks own about 20,000 acres of splendid land, and lease about 300,000 from the Government at £1000 per annum. About 1000 acres of land are under cultivation, and large crops of wheat, maize, barley, hay, tobacco, grapes, olives, &c., are produced annually. The pasture land is well stocked with

horses, cattle, and about 35,000 sheep. The monks and natives cultivate the land, and attend to the requirements of the place.

The Aborigines are intelligent, respectful, and industrious. About 200 children attend school, and experience no difficulty in becoming proficient in any subject coming within the scope of their comprehension. The native schoolboys have established a brass band, and many ladies and gentlemen who have visited the settlement pronounce the boys as splendid musicians.

Sir Richard Bourke proved himself a wise statesman and a most liberal Governor. He realized the baneful effects of a Penal Colony, and established a scheme of Assisted Immigration which in a few years proved a wonderful success. He put an end to the religious monopoly of one Church, and established religious freedom and equality amongst all classes of the colonists. He originated a system of education, which in 1844 passed into law, and met the requirements of all creeds, and he abolished military rule by passing in 1833 an Act giving Police Magistrates and Police to the Town and Port of Sydney, which was extended by 2 Victoria, No. 2, in 1838 to the whole Colony, under Governor Gipps. Those Acts formed the bases of British freedom and protection to all classes, and smoothed the way for Constitutional Government in 1856. The founding of the Australian Colonies was marked by serious difficulties during many years, and is without any doubt the greatest achievement ever consummated by the British nation. The Colonies, now designated States, united in a Federated Australia, have a climate and a soil unsurpassed by any nation in the universe; they possess vast and varied sources of wealth in gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, and at least two hundred other minerals, unlimited in

coal, shale, limestone, and various timbers.

Amazing progress has been made within the last twenty years in the country's development; the inhabitants are industrious, law-abiding, and intensely loyal, and they have good reason to be so, as they possess the glorious privilege of enjoying the fullest freedom in their religious, political, and social institutions. The country is so immense that it affords a splendid field for the surplus population of the British Isles, who, if willing to toil, are certain to be crowned with prosperity. The times have changed since 1788, and the conditions of the people have changed with them. Botany Bay is no longer regarded as Australia, and its traditions of the past are forgotten.

The enterprise of the British race has been such, under free institutions, that it requires no stretch of imagination to predict with certainty that one hundred years hence the great island continent of Australia, the "No Man's Land" of 1770, will have become one of the most powerful Christian nations in the world.

"Rise Australia: with peace and plenty crown'd
Thy name shall one day be renown'd."

MEMORABLE EPISODES IN THE OFFICIAL
CAREER OF A NEW SOUTH WALES
POLICE OFFICER.

IN March, 1862, the New South Wales Police Force was re-organized, which enabled the Government of that day to bestow on its friends the positions of Superintendents, Inspectors, and Sub-Inspectors in the service. Nepotism formed a big factor in the appointments; capable and deserving non-commissioned officers of the old *regime* were ignored, and as a consequence the public interests suffered for many years. Most of the new officers were ill-adapted for their vocation, being either too young or too old, and not four per cent. possessed the qualifications which ordinary mortals would naturally expect in a police officer.

At this period the colony was in a flourishing condition; gold fields were being worked successfully in every direction, money was plentiful, and the avenues for spending it numerous and attractive. Mail and highway robberies in this condition of affairs became of daily occurrence, and the notorious Frank Gardiner established for himself a reputation when he, as leader of ten determined banditti, robbed the Forbes gold escort coach at Eugowra, and shot the police guards.

I was at this juncture appointed to Moruya to take charge of the Gulph gold escort, and had not been there many weeks when Sub-Inspector Limbo, with his orderly, arrived on horseback. He was nearly sixty years old, squat build, bandy gait, bald pate, gray whiskers, devoid of dentition, swarthy complexion, and a remarkable expression of countenance. I had not seen or heard of him

before, nevertheless, I formed the troopers into line, saluted him, and welcomed him to the police command of the district. Mr. Limbo, who was pleased with this slight recognition of his rank, said, "Sergeant, I am glad you are a disciplinarian. In saluting me, whether standing, sitting, or walking, it is not to me personally the compliment is paid, but to my position, and Her Majesty's crown, which I have the honour to wear." After an inspection of the stables, he remarked, "These are defective. I shall devise a means which will enable the mounted police of my district to feed their horses day or night without leaving their rooms, or even their beds. I may as well tell you I have been a lieutenant in the navy for many years, during which I performed remarkable exploits."

"Your appearance, Mr. Limbo, gave me the impression that you had been a navigator or explorer who could trace a long ancestry."

"Yes," he replied; "Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror fall short of my claim in that respect. I am proud to say that I am descended from a collateral branch, that is, the Iberian, of the great Aryan or Japhetic race, who possessed a marvellous inspiration for invention. I, too, have invented a new design of gun for the navy, known as 'Limbo's vacuum ordnance,' which is certain to be adopted, and I have solved the very difficult problem for constructing large steamers of light draught; hence in the near future you need not be surprised to see the largest vessels anchored in the shallow rivers of Australia."

Mr. Limbo, having arranged his Lares and Penates in his new home, called me into his office, where he was sitting before a table strewn with piles of manuscript, diagrams of steamers and of ordnance, charts, maps, and printed matter. "Well, Sergeant," he said, "I am now completing my

hydrographical charts of the Atlantic Ocean, the grave of the great island continent of Atlantis, where our first parents dwelt. See, these are the ridges which denote the outline of the submerged territory. The deep-sea soundings were carried out by vessels representing several countries, but the principal work was performed by the United States ship 'Dolphin,' the German ship 'Gazelle,' and the British ships 'Hydra,' 'Porcupine,' and 'Challenger.' I did splendid service in this important work during a period of four years. One ridge, you will observe," pointing to a line on the chart, "extends from the west coast of Ireland serpentine to the coast of South America, and then south-east towards Africa, while another fringes the coast of the Azores. The inhabitants of the submerged Atlantis comprised several branches of the human race, including the Shemites, Japhetites, and Hamites, who became wonderful inventors and discoverers in that primeval time, and formed colonies all over the known world. Yes, Sergeant, it was an Iberian-Spanish branch of the Aryan race that first peopled Ireland, and gave to it their own name Aryan, or, as it is now called, Erin; while the name Hibernia is derived from Iberia."

"I was," I said, "under the impression that Ireland was first peopled by the Phoenicians."

"Well," returned Mr. Limbo, "the Phoenicians too were Aryans, as well as the Greeks, Celtae, and Scandinavians. The Phoenicians after their settlement at Tyre established shipbuilding and the useful arts, and spread commerce all over the known world; hence you may suppose they did visit Ireland."

"I have," I said, "read Fenelon's 'Telemaque,' a work which I think surpasses Homer's 'Odyssey' or Virgil's 'Æneid' in design, conception, and morality, wherein it is recorded that 'Tyre was cele-

brated for its commerce, its navigators, its riches, and notably for its perfect police system; but still the people were oppressed by a despotic ruler named Pygmalion, who murdered his brother-in-law, Sichee, and would doubtlessly have destroyed his sister also, the historical Dido, had she not fled with her adherents to Carthage, where she founded the celebrated city bearing that name.”

“Yes, Sergeant, that is true; but God is just. Nemesis was on his track, and hence he met his requital at the hands of Astarbe, his paramour. Evil frequently begets good, and it was so in this case.”

“The ancient glory of the famed city,” I observed, “has long since departed. Time, the inevitable edax rerum of all sublunary things, has done its work, and there now remain nothing to be seen of its former greatness except its ruins and a few hundred dilapidated dwellings occupied by Christians and Janissaries—the name itself being changed by the despotic Turks to that of Sour.”

“That is sufficient,” replied Mr. Limbo, “for our purpose. The gods and goddesses of the Greeks, Phoenicians, Hindoos, and Scandinavians were the kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis, and the acts attributed to them in mythology were confused recollections of actual historical events. It is also true that the mythology of Egypt and Peru represented the actual religion of the Atlanteans, that is, sun worship. The bronze and the iron ages of Europe were derived from Atlantis; yet the story of the submerged world was for many thousand years regarded as a myth, but now it is well established that it has been a reality, and was in truth the cradle of the human race, as well as the Garden of Eden. South America was in prehistoric times the home of a large colony of Atlanteans, whose works in that quarter

can now be seen in every direction. The most renowned of the Peruvian temples at Cuzco, emblazoned with gold, were the wonder of the empire, and, for that matter, of the world."

"I am glad," I said, "that it was reserved for a New South Wales police officer to have located the Garden of Eden."

"I only assisted," he said. "Learned antiquarians and philologists have done so. It is worthy of note, however, and creditable to the Christian world, that it has not at any time pretended to fix the locality of the Garden of Eden."

"You may be able, Mr. Limbo, to inform me how China came to be peopled? I have read that the Chinese were a most civilized and ingenious race, possessing a good knowledge of agriculture, and of the sciences and arts, thousands of years before the Christian era."

"China," he replied, "was peopled about the same time as Ireland, and Iberian Spain, but by a Turanian branch from Atlantis. The speculative theories to be found in books regarding the discovery of tobacco, maize, and potatoes in America since the days of Columbus are altogether unreliable, as in truth these articles were cultivated and used by the Atlanteans in China and America in remote antiquity."

"Have you, Mr. Limbo," I asked, "read Cicero's collection of letters?"

"No," he replied.

"Well, I have read them, and find that in the 98th letter the great Servius Sulpicius Rufus, who was then Governor of Greece, writing from Athens to Cicero, sympathising with him on the irreparable loss of his beloved daughter Tullia, said, 'When sailing from Ægina in the direction of Megara, I looked around and saw behind me Ægina, in front of me Megara, on the right side Pireus, and on the left Corinth, all famous towns

in former times, but now lying prostrate and in ruins.' Byron immortalized the reference contained in this celebrated letter in his 'Childe Harold.'"

"Yes," returned Mr. Limbo, 'what you say is confirmation of my statement. Those cities were founded by the Aryans about the same time as Tyre, and, as Byron, whom you mention, said:

For time had not rebuilt them but upreared
Barbaric dwellings in their shattered sight."

"I intend publishing these manuscripts and charts in book form some day, and I have no doubt the data I shall submit for the consideration of the scientific world will throw much light on what is now regarded by most people as mythological. It is strange," he continued, "the people are so incredulous. Fancy the burial of Pompeii and Herculaneum having been regarded by the world for over a thousand years as a myth, notwithstanding the historical testimony of Pliny and others. Our discoveries now concerning the submerged Atlantis have facilitated the work of archaeologists, anthropologists, ethnologists, and scientists in the solution of this all-important problem."

"It is a pity," I remarked, "that your great talent in the field of science should be lost in the police, where your principal task will be the discovery of criminals. I presume you have had no experience in that line, or in police matters generally?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Limbo; "I can hold my own even in police matters. I am a good phrenologist and physiognomist, and can tell a criminal when I see him. You should know that a criminal can never look at you with composure. He seems to an ordinary observer to be looking at nothing particularly, yet he is taking full bearings of every-

thing that concerns himself, and if you take a grasp of his hand he trembles all over, and discloses unmistakable indications of his criminality."

"That may be so, Mr. Limbo," I said, "but it would require a special faculty to distinguish these indications."

"Not at all. I shall instruct you in all the business as soon as I am settled here. As for police duties I shall experience no difficulty. I have read a great deal of law, and am possessed of a small law library. You know, Sergeant, that the Bench, police and the magistrates have strenuously opposed the re-organization of the police force, and they now throw every obstacle they can in the way of the new officers, who are, they say, incompetent to discharge their duties; but I'll show the local Justices on the first sittings of the Court that they are wrong in their assumption."

"Knowing this prejudice," I said, "you, as head of the district here, would, I think, act wisely by not taking a prominent part in Police Court prosecutions for some time. Remember the reply of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius, to his two generals, Drusus and Germanicus, who implored him to visit their camp and quell by his presence the disaffected tendencies of the troops: 'Royalty has more power, has greater influence, and is more respected at a distance.'"

"Nothing," returned Mr. Limbo, "shall dissuade me from doing my duty, no matter what the consequences may be."

In a few days a Court of Petty Sessions was held, at which a large number of the district Justices attended to assist the Chairman in the disposal of the business; hence it was Mr. Limbo considered it a favourable opportunity to introduce himself to the magistrates.

As it was generally known that Mr. Limbo intended making his debüt at the Temple of Jus-

tice, the occasion brought forth a large crowd, such as the famous Ashton, circus proprietor of those days, would have been delighted to witness at one of his inimitable performances. On entering the Court, Mr. Limbo, who was in full regiments, bowed to their Worships, and introduced himself as having been appointed to the police command of the district. The Chairman simply remarked, in an official tone, "I hope, Mr. Limbo, this new police arrangement will be in the public interest, and that you, as an officer, will frequently attend Court and instruct your new constables in Police Court procedure."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Limbo; "and I shall commence this day. Go down," said the officer to his orderly, "and bring up my law books."

The Justices exchanged looks of surprise with the spectators, and realized for once in their magisterial experience that they had an officer before them who might, for aught they knew to the contrary, be a veritable *juris consultus*.

Presently the creaking of a wheelbarrow heavily laden announced the orderly's return, when nine large tomes of law were carried by willing hands and placed on the table in front of the rostrum. The first case on the sheet was Theodore Von Hansen, charged with attempting to commit suicide.

"Under what statute, Mr. Limbo, do you intend to proceed?" queried the Chairman, with a twinkle in his left eye.

The officer drew from a silver case, as long as a police batôn, a large pair of spectacles with extending bars, dissimilar to any I had previously seen. The glasses were square, mounted with bronze, the manufacture of our primeval progenitors of the prehistoric age, and, when placed on his proboscis, the heavy tufts of his shaggy eyebrows were raised, and formed a fringe to his

remarkable *os frontis*. The *tout ensemble* of the officer, under the circumstances, was well calculated to convey to one's imagination the historic Minos explaining the laws to his subjects in the subterranean palace of ancient Crete, now the Candia of the Levant.

It was a unique proceeding never before experienced in police ethics, and terminated somewhat abruptly. Mr. Limbo ran cursorily through the volumes, and replied, "I cannot at present lay my finger on the Act, but will do so presently."

The Chairman, having inspected the law books, said, "'Oke's Magisterial Synopsis,' 2 volumes; 'Burn's Justice,' 5 volumes; 'Russell on Crime,' 1 volume; 'Taylor on Midwifery,' 1 volume," and then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which the other Justices joined.

Mr. Limbo, who naturally regarded the affair as a personal insult in the execution of his duty, rushed from the Court, and was met outside by a number of his friends, who sympathized with him on the wanton outrage perpetrated. "There was," they said, "no alternative but to report the matter to the Colonial Secretary," which was accordingly done.

No one, probably, knew better than the Chairman of the Bench that an attempt to commit suicide was a misdemeanour at Common Law, and not governed by statute; hence his question to Mr. Limbo could only have been prompted by curiosity to test his knowledge.

Apart from his many peculiarities, Mr. Limbo was a sociable man, and was not long in the township when he became very popular with a section of the residents, whom he entertained at his residence, not only with a liberal hospitality, but also with a recital of his marvellous performances. His principal object, he assured them, in joining the new police, was "to secure the capture of the no-

torious Gardiner and his gang, and he would not rest satisfied until that achievement was accomplished." At this time there was a local paper in the township, very ably conducted. The proprietor, however, was very unpopular with Mr. Limbo's friends, who posed as being superior to the common herd. These parties were most anxious to learn the antecedents of this individual in Van Dieman's Land, and found in Mr. Limbo a too-willing agent to unravel the mystery for their special gratification. The officer, without premeditation, sent a long application to the Government of that Colony, asking to be furnished with full particulars; but, instead of receiving a direct reply, his letter was sent to the New South Wales Premier, pointing out the imprudence of compliance. Mr. Limbo was promptly called upon for an explanation, and severely censured for his improper procedure. To make matters worse for the obliging officer, one of his pseudo friends informed the paper man of the action Mr. Limbo had taken to unravel his mysterious career, which led him to vow a life-long vengeance against Mr. Limbo, and he kept it, too.

The Gulph gold field at this time contained a large population. It was in Mr. Limbo's district, and in due course he paid it an official visit, which he preferred to do alone, in the fond anticipation of encountering the now notorious Frank Gardiner, whom he actually believed he alone was destined to capture. While inspecting the curiosities of the gold field, in company with some of the residents, to whom he was toxicologically explaining infallible antidotes for snake-poisoning, he was introduced to a man named Basilisk, who in later years became a well-known abettor of bush-rangers.

As Basilisk was a gold-buyer, and had then in his possession a large quantity of the precious

metal, Mr. Limbo proffered him his protection as far as Moruya, which was gladly accepted.

The gold-buyer and his convoy, Mr. Limbo, left the Gulph in the afternoon, both well mounted and armed; the officer with a single-action Colt's revolver, which he on this occasion carried on full-cock, in a case strapped to the saddle on the right-hand side. The cunning Basilisk informed the officer confidentially that Gardiner and a number of his satellites were then camped somewhere on the range, for the purpose of "bailing up" either the township or gold escort, or probably both; hence it behoved them to be very cautious. The credulous Limbo had no doubt of it, and assured his friend he was prepared to meet the arch-highwayman at any moment.

On reaching a dense scrub on the Tuross River, near Bodalla, about dusk, Basilisk suggested as a precaution that the officer should ride about two hundred yards in front of him, and Mr. Limbo had scarcely covered the distance when he was startled by hearing the reports of three shots in rapid succession, the whizzing of the bullets being audible close to him. The officer's horse plunged about for some seconds, when another explosion took place, from which Mr. Limbo narrowly escaped injury, the ball from the discharged weapon having blown the heel of his right boot off.

In a few moments the wily Basilisk rode up, seemingly agitated, and exclaimed, "Gardiner and his men have fired several shots at me; one of the bullets went through the crown of my hat."

"The ruffians," said Mr. Limbo, "have had a perfect fusillade at me, and blew off the heel of my boot. Where are they now?"

"In the scrub," returned Basilisk. "But it is too dark to see them. They are certain to go to Bombo, cross the bridge, and intercept us at Coila Lake. Let us go quickly and prevent it."

Limbo and Basilisk gave spurs to their horses, and did not slacken the reins until they reached the township at nine p.m. News of the desperate attack on the police officer and the gold-buyer soon spread, which caused much excitement, and this was intensified by the exhibition of the hat and boots worn on the occasion.

Mr. Limbo was congratulated by his friends on his providential escape, and the Paladin-like heroism he displayed in the trying ordeal.

The local paper denounced the business in scathing terms as the climax of buffoonery, and, although not complimentary to Mr. Limbo, yet it was absolutely correct. The tricky Basilisk, as subsequently demonstrated, was the fountain and source of the silly *contresens*. On Mr. Limbo's saddle being examined, it was found that his revolver was discharged in one chamber, the revolver-case bursted, and powder marked on the inside, the bottom missing; and the key was thus furnished as to how the heel of the boot was blown off. But this was not self-evident to Mr. Limbo, who maintained it was a dreadful encounter, and reported so to the head of the Department, in sensational style.

It did not matter in what form police duty presented itself, Mr. Limbo was now equal to the occasion. At this time a large number of cockatoo settlers resided on the Jingeras. They occupied the Crown lands, paid no rent, and their principal occupation was the stealing of horses from gold-miners and the residents of the Braidwood, Queanbeyan, and Cooma districts. The horse-stealers faked the brands of the stolen animals, docked their manes and tails, and in many cases so changed their appearance that the owners could not identify them.

Mr. Limbo received frequent reports regarding stolen horses, and was instructed to spare no

efforts to arrest the offenders, and recover the horses if offered for sale in the district. Mr. Limbo, after giving the subject careful consideration, said, "Sergeant, I realize the difficulty of this horse-stealing and faking business. Horse-stealing would not pay if the thieves could not find a market, and I'm determined they will not find one in my district."

Mr. Rosevear was the district auctioneer, who held monthly horse sales. He received instructions to dispose unreservedly of 500 head of horses consigned by fictitious owners at Jingera.

On the day of sale a large number of buyers from the diggings and district attended; but before the sale commenced Mr. Limbo and his police made their appearance, commenced a comparison of the brands of the stolen horses with the faked brands of those offered for sale, and before they had concluded their task (in which they recovered a number of the stolen animals) the intended buyers had either left the yards or declined to bid.

This procedure was repeated on three occasions, with the result that the sale of Jingera horses had to be abandoned at Moruya. The auctioneer quarrelled with Mr. Limbo, and reported him to the Colonial Secretary for unwarrantably interfering with his legitimate calling; but this action did not disturb the susceptibilities of Mr. Limbo, who claimed credit for his satisfactory solution of a difficult problem.

Mr. Limbo was an officer desirous of distinguishing himself in the performance of great deeds, such as running notorious armed criminals to earth, or in the discovery of contrivances which would prove beneficial to mankind. The consummation of such triumphs would, on the one hand, invest him with a halo of heroism; while, on the other, his name would be handed down to posterity as a public benefactor.

After being engaged three months running the gold escort, Mr. Limbo said to me, "Sergeant, I have devised a scheme for preventing your escort gold being stolen or tampered with at night by burglars or others."

"I do not think," I replied, "there is any danger of that while in my possession. The gold is in sealed bags, in locked cases; I keep the saddlebags under the mattress on which I sleep; the door is locked, the mounted men sleep in adjoining rooms with their arms in readiness, and your residence is only separated by a partition; hence you need have no fear as to the safety of the gold."

"That may seem to you, as a young man without experience of the criminal classes, all right; but to one of my experience it appears otherwise, and I shall have my 'infallible protector' ready for the next escort," said Mr. Limbo.

On the following Monday evening I arrived at the station with the escort of 3,000 ounces of gold. Mr. Limbo was waiting, and had the treasure carried to his bedroom, placed in a moderate-sized box, screwed to the floor, and close to his bed; attached to the box were two copper wires, one connected with a bell in his room, while the other extended along the ceiling into my bedroom, where it was also fastened to a large-sized bullock-bell. "Now, men," said Mr. Limbo, "you can see the device, and woe betide Gardiner and Co. should they interfere." I felt very much annoyed at this interference with my duty, as being the duly-appointed gold conductor and receiver, and was the officer alone responsible for its safe-keeping. Nevertheless, I did not wish to say or do anything to cause unpleasantness.

That night Mr. Limbo and his wife went to a party, and did not return till a late hour. About two a.m. the tranquillity of the station was chang-

ed into a state of wild excitement by the clamour of the two bells. The police in the darkness seized their rifles, and in the confusion which ensued a trooper's Terry rifle was discharged; the ball passed through the weatherboard partition, grazed the patella of Mr. Limbo's right knee, and lodged in the wardrobe. The door leading to the officer's quarters was demolished, and the police, in their efforts to reach the treasure-room, upset and partially destroyed their officer's furniture and curics. The sole cause of all this trouble, which was, fortunately, not attended with loss of life, was Mr. Limbo himself, who got out of bed at the hour named, unconscious of his "infallible protector," over which he had fallen, and narrowly escaped being a victim to science. Mrs. Limbo, who was suffering from nervous excitement, implored me to remove the gold and the "infallible protector" from her room, and I did so promptly.

While Mr. Limbo was employed on scientific contrivances at Moruya, his friend Basilisk had a brush with two bushrangers on the Gulph mountains, which he reported to the local police, who, after investigation, declared the allegation to be a mere fabrication. This did not satisfy Basilisk, who waited on Mr. Limbo, and, with a fiendish disregard for truth, reported he had been robbed of several ounces of gold by the redoubtable Gardiner and his man. This was exciting news for Mr. Limbo, who sent for me and said, "Sergeant, a daring highway robbery under arms has been committed in my district on Mr. Basilisk. Get your men ready without delay to accompany me in pursuit. Take saddle-bags with provisions, cloaks, two tomahawks, and a hand-saw, as doubtless we will have to cut our way through fences."

"The gold escort," I replied, "will have to be attended to to-morrow, and it cannot be set aside for Basilisk's cock-and-bull story, which the police

do not believe. However, if you decide on going, you should take the Gulph police, and thus prevent serious complaints being made by unnecessary interference with the gold escort."

"I alone," he rejoined, "am responsible for my actions, and for the peace and good order of my district. I am quite as competent to take charge of police in pursuit of bushrangers as the officers in the Southern and Western districts, notably Sir Frederick Pottinger and Captain Battye, whose names are continually in the newspapers, and our pursuit will be of far greater importance than theirs, because it will be after the arch-bushranger himself."

We started from the township in the afternoon, heavily laden with accoutrements, provisions, pannikins, arms, saw and tomahawks, Mr. Limbo riding some distance in the rear, carrying a large ship's telescope across his shoulders. We reached a scrubby flat near Urobodalla at eight p.m., where we camped for the night, but could procure no water, owing to the darkness. The next and following three days were principally taken up by climbing ridges, from which the officer took telescopic observations.

What the object was in forcing a passage through the wild jungles of the Dromedary mountain regions I could never discover, and the result was that our horses and selves were completely knocked up. On the sixth night we reached the Dry River, and camped at the base of a hill beside a marshy flat. About midnight the constable in charge of our hobbled horses reported there were some persons camped on the opposite side of the marsh; that he could see the light of the fire, which had just been made. Mr. Limbo jumped up, seized his telescope, placed it in position, and reconnoitred the surroundings.

"Yes," he said, "two men with horses are

there safe enough. They are boiling their billy-can over a blazing fire. 'This looks very suspicious. Saddle the horses and be in readiness.' We did so, and remained on guard till dawn, when we stormed the supposed camp, to find there was no person there; nor were there the slightest indications that persons had been there during the night.

Mr. Limbo, however, found where a fire had been made some days previously, and old impressions of unshed horses, and, on further investigation, the greater part of a large-sized jewfish. "Sergeant," he said, "this is an important clue. These are the tracks of the bushrangers' horses, and the fish may furnish a material link in the chain of evidence against the offenders." He folded some paper round the highly-flavoured jewfish, handed it to one of the troopers, and said, "Carry this, and be careful that you do not lose it."

We followed the tracks some miles on the Bega road, where we met a fisherman named Demetrius, who satisfactorily accounted for the tracks and the jewfish; hence the latter was discarded.

"Well, Mr. Limbo," I said, "your pursuit of the bushrangers has not been devoid of result; you have made a capture equal in importance to any that has ever been accomplished in the Colony."

"What is that?" he asked.

"Why, you have arrested the notorious Proteus, alias Ignis Fatuus, alias Will-o'-the-Wisp, alias Jack-o'-Lantern, and the fish you have just thrown away represented those highway deceivers. It was that cunning Jewfish that fooled your telescope and yourself last night by its phosphoric hydrogen blaze."

Mr. Limbo laughed and said, "I wonder what the newspapers of the country would say if they knew it?"

We reached the Brogo Mountain at 8 p.m., and remained at Mr. McGregor's for the night. On seeing us, Mr. McGregor said to Mr. Limbo, "I have just been reading a long article in your local paper about your pursuit of Gardiner."

Mr. Limbo read the article, and in a dissatisfied tone exclaimed, "I'll prosecute the criminal for libel in the Supreme Court, and expose him to the world."

The article was a malicious personal attack on the officer, whom it denounced as a buffoon, pointed out his vagaries *seriatim*, and censured the Government for its appointment of such a man to the responsible position of police officer, whose real forte lay, like that of Cervantes' Don Quixote, in the tilting of windmills, and other ludicrous performances.

Shortly after returning to our station, Mr. Limbo informed me that he had been confidentially apprized that Gardiner had been to Wagonga, where he left his famous Black Bess in a fisherman's paddock; that the bushranger was well dressed, and had gone to Merimbula to catch the Clyde steamer, which would be certain to call at Moruya *en route*. "I'm going to Wagonga tomorrow," he said, "and you must be on the alert till I return."

At early dawn Mr. Limbo started to secure Black Bess, and no one was aware of his important mission except his trusted friends. A heavy thunderstorm raged along the coast during the evening, and rain fell in torrents; hence much anxiety was felt lest the zealous officer should get lost in the bush, or be otherwise interfered with.

At 10 p.m. a trooper and myself started for Wagonga to look him up, and we succeeded in finding him near Coila Lake, where a tree blown down by the storm had blocked the road. Mr. Limbo was drenched with the rain; nevertheless he did

not complain, as he regarded the performance of his duties to the public of higher consideration than personal inconvenience.

"Well, Mr. Limbo," I asked, "how did you get on?"

"Very well indeed," he replied, "considering that Gardiner has numerous sympathizers out there. That was clearly shown when removing Black Bess from the paddock; the fisherman's wife fought like a Trojan to prevent me; in fact, I had to draw my revolver in self-defence. I must send a long report of my success to the Inspector-General to-morrow."

Next morning several persons inspected Black Bess, when the foot-sore, galled, and wretched creature was recognized by the local foot police as the *bona-fide* property of the fisherman, and the only characteristics of resemblance that she possessed in common with the noted Black Bess were her colour and sex.

At ten o'clock Mr. Limbo made his appearance, quite jubilant over his success. "Sergeant," said the officer, "this is the great day on which I hope to win laurels for myself and the new Police Act. Gardiner will arrive in the river by steamer to-day. Take your mounted men with you to Mynora wharf, and be in readiness when I require you. I am now going to the pilot station at the Heads, and, on seeing the steamer coming, which I can at long range with my telescope, I shall ride back to you, so as to have everything arranged to accomplish the great act on the steamer's arrival."

On reaching the appointed rendezvous, we placed our horses some distance away, and, as the day was hot, the police decided on having a swim in the river. They had scarcely commenced operations, however, when the footfalls of a galloping horse could be heard coming towards us. Pre-

sently Mr. Limbo appeared, in a state of great excitement. He could not speak, but, from the fact that his riding pants were torn to pieces and saturated with blood, I concluded he had had an encounter, and was seriously wounded. Mr. Limbo waved his hand for us to follow him, and then raced furiously back to the road.

Before reaching the main road, which led to the station, we had to pass through the Police Magistrate's paddock, and close to his house, in doing so, the P.M. called me and said, "What's the matter with Mr. Limbo? He seems to have Gardiner on the brain. He galloped into my yard about twenty minutes ago, and roused all the dogs of the place. He told me some ridiculous tale about Gardiner, which caused me to laugh, when he grew excited, and, as he was remounting his horse, this animal" (pointing to a large slut with pups) "rushed at him and tore his pants."

"That," I said, "accounts for the blood on his clothes, and his condition of excitement."

On reaching the station we found Mr. Limbo in the midst of a crowd explaining how the injuries were caused, and the wanton insult to which he was subjected. The question for consideration now was, what action should be taken? One of those present had known a gentleman to go mad from the bite of a vicious dog, and he thought the slut should be destroyed by the police, whether the P.M. permitted it or not. Another thought that, as insult was added to injury, nothing short of a Supreme Court action would meet the gravity of the case; while others suggested that a strong report should be made to the Colonial Secretary on the subject. Having been asked my opinion, I said, "I did not think the P.M. was to blame, nor was he liable for what took place; that Mr. Limbo and the police were trespassers in his private paddock, and I did not think a

heartly laugh would be construed in the Supreme Court as a cause of action. Under any aspect of the case, it would not tend to the public good to have the P.M. and the principal police officer of the district at variance." Action was therefore deferred.

Black Bess was now the object of much attention by Mr. Limbo and his friends; but, as the animal did not get on well in the stable, she was removed to the police paddock, where, on the third night, she was hamstrung and otherwise mutilated by some malicious person. Every attention was paid the poor brute by the local veterinary surgeon, without result, and the hide alone was retained pending future action, which was not long delayed, as the fisherman and his wife not only reported Mr. Limbo to the Colonial Secretary, but promptly took action against him in the District Court for £100 for taking forcible possession of their mare, and assault.

The case was shortly afterwards tried before the District Court Judge, when a verdict of £30 with costs was given against Mr. Limbo—which amount was paid by the Government.

The revelations in the case somewhat disturbed Mr. Limbo's equanimity as a police officer; still he did not allow them to interfere with his desire to advance the interests of the residents, and his success in that direction in a brief period entitled him to the gratitude of the business people of the town and district.

The police yard occupied a low position; consequently it had to be raised three feet with earth taken from an underground tank in the neighbourhood. The mounted men from the inception of the gold escort were in the habit of bringing sand in the saddle-bags from Bateman's Bay to clean their accoutrements, and this sand was thrown in various places in the yard. One wet afternoon we

were cleaning our kits, when I picked up about eighteen small pieces of gold. I was more than surprised, and said to the troopers with me, "See what I have. I believe all the surface earth in the yard is gold-bearing. Let us set quietly to work, and share alike in whatever is found."

The surface of the yard was then roughly swept into a heap, which I carefully washed, and obtained about two ounces of rough gold.

Mr. Limbo's excitement was unbounded when he saw the result of our discovery. He seized the dish containing the gold, rushed wildly into the street, and proclaimed in stentorian voice to all and sundry that he had discovered a marvellously rich gold field in the police yard. He presented all his so-called friends with gold specimens, returned to the yard at nightfall, accompanied by a large crowd desirous of obtaining nuggets, and handed me the empty dish. The mounted constables interested protested against the unwarrantable disposal of their property, without their sanction; but Mr. Limbo claimed the right because the gold was found in the yard, over which he had jurisdiction.

That night Mr. Limbo sent a long report of the gold discovery to the Inspector-General of Police, and claimed the Government reward. The news spread rapidly, and in the space of forty-eight hours at least a thousand persons had assembled about the police yard, from the Gulph, Mogo, and Araluen gold fields, all anxious to secure claims as near the find as possible. Several dishes of the yard sweepings were collected and washed by experienced miners, with amazing results. Attention was then directed to the underground tank, from which the earth was removed, and large sums offered the owner for permission to work the ground.

Two shafts were sunk, but, strange to say,

not a prospect could be obtained. During this time the seven publicans in the town did a roaring trade, and had to order fresh supplies from Sydney.

It was manifest there was no gold in the earth obtained from the tank; hence Mr. Limbo and the experienced miners concluded it was brought in the sand from Bateman's Bay. Having been appealed to, I informed all parties interested of the exact spot on the beach, near Donovan's hotel, where the sand was obtained, and this news caused intense excitement. In a brief period the three storekeepers had disposed of their mining implements, such as cradles, washing dishes, picks, shovels, sluice forks, &c. The residents turned out with the diggers on gold-mining intent, and all wended their way to Bateman's Bay, where a large rush took place.

Mr. Limbo, who was clearly affected with gold fever in this conditions of affairs, came to me the following day, and in a serious tone said, "Sergeant, Shakespeare has written, 'There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' This tide has now set in. Take my advice, resign at once, obtain a miner's right, secure a large gold claim, and you are certain to make a fortune."

"It is," I replied, "kind of you, Mr. Limbo, to make such a suggestion on the strength of the Bard of Avon, but I cannot see my way clear to act on it. Why do you not resign yourself, and take up a large claim, as I have told you where the sand was taken from?"

"Well," he returned, "I have been thinking about this gold all night. Will you come with me to the Bay and point out the very spot where you got the sand?"

"Certainly," I replied.

We started for the Bay that afternoon. Mr. Limbo was dressed in disguise, with a white water-

proof coat containing deep, capacious pockets, in which he carried a small dish, a powerful magnifying glass, &c., and, as usual, carried his ship's telescope strapped between his shoulders. Seeing that several persons on horseback were shadowing us *en route*, we endeavoured to avoid them, but were unable to do so. At length Mr. Limbo remarked, "It will never do to let these fellows into our secret. Let us go up to the top of this mountain, and I'll throw them off their guard."

We reached the top of Polwomera Mountain after some difficulty, where we had a grand view of the great Pacific Ocean. In a few minutes we were joined by six horsemen interested in our movements. Mr. Limbo took his telescope, placed it in position, and commenced taking observations of the various promontories along the coast, and informed the horsemen that he was "recording the trigonometrical bearings of the coastline." But this had no effect; hence we had no alternative but to allow the parties to accompany us to the Bay, where we arrived about 7 p.m.

The scene on the new rush was one never to be forgotten. Hundreds of shafts had been sunk round the hotel and along the beach, with piles of sand thrown up in all directions, while scores of miners, either from labour exertion or the effects of a too free indulgence in intoxicants, lay prostrate on the field. With difficulty we reached the hotel, where everything was in disorder, and learnt that all the liquors had disappeared since the early morn. It was a moonlight night, and at 12 o'clock Mr. Limbo accompanied me along the beach, when I pointed out to him the identical place from which I had taken the sand. Mr. Limbo lay on his back, filled both pockets of his disguising coat with sand, and it was with no inconsiderable difficulty that I could lift him to

his feet, when he remarked, "I believe, from the weight, that half the sand is gold."

We proceeded slowly to a lagoon close by, where we spent at least two hours in washing operations, but failed to discover the faintest trace of gold. "Ah, Sergeant," he remarked, "you'll be a rich man yet."

"I hope," I answered, "your prophecy will turn out correct. What makes you think so?"

"Well," said the officer, "it is this. You know where you got the golden sand, and I don't think you showed me the right place."

"Very well," I remarked, "let it be so."

About one hundred miners arrived by steamer next morning from Sydney, and the prospecting of the neighbourhood was continued for about ten days, when, as no gold could be found, they shifted on to the Mogo diggings, distant about ten miles, where some of them did remarkably well.

Shortly after this I went to Sydney on gold escort, when the Inspector-General sent for me and said, "Well, Sergeant, things are not going on satisfactorily up your way. What is the nature of this gold discovery that has caused so much excitement, and for which Mr. Limbo claims the Government reward?"

I briefly explained the particulars.

"How, then," he continued, "do you account for the gold being found there?"

"The escort gold," I replied, "is in sealed bags, placed in locked boxes, and carried in the saddle bags. Our route for a part of the way is by a narrow track, and not infrequently the pack-horse runs the saddle-bags against the trees. I believe that on one or more occasions a bag of the gold bursted, and, through the continuous shaking, some of the precious metal fell into the saddle bags, in which we subsequently carried the sand."

"There can be," he said, "no doubt that is the true solution of the marvellous gold discovery."

Mr. Limbo was removed to Berrima, on the Great Southern Road, where he had ample scope for the exercise of those special faculties with which he was endowed for the recognition and capture of criminals. He was not long settled in his new district, however, when it came to his knowledge that the Colonial Secretary was *en route* to Goulburn. This he thought was a grand opportunity of bringing himself favourably under the notice of the official head of the Department.

Mr. Limbo, Sergeant Gilmore, and two of his troopers, armed *cap-a-pie*, but in plain clothes, proceeded to a bend in the Great Southern Road, near Paddy's River, where they ensconced themselves in a scrub at the base of a hill.

About two p.m. the Colonial Secretary's carriage was seen approaching in the distance, and almost simultaneously two horsemen were observed coming in the opposite direction. Mr. Limbo and his men eyed in turn the coach and the horsemen, and, when the latter approached within four hundred yards, the police officers bore down on them. The equestrians were panic-stricken with the portentous display of armed men, who they took for granted were bushrangers. They informed the supposed knights of the road they had no money; that they were merely farmers *en route* from Marulan to Berrima. Mr. Limbo, on satisfying himself that the horsemen were not of the criminal class, took the precaution of taking the brands of their horses, and then informed them that they might proceed on their way. The Colonial Secretary, who witnessed this escapade, said, "Stop, coachman; we are about to be bailed up. These men are doubtless bushrangers. See, they are armed to the teeth, and the leader carries a large telescope for his nefarious purposes. It

is unfortunate that I, the author of the new Police Act, should suffer the indignity of witnessing such a state of lawlessness. I can now well understand the inefficiency of the police, and will have to adopt drastic measures to ensure public safety and good order." At this juncture Mr. Limbo rode up to the carriage, introduced himself to the Colonial Secretary, and explained to him the mode of procedure he had adopted to prevent highway robberies within the limits of his district.

"Your intentions," replied the Colonial Secretary, "may be well-meant, but I cannot approve of this extraordinary procedure."

The police accompanied the carriage some distance, and then returned to Berrima, Mr. Limbo being fully impressed with the conviction that his meritorious action would, on the Colonial Secretary's return to Sydney, receive substantial recognition.

Not so, however, as shortly afterwards he and several other officers, whose vagaries were probably less remarkable, were retired from the service.

Mr. Limbo possessed a wonderful knowledge of geography and history; he was well grounded in the dialogues and writings of Plato, and could give instructive and interesting narratives regarding the pre-historic age, and the antediluvian world, when our great progenitors, basking in the sunshine of blissfulness, occupied the Garden of Eden, the cradle of the human race; the Gardens of the Hesperides; the Elysian Fields; the Gardens of Alcinous; the Mesomphalos; the Olympos; and the Asgara of the traditions of ancient nations as their *dulce domum*; where they became famous in the establishing of colonies, and the discovery and manufacture of bronze implements, vases, and ornaments now to be seen in the museums of England, Ireland, Scotland, America, Scandivania, and

elsewhere. He could give an outline of the submerged Atlantis, in whose watery grave he, as an officer on board one of Her Majesty's ships, made deep-sea soundings, and discovered in the neighbourhood of the Azores the only surviving fragments of man's earliest habitation—many priceless bronze treasures of surpassing interest to the scientist and the archaeologist.

Apart from his knowledge on this subject, he claimed to be an authority on naval architecture, to have a good grasp of engineering, to be a proficient toxicologist, to be versed in the delineation of human characteristics from the head, hands, and face, could with a few strokes of his magic pencil transform stained walls and ceilings into representations of the most memorable naval or other battles recorded in English history, and could predict storms and future events from the heavenly bodies. Yet, with all this marvellous knowledge, it seemed psychologically strange that the fates never permitted him, accidentally or otherwise, to perform any act in connection with police duties that was not tinged with the ludicrous.

After leaving the service, Mr. Limbo occupied a responsible position for many years, and gave unqualified satisfaction.

In private life he was generous beyond his means, and magnanimous, and his death was regretted by none more sincerely than the writer of these lines.

I do not know what has become of his valuable collection of manuscripts, charts, &c., and their non-publication is a distinct loss to the scientific world.

Peace to his ashes.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Inhumanum verbum est ultio.

—SENECA, De Ira, ii., 31.

GOOD women are entitled to the admiration of honourable men, because of their many noble characteristics, which spring from virtue; whereas women whose instincts are based on selfishness, unscrupulousness, and falsehood are abhorred and detested.

St. Gregory compares wicked women to serpents, and adds that the hatred of the devil is less to be dreaded than that of a malicious woman, for he says, "When the devil hates, he does mischief alone; but an hating woman takes the devil for her aid, and consequently there are two." These observations will be exemplified in a marvellous case which took place in New South Wales thirty years ago, and which was designated by the newspaper press of that day as a "*cause celebre*."

In those days a gentleman named St. Alban owned a cattle station known as "Camelback," a mountainous, gold-bearing region of vast extent. Its forests were heavily timbered with ironbark and serviceable timbers, and its streams, rivulets, and creeks were, for the most part, covered with luxuriant vines and creeping plants, forming impenetrable thickets. Typical macropus and other specimens of kangaroos in flocks bounded unmoled over the ranges, or gazed with unconcern at the passing wayfarer. The ring-tail opossums abounded, and in their frolics claimed fellowship with the native bears in the apple and gum-trees; wild horses, cattle, and dingoes in large numbers

traversed the ranges and gullies, and made the nights hideous with their neighing, bellowing, and yelping.

The birds, which were numerous and diverse, included the lyre, laughing jackass, curlew, owl, magpie, eagle-hawk, rosella, and the twelve apostles, with myriads of small birds of gayest plumage chirping in the jungles as their *dulce domum*. The reptiles represented every variety.

The natural features of the Camelback territory seemed, as it were, to have been specially formed as a suitable habitat for the fauna of Australia. St. Alban had been lessee of this remarkable run for many years, where he reared a large and highly-respectable family of sons and daughters.

“Who lived happily together, yet
It was strange how, when most secure
In this domestic peace, a certain dim
And fitting shade could sadden all.”

—PARACELSUS.

He had a female servant in his employ for many years, who married a station hand named Minto. The happy couple received every kindness and substantial consideration from the members of St. Alban's family, which they repaid in a brief period in their own peculiar way, by selecting forty acres of the best land on the Camelback run, under the Free Selection Act of 1861, and, according to the liberal provisions of the law, that selection carried with it three times its area as pre-emptive right; so that in reality they appropriated one hundred and sixty acres close to the homestead. This ungrateful action of their servant was more than a surprise to St. Alban and family, and produced serious results.

When St. Alban's cattle trespassed on Minto's selection, they were impounded many miles off; and when Minto's cattle encroached on St. Alban's

run, they were similarly dealt with. From these disturbing factors, St. Alban sought redress in the Supreme Court, and obtained a writ against Minto for trespass; and, as example is powerful, Minto took like proceedings against St. Alban. Shortly before the actions commenced, Martia, one of St. Alban's daughters, a splendid-looking girl, of excellent reputation, married an employee on the station, named Bucolic, a man of good physique and of industrious habits. Her parents disapproved of the marriage, and, as a consequence, Bucolic and his young wife left the station to seek their fortune on the New El-Dorado gold fields, three hundred miles away.

The Camelback run was situated on the southern border of the Elsinore police district, and adjoining the Orient police district, and each of these districts had a Police Magistrate, who acted as Coroner within his defined boundary.

Ill feeling ran high between Minto and St. Alban for some time, during which Minto and his wife concocted a remarkable scheme to wound the pride and blight the fair fame of the St. Alban family. In furtherance of this atrocious design, Mrs. Minto, laden with envy, stalks on with sullen steps to the Orient township, waited on the Police Magistrate, with pallid face and deep-sunk eyes, and unfolded to him an extraordinary case said to have occurred at St. Alban's station some years previously.

"She had her suspicions about Martia, now Mrs. Bucolic, and kept her under observation; that her peaceful slumber was violently disturbed one night by the screams of a baby. Believing that something was occurring, she, with fear and trembling, stealthily ascended the stairs and satisfied herself on the point. She returned to her couch, much agitated, and awaited cautiously further developments. Presently the two sisters, Martia and

Athenia, descended, carrying a bundle, proceeded to the fruit garden, dug a hole beneath a cherry-tree, buried the parcel, and then returned to their room just as the clock struck twelve.

“Oh! it was a terrible experience, such as Shakespeare describes in ‘Henry VI.’

‘Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
That time fits the work we have now on hand.’

“The clock was a remarkable one in this, that it had two long chains, which acted as a pendulum, and, on proclaiming the midnight hour, it stopped. She could not give the precise date, but, as the clock had soon afterwards been sent to Sydney for repairs, the clock-maker would know. She had not a day’s peace of mind since, and was impelled to make the revelation from conscientious motives, and not through malice, and would have done so before, but a Miss Cornelia, to whom she mentioned it, advised her to say nothing about it. She was prepared to accompany the police to Camelback and point out to them the tree beneath which the remains of the victim would be found.”

“Oh Woman,
Thou need’st have few sins of thine own to answer for;
For thou art the author of such a book of follies in man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out.”

—BULWER.

The Police Magistrate sent Sergeant Julian and a trooper forthwith with Mrs. Minto to make a thorough investigation. On arrival at Camelback she pointed out the place, where, on the earth being removed, a small but complete skeleton was found. The bones were carefully gathered, placed in a bag, and taken to the Orient township, where

the Coroner purposed holding an inquest; but before it was initiated, the Coroner at Elsinore, in whose district the remains were discovered, protested, and pointed out that he alone was the officer who could legally hold the inquest, and consequently he did so. He was a capable officer, with a good knowledge of criminal law, but he possessed some peculiarities which many residents of the district did not appreciate. The bones were taken back to the Camelback station, where the Coroner and jury assembled, and, after formal initiation, the inquiry was adjourned to the Elsinore Court-house, seventy miles distant.

There was but little business transacted in the Elsinore Court-house at this time, and such a case as the one now in his hands, the Coroner thought, would be certain to make up for dearth of business in the past; but there was a serious, if not an insuperable, difficulty in the way. How were these dry, earth-worn bones to be utilized so as to represent a case of murder? Or was it possible to establish the all-important fact that they were human bones? In this perplexity, he, as a resourceful man, divined a solution of the difficulty. The *Deus ex machina* of Horace occurred to his imagination, and forthwith all embarrassment vanished. He sent for Doctor Epsom, the only medical practitioner in the district, and a personal friend of his own, and placed before him the palaeontological specimens for a scientific diagnosis.

This good man had qualified nearly fifty years before, settled down in the Elsinore district, and was respected for his judicious treatment of patients. He belonged to the old school of practitioners; did not believe in the theory set up by Doctor Gil Blas, that there was no real cure for the ills that "flesh is heir to" outside phlebotomy and cold water. On the contrary, he demonstrated

to his own satisfaction the marvellous efficacy of Epsom salts in all complaints.

Doctor Epsom had no opportunity hitherto of taking part in an important issue, on which the liberty, if not the life, of a fellow-being hinged; but the Fates favoured him for once in placing within his grasp a remarkable murder case. After studying all the tomes of his library, he came to the conclusion that the bones were those of a human being, an infant; and was of opinion, from certain peculiarities of the pelvis, they were those of a male child. On the resumption of the inquiry, the evidence of Sergeant Julian, Mrs. Minto, and the clock-maker was taken; then followed the testimony of Doctor Epsom, which materially altered the aspect of the inquiry. At its conclusion, the Coroner designated him "an eminent surgeon." The inquest was then adjourned, and warrants were issued for the arrest of Mrs. Bucolic and Miss St. Alban. Telegrams were sent to the Police Department to send detectives to supervise the witnesses, and all matters relating to the prosecution. Detective Bowden, a discreet and able officer, was sent, and he arrested Athenia St. Alban, while two constables on the New El-Dorado gold fields apprehended Mrs. Bucolic, who was brought before the Bench and remanded on bail to appear before the Coroner's Court at Elsinore.

I was in charge of the Great Gold-Deposit Diggings at this time, when I received intimation that Mrs. Bucolic and her husband were *en route* to Elsinore, and that I should take steps to keep them under surveillance, and thus prevent a miscarriage of justice. I knew full well that, as Mrs. Bucolic was on bail, she was legally in the hands of the Sheriff, and that I could not interfere; but there was no necessity for this peculiar procedure, which was illegal and improper.

Mrs. Bucolic passed through the diggings in due course to meet the daggers of her would-be assassins, feeling within her conscience that her innocence and that of her sister would finally be established to the satisfaction of all good men. Witnesses were subpoenaed on the case from various parts. A Miss Cornelia was brought from the Riverina to support the testimony of Mrs. Minto. I received orders to meet her on the arrival of the coach, to secure suitable accommodation for her at a respectable hotel, to provide a horse and saddle for her conveyance to Elsinore, whither I was to accompany her, and under no circumstances was I to converse with her on the evidence she was to give.

The principal hotelkeeper's wife was, on occasions, somewhat eccentric. She posed as a lady of distinction, and at times would not countenance the presence of her servants or persons occupying menial positions. She had a great partiality for squatters, public officers, and persons of distinction, and when any of those visited her splendid hostelry, she took great interest in making them comfortable, and was particular that they should record their names in the visitors' book. I waited on this lady to make arrangements for the witness.

"Who is she?" demanded the hostess.

"The young lady," I said, "is the daughter of a large squatter, highly accomplished, and is acknowledged as the belle of the great Riverina."

"That will do," returned the hostess. "She will have the Governor's room, and I shall wait upon her myself."

I met the coach next day and saw the witness, whom I recognized as a personal friend. She was about five feet ten inches in height, slight build, very fair, with large blue eyes, a splendid type of Australian beauty, and appeared to me at least to equal, if she did not surpass, in symmetrical out-

line and elegance of features, the famous Madam Langtry in the zenith of her fame. She possessed a marvellous natural talent, had a ring of sweetness in her voice, could sing as enchantingly as the renowned Jenny Lind, dance with a singularly graceful carriage beyond the powers of Taglioni, and play on the piano with a classical precision and touch which would not have done discredit to the unrivalled Arabella Goddard.

After a cordial greeting, I informed her of the arrangements I had made for the Riverina squatter's daughter, when she smiled and remarked, "You may rely on my giving satisfaction to the hostess in the new *role* which you have assigned to me."

On reaching the entrance to the Golden Gate Hotel, Miss Cornelia and myself were met by the genial hostess and two female servants, who received the visitor with respect and attention.

Scores of miners, business men, and officials flocked to the hotel during the witness's stay to get a glimpse of her. The hostess, decorated in best robes, studded with diamonds and jewels, took her in her carriage round the diggings, and visited the principal claim, where the manager presented Miss Cornelia with a nugget of gold to mark his appreciation of her visit; and on their return to the hotel, the hostess presented her with an elaborate gold brooch as a souvenir of her respect and esteem. The refined and stately appearance of Miss Cornelia had an unaccountable influence on the residents, hundreds of whom hovered round the hotel on the morning of her departure. Being exquisitely dressed in riding costume, and mounted on a splendid charger, Miss Cornelia presented the ideal equestrienne, and received vociferous cheers on leaving. The poet had a true conception of the magic influence of woman when he gave expression to the sentiment

“that a beautiful woman is like a great truth, or, still better, like a great happiness, and has no more right to cover her face with a green or blue veil, or any other similar abomination, than the sun has to wear green spectacles or veil himself in a London fog.”

Detective Bowden and myself accompanied Miss Cornelia to Elsinore, and, while *en route*, encountered a severe thunderstorm; the rain poured in torrents, and thoroughly saturated our clothing. On arrival, we saw crowds of the residents in the streets and about the Court-house, anxious to glean tidings of fresh developments; and before Miss Cornelia had time to discard her wet clothing for dry garments she was forced to make her appearance before the Coroner and his jury. This unwarrantable action was justified on the ground of expediency, lest any of the numerous friends of the accused ladies should have an opportunity of speaking to her.

The evidence of Miss Cornelia, however, startled the equanimity of the Court. It was in effect that she lived at the Camelback homestead during the year of the alleged murder; had the fullest opportunities of seeing and knowing everything that took place. She was positive beyond doubt that the statements of Mrs. Minto were absolute fabrications—downright wilful concoctions.

The Coroner seemed disappointed, and warned the witness to be careful.

“I presume,” he observed, “you have been advised not to give evidence of what you know in this case.”

“I have not, sir. The police who accompanied me warned me not to say anything to them or any person about the case. I have not done so. I have stated the truth, the whole truth, and I would not tell a lie even to please a Minto.”

Miss Cornelia then left the Court, and was accompanied to her hotel by a large crowd. After some further immaterial evidence, the Coroner addressed the jury exhaustively, pointed out the salient factors as disclosed in the evidence of Mrs. Minto, and that of the scientific Doctor Epsom, and submitted there was a strong *prima facie* case established.

The jury, after a brief retirement, returned to Court and handed in a verdict of concealment of birth, which involved both accused, who were then committed for trial to the Criminal Court. Thus terminated the first act in the huge farce represented in the various details of this extraordinary proceeding. Revenge scored a partial victory on the principle that "violets plucked will never grow again." The Countess of Blessington summarized a somewhat similar contingency correctly when she said, "To suffer from injustice is the fate of most. It rarely happens that even the most innocent can escape when their actions are viewed through the medium of suspicion, which, like jealousy, gives its colouring to every object. Officials imagine they are only examining, when they have already condemned, because they start with excited susceptibilities predisposed to find the suspected guilty."

The statements of the cunning Minto and her supporters seemed plausible on paper, and that was sufficient. The newspapers spread the news by publishing the evidence, and, as human nature is prone to readily believe anything detrimental to character, especially where females are concerned, it followed that the injury sustained by the family in their reputation was more than can be well imagined. Cicero (Cn. Plane. 23) says "There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny, nothing which is uttered with more ease,

nothing is listened to with more readiness, and nothing dispersed more widely."

The accused felt their position most keenly; nevertheless they were buoyed with the hope that their innocence would be established, and to secure that end they placed their defence in the hands of the ablest criminal jurist in the Colony. The trial took place three months later. The Chief Justice presided; the Crown Prosecutor was assisted by a barrister, while the defence was conducted by the leader of the Bar, Pollio, the noble advocate. The Court and surroundings were filled with people, and special police arrangements had to be made to keep order. Medical experts, including the distinguished Doctor Epsom, fresh from palaeontological studies, were provided with seats on the Bench. After the selection and swearing-in of the jury, several of whom were challenged by the Crown, the Crown Prosecutor placed the salient points as they appeared on the depositions in an able and impartial manner before the jury, and impressed upon them that, if any doubt existed in their minds after hearing the evidence adduced, to give the accused the benefit of it.

The various witnesses who gave evidence before the Coroner's Court repeated their testimony. Doctor Epsom was subjected to a severe cross-examination. He admitted he was never before engaged in so important a case, although he was one of the oldest medical practitioners in the Colony; he was sure the bones before him were those of a human being; they showed signs of having been many years buried; he was aware that the fingers and toes of the human being were founded on the pentadactyl principle.

Learned Counsel: "You have, I presume, satisfied yourself that the phalanges or bones supposed to represent them correspond with that principle?"

"Certainly," replied Doctor Epsom.

Learned Counsel: "Show me, sir, show His Honor and the gentlemen of the jury, how you have come to that conclusion."

Doctor Epsom seemed in a quandary. He fumbled through the exhibits for some time, and then said, "I think some of them are missing."

"Will you," continued counsel, "swear that the pelvis bones, as you call them, are not marsupial bones?"

"I will," returned Doctor Epsom.

"Do you know anything about the Australian marsupials? I will take the typical kangaroo (macropus), for instance."

"Oh, yes! I know a good deal about them," replied Doctor Epsom.

"What is the period of gestation in a kangaroo?"

"I cannot say."

Three other medical practitioners gave evidence supporting, to some extent, the testimony of Doctor Epsom, but they all agreed in one important factor—that the exhibits were human bones.

Pollio, the noble advocate, however, in his unsparing scientific cross-examination, laid bare their weak points in biology and palaeontology.

The Crown case being concluded, the Chief Justice asked the defending counsel if he purposed calling witnesses.

"Yes," responded the learned counsel; "if your Honor decide on putting the case to the jury—and, having regard to the unsatisfactory nature of the expert evidence, I respectfully submit you should not—the Crown has failed to establish a reasonable case for the consideration of the jury."

"I shall hear your witnesses," replied the Chief Justice.

Gerard Krefft was then sworn and examined by the learned counsel.

"What are you, Mr. Krefft?"

"I am Curator of the Sydney Museum, and have been so for several years."

"What are your duties?"

"Principally classification of bones, and assigning to them their proper scientific nomenclature."

"What experience have you had?"

"I have had great experience. I was in the Prussian Army some years; I studied biology and palaeontology in the Berlin University several years, and was subsequently Curator and Examiner in the great Museum for a lengthened period."

"Will you carefully examine the bones now on the table, and tell his Honor and the gentlemen of the jury to what order they belong?"

Mr. Krefft handled the bones, separated them, and in about two minutes completed his task.

"Well!" said the learned counsel, "have you satisfied yourself on the point?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Krefft, "beyond all doubt; they belong to the marsupial, the typical kangaroo, known as macropus."

"Are you therefore positive they are not human bones?"

"I am perfectly certain they are not human bones."

At this stage the learned Chief Justice interposed and said, "I warn you, witness, to be careful; and I may tell you, if you do not know it, that medical gentlemen of great ability and distinction have sworn in this Court that the bones are human ones. Be careful, I repeat, lest you give rash testimony."

The defending counsel, with that calm dignity which often served him to good purpose in his dealings with Judges, said, "This is a very serious case to the parties concerned, and I, as defending counsel, claim the right which I possess in this

Court to examine my own witness, and to shield him from any unjust threat, which I respectfully submit was injudiciously made by your Honor. If the learned Chief Justice had only waited a few minutes, he would, I feel certain, not have covered his medical friends with encomiums at the expense of a great expert witness, possessed of a palaeontological knowledge far beyond their combined qualifications, as far as this case is concerned."

This was a philippic which not only disturbed the equanimity of the medical gentlemen, but also the Judge, and produced a commotion in Court, which was allayed by the police interference. The Judge foresaw from the learned counsel's strong observations that some important development was impending, and merely remarked, "Proceed with your examination."

Learned Counsel (to witness): "Can you, Mr. Krefft, show to his Honor and the gentlemen on the jury that the bones produced are those of the Australian *maeropus*?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Krefft, who left the witness-box, opened a small basket which he had brought into Court, drew forth therefrom some wire and prepared glue, placed the bones synthetically in their natural position, and in a few minutes, during which there was feverish excitement in Court, produced on the table, amidst rapturous applause, the veritable skeleton of a young kangaroo. It was a transformation scene never before experienced in a Court of Justice. The news was promptly conveyed outside, when the crowd shouted in wild exultation at the marvellous development.

When order was restored, the Chief Justice, with serious gravity of countenance, said, "Gentlemen of the jury, this case has absolutely fallen to pieces, and it is my duty now to direct you,

without proceeding further, to return a verdict of Not Guilty."

The learned Pollio concurred with the Chief Justice that the case had fallen to pieces; still he thought it the duty of the jury to calmly consider all the circumstances of this most extraordinary case, and add to their verdict a recommendation that the Crown should forthwith take action against the parties concerned in swearing away the liberty and reputation of two young ladies, and in sullyng the good name of an honourable family. The jury promptly returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and added that "the prosecution of innocent persons was a scandalous proceeding."

The Chief Justice, in discharging the accused, said, "I heartily sympathize with you on the trying ordeal you have gone through, and you leave this Court without a stain on your characters."

The learned Pollio, the two ladies, and Mr. Krefft were cheered as they left the Court, while the police had to make way with difficulty for the Crown witnesses. Thus it was that innocence and virtue were established by a Divine interposition; while revenge, falsehood, and vindictiveness were triumphantly exploded, and scattered "into thin air like the baseless fabric of a vision."

Sallust asserts, and experience proves it, that "while the wicked are contriving the ruin of innocent persons, they themselves suffer the torture of uncertainty, anxiety, and dread; nay, even when they are successful they cannot escape disquiet, remorse, and the anticipation of Andrasteias' most dreadful punishment."

That the two ladies had a narrow escape of being ruined for life there is no doubt, and that, too, on the flimsy evidence of a woman actuated by sinister motives, supported by so-called skilled testimony, based on circumstances favouring the theory that a serious crime had been committed.

I know from a long experience of criminal judicature that great weight is invariably attached by Justices and Judges to the testimony of medical men, and deservedly so, as the majority are capable and reliable exponents of medical science. There were, however, forty years ago, many medical practitioners in Australia who had few opportunities for appearing on criminal prosecutions, but, whenever they did so, made the most of the occasion, and gave their evidence from a prepared and written document bristling with scientific phraseology of a highly technical character, which could not fail to impress ordinary mortals that they had mastered biology, anatomy, physiology, and palaeontology, and were even inspired by Galen himself.

It is a well-established fact that even the most distinguished members of the profession differ in their opinions regarding the same case, and, when skilfully cross-examined by expert counsel, not infrequently disclose a confused conception of the human system. Many of my readers doubtless recollect the notorious murder case *Regina v. Kelly*, tried in the Four-Courts, Dublin, forty-five years ago. In that case, the late Sir William Stokes, the eminent Queen's Surgeon in Ireland, gave evidence for the prosecution in a highly technical manner. Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., thoroughly conversant with medical jurisprudence, defended the prisoner, put a few simple questions to the distinguished surgeon which nonplussed him, and showed unmistakably that he had prepared his evidence for the Crown as far as he thought the scope of the inquiry would extend. "Tell me, Dr. Stokes, tell the gentlemen of the jury, where runs the *arteria princeps cervicis*." The Doctor, after some hesitation, replied, "I am afraid, Mr. Butt, I have forgotten it." Mr. Butt, in his famous address to the

jury, discounted with much effect the medical testimony for the prosecution on the strength of this and other admissions, when he said in a thundering voice: "Here, gentlemen of the jury, is a great surgeon and distinguished physician who has treated us to a scientific dissertation on the anatomy of the human body, bound to frankly acknowledge that he does not remember where runs the principal artery of the neck."

Twenty-three years ago I had occasion to bring an unfortunate man to the hospital from a squatter's station. He had been smashed by a vicious stallion; his legs and ribs were broken, his skull battered, was unconscious, and fatally injured. Unfortunately, the hospital surgeon was absent; consequently I bandaged his broken limbs with strips of blankets, but before the doctor's arrival the poor man was dead. The surgeon, in giving evidence at the inquest, after making an autopsy of the body, gave it as his opinion on oath that "death was caused from gangrene of the left shoulder, the result of embolism of the subclavian artery," and such was the verdict. The majority of the jury—ignorant of the phraseology—were under the impression that they had returned a verdict "that the man died from fatal injuries accidentally received."

Many years have elapsed since the facts narrated took place, during which wonderful changes and improvements have been effected by the civilizing influences of settlement. The Camelback run is now largely settled on by numerous off-shoots of St. Alban's family, who maintain a high reputation for rectitude.

Most of those who figured prominently in the St. Alban's fiasco have passed away from this terrestrial sphere to meet their reward, and are

buried in sleep, but the memory of the part they played in this remarkable case still survives.

“Days all serene and pleasures ever pure,
Are not for man; dark clouds at times obscure
The sky most favoured with the sun's blest rays,
The blithest heart will have its sorrowing days.”

THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW SOUTH
WALES SABLE PRINCESS.

THE experiences and exploits of many Australian natives in the early days furnish more interesting and instructive narrative than that of improbable adventure, or hyperbolic romance, which appears to be the craze of imaginative writers in this age of marvel.

It was my lot in the early days to be acquainted with a Negro named Tom Britt, who had by some freak of the Fates found his way to Australia from a sugar plantation in the West Indies, settled down at Goulburn, and, from his industrious habits, suavity of demeanour, and cleanly person, always found employment. In those days the Aborigines in the Southern districts were very numerous, and the Borrogorang tribe was a very formidable one, being under the rule of King Billy, a stately monarch, whose sway extended from the Hawkesbury River to Cape Howe. A corroboree on a large scale was held near the old township, Goulburn Plains, to celebrate a great festival, at which all the young Aborigines who had attained the prescribed age, and eligible for marriage, had to attend and undergo the symbolistic custom of having a tooth knocked out.

Distinguished chiefs and representatives from all the tribes for hundreds of miles were present, and the ceremony attracted unusual interest. Some of the Aboriginal men were stalwart and active, others old and decrepit, displaying unmistakable indications of having been engaged in severe encounters. The gins presented a like disparity, and the numerous piccaninnies seemed vigorous and healthy. The dogs comprised peculiar varieties,

and represented every imaginable cur, ranging between the native dingo and the mastiff, which claimed fellowship with pet kangaroos, rock-wallabies, native bears, opossums, wombats, paddy-melons, and various birds, including the rozelle, magpie, laughing jackass, and owl, brought hither to the encampment.

The camp was in the form of a crescent, in front of which were piles of dry logs to throw light on the night's proceedings. Preparations were being made on all sides; some were already painted, while others were under the palettes of competent artists. Those to take part in the great function had perpendicular streaks of white and red alternately extending down their backs, arms, and legs, horizontal streaks on their breasts, and circular on their necks, knees, and ankles. The faces were painted more fantastically. The women, who wore several folds of shell neck-lace, were less particular as regards the painting, but displayed unusual taste in the arrangement of their hair, which was profusely adorned with opossum teeth of ivory whiteness. The men's hair was saturated with a pipeclay preparation, and forced upwards in the form of a cone, with a red or white net of brudulah tied round the forehead, as well as a lapel or thulabulkah round the waist. These official insignia were made from the skins of ring-tailed opossums cut into strands.

Night having set in, and the logs mentioned being set on fire, the appearance of the painted warriors was singularly romantic. Forty men were formed into double file, under the command of two specially-qualified leaders or masters of ceremony. The musicians were many. Ten gins comprised the orchestra, under the leadership of Princess Mudra, the pretty and only daughter of King Billy, and acquitted themselves with distinction. The instruments used were small nulla-nullahs,

and tambourines made from opossum skins fastened to circular rims of light wood. The musicians commenced the ceremony with three strokes on the tambourines, which represented the signal to prepare, and which the painted performers understood, as, scarcely had the sound died away, when they sprang into the position of attention. The Princess, in an excellent soprano voice, then commenced a martial air, which was taken up in turn by each, until the whole strength was in full chorus. The music was changed and discoursed quickly and excitedly at intervals, and when one retired from the orchestra through fatigue or other cause, her place was taken by another, who seemed equally competent to discharge the duty.

After a martial bow to the musicians, the painted warriors commenced a dance, with a respiratory Who! Who!! accompaniment, which became louder as the exertion was increased. At times the movements were marching and counter-marching, then faced the musicians and shook their frames in a most extraordinary manner, causing their muscles to expand; a series of contortions was then entered on, when their weapons, nulla-nullahs, towrang, boomerangs, and shields were used with remarkable skill and dexterity. At length a circular movement took place, the men marching with apparent excitement to accord with the musicians, who had by this time reached the climax of their musical power. Two strokes of the tambourines stayed the excitement. The men extended themselves in line, whoo-whooping as they did so, after which the strokes one, two, and three terminated the proceedings, which occupied three-quarters of an hour. It is impossible to give an accurate description of this interesting performance. The gins sang and played to good time, and the male performers were clearly inspired with an appreciation of those qualities.

The pantomime finished, the spectators applauded the performers, male and female, when King Billy, wearing a large brass breast-plate, unique thulabulka, composed of bear-skins, fringed with dingo-brushes, a wombat-skin pall, a night-owl perched on his left shoulder, and holding a huge but nicely-carved nulla-nullah (in the shape of a mace) studded with sharks' teeth, advanced, and returned thanks by a dignified salaam. The Negro Britt stood beside the Princess Mudra; was much impressed with her appearance and performance, and, to mark his sense of both, handed to her some silver, for which she thanked him. In a brief period Britt was married to the beautiful Princess. The contracting parties lived happily together for many years, much respected by the residents. Their only offspring was one female child, named Millie Frances Britt, the subject of this narrative.

When about 20 years old, Millie displayed a remarkably attractive appearance. She was of small stature, symmetrical in physical development, large rolling eyes, small mouth, and a smiling, coquettish expression. She possessed a head of hair unequalled by any Australian; the hairs seemed diminutive spirals, which developed at the ends into a species of flossy down. Had she lived in the days of Sophanizba, the renowned African Princess, and ally of the famous Hannibal, she would most probably have been noticed by the Roman historian Livy, as the conqueror of the immortal Scipio Africanus.

A young Aboriginal named Boomerang Whitaker visited Britt's house, fell in love with Millie, and proposed marriage, to which the parents had no objection; hence he regarded her as his wife. Millie, however, had no hand in this serious business. On the contrary, she refused, and protested, having sense enough to see there was a better prospect in store for her than to live with a reck-

less Aboriginal, and lead the life of comparative savagery. She promptly left her home, entered the service of the Rev. Mr. Sowersby, where she was instructed in the rudiments of religion and education, gave the greatest satisfaction to her kind-hearted guardians, and became a general favourite. A church picnic was held on the banks of the Wollondilly, at which a large number of children, with their parents, attended. About 4 p.m., in the midst of the enjoyment, a cry was raised that a young girl named Black was drowning in the river. Scores rushed excitedly to the spot, but no person seemed able to render assistance, and it appeared inevitable that the child would be drowned.

At this juncture, our heroine Millie, fully dressed, jumped in, dived, and, after being under water about twenty seconds, rose to the surface, holding the drowning girl by the hair, and with great difficulty brought her to the bank. Doctor Waugh, an eminent medico, who happened to be at the picnic, promptly attended, and succeeded in restoring animation. Millie was publicly thanked by the Rev. Mr. Sowersby for the noble service she had rendered in the saving of life at personal risk, and she received an ovation from the children and parents present.

At this time there was a man named Tom Simmons employed at Bradley's brewery; he was a native of Birmingham, England, and had, some years previously, with two others, been transported to New South Wales for life for burglary and assault, and was then a ticket-of-leave holder. Simmons seemed a reformed man, and an attentive worshipper at Mr. Sowersby's church, where he had opportunities of making the acquaintance of Millie, whose appearance and popularity doubtless had much to do with his religious fervour. He proposed marriage, but the good clergyman inter-

posed, on the ground that she was too young for at least twelve months. The courtship was continued for that period, when Simmons and the comely, sable Princess Millie were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. A large crowd thronged the church on the occasion to witness the interesting ceremony, before which the Rev. Mr. Sowersby christened our heroine, who had for god-parents several prominent citizens, including the present Count de Rossi.

The happy couple were congratulated on all sides, left the church in the midst of a blizzard of rice, and were escorted to a cottage in Auburn Street, where a sumptuous feast was prepared in honour of the occasion. Before the honeymoon period had terminated the Goulburn races came on, when Simmons and his wife attended, the latter in her handsome wedding trousseau. During the progress of a buck-jumping match, at which Simmons was a spectator, Millie disappeared somewhat mysteriously. Prompt inquiry was set on foot, when it came to light that a number of Aborigines were seen in the bush close to the course, and the conclusion arrived at was they had carried her away. Two mounted troopers and a large contingent of horsemen started in pursuit, riding abreast, about one hundred yards between each. On nearing Governor's Hill they espied the fleeing desperadoes, Boomerang Whittaker and his allies, who, on seeing them, abandoned their charge and fled into a gully. Millie was found tied up in a blanket, in a state of absolute trepidation. She was promptly released and conveyed to the racecourse, where her appearance was greeted with deafening cheers. The escapade caused considerable commotion on the course, and Simmons, who was much excited, escorted his Dulcinea to their home, where they discussed the situation,

and resolved on taking precautions to guard against future contingencies.

About two months subsequently Simmons was visited at 8 p.m. by an old prison friend, whom he wished to show round the cellar of the brewery, and proceeded there for that purpose. His departure had been observed by the lurking Boomerang Whittaker and three companions, armed with tomahawks, who rushed the dwelling.

Boomerang seized Millie in his arms and said, "You are my lubra, and if you don't come quietly I'll cut off your head."

Our heroine, seeing there was no escape, chose the first alternative, under compulsion, and accompanied the daring ruffians through the bush that night, reached the ranges near Berrima the following night, where they remained for two days, thence continued their march towards Picton, and camped in a gully a short distance from the Aborigines' settlement at Borrogorang. Poor Millie was detained in this locality three weeks, and experienced privations and terrors with which she was previously unacquainted. Every precaution was taken by the Aborigines at the Borrogorang camp to guard against a rescue, and those of the tribe employed on the homestead of Captain Onslow were also on the alert.

When Simmons returned from the brewery he found his wife had gone, whither he knew not. He rushed about frantically, but the neighbours had neither seen her, nor any person about the place.

Next morning the services of the police were invoked, when a thorough search of the township and surroundings was made, without success; hence it was concluded by many that she had levanted of her own accord. Simmons, however, correctly divined that she had been forcibly taken by the notorious Boomerang and his allies, and, after maturing his plans, procured a horse and

made a house-to-house inquiry between Goulburn and Pieton, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. He obtained a clue at the latter place, which led him to the Borrogorang Camp; but the dogs of the place seemed to recognise him as an intruder, and soon put him and his horse to flight. In this dilemma he waited on the Camden Police Magistrate, told him his story, and asked for a warrant for Boomerang Whittaker for kidnapping his wife. The Police Magistrate refused to grant one on the ground that there was no evidence to show that Mrs. Simmons did not leave of her own accord, as all females under the British law had the right to do, but referred him to the police.

Simmons saw the sergeant, who promptly mounted his horse and accompanied him to the camp, which they searched thoroughly, without success. While returning, however, they descried Boomerang and Millie in the bush going towards Captain Onslow's paddock, where some blacks were employed. On seeing the horsemen, Boomerang remarked, "These are policemen; lie down under this log."

Millie, who recognized the sergeant and her husband, replied, "No! they are two of Captain Onslow's men."

All doubt was soon set at rest as the sergeant and Simmons rode up, when Millie, with tears in her eyes, rushed into her husband's arms.

Boomerang stood motionless, and, on being cautioned by the officer, sat on a log, from which he viewed the departing figure of Millie, leaning on the arm of her husband, *en route* to Camden.

On reaching Goulburn, Millie suggested they should leave the district for a time, as Boomerang, who was a murderous ruffian, would be certain to spear one or both of them, if they remained, and in this opinion Simmons fully concurred.

The Ovens alluvial diggings were at this time

attracting large numbers, and thither Simmons and our heroine trudged to try their fortune in gold mining. On reaching the Victorian El-Dorado they procured miners' rights, took up a claim, purchased the required implements, and set to work. The Princess Millie displayed a wonderful knowledge of mining, which astonished experienced diggers. She took her turn alternately at the windlass and in the shaft, and did the principal part of the washing-up.

They remained on the Ovens over two years, during which they bottomed several shafts, and, on being informed that Boomerang Whittaker had died from the effects of a spear wound received in a drunken brawl, they decided on returning to Goulburn. They found they had made by their labours four hundred and fifteen pounds clear, which they obtained in bank-notes, which Millie cautiously sewed in her inner garments by way of safety, as robberies of miners were at that time not infrequent.

On reaching the Murray, they found it in flood, the punt unworkable, and a large number of miners and suspicious characters camped along the bank. They had no alternative, therefore, but to camp also.

During the night two miners in an adjoining tent were robbed of their money, and one of them seriously assaulted. This circumstance caused no little alarm to the respectable miners camped, and led our heroine to work out the problem of crossing the river. She procured her tomahawk and clothes-line, which formed part of their impedimenta, proceeded into the forest, where she descried a suitable stringy-bark tree, and in less than an hour stripped therefrom a large sheet of bark suitable for her purpose. This bark she soon transformed into a comparatively safe canoe.

Simmons could not swim; nevertheless he

thought it better to risk his life under Millie's directions than to remain, with the certainty of being robbed, and probably murdered, by some of the desperate characters then in the locality. At early dawn their calico tent and a few edibles were transferred to the canoe, which was then carried to the river and launched.

Simmons got into the frail craft, having a piece of clothes-line round his waist and fastened to the stern. In a few moments our heroine handed her clothes and money to her husband, tied one end of a line round her waist, and fastened the other to the stem of the canoe; then, in *puris naturalibus*, plunged into the river, and commenced her Herculean task.

The movements of our heroine were observed by parties at a camp fire, who gave the alarm, and in a few seconds those encamped rushed forth to witness the almost certain destruction of the parties concerned in this reckless enterprise. After proceeding some distance in the still water, our heroine entered the current and disappeared from view, and the canoe was borne along with great rapidity. A shout was raised, "She is drowned! She is drowned!" Presently a black object, resembling a platypus (*ornithorhynchus paradoxus*) was descried above the water near the canoe, which proved to be the flossy ringlets of our adventurous coot.

She had at this juncture crossed the current, and was in still water, through which she gracefully glided along for a quarter of a mile, and landed safely on the other side.

The air was rent with shouts of applause from the spectators, who declared it was the most daring and phenomenal feat they had ever seen accomplished.

On arriving in Goulburn our heroine was congratulated on all sides for her marvellous perform-

ance, which the local papers had published in detail. She advised Simmons to open a small business in Goulburn, which she could manage, but this he refused; hence it was he roamed about to hotels daily, brought well-known offenders to the place, drank with and foolishly squandered his money upon them, until she was forced to remonstrate.

Simmons "turned Turk," and informed her for the first time that he was "a lifer," beat her severely, and kicked her on the spine.

Poor Millie felt heart-broken at the unfortunate turn events had taken. She handed what money she held to her wicked husband, saying, "Tom, you can now manage it for yourself. I'm afraid it will be your ruin. I'll earn my own living."

She left her home in great anguish of mind, with only three shillings and ninepence, and resolved on going to live with a Mrs. Fanning, widow, at the Five Islands, near Wollongong, one hundred and thirty miles from Goulburn. After two days and nights she arrived, tired and weary, at the Wingecarribee River, near Berrima, where she camped in a gully, and placed her bag, containing a few edibles, under her head.

During the night she was attacked by a pack of dingoes, and had to climb an apple-tree for safety, where she had as companion a native bear, perched on a limb beside her. She took her departure at an early hour, carrying her luggage on her back, and, on camping to have some food, she found, to her dismay, a large black snake in the bag, which she had carried for several miles. She procured a sapling and despatched it, feeling thankful that she had escaped so fortunately.

After a month's residence with Mrs. Fanning, Millie received a letter from Simmons, expressing

regret for his cruelty, and promising amendment if she returned.

The kindly tone of the letter softened the heart of our heroine, who decided on returning to her home, where she received a reception which she little dreamt of.

On entering the house, a burly, red-headed female, half intoxicated, demanded her business.

"I have come," said Millie, "home to my husband, Tom Simmons. Has he left the cottage?"

"Simmons has not left this cottage. I am now his wife, and clear out of this you must," rejoined the usurper.

Millie did not respond. She realized the state of affairs, waited outside till her husband returned, when she demanded an explanation.

Simmons had none to give further than that he thought she would not come back, hence he took a housekeeper, who now refused to leave, adding, by way of conciliation, "There is room enough for both of you."

Poor Millie sobbingly answered, "No, Tom; there is no room for me in my own house. You know that we promised Mr. Sowersby, 'that we would be faithful to each other till death.' You know what I have sacrificed for you; you have all my money, and in return you have abused me, injured me for life, and now turn me away from my home for a bad woman, who will spend our money, and probably kill you. I now leave you with a broken heart, and will never see you again."

The hard-hearted Simmons exhibited no compunction, and discarded his faithful spouse without a sixpence.

Millie proceeded to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Croaker, where she remained some weeks, and accompanied them to the Ironbarks gold fields, in the Western District, where she proved herself a valuable assistant to Mr. Croaker in his mining

enterprise. When about twelve months on the field, a gentleman named George Marlay arrived on the diggings from Goulburn, and in his peregrinations around the place discovered our heroine carrying buckets of gold-bearing wash-dirt to the creek. He stared at her for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Oh, Millie! is it here you are?"

Millie scrutinized the speaker for a few moments, and replied, "I'm not certain, but I think you are Mr. George Marlay. If so, I am delighted to meet you."

"Yes, Millie, I am George Marlay, whom you knew at Goulburn. I have been anxiously looking for you, and my journey here has been well repaid in finding you."

"I'm glad," returned Millie, "a gentleman like you thinks of me, when I was happy with Mr. and Mrs. Sowersby."

She sat on a log and recounted her sad troubles, including her expulsion from home by her husband. Marlay expressed deep sympathy, and, by way of consolation, said, "It may be all for the best, Millie; God is good."

"Yes," rejoined Millie, "to some people. I am, Mr. Marlay, too black for Him to see, or He would have prevented my troubles."

"Your trials may have been great," said Marlay, "that your reward hereafter may be great. There are happy days in store for you, and, although you are black in the order of Nature, you have not, like the Roman mentioned in the satires of Horace, a black, but a kind, loving, and generous heart. I am now a resident of the Ironbarks, and shall see to your interests."

Millie cried with joy at her old friend's manly sympathy, and returned to her work.

George Marlay was a man of somewhat commanding appearance, good education, of a sympathetic nature, and most honourable in all the rela-

tions of citizenship. He sprang from a good family, was the son of Colonel Marlay, England, and had two brothers holding military commissions in India.

George was engaged, at an early age, to a young lady of good social position; but, on his attaining his twentieth year, he found she was not of his liking, and, sooner than consummate a contract, which he anticipated would prove unhappy to both, he joined a merchant vessel, visited many countries, and finally settled in Australia. He held the position of general overseer on Mr. O'Brien's estate, Yass, for some years, and on his visits to Goulburn became acquainted with our heroine whilst at Mr. Sowersby's.

The splendid reports of rich discoveries on the gold fields led him to throw up his position and seek his fortune on the Ironbarks diggings, where Millie had only been settled a short time.

In a few weeks after Mr. Marlay had met Millie, as stated, he received a Goulburn paper, wherein the death of Tom Simmons from excessive drinking was announced, and the marvellous adventure on the Murray by his wife Millie was interestingly described. Marlay was much impressed with the heroism displayed by Millie, which he became aware of for the first time, and went forthwith to apprise her.

On hearing of her husband's death, she became overcome with grief. Her feelings of resentment disappeared; she could see nothing in her late husband's brutality but kindness and forbearance. Her grief was genuine; tears flooded her dusky cheeks, and no words of consolation had any effect on her for several days. She frequently exclaimed, "I told poor Tom the red-haired woman would kill him. Oh! had I been with him he would not have died."

Marlay was nonplussed at the unexpected

turn events had taken, as he was under the impression Millie would have been rejoiced at her husband's death. Nevertheless, the affection of Millie so manifestly exhibited for the loss of a bad husband raised her very much in his estimation. On his next visit, Mr. Marlay presented the kind-hearted widow with two pounds to purchase a mourning costume, and during the following twelve months she donned the weeds of sorrow.

Mr. Marlay led somewhat the life of a recluse on the diggings, and Millie, in whom he took a special interest, was the only person whom he cared to talk to, because there were so many fascinations in her individuality, in her exploits, and her whole life that charmed him.

While proceeding to Mr. Croaker's house one afternoon he saw our heroine sitting outside, neatly dressed, and apparently employed on some handiwork. On seeing him, she placed her work under her apron, and looked in the opposite direction. Mr. Marlay, on coming up, said, "Well, Millie, I'm glad you have discarded that mourning dress. I never saw you look so splendid; your ringlets are in perfect order, and the only fault I can find with you is, that you concealed something from me under your apron."

Millie looked vacantly in front of her without replying, when Marlay discovered for the first time that, no matter what way she turned her eyes, she seemed to be looking at him.

"Tell me," said Marlay, "what you have concealed from me?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Marlay," returned Millie, "as I would break the charm by telling you at present; but, as you insist on it, here they are," producing a pair of woollen stockings which she had just completed, and handed them to him, saying, "I have made them for you, Mr. Marlay, for the winter."

Marlay was astounded both as to the splendid work and the thoughtfulness which prompted her in making so useful a present, while at the same time he apologised for his inquisitiveness.

"I'm afraid," said Marlay, "you are not as comfortable here as I could wish. I have a good hut, and I shall be delighted to have you for my housekeeper."

Millie gazed on him smilingly, and answered, "Mrs. and Mr. Croaker are very kind to me; they respect and trust me in all their affairs, and what more do I want? I know you are a gentleman, and would die to serve you, but I can never be the housekeeper of a single man, or any man, unless he placed a ring on my finger, and then only if I loved him."

"That is all nonsense," said Marlay. "I would not marry the best black or white woman that ever lived. Moreover, you know, Millie, it would disgrace my family to marry a black woman, no matter how good she might be, and would lead to my being cut off from all inheritance."

Millie rose, and, with a dignity befitting a princess, which she was, said, "Do not do anything wrong, Mr. Marlay, or that would displease the great Colonel, your father, and your military brothers, who have done such great things in killing poor natives in their own country. You have told me of your great relations. You look upon me simply as a black, devoid of spirit and honour, but you make a mistake. I am a black, certainly, but I am also a Princess, being the daughter of Princess Mudra, considered the most beautiful woman of her race, and granddaughter of King Billy, the greatest monarch this country produced, who performed great feats, and was beloved by his subjects. Of my father's doings I know nothing further than that he had large interests in sugar plantations in Cuba. So,

after all, leaving out the colour, I have much to be proud of and thankful for. I may also tell you, Mr. Marlay, that I could have been well married during the last few months to a gentleman, a wealthy squatter, whom you know, who did not reproach me with my colour, if I thought well; but I refused him, as I could not love him."

"Well, Millie," replied Marlay, "you surprise me. Tell me who the squatter is?"

"Mr. S—— is the gentleman who asked me, in the presence of my friends; and, as I refused him, he sent me this letter imploring me to reconsider it."

Marlay read the letter, which bore the Orange post-mark. He seemed crestfallen and perplexed at this unexpected development, and formally bid good-bye to Millie.

On reaching his hut, he pondered over the young widow's high estimate of herself; that he loved her, and that more than any female, was certain, and the difficult problem he had now to solve was whether or not he should make her his wife.

"That reason falls whene'er the dart
Of amorous passion stabs the heart."

"*Nemo sobrius amat.*"—SENECA.

After three weeks' deliberation, he concluded that Millie was a sensible, virtuous, and industrious young woman, with the royal blood of her caste flowing in her veins, and in every respect, except colour, his equal. He therefore promptly sought his Diana, asked her hand in marriage, and was accepted. Arrangements were promptly made for the interesting ceremony, and in four days afterwards the Church of England clergyman of the district arrived at Mr. Croaker's residence.

Millie looked at her best, but Mr. Marlay, when the critical moment arrived, became nervous, seemed apparently ill, and sought the shade of a

gum-tree close by, from which (to use the expressive words of poor Millie many years after) "we had to round him up."

The marriage was duly solemnized, congratulations tendered, refreshments partaken of, and Millie, two hours later, entered Marlay's residence, not as a housekeeper, but with a ring and keeper on her finger as the wife of Mr. George Marlay, whom she loved, honoured, and obeyed for twenty-six years, until death dissolved the contract.

This happy couple worked jointly at gold mining, and did fairly well. She was regarded as the best cook and the most tidy and affectionate wife on the field, and her clean and comfortable cottage was never brighter than when she was present. Through their industry they saved money, purchased two acres of land on the Ironbarks, now Stuart Town, built a neat cottage, planted fruit-trees, grew vegetables, and the choicest flowers.

On one occasion Mr. Marlay received half-a-dozen Jersey lily bulbs from England, which Millie had in readiness to plant. She was called away, however, to attend a sick neighbour, whose marriageable daughter attended the cooking in her absence. On her return, she found that her *locum tenens* had made an Irish stew, which Mr. Marlay said was not so palatable as her own production. Millie felt gratified at the compliment, and exclaimed, with a Parthian grin, "Why, George, you have eaten all my lily bulbs." And thus it was; the new cook mistook the bulbs for onions, and used them in the composition of her *olla podrida*.

After many years' hard work, Marlay became affected with rheumatism, which was intensified through old age. Doctors attended and prescribed to no effect, other than the usual one of involving him in debt. It was in this period of his troubles that Millie shone to advantage. Her tender and

skilful care could not be surpassed by the proficient trained nurse, and, when he was pronounced incurable, she undertook the treatment herself, discarded medicine, lemons, and lotion, and sought a remedy by other means. Her first step was to capture two large iguanas, which she, by a process of her own, reduced to oil, fomented the parts affected, then applied the oil unsparingly twice a day, and in the course of a brief period Marlay was walking about. Her reputation as a skilful nurse soon spread, and every person on the diggings suffering sought her remedies and treatment.

Marlay was now unable to follow his usual employment, but the kindness of his neighbours and the industry of our heroine in cultivating and selling vegetables, as well as fruit and eggs, enabled him to tide over the last months of his life. In his last moments in 1897 he, in the presence of a clergyman and a few friends, made his will in favour of Millie, devising to her his land, cottage, and all his worldly effects, real or prospective, and proclaimed that a better wife or a kinder-hearted woman never lived.

“When the poor man had breathed his last,
Poor Mrs. Marlay stood aghast,
Then laid her sable cheek to his face
And clasped him in a long embrace.
She told her state, pale as despair,
And filled the house with sorrow there.”

Shortly after his decease, a clergyman friend visited England and sought the Marlay family in London; but, unfortunately, the only daughter from whom assistance could be obtained had gone to America with her husband.

The condition of our sable Princess was now a pitiable one. She had spent every shilling on her husband, was in debt, and her health broken down, and nothing but a gloomy prospect and

grim, pallid death, with his sharpened sickle, in sight. Her case was brought under the consideration of the Aborigines' Protectorate, who decided on sending her to the Newington Asylum, on the Parramatta River, an admirable institution, where several hundred destitute females are well cared for. The surroundings, however, did not harmonize with the aspirations of poor Millie, who loved freedom and more kindly associations; hence she regarded the place more in the light of a prison than a home. She left the institution, and, through the kindly consideration of the secretary of the Aborigines' Protectorate, returned to Stuart Town to reside in her own house, and be near the grave of her beloved husband, where she fondly hoped to be buried; but in the realization of those holy contemplations she was foiled, as she found that her valuable property was taken possession of by a plausible individual, on the assumption that he had purchased it from her husband. Alas, for our vaunted chivalry, magnanimity, and love of fair play; they mock and tantalize us as a rule, and are in reality a mere "*vox et praeterea nihil.*"

Thus it is, one of the most amiable and interesting creatures, possessed of as many endearing characteristics as most of her sex, the granddaughter of a mighty monarch, who was lord and master of a vast territory in his time, and the widow of a singularly estimable gentleman, is expelled from her small holding and thrown on the world to end her days in misery and want. What a reflection on the advantages of civilization!

Sic transit gloria mundi.

INCIDENTS OF OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE EARLY DAYS.

THE early history of New South Wales furnishes remarkable incidents regarding crime and criminals. The law was harsh and Draconian, and as a consequence the punishment inflicted for trivial offences was barbarous in the extreme. It was a capital offence to commit a petty larceny, and if a male convict were found talking to a female assigned to a free master he was liable to be scourged with one hundred and fifty lashes. The rigour of the law, and the cruel punishment inflicted, forced numerous unfortunates to abscond, and as bushrangers to make war on the Government.

“There the gaunt robber, stern in sin and shame,
Showed his dull features and his iron frame;
And tenderer pilferers creep in silence by
With quivering lip, flush'd brow, and vacant eye.”

The first execution took place in 1788, the victim being a boy 17 years of age, convicted of petty larceny. Life was regarded of no consequence; hence at the expiration of 1802 the list of executions had reached incredible dimensions. On the 20th September, 1803, a most remarkable episode took place at an execution worthy of being recorded.

A young man named Joe Samuels was convicted at the Criminal Sessions, Sydney, on the 12th September, for stealing a sum of money from one Mary Breeze, and sentenced to death, without hope of mercy. There was no jury in the case, as it was not till June, 1824, that the residents of Botany Bay, by which name the Colony was then

best known, obtained the boon of trial by jury—that is, a military jury. Samuels, like Janus Dousa, as recorded in the poem of Heinius, fancied he heard heavenly music in the air, which had the effect of stimulating him to pray. The warder, on approaching his cell the night before the day appointed for the execution, saw the place lit up, but on reaching the door found it in darkness. On entering the cell he observed the prisoner kneeling on his blanket, with his hands clasped, and apparently in meditation. After repeated calls, the prisoner was aroused from his reverie, when the warder said, “Well, Samuels, I am glad you are making the most of your last night in this world.”

The prisoner raised his right hand and whispered to the warder, “Do you not hear the Heavenly music, which says, ‘Samuels, you won’t be hanged’? And I won’t be hanged.”

The warder sympathized with the unfortunate man’s condition, and retired from the building, fully convinced that Samuels was insane, and reported so to the Provost Marshal. “God comes in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.” On the morning of the 20th all arrangements were perfected for the execution on Gallows Hill, and hundreds of the morbid and depraved assembled to witness the performance, “hating,” as Seneca said, “the act they came to see.” The prisoner, on being led to the scaffold, knelt down and prayed for a few seconds, then raised his hands towards Heaven and exclaimed sympathetically, “Oh, Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” The hangman then placed a black covering over his head and face, adjusted the noose around his neck, and hurled him, as he thought, into eternity; but, to the amazement of the spectators, the rope broke, and Samuels fell to the ground. After all apparent defects in the contrivance had been rectified, and the rope pronounced by the prison offi-

entials fit for its work, the culprit was taken to the scaffold's drop, and again launched into mid-air, when lo! the knot gave way, and the wretched man fell heavily to the ground.

The spectators cried Shame, the officials stood aghast, and all unanimously expressed the opinion that the brutal torture should cease. The majesty of the law, however, had to be maintained. A new and strong rope was promptly substituted, and poor Samuels was cast into space by the hangman for the third time, when, marvellous to relate, the rope snapped in the middle, and he fell to the ground.

Mr. Smith, the Provost Marshal, who superintended the terrible business, then said, "This is extraordinary. It appears to be a manifestation of inexplicable power. Remove Samuels to his cell for the present."

The Provost Marshal proceeded forthwith to Government House, saw the Governor, Captain P. G. King, R.N., and placed the circumstances in detail before him, when His Excellency promptly relieved the prisoner.

After a brief period Samuels was restored to freedom, led a most exemplary life, and, by dint of energy and industry, became a comparatively wealthy man.

The cruelty perpetrated on the wretched niggers in America, as disclosed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and in the thundering philippic of the immortal Dickens, who exclaimed in righteous indignation in his peroration against these barbarous slave-masters, "Shame on those insatiable monsters, who have not only deprived these poor wretches of the light of freedom upon earth, but have subjected them to the more excruciating ordeal of cutting pleasant posies in their shrunken flesh, learned to write with pens of red-hot iron on their faces, racked their poetic fancies for

liveries of mutilation, which those unfortunate slaves shall bear the impress of through life and carry to their graves," shows man's inhumanity to man.

The early police and other records of New South Wales reveal even a more cruel treatment by pitiless tyrants against Christians, who were bereft of all right except the psychological one to think, of which no human power could deprive them. This was the period, too, when capital punishment had reached its climax. There were but four offences made capital under the Plantagenets. Those were increased to twenty-seven under the Tudors; they reached to thirty-six under the Stuarts, and during the first four Sovereigns of the House of Brunswick one hundred and fifty-six additional offences were made capital; that is to say, one hundred and ninety-two offences were at this period made punishable by death.

Thanks, however, to the efforts of a few distinguished and fearless philanthropists, including Sir William Meredith, Wilberforce, Romily Denman, Clarkson, Brougham, Peel, Sydney Taylor, Fitzroy Kelly, Ewart, and others, those Draconian laws which had brutalised and cast a dark pall on the fair fame of the British nation were for the most part abolished. When Major-General Sir Richard Bourke assumed the Governorship of New South Wales on the 3rd December, 1831, he was amazed at the lawless condition of affairs produced wholly and solely by gross tyranny and wanton cruelty. He promptly introduced and passed into law an Act which limited the power of Magistrates in summary convictions to order the infliction of more than fifty lashes. This was a merciful measure worthy the commendation of all humane and well-disposed people. The pro-flogging tyrants, however, were averse to humane laws, and consequently expressed their indignation.

An agitator named Mudie was the leader of these despots, who assailed the Governor as an enemy to their class and a danger to the welfare of the Colony.

Mudie had been assigned a large number of bondsmen, whom he treated mercilessly, and thus led to six of them being hanged for an alleged attempt to shoot his overseer. The Governor realized the baneful influence of the tyrant, removed his name from the Commission of the Peace, and thus prevented his doing further mischief.

Mudie, in his resentment, wrote a book, which was regarded as a true picture of himself, and amply justified the Pro-Consul's action.

Some years ago Sir John Robertson, when Premier, issued an order to have all the records of the Colony's early settlement destroyed, and, in pursuance of that mandate, many tons of those records were consigned to the flames in Sydney, Bathurst, and other centres in the Colony about three years ago. Thus it is these chronicles of an unparalleled period of cruelty and tyranny have "vanished into thin air like the baseless fabric of a vision."

As the Colony became settled, townships were established, and barracks erected for the accommodation of the military troops, whose duty it was to look after the convicts, and to see that the sentences of flogging imposed by the Magistrates were carried out. The Dogberry military police, who cut such fantastic high jinks in the protection of citizens and the enforcement of the law against delinquents in those days, were of the true "Tom and Jerry" stamp, and many pages of the old records bristled with almost incredible episodes of their extraordinary mode of procedure. The discovery of gold fields early in the fifties changed the prevailing condition of affairs. Gold Commission-

ers had to be appointed, who consisted of military officers, and these for the most part knew very little about their duties. Those officials selected for gold police a number of soldiers, whom they no doubt considered fit in every respect for their new vocation. Education, however, was not regarded as an essential factor, as is evidenced from the fact that not one of the four sergeants made could write. The Commissioners visited the gold fields at stated periods to transact business at the local Courts, but the general management of all other affairs was entrusted to the gold fields sergeant in charge. At this time Sergeant Nipper and Trooper Stork controlled an important gold field, and it is with their extraordinary vagaries during the time they held sway that I am now concerned.

Sergeant Nipper could not write, but Stork had a rudimentary knowledge of that lost art, and hence acted as his secretary. These two worthies served many years together as soldiers in an atmosphere of crime and criminals, and that environment appeared to have seriously affected their ideas of justice and honesty, assuming that they had ever possessed such. They believed in no religious creed, scoffed at and mocked persons who disclosed any semblance to a religious training, and, as far as their deplorable ignorance enabled them, lost no opportunity in their endeavour to make the power, wisdom, and goodness of God appear no better than foolishness. They lived seemingly for one purpose, and that was to levy blackmail from all and sundry coming within the scope of their command.

The uniform of the new creation of gold police consisted of a double-breasted blue cloth jacket, blue trousers with scarlet braid, and a tall, phonograph-bell shaped cap; they carried horse pistols in holsters in front of their military saddles, and a valise on the saddle-horns. They

never appeared in uniform except in the execution of important duties, and then the residents regarded them as being on the war-path.

Mrs. Nipper was of commanding appearance, and became an important factor in the police administration. Her origin was involved in obscurity, but that was of no consequence, as she was favoured by some military officers of influence, and her dowry was Nipper's promotion from a private soldier to the rank of sergeant of the gold police. She fully realised her important position, surrounded as it was by vast potentialities, and treated her husband and Stork as her factotums.

Sergeant Nipper received 7/9 per diem, and 1/3 long-service pay, rations, threepence per head for all cattle slaughtered within his district, £5 each from publicans on the renewal of their licenses, as well as numerous other emoluments. The Gold Commissioner signed all books of miners' rights blank, handed them to Nipper, who had the names to whom issued filled in, and so long as he furnished the money for the rights issued, the Commissioner was satisfied. There was a large population on the field at this time, representing all classes, and there were numerous hotels doing a good trade. Nipper and Stork paid frequent visits to all places under their charge, ostensibly to issue miners' rights, but in reality to do business on their own account. They ascertained the names of all sly-grog sellers and illicit distillers in their district, entered into arrangements with them to pay an annual fee as broad-arrow tribute, and woe betide the defaulter.

Sergeant Nipper also established a new procedure regarding larcenies, which proved an unqualified success, and that was, whenever Stork or himself arrested an offender, say for stealing an article valued at twenty shillings, and recovered the property, the prosecutor would pay

to the arresting officer the value of the article.

Shortly after Sergeant Nipper's plan of procedure had been arranged, Trooper Stork proceeded on a filibustering tour amongst the defaulting constituents; he was in uniform, armed with two horse pistols, and fully accoutred. He called at the residence of a Mrs. Plowman, a widow, residing on the main road to the diggings, who, on seeing the man armed, concluded he was a bush-ranger, and became panic-stricken.

The warrior assured her there was no reason to fear; that he was merely making a call on his constituents, and wanted some dinner. After having demolished a substantial meal and partaken of a flask of brandy placed at his disposal, the officer stood beside the door-post and gravely informed her she was in arrears. Mrs. Plowman pleaded guilty to the impeachment, and excused herself by saying the "times are bad, and but little business doing."

"That excuse is not satisfactory. I am sorry to say, Mrs. Plowman, that two reports have been received against you. I'll have to prosecute you on both charges, and that means £60 or go to gaol. It will be a disagreeable duty for me to do."

The poor woman nearly fainted on hearing the word "gaol."

On recovering herself, she went into her bedroom, took a £5-note from her box, and placed it in the rascal's open hand, which he held broad arrow-like behind his back. Stork glanced at the paper, which he folded and put into his pouch.

"Well, Mrs. Plowman," he said, "come what may, I will not prosecute you." Mrs. Plowman thanked him for his great kindness, and handed him a flask of brandy when taking his departure.

Sergeant Nipper, accompanied by his wife and Trooper Stork, visited the hotels at night and re-

galed themselves with the miners. They also extended the same courtesy to the storekeepers at the Chinese camps, where they were made the recipients of many presents. The committee of the Chinese lottery, known as Pak Ah Pu, also acted very generously towards Mrs. Nipper, whose name they placed on the list of beneficiaries.

Shortly afterwards, four hundred Chinese miners arrived on the field, under the control of a responsible person known as the "boss." After they had pitched their camp, and before they commenced mining operations, Sergeant Nipper and Trooper Stork paid them an official visit in connection with the issue of miners' rights. The "boss" handed £200 to Nipper for four hundred rights. Sergeant Nipper had, however, only two hundred rights, that is, four books of fifty each, which he issued, and handed the "boss" a scrap of paper containing hieroglyphical symbols as an acknowledgment for the balance, saying, "This is all the same as license."

The "boss," however, did not think so, and replied, "Me no savee."

Sergeant Nipper smiled at the "boss's" simplicity, and took him to Ah Sam, the storekeeper, who said to the "boss," "This paper very good, all the same as license; Sergeant Nipper all the same as Commissioner," and with this assurance the "boss" was satisfied. It was an old game with Sergeant Nipper, who was well aware that it would be impossible to ascertain whether a Chinaman held a license or not, as their names were all monosyllabic—Ah Bat, Ah Cat, Ah Cow, Ah Sow Ah Ping, Ah Sing, Ah Jung, Ah Sung, &c.—whose invariable answer was, "Me no savee."

This transaction, like many others of a similar character, was a profitable one to Sergeant Nipper and company, who were absolutely their own masters. The miners, representing many

nationalities, knew nothing about law, and did not concern themselves in police affairs.

Shortly after the transaction just mentioned had taken place, Sergeant Nipper received information that two brothers named Duprez, his constituents, in whose business as illicit distillers he had the broad-arrow interest, had two cisterns of whisky 30 per cent. overproof on their premises. Nipper and his wife were delighted. Those law-breakers were defaulters; consequently it was decided to seize the contraband liquor, which would prove very useful. Nipper, in official costume, and armed with two horse pistols, proceeded next day on the war-path to the locality of the distillery, in the mountains, about ten miles away. He reached the place about noon, and had dinner, when the proprietors told him they had two casks of excellent whisky on hand, which would meet some of the many orders. Nipper expressed satisfaction at their increase of business, and intimated he would remain with them for the night, after delivering some miners' rights at Bangalore Creek.

"We shall be glad," they said, "to make your stay as comfortable as possible."

Instead, however, of delivering miners' rights, Nipper rode to a settler's place two miles away, and dispatched a boy on horseback with a message to Mrs. Nipper to send the horse and cart out early next morning. He returned to the distillery, inspected the appliances, saw the whisky amphora flowing over, and then drew a charcoal broad arrow on each cask, as well as on the still-head and worm.

The proprietors realised his intention, and said, "Surely it has not come to this? Here is a note for £10, and you will receive more than what is owing later on."

Nipper pocketed the note, and replied, "I mean to seize the whisky and the still, as complaints

have been made against you, and whoever touches an article bearing Her Majesty's brand will be imprisoned for life." He then drew from his capacious pocket the Government proclamation offering £50 reward for the seizure of an unlicensed still, and the conviction of the party using it. "Read that," he said, "and you will see that each of you is liable to £100 fine."

The proprietors and Nipper then returned to the residence, where the matter was discussed, and terminated in Nipper receiving an assurance in writing that he would be paid his broad-arrow interest in full on a fixed date. Nipper was hospitably entertained, and freely partook of their beverage until 12 p.m., when he was carried to bed.

When Mrs. Nipper received her husband's message she was very jubilant. She dispatched Stork with the horse and cart at 3 o'clock next morning, and in the meantime had her spare room in readiness for the much-desired cargo. Trooper Stork, on arriving at the residence of Duprez at 6 o'clock, found his officer in bed, with a bottle half full of delicious beverage on the table beside him.

"Well, Stork," he said, "you have made good haste. I have made a splendid seizure. Let us finish the bottle and proceed to business."

After demolishing the whisky, both officers drove to the distillery to load the coveted contraband spirits, when lo! they found the casks empty, and no still-head or worm to be seen. Nipper flew into a rage, called the proprietors, and swore he would give everyone concerned in the robbery life, with three floggings a year.

"Yes," returned Stork, "and if I can I'll make it four floggings."

The proprietors protested they knew nothing about the transaction, and asserted the property was probably stolen by some evil-disposed person in the district.

After the rage was expended, the parties returned to the dwelling, where they partook of copious libations to drown the grief of the impudent robbery. When Nipper and Stork returned to their station in a muddled condition, without the spirituous cargo, they received a severe castigation from Mrs. Nipper, who accused them of being "drunken sots, who were incapable of performing the simplest foraging duty."

A week later, as Trooper Stork was on the usual crusade against some of his defaulters, he opportunely rode into a gully worked by Chinese, where he was informed by a resident named Jerome that Ah Cow, the storekeeper, had criminally assaulted his daughter. Stork drew a horse pistol from the holster and promptly arrested the Celestial, whose explanation was, "Me no savee."

"What is that he said?" queried Stork of Jerome.

"Why, that he is guilty," returned Jerome.

Stork locked the store door, described a broad arrow on the building, and then conveyed his prisoner to the lockup, where he placed the handcuffs on his legs, and chained him to a log in the floor for safety. Sergeant Nipper and wife visited the prisoner in the slab cell, when Mrs. Nipper expressed her displeasure at the cruel treatment Ah Cow was subjected to for an offence which she believed he was innocent of, adding, "Everything you do of late is a blunder." Next morning Nipper and Stork proceeded on official duty to Mosquito Flat, leaving Mrs. Nipper in charge of Ah Cow. About 10 o'clock a large number of Chinamen bearing presents called on Mrs. Nipper, who permitted them to see their countryman, and to take him away. Stork, on going to the cell next morning, found that Ah Cow had vanished. He reported the matter to Sergeant Nipper, who professed to feel surprised, and Mrs. Nipper dis-

claimed all knowledge of how the escape took place. The question for the consideration of these guardians of life and property now was, "What was to be done with Ah Cow's property?"

Mrs. Nipper said, "The goods should be removed at once to my large spare room for protection."

"Yes," said Nipper, "that is the best thing to do with them."

Ah Cow did not return to his store; consequently Nipper and Stork removed the stock in trade to Mrs. Nipper's rooms. The goods consisted of rice, flour, tea, sugar, groceries, mining implements, Chinese-ware, preserved ginger, Chinese brandy, and various other lines. The property had now to be confiscated, and this was done by Mrs. Nipper drawing a broad arrow in charcoal on the door of the room.

Mrs. Nipper took full credit for this splendid windfall, and she was fully entitled to it. Her first act in dealing with the property was the presentation of a good supply of groceries and clothing to the Jerome family, to atone in a measure for Ah Cow's misbehaviour; she also made many serviceable presents to her friends. Ah Cow, on being liberated from the lockup by Mrs. Nipper, with the connivance of her husband, fled from the district, and was never re-apprehended on the charge.

Some years later, that is, in 1861, he kept a store in Tipperary Gully, Lambing Flat, and was one of the many Chinese maltreated by the European diggers, which led to the memorable riots of that year.

After Ah Cow's escapade, Mrs. Nipper became a special favourite with the Chinese, who estimated her services at a high figure, and discharged their obligations commensurately. They presented her with a costly bronze Cornucopian idol of the

demi-god Fi Hi, one of their great progenitors, who founded the empire on a firm basis 2852 B.C. Mrs. Nipper asked what it was?

Ah Cat replied, "My word, a good fellow; all the same as Joss; gives Chinaman everything he wants."

"Why does he wear horns?" queried Mrs. Nipper.

"My word," returned the Celestial, "he carries everything there."

"Would he give me anything if I asked him?" interrogated Mrs. Nipper.

"Yes, yes," said John; "will give you everything if you pray to him."

"Then," returned Mrs. Nipper, "he is just the fellow I want, and I'm thankful for getting him."

Ah Coon, the Chinese artist, then improvised an altar for the idol in Mrs. Nipper's room, which he fitted up in gay colours, and furnished the usual incense wood torches and two squares of scented wood, to be used on solemn occasions.

Next morning Mrs. Nipper paid devotions to Fi Hi, and invoked the demi-god to grant her some token of his power, and then waited anxiously for the result, when, singular to relate, her prayer was granted.

"In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

Bishop Heber's missionary hymn did not include bronze Cornucopian idols, but it mattered not to Mrs. Nipper, who would have worshipped the Egyptian leek, and eaten it, too, if she thought it would be to her advantage. However, about noon on the day she paid devotions to Fi Hi, two Chinese miners, Ah Luck and Ah Muck, called and presented her with two pieces of extraordin-

arily rich conglomerate gold quartz, nearly a hundred-weight, and intimated the specimens were taken from a mine they had discovered, of which she was appointed the principal shareholder. News spread that Mrs. Nipper was practically the owner of the richest gold mine ever discovered, which produced intense excitement amongst the miners, who flocked to the station, inspected the large specimens, and were amazed at their richness. The quartz was impregnated throughout with fine gold, and in several places nuggets disclosed themselves. A Californian geologist and mining expert carefully examined the exhibits, and declared they would go 7000 ounces to the ton. Miners wanted to purchase shares, but Mrs. Nipper declined for the present, on the ground that she had sent a ton of the rich quartz to London to be tested, and, until she knew the result, she would not dispose of shares.

Within a few days, however, she received about £1400 from two wealthy miners for preferential consideration in the disposal of shares. The locality of the discovery was kept a secret, and the only information vouchsafed by Nipper was that Mrs. Nipper had secured four acres of land to protect her interest.

It was a prosperous time for the filibustering trio, who turned every case with which they were concerned to profitable account. Scarcely had the excitement consequent on the discovery of the gold find abated, when another small windfall fell into their hands. A shepherd designated "Billy the Ghost," otherwise William Bergin, arrived on the field to spend in jollification a cheque of £31 15s., which he obtained as wages from a neighbouring squatter. Billy put up at the "Miners' Arms" hotel, where the proprietor, John McDonnell, cashed the cheque and handed him thirty-one pounds in notes on the Oriental Bank. Bergin

had several drinks during the day, and in the afternoon became so obstreperous that he had to be restrained. McDonnell sent word to the camp that he required protection, and in response Nipper and Stork appeared and removed "Billy the Ghost" in a cart to the lockup. On being searched, Nipper discovered a large roll of notes in the prisoner's pocket, which he handed to Mrs. Nipper for safe keeping. The luckless herder remained in the lockup for four days, during which Mrs. Nipper was constant in her attention to him. She gave him everything that he could desire in the shape of broth, toast, eggs, and brandy. Bergin was loud in his praise of Mrs. Nipper's kindness, and promised he would not forget her as long as he lived. Instead of sending the man to the Petty Sessions Court for the disposal of the charge, Nipper decided on dealing with it himself.

"Well, Bergin," he said, "I will not send you gaol. I now discharge you, on the understanding that you must leave the field at once. Here is what I found on you," at the same time handing him £1 2s. 6d.

Bergin gasped for breath, and in a few moments ejaculated, "I ought to have £31."

"I do not know," rejoined Nipper, "what you ought to have, but that is all you had when arrested. Trooper Stork saw me search you."

"I think," said Stork, "it was £2 2s. 6d. you found on him."

"Perhaps so; I'll see my wife, who had charge of the money."

On Nipper's return he complimented Stork for being so observant, and added another one-pound note, making in all £2 2s. 6d.

The shepherd's disappointment was great, but there was no alternative; hence he took the money and departed, after having gained a lockup

experience which could not fail to be of service to him in the future.

Before leaving the gold field, however, he called at the Miners' Arms hotel to ascertain what money he spent, when he was assured he had £31 on him when arrested. McDonnell, who was an honest man, promptly interviewed Sergeant Nipper, and accused him of robbing the shepherd, when strong language was indulged in, which led the publican to report Sergeant Nipper to the Commissioner, who, unfortunately, was seriously ill at the time, and died before any action was taken.

Whether this serious matter came under the notice of the Colonial Secretary I know not, but shortly afterwards, that is, in the year 1859, an order was issued handing over the gold police to the control of the three Superintendents of the Mounted Police, on whom devolved the administration of law and order on the various gold fields in the Colony.

The gold police did not approve of this change, which would bring them under strict supervision and proper discipline; hence most of them resigned to find occupations as publicans, storekeepers, and gold-buyers on the diggings. The remaining members, after attestation, were transferred to the nearest patrol headquarters, and their places filled by more capable and honest policemen.

Nipper and Stork were much disturbed at the change; still they remained in the service. The morning after their arrival at headquarters they were inspected by the Superintendent, who believed implicitly in soldier policemen.

"Well, Sergeant Nipper," he said, "you are now a non-commissioned officer in the mounted police. Your late Commissioner has spoken of

your efficiency and honesty, and I hope you will give me equal satisfaction."

Nipper, after saluting him, said, "That I will."

On inspecting the horses, the officer found them jaded and galled, at which he expressed his dissatisfaction, and inquired how they came to be neglected.

"Well," said Nipper, "I do not wonder at it. They have done much work; in fact, I may tell you that I was thirty-six days in my saddle during the month of January, as Trooper Stork knows."

"Yes," returned Stork, "I can swear to it."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" exclaimed the Superintendent. "Both of you are no better than fools. I never heard of such profound ignorance."

Nipper and Stork now settled down to the inevitable, became very communicative, and entertained the police at night by recounting their shameless doings on the gold fields.

"Yes," said Nipper, "Stork and myself had many successful patrols. We used to leave without a doit, and after a few days' foraging return with our pockets filled, and 'Ben,' the pack-horse, groaning under a cargo of turkeys, ducks, and other choice poultry, and if we are united here I am certain we can add to our miserable pay. Robberies of gold-buyers are very frequent, and no apprehensions made. Could we not turn our attention in that direction?"

"Surely," replied Corporal Justin, "you, as a sergeant of police, do not mean that the mounted police, the guardians of life and property, should turn bushrangers and rob gold-buyers?"

"I did not say it exactly. I have heard that gold-buyers sometimes rob one another, and I think we would not be doing wrong even if we overhaul gold-buyers now and then."

"I quite agree with Sergeant Nipper," said Stork. "At all events, it is worth trying."

"Then," retorted Corporal Justin, "I am of opinion that both of you ought to be in gaol; you are a disgrace to the service."

Nipper laughed at the simplicity of Corporal Justin, and remarked, "You have much to learn."

Shortly afterwards Sergeant Nipper and Trooper Stork proceeded on patrol to an hotel twenty miles on the main road to the gold field. During the afternoon Mr. Bambridge called on the Superintendent and reported that, while coming to the town in the forenoon with a bag of gold, he was bailed up by two bushrangers, who wore black material over their faces, and robbed of the gold and a parcel of Oriental Bank notes. The offenders were well mounted, one riding a bay horse with a star and snip and fore-feet white, while the second offender was mounted on a light bay with hind-feet white, branded with a large circle on near shoulder, and that both offenders were armed with horse pistols. The Superintendent called the Sergeant-Major, gave him full particulars of the robbery, and directed him to send out troopers forthwith in pursuit.

While the troopers were preparing to start, Nipper and Stork rode into the stable-yard, and on seeing the horses Mr. Bambridge exclaimed, "These are the horses that were ridden by the bushrangers who robbed me, and I am convinced these two men are the bushrangers."

The Superintendent was amazed at Mr. Bambridge's statement. On inspecting the monkey-jackets tied on the saddles of Nipper and Stork, the black lining was found to be missing.

Corporal Justin and Trooper Winchester were then sent out with Mr. Bambridge to the scene of the robbery, when the tracks of two horses were picked up and followed to a clump of trees fringing a small plain, where the linings were found. The two offenders were then arrested, committed

for trial, convicted, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment with hard labour. Corporal Justin was promoted sergeant and placed in charge of the gold field which had been the theatre of Nipper's exploits, and the satisfactory discharge of his duties amongst all classes inspired public confidence. Mrs. Nipper, on the transfer of her husband, established herself and her idol in Nipper's Gully, where she carried on business as store-keeper and sly-grog seller amongst her many admirers, but her influence beyond that sphere was restrained by the tactful procedure of Sergeant Justin.

The principal gold-buyer on the diggings at this time was repeatedly victimised in the purchase of gold from expert swindlers, which contained a spurious alloy. He sought police assistance, when Sergeant Justin took the matter in hand, and succeeded in tracing the guilty parties.

On the following Saturday the gold-buyer was employed in purchasing the precious metal, when two Chinamen presented a large parcel weighing 320 ounces. On being tested, it was found largely spurious.

Sergeant Justin, like the *Deus ex machina* mentioned by Horace, appeared on the scene at this juncture and arrested the offenders, who were the notorious Ah Luck and Ah Muck, Mrs. Nipper's partners in the great gold mine, the discovery of which had caused such a furore in mining circles some time previously. On searching their residence, the mystery of the fabulous mine was solved by Sergeant Justin, who found in their room a hundred-weight of brass powder and filings, a bag of cement, a heap of wash tailings, and a large piece of conglomerate, representing a very rich specimen. The product of the bogus mine was produced in Court on the trial of the offenders, and caused quite a sensation. The

culprits were convicted, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. On the facts becoming known, the two miners referred to waited on Mrs. Nipper for the return of their money, but she had none to give. She, however, received a clear acquittance on handing over to them the two remarkable specimens she had received from Ah Luck and Ah Muck through her invocation of the demi-god Fi Hi.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that within a brief period, those specimens proved important factors in the floating of two alluvial gold mines, which by a streak of good luck turned out immensely rich ones.

When Nipper and Stork were discharged, they returned to the gold fields, where they were shunned and disowned by their former acquaintances. Mrs. Nipper's neglect of business caused her to assign her estate to her creditors, and to quit Nipper's Gully, where her timbrel voice had resounded for many years. While removing the Cornucopian idol to Mrs. Nipper's new abode, Stork was caught in a severe thunderstorm, struck dead by a flash of lightning, and the demi-god Fi Hi fused beyond recognition. Mrs. Nipper, on hearing of the dreadful occurrence, became seized with an apoplectic fit, and expired. Nipper alone of the trio remained. He was now an outcast, penniless and wretched. He felt his position keenly, confessed with sorrow that he had wronged many in his time, and realized the important fact that, after all, there was no peace or happiness for an official outside an honourable career of rectitude.

His confessions, however, came too late for amendment; he had wrecked his ship through his

vicious indulgences, and was now suffering the pangs of retributive justice.

"Man, wretched man; where e'er he stoops to sin
Feels with the act a strong remorse within."

The only persons who proved Samaritans to the wretched man in his miserable plight were the members of a family whom he some years previously ridiculed because they practised the religion of their fathers of a Sunday. Yes, they did good for evil; they fed and clothed the old man for four years, and, when he died, buried him at their own expense.

The manner of Nipper's death was somewhat remarkable. He occupied a skillion room of a weatherboard building, and slept on a bench, separated from a carpenter's shop by a thin board partition. He was observed by a miner going into his room in a condition of helplessness, and, as he did not make his appearance next day, the police were informed, when Sergeant Justin found him dead on the bench, with his head fastened to the partition boards by two long nails. The day Nipper went to his hut, the carpenters were employed putting up some fixtures on the wall, and in doing so used large nails, two of which unfortunately penetrated Nipper's skull, and caused his death.

There is, according to Horace, nothing too high or daring for some mortals to attempt, and this is true of Constable Sinbad, who was at this period stationed on the most important gold field in the Colony.

There was a large, heterogeneous population, and, as a consequence, crime became rampant. An Inspector was sent from Sydney to control the police, and his first act was to erect a large lockup on the American log-cabin principle. The building was very substantial, contained three compart-

ments, and was well ventilated through the interstices of the logs.

Constable Sinbad applied for and received the position of lockup-keeper. In a brief period there were sixteen prisoners, all charged with serious offences, confined in the building at the same time, and, for their greater security, the Inspector placed a constable outside the building on sentry duty. Mates of two of the prisoners, wealthy miners, frequently visited Sinbad, but that circumstance did not at the time arouse suspicion. The day before the trial, the Inspector left the station to look up some important witness, and, while returning in the afternoon, was informed by a pedestrian that all his prisoners had escaped.

"Have they murdered the two constables?" queried the Inspector.

"Oh no," replied his informant; "they must have forgotten it in their hurry to get away."

The Inspector did not credit the sensational news; still he tarried not, and reached the lockup in quick time, to find that such was the fact. He discovered several of the floor slabs removed, and a large hole leading therefrom under the ground log at the back, through which the escape was effected; and, to his still greater surprise, he found in the cell a pick, a shovel, and a spade.

Sinbad could not account for the implements being in the cell nor would he commit himself to any statement. The sentry constable, however, threw some light on the mystery. "Sinbad," he said, "took me off duty at 2 p.m. and sent me on a silly errand which involved two hours' absence; when returning he met me in the street and kept me talking for some time, and when I resumed duty I found the prisoners had decamped."

The escape of so many desperate offenders caused widespread excitement on the gold fields, and notwithstanding the utmost diligence and

activity on the part of the police not more than five of the escapees have since been recaptured.

Sinbad was prosecuted by the Inspector as a *particeps criminis*, committed for trial, but acquitted on a technical point; he was, however, promptly dismissed from the service. It was currently rumoured later on that he received £200 for the services he rendered to the miners.

"Knavery," according to Terentius, "is its own reward." After removal from the service Sinbad was lost to the public gaze for a period of forty-two years, by which time he had arrived at the conclusion, and convinced himself of the fact, that he was a veritable paladin of the golden age, and that the time was ripe for a *coup de grace*.

Acting on the impulse of conviction, he sent a remarkable application to the Government, setting forth in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," his deeds of bravery, claiming special compensation for the capture of notorious armed criminals, and expressed regret that the officer of police who could verify his statements was dead. Alas for the vanity of human wishes, the officer in question was much alive, and was the very man who was in charge of the gold fields when Sinbad's heroic feats were performed, hence the application was referred to him.

The astute officer had no difficulty in recognizing the writer, and in his report revealed the fact that Sinbad's exploits consisted in deliberately and corruptly assisting the escape of sixteen desperate prisoners charged with divers offences, from the lockup.

Such was the official career of these three erratic comets, Nipper, Stork, and Sinbad, who in the early days of the golden age played such high pranks in police administration, by degrading their position, corrupting the well-disposed by their bad

example, and by turning the public good to their own selfish interest.

The classics abound in references to man's aspirations. Aristotle declares man to be either a god or a brute, *deus aut bestia*. Lamartine, in his second Meditation "L'Homme," dedicated to Lord Byron, gives a sublime definition of man, "bounded in his nature, infinite in his desires; man is a fallen god, who has a recollection of heaven," and this is confirmed by Voltaire, who says in "La Liberte," "thy destiny is that of man, thy desires are those of a god"; which sentiments are clearly adopted from Ovidius, "*Sors tua mortalis, non est mortale quod optas.*"

If such be the case (*non credo*) then man must have deteriorated very much in his translation to this sublunary orb; I am inclined, however, to believe that man, despite his heavenly aspirations, was primarily neither a fallen god nor a demi-god, as the condition of man in many cases seems to be no better nor worse now than it was two thousand years ago when Lucretius wrote, "O misery of man, O blinded fools, in what dark mazes, in what dangers we walk this little journey of our life."

THE WASHPIN MURDER.

A THRILLING PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVENTURE.

The days of man are doom'd to pain and strife,
 Quiet and ease are foreign to his life;
 No satisfaction is below sincere,
 Pleasure it-self has something that's severe.

—STEELE.

Of the many ferocious crimes committed in New South Wales during the last fifty years, probably there was not one governed by more extraordinary surroundings than the notorious Washpin murder of 1876.

I was in charge of the Queanbeyan and district police that year, which was an exceptionally dry one, and memorable for the devastation wrought through a prolonged and appalling drought. There was no grass whatever to be seen, the waterholes and creeks were dried up, and as a consequence, almost all the cattle running at large in the bush perished.

On the 28th June, 1876, I received intimation that a shepherd named McCarthy was murdered on the Murrumbidgee River at Yeumbra, a locality situated on the boundary of the Queanbeyan and Yass districts. I met by arrangement Inspector Brennan, two troopers, the coroner, and the jury from Yass at the scene of the outrage, where an inquest was forthwith held, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against some person or persons to the jury unknown. The body of the unfortunate victim was then buried beside his log cabin, and close to the Murrumbidgee River. The Yass police and myself set ourselves vigorously to work to unravel the mystery; we discovered in a dry

creek close by, two distinct tracks of boots, one larger than the other, and singular to relate were made by left foot boots; these impressions we traced for several miles towards the residence of Mr. Davis, whose servant the shepherd was. Mr. Davis informed us he suspected the notorious Tom Robinson, alias Tom the Soldier, alias Waterloo Tom, as being the perpetrator of the horrible crime, and said the night before the murder he found the ruffian in his kitchen at a late hour, and gave him "a shake-down"; that he had in his possession a rifle-bore gun, the barrel of which was nearly six feet long, and which he called "Long Tom"; that he inquired if the shepherd McCarthy was still at the Washpin; and that on the following morning he could find no trace of the fiend, who had cleared out during the early hours, taking with him a blanket, a left foot boot, and a canister of strychnine. It was clear therefore from what we had observed at the Washpin, and from what Mr. Davis told us, that the offender reached the shepherd's hut late at night, had supper with the shepherd, who afterwards sat on a log outside, when the murderer discharged the contents of his gun into his head, removed half the skull with a sharp instrument, and then partly concealed the body in some scrub. We discovered the missing portion of the skull beneath a log, and found in the brain therein thirty-two pieces of lead. The deed was a brutal one and not executed on the refined principle which governed De Quincey's "murder as a fine art."

The inside of the cabin was in a disordered state: several religious books, which doubtless the poor shepherd was in the habit of reading, lay beside his improvised bed; the flour and sugar bags had been tampered with, and in the former

we found the strychnine canister nearly empty. Three opossums (*didelphis*) lay asleep in the fire place, while the meat bag was occupied by an enormous iguana, and the traces of the destructive ghoul abounded on all sides.

The deceased was a young man of irreproachable character, who had been in Mr. Davis' employment for some time as shepherd, the duty of which at this particular juncture was no easy task, as the sheep had to be kept constantly on the move over the rugged hills and defiles of the run, and were kept alive principally on the branches of trees and undergrowth daily cut for their sustenance by their faithful attendant.

The locality of the murder was known as the Washpin, a small area of semi-circular form fronting the noble river, and surrounded for the most part by precipitous barren ranges of volcanic formation. There were no homesteads within miles of the picturesque but wild tract of the Washpin, wherein the lonely shepherd dwelt, hence his desolate position at night, when darkness enveloped the weird surroundings of his solitude, can scarcely be imagined. What with the rustling of snakes, iguanas, and lizards, the plaintive wails of the curlews, the caw cawing of the laughing jackass, the shrill yelping of the dingoes surrounding the sheep fold, the chatter of opossums rushing incessantly over his hut, the occupant with justice might well exclaim in the language of the poet:—

“O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.”

It was clear that Tom the Soldier was the murderer, and to compass his capture was now our aim and object. He was an old Vandemonian,

transported in his youth from England for a serious offence; while serving his time in Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania, he frequented the Aborigine camps, and endeavoured by main force to carry off a young gin. He failed, however, in his purpose, and in the melee which ensued, lost an eye from the stroke of a nulla nulla, and got severely wounded in the knee from a boomerang.

After the remission or expiration of his sentence, he migrated to Sunny New South Wales, where he had ample scope for his villainous proclivities. He was of colossal stature, about six feet four in height, ungainly figure, large flapping ears, long straggling beard and whiskers, with a murderous expression of countenance, not unlike that which characterized the features of the notorious bushranger Morgan. He was a cunning, vindictive, and unscrupulous man, and a smiling, destructive criminal.

While in New South Wales he followed no occupation; moved about as a tramp in the Goulburn, Yass, and Queanbeyan districts, invariably carried a long gun, and a formidable sheath knife, made from the point of a scythe; lived on birds, opossums, and kangaroos; camped in hollow trees and logs in the day time, and prowled about at night when he purloined edibles from the huts and dwellings of shepherds and settlers. He posed as a hero, who had shot thousands in his time, and asserted that the wounds he bore were received in the famous battle of Waterloo. Hence it was he received the sympathy of the credulous, while many of the settlers were afraid of him, but as nothing of a serious character could be established against him, he was permitted to continue his nomadic mode of life.

The police spared no exertion night or day,

to capture him, but all to no purpose, as no person had seen or heard of him. On the afternoon of the fifth day's search, Trooper McIntosh and myself discovered the ghoul's lair in a hollow log near Duntroon, and while searching about observed smoke from a camp fire in the distance, near the Queanbeyan River. Thither we cantered, and on reaching the slip-rails of a paddock fence, saw a gonyah beside a large tree, four hundred yards in front of us, with a small fire beside it. McIntosh alighted to remove the slip-rails, when all of a sudden we heard the loud discharge of a gun, and simultaneously the rails were splintered beside us from the impact of leaden bullets. We grasped the situation in a moment, and promptly raced down on the gonyah with arms in readiness, just in time to prevent a second discharge from "Long Tom," which doubtless would have proved fatal to one of us.

The murderer was disarmed after a severe struggle, and handcuffed. On being asked why he wanted to shoot us, he naively replied with a sarcastic grin, "You know I have been a soldier, and shot thousands in many battles; I have got into that way now that when I see a man passing, I cannot resist making a target of him, and, my friends, if I could only have got my gun caps in time, one of you would be in a position to say, "What a good shot Waterloo Tom is!"

He was wearing left foot boots, and had in his possession a sheath knife, a bag of bullets, powder, caps etc., as well as new blankets and wearing apparel taken from his victim. The Waterloo hero was lodged in the Queanbeyan Gaol that evening, and his capture gave unqualified satisfaction to the residents of the surrounding districts.

In preparing the evidence in the case, I found

it would be indispensable to re-open the shepherd's grave at the Washpin, in order to secure the blankets placed there with the body, one being the property of the murderer, and the other being that stolen by him from Mr. Davis. Inspector Brennan and a trooper from Yass met Trooper McIntosh and myself next day, when we procured a pick and shovel at the residence of Mr. Charles Hall, J.P., and then proceeded to the Washpin, where we arrived at 2 p.m., unconscious that we were destined for a thrilling experience.

It was a beautiful clear day, everything seemed still in the locality save the she-oaks, which abounded along the banks of the then low and placid river, which gave out doleful murmurs to the slightest zephyr. The sun's rays shone along the serpentine windings of the river, but this was changed in a brief space, as scarcely had we stood beside the grave when an extraordinary cumulostratus cloud, or woolpack, descended and enveloped the mountains and Washpin in comparative darkness. We commenced the work of exhumation, and just as the spade had touched a timber slab which rested on the body, the sound of a terrific explosion took place, the ground trembled and seemed to sink beneath our feet, as if from the impact of a monster thunderbolt, or aerolite hurled by Jupiter, father of gods and men, against our planet, and a rumbling sound of great volume reverberated through the valley for some seconds. Before we had recovered ourselves, however, from this appalling experience, a roar was heard on the mountain top above us, which was intensified by repetitions along the valley of the great river, when suddenly we observed through the gloom a huge ball of immaculate whiteness rushing down the declivity towards us. We

promptly sought the protection of trees close by, drew revolvers, and stood in readiness for defence, but this was unnecessary, as the animal, on reaching the open grave, stopped suddenly, and with head erect, surveyed the surroundings, pawed the earth for a few seconds, then lay beside the grave, moaned piteously, and expired.

“Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus? ’Tis mystery all!”

After assuring ourselves that the strange animal was dead, we, without making any observations on the extraordinary occurrences witnessed, hastily completed our task, departed, and camped in a gully a mile distant and close to the river that night, when we discussed the matter somewhat reservedly, and endeavoured to explain the cause. We had not, however, seen such an animal in the district, or in our experience, and under the conditions of drought which prevailed, were convinced it was no man’s property. I remarked that its marvellous symmetry and whiteness realized the ideal of the white heifers which the devotees of the goddess Venus offered as sacrifices on her altars in the temple of Pharos in Cyprus.

There are not many persons in Australia who have an adequate conception of the lonely, monotonous, and miserable lives which shepherds in the Australian wilds have had to endure in the performance of their duties, even thirty years ago; camped in humpies, or gunyahs, miles away from their stations or settled habitation, their only companion being a faithful sheep dog; their rations scanty and rough, and their every movement imperilled by the serpents of the forest, which on occasions claimed occupancy of their gunyahs. Some of these old veterans have been found dead

in the bush from snake bites, others taken up for insanity, and sent to asylums, while others again, like the unfortunate McCarthy, have been found foully murdered by some criminal tramp for the few articles of clothing they possessed.

The position of the shepherd at present is different from that of thirty years ago, and the work is now done principally by boundary riders, as the runs are, to a great extent, fenced.

After experiencing a very unpleasant night in the camp, being worried by native dingoes, we started at early dawn and returned to our respective stations.

Two days subsequently I sent Trooper McIntosh to bury the poisoned flour and sugar, and to take an inventory of the deceased's effects for the Curator of Intestate Estates, and while proceeding to the Washpin, he was joined by Mr. Davis, who accompanied him thither, being anxious to see the extraordinary white bull he heard so much about, but lo! on arriving there not a vestige of the animal could be found.

I am well aware that assertions regarding ghosts, apparitions, and mysterious manifestations create a smile, and the parties who allege they have seen or experienced them are looked upon by self-constituted wiseacres as weak-minded, silly, and superstitious ignoramuses whose movements required strict surveillance. Be that as it may, there are few however, I think, who will have the temerity to doubt that apparitions have from time immemorial been seen, and supernatural occurrences observed, which have baffled the most eminent psychologists to satisfactorily explain.

In the present case I merely describe what four police officers, in perfect health, and with all their faculties unimpaired, saw and carefully observed

in the day time, and which, after many years' service in the police force, they were unable to account for, hence they regarded the occurrence as a psychological phenomenon.

PROSECUTION OF THE WATERLOO HERO.

At this time the inhabitants of the beautiful town and district of Queanbeyan had as their chief magistrate, a gentleman of commanding appearance and military cast, who possessed some sterling qualities, which were, however, marred by his occasional supercilious mannerism towards the *profanum vulgus*, which he used to politely term the ordinary residents, forgetting that,

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools."

He had many years' experience in the colony as a military officer, and on his retirement applied for, and was permitted to assume, the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. As Police Magistrate he proved a staunch friend to the unfortunates brought before him who posed as old soldiers, and not infrequently found them "not guilty," even when they pleaded otherwise.

On the day of the police court proceedings, the Lieutenant-Colonel took his seat on the bench at 10 a.m., and was joined by the senior honorary magistrate, a capable and fearless justice; the court was crowded, the district being largely represented. After giving a brief outline of the murder, and the evidence to be adduced in support of the capital charge, I stepped into the witness box, but, before being sworn, the Lieutenant-Colonel said, "Pardon me for a moment." He took the charge sheet in his left hand, placed an eye-glass in

front of his right orb, and read aloud, "Thomas Robinson, alias Tom the 'Soldier, alias Waterloo Tom, you are charged with the wilful murder of Jeremiah McCarthy," then looked at the prisoner, who seemed equal to the occasion, and gave him an unmistakable military salute.

"Ah, by gad, I see you have been a soldier."

"Yes, Colonel," replied the Waterloo hero, "I have fought and bled in many great battles."

"I thought so," returned his worship. "What battles may I ask were they?"

"All through the Peninsular War, Colonel."

"Indeed! Did you know the great hero, Sir John Moore?"

"Know him, Colonel! Why it was I who buried him, I well remember the night."

"Well! well!! Did you know the great Duke of Wellington, better known as the Iron Duke?" continued the Colonel.

"Yes, Colonel, he was a warm friend of mine, and he acknowledged to myself that it was I who actually won the battle of Waterloo."

"What! what!! How could he say so?"

"Well, I was engaged in the front rank of the attacking regiment, when a cannon ball killed scores around me, pieces of iron flew around me as thick as hail, one piece knocked my eye out, and another injured my knee. This took place as the great Napoleon himself was starting off the field. When seeing so many killed, he halted, and was about to commence again, when I raised my gun and fired straight at him, and the ball struck the plume on his helmet. Napoleon said something to an officer beside him, looked at me, and then cleared off the field, and the Battle of Waterloo was won.

"Blucher came up shortly afterwards and en-

quired for the hero of Waterloo, shook hands with me, and said I ought to be a General, or at least a Colonel."

At this stage I protested on the ground that the charge was of too much gravity to permit of the court proceedings being turned into a farcical episode.

"Why," said the Chief Magistrate, "do you say so?"

"Because I know the prisoner is telling untruths, as you will observe by the charge sheet that he is but 60 years of age, consequently the battles he refers to took place before he was born."

"Proceed with your evidence," said the Senior Honorary Magistrate.

At the conclusion of the evidence for the prosecution, Waterloo Tom was committed for trial to the Goulburn Circuit Court, to be holden on the 9th October. The evening preceding the trial, Goulburn was crowded with persons interested in the Criminal Court proceedings.

I put up at Mr. Thomas' splendid hostelry, where I met the present Hon. R. E. O'Connor, Q.C., a personal friend, who was then a young barrister on the Southern Circuit. He had read of the murder case in which I was officially engaged, and was desirous of knowing all the particulars so as to be prepared to defend the prisoner, if asked by the presiding judge. There were few, if indeed any, barristers at the time who were entitled to more consideration at the hands of the police than Mr. O'Connor, and consequently I gave him all the particulars, even including the prisoner's own history, remarking as I did so, that his so-called Waterloo exploits would furnish a splendid theme for his forensic peroration.

On the following day, the business of the

Court commenced at 10 a.m. The court and surroundings were thronged with jurors, witnesses and the general public. The calendar was a very heavy one, and represented serious crime of every kind.

Sir William Manning, I think, presided, and Mr. Davis, an able barrister, prosecuted for the Crown. After a couple of prisoners had pleaded guilty, Thomas Robinson, alias Tom the Soldier, alias Waterloo Tom, was indicted and called on by the Clerk of Arraignment to plead.

The prisoner stood to attention, looked towards the judge, whom he saluted, and said in a distinct voice: "Not guilty, your Honour." Knowing full well,

"That while his tongue the charge denied,
His conscience knew 'twas true."

The Judge having ascertained from the Crown Prosecutor that the prisoner was not defended, asked Mr. O'Connor if he would undertake the defence.

Mr. O'Connor replied, "Yes, your Honour."

"How long will you require," continued the Judge.

"Five minutes," answered the young barrister.

Judge: "Thank you, Mr. O'Connor, let the case proceed."

Mr O'Connor and Solicitor Davidson left the Court for a few minutes, and on their return the case proceeded. The learned Counsel asked very few questions of the witnesses in cross examination; nevertheless, he elicited the important fact that the prisoner was known as "Mad Tom the Soldier."

At the conclusion of the case for the Crown,

it was intimated that the prisoner had no witnesses to call. In his address to the jury, Mr. O'Connor said, "Gentlemen, I have undertaken a grave responsibility in this case, and need scarcely point out that yours is still graver, because you are now constituted, before God and man, the judges as to whether the prisoner at the Bar did, or did not with malice aforethought, commit the crime laid to his charge.

"That a terrible murder, which we all deplore, has been committed by some person there can be no doubt. It is assumed and placed before you by the Crown that 'Tom the Soldier' perpetrated the deed; that he went to the Washpin at night to see the shepherd; that he partook of his hospitality; that he shot him through the head, removed a portion of it in a barbarous fashion, and then distributed a canister of strychnine poison through the flour, tea, and sugar in the dead man's hut, and that his motive was to become possessed of a few articles of clothing. If that were the motive, what object, I ask you, was there in mutilating the dead man's body? or what motive was there in distributing strychnine in the flour, tea, and sugar in the hut after the murder of the poor shepherd? Gentlemen, British law provides a death penalty for murder, and his Honour will tell you that you have nothing to do with that, as your duty is confined solely to the question as to whether the prisoner is guilty or not. I would have thought that the psychological conditions disclosed in this remarkable case would have suggested to the Crown the absolute necessity of having the mental condition of the prisoner carefully inquired into by medical experts; as the Crown asserted his wickedness, it was in duty bound to show his

responsibility. Gentlemen of the Jury, look carefully at the prisoner in the dock, and note his appearance. It was given in evidence that he led an extraordinary life for many years; that he had no place of settled habitation; that he slept in hollow logs and wombat holes, supported himself like a primitive savage on opossums and other wild animals; was, in fact, the wild man of the forest, and bore the appropriate name of 'Mad Tom the Soldier.' Can you, as sensible men, say with truth that 'Tom the Soldier' is in a condition of mind to be responsible for his actions? I certainly do not think so. Assuming for argument sake that he committed the crime laid to his charge, and that his conviction should follow, still the Crown would not be justified in inflicting a death penalty when such unmistakable evidence of his insanity exists. Who can draw the line of demarcation where sanity ceases and infatuity begins in any person? No one can do so, no more than he could tell to what insanity is traceable. Medical science even less than a hundred years ago regarded insanity as a disease of the soul, and it is very doubtful if the medical profession of the present day can satisfactorily diagnose it; nevertheless, it was the bounden duty of the Crown to have assisted you in arriving at a verdict with a safe conscience, by placing before you the opinions of at least two medical men as to whether the unfortunate man whose life is placed in your hands is '*compos* or *non compos mentis*.'" Having dwelt at length on the psychological aspect of the case, Mr. O'Connor turned his attention to the actual evidence in support of the charge. He summarized the facts accurately, and laid bare the weak points; quoted parallel cases from "O'Connell's Recollections of the Bar," the

Hounslow Heath murders, etc., to show that persons had been consigned by the verdicts of juries to an irrevocable doom on what seemed unmistakable chain evidence of guilt, whereas it was subsequently established beyond all possibility of doubt that the so-called murderers were innocent, the real culprits or criminals having confessed and explained their adroitness in fixing guilt on innocent people. The jury had before them charged with a terrible crime—wilful murder—an old man on the verge of the grave, suffering from wounds and senile decay, who, if he had common justice done him for the noble services he rendered on behalf of his country, would now be in receipt of a pension adequate to his maintenance. The prisoner in the days of his youth, before the Gentlemen of the Jury were born, rendered important and heroic service in fighting our battles against an insatiable usurper, who was bent on the subjugation of the European Powers for his own aggrandisement, the remarkable man designated by the poet Byron—

“that modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car.”

Yes, “Tom the Soldier” distinguished himself signally at the famous battle of Waterloo, and was instrumental, as far as he could, in adding a halo of military glory to British arms and prowess. The life of this Waterloo hero was now a matter for their gravest consideration, and it behoved them, as sensible men of the world, to weigh carefully every circumstance placed before them in this extraordinary case, and unless they felt thoroughly convinced of his guilt and his responsibility at the time, beyond all reasonable doubt, they should return the talismanic verdict of “Not guilty.”

The address, of over an hour's duration, was listened to with rapt attention, and at its conclusion he was heartily congratulated by his friend the Hon. John Want, Q.C., the veritable Varro of the Australian Criminal Bar, and by many others. The judge, in summing up the case for the jury, complimented Mr. O'Connor for his eloquent and powerful defence, and augured for that gentleman a brilliant career at the Bar. The jury, after a brief retirement, found the prisoner guilty of murder. The Waterloo hero on being asked by the Clerk of Arraigns if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, replied: "Yes, your Honour, I don't want to die; and I don't believe I ought to die after all the service I have done for the country." "Tom the Soldier" was then sentenced to death, but through the instrumentality of Mr. O'Connor and others, the Executive Council commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. "Life! I profane the word, can those be said to live who merit death? No! they are dead." The murderer, however, lived (to use a Hibernianism) all the days of his life, while the shepherd, his victim, was hurled into an irrevocable doom without pity or consideration.

"Tom the Soldier" was a brutal type of criminal who, in the days of the essayist Sydney Smith, would have been hanged; but he was fortunate in living in a less rigorous time when the law was purged of its Draconian severity. His antics in prison from the date of his reprieve to his death disclosed a mind assailed by fear, alarm, and remorse. He did not realise or appreciate the privilege of being saved from the gallows; on the contrary he raved at the supposed excessive torture he was subjected to by armed criminals,

who had conspired to murder him: he fancied he could see in every crevice during the day extraordinary fiends, and at night he had no repose in his efforts to escape the punishment which, he alleged, two females, each of whom claimed to be his wife, inflicted upon him. The misdeeds of his past life crowded upon him; they were written upon every object he beheld, and so wretched did he become in body and mind, that he, in a fit of wild desperation, made a determined effort to put an end to his miserable existence. From my experience of criminals during a long police service, I am convinced that there is probably no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds, and this view of the question is eloquently and powerfully expressed by Lucretius in his definition of a guilty conscience. "Cerberus, the Furies even, black hell, belching forth horrible flames from its jaws, these are mere fancies, mere empty names, but in this life the fear of pains for wicked deeds is felt most acutely, the prison, the fearful fall of the rock, scourges, the executioners, the pitch, the wheel, the torch—these affright the mind, yet though these be not present, the guilty mind, anticipating evil, scourges and stings itself, nor does it meanwhile see what can be the termination, or the end of its punishments—fearing lest they should be fiercer after death; hence the life of such fools is as wretched as it would be in the realms of Pluto."

The pseudo hero terminated his earthly career many years ago, and was buried unhonoured and unsung, to await the hour when all that are in the graves shall come forth and obtain their eternal rewards:

"They that have done good unto the resurrection of life."

THE REVEREND CHARLES BADHAM, D.D.

A FORMER PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS AND LOGIC,
 SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

“*Rari quippe boni.*”—JUVENAL, Sat. xiii., 26.

The lamented death of the learned Doctor Woolley, D.C.L., Professor of Classics at the Sydney University, in the sixties, left a vacancy which it was considered difficult to fill.

There were many applications for the position from distinguished scholars in Great Britain, amongst which was one from the Reverend Charles Badham, D.D., Cambridge; M.A., Oxford; Doctor *Literarum Honoris causa*, Leydon; and late Examiner, London University, whose brilliant career as a classical scholar, critic, and linguist, was borne testimony to by professors, and other learned men in England, Germany, and France.

Doctor Badham was appointed to the position, and his subsequent career as a Professor of Classics and Logic demonstrated the wisdom of the selection. The fame of the classical professor preceded him to Australia, and on his arrival in Sydney he received a cordial greeting. He was a man of dignified clerical appearance, full of vivacity and earnestness, and had, as it were, an inspiration in his look, his carriage, and even his gesture, that made a favourable impression on those who came in contact with him. After installation in his office, Dr. Badham visited the University Colleges of St. Paul and St. John, and subsequently that of St. Andrew, where he received hearty receptions from the Warden, Rector, and Principal respectively.

The number of undergraduates attending the University at this particular juncture did not exceed sixty-four, and these were specially fortunate in having so much attention and care bestowed on their classical studies by the great professor. On the commemoration day following his arrival, Saturday, the 18th May, 1867, the *aula maxima* of the University was thronged with a brilliant audience, when he delivered a remarkably eloquent and logical address on University education, in the course of which he emphasised the fact that men should be estimated more by what they possessed intellectually than by their wor'dly or social status, that, as the mind was to a large extent the standard of men's personal excellence, it was essentially necessary that the youth of Australia should cultivate the intellectual and moral faculties in a knowledge of the liberal arts, and thoroughly learn the languages of Greece and Rome,

*"Nec levis, ingenuas pectus Coluisse per artes,
Cura sit, et linguas edidicisse duas,"*

—OVIDIUS.

so that they would develop the powers implanted by nature in man, and produce the noblest endowments. He appealed to the generosity of the wealthy citizens of New South Wales to become benefactors of the University, in founding bursaries for poor but deserving students, and at the conclusion of his learned and impressive address received the plaudits of the representative gathering.

During vacations Professor Badham delivered in Sydney and the principal towns in the colony, a series of lectures on higher education, in which he never failed to urge the claims of the University on the consideration of the people, and as a result

many ladies and gentlemen donated or bequeathed large sums of money to the University, or its Colleges, which formed foundations for scholarships, bursaries, exhibitions, medals, and prizes, for intellectual and promising undergraduates.

Through Professor Badham's instrumentality, senior and junior public examinations were established in connection with the University, similar in every respect to those of Oxford and Cambridge, which gave a marvellous impetus to education in the colleges, grammar and public schools, and private literary establishments throughout the Colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, so much so, that there were at some annual examinations at least 2500 competitors, male and female. From these competitions large numbers proceeded to the University, which in a few years became one of the best endowed, and successful, institutions of its kind in the world, necessitating the establishment of extra chairs in the faculties of Science, Engineering, History, Medicine, Law, and Modern Languages.

In 1869, Professor Badham promulgated a remarkable scheme for teaching gratuitously the Greek, Latin, German, and French languages, through the medium of the Post Office, to all persons in town or country desirous of acquiring them. Many hundreds of persons became his pupils, and sent their exercises to him for correction at stated periods.

This self-imposed labour which the philanthropic Professor undertook was of a Herculean character, nevertheless he accomplished it with extraordinary success. I was his first pupil in Latin under this scheme, and for seven years sent him my papers for correction from Smith's Principia, Ihue's Syntax, &c. If any idiomatic difficulty presented

itself in the language he invariably furnished an explanation, or attached an appendix. He strongly impressed on his students who desired to become familiar with Latin, the necessity for thoroughly mastering the verb "ago," which, like "do" in the English, has the widest signification, being applicable to any state of action, external or internal, whether of the mind or of the body, and used to give sentences exemplifying its application, from Ovid, Horace, Livy, Tacitus, Plautus, Sallust, Cicero, Gallius, Virgil, Varro, Caesar, Pliny, and the great epigrammatist Martial.

As indicating the importance of the verb *agere*, I give one extract from Martial:—

Semper agis causas et res agis, Attale semper.
Est non est quod agis Attale, semper agis,
Si res et causae desunt, agis Attale mulas,
Attale, ne quod agas, desit, agas animam."

He illustrated the important difference between *agere* and *facere*, as well as *gerere*, the last-named being especially employed in matters relating to the administration of a government.

Apart from his multitudinous duties, the great professor found time to assist any person desiring it in the laudable pursuit of mental cultivation. I shall give *verbatim et litteratim* one very important philological letter which I received from him relating to a difficulty in grammar submitted for his consideration, which cannot fail to prove interesting to my readers.

Braidwood Gold Fields,
Araluen, 12th October, 1872.

Dear Professor Badham,

I do myself the honour to state that I have had a difference of opinion with an Officer in the Education Department regarding the grammatical ac-

curacy of a sentence, which he maintains is not only correct, but as grammatically correct as any sentence in the English language. The sentence in dispute is "He is gone for many years."

I consider that the sentence is not correct, and therefore beg to submit it for your decision, with my arguments, demonstrative of its incorrectness. The sentence given contains the present tense "is" of the neuter verb "to be," and the past participle "gone" of the intransitive verb "to go," elements of time which cannot co-exist; the sentence itself has a passive construction as well as signification; which is absurd, for the reason that passive constructions can only take place by the union of participles of transitive verbs, and the verb "to be," whereas in the sentence given the verb "go" is a defective verb made up in the past tense by another different and defective verb "went;" it is also an intransitive verb, and therefore cannot form a passive voice.

Grammatical license may, however, recognize the verb "go" in the sentence as a neuter passive. but that is scarcely possible. Having proved therefore *me judice* that the sentence is not only opposed to the rules of grammar at first sight, but also to reason, I would venture to submit that "he has gone," or "he went," is the correct grammatical rendering. In submitting this sentence I would wish it to be decided solely by grammatical rules and observances, and not by the standard of usage. Apologising for trespassing on your kind consideration,

I remain, &c.,

MARTIN BRENNAN.

To this the learned Doctor replied as follows:

University of Sydney, October 15th, 1872.

My Dear Sir,

Both the German and the Romance languages abound in perfects formed with the auxiliary "to be." I am remained, I am fallen, &c., are good German, Italian, and French. We have preserved a very few of them, the two most in use "I am gone," and "I am come." No argument drawn from *a priori* rules of grammar can avail against the constant practice of a language. Your argument is therefore untenable, because no plea is valid against the authority of the English language itself. Indeed, I think it would be inconclusive in any case. When you say "I have read a book, I have eaten an apple," you do not mean that you possess the *participle*. What you really have is *the act done*. It is your achievement and consequently it is yours—and though grammarians tell you that the perfect in these cases is composed of the auxiliary and the *participle*, this is not strictly true; for the participle is not used *as such*, but in another sense; it ceases to be a participle when combined with the auxiliary. In the same way when I say "I am gone" I do not record an act which I have performed, and which is therefore mine to have and hold, but a state into which I have put myself; so that "gone" though properly a past participle and consequently predicable only of that which has been the object of an act, is used in a different sense and denotes a state produced by the act of going when completed. In reflective verbs the Italians and French say "I *am* seen myself, I *am* hurt myself, &c." That is, that whereas in reflective acts when complete, you have a choice of two points of view: 1st of A's achievement of an act regarding himself, 2nd of A's condition as the

object of that act; they choose the latter, while we and the Germans choose the former. You see what an obscure region one enters upon in asking the why of these grammatical forms.

The obscurity arises from the inherent imperfection of language when it attempts to express in a descriptive way the relation of an agent to an act in past time. The Latin escapes from this difficulty by using mere inflexions, which do not profess to describe, but are simply conventional signs which mean nothing in themselves and therefore may be made to mean anything on which the owners of the language agree.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES BADHAM.

P.S.—I have kept your manuscript an unreasonable time.

C. B.

Dr. Badham had a thorough knowledge of the grammar and literature of the Greek and Latin languages; his lectures were clear, and abounded with instructive and interesting explanations. A second edition of his *Euripidis Ion*, or the *Ion* of Euripides, appeared in 1867, as a student's first Greek play, the introduction and notes to which unmistakably demonstrated that he had a masterly grasp of the Grecian dialects, Attic, and Homeric, and of the epic, elegiac, and lyric poetry. He was regarded by German and French professors as an erudite philologist of the German and Romance languages. In addition to the *Ion* of Euripides, Professor Badham's works included the "Phoedrus of Plato," "Cicero pro Muraena," the "Iphigenia in Tauris," the "Helen of Euripides," "Philebus," "Convivium," "Euthydemus and Laches" of Plato

a second and largely augmented edition of the "Philebus," with a postscript addressed to Australian scholars: the *Adhortatio ad studiosam Juventutem Sydneiuensem* (prefixed to his editions of Plato's dialogues); Emendations of Thucydides and Plato, &c.

What intelligent mind could therefore refrain from admiring the man who had devoted his life to the study of the classics, or fail to imagine with what rapturous enthusiasm he perused the thundering orations of Demosthenes, the sublime strains of the immortal Homer, the notes of whose lyre shall remain for all time, and the crushing philippics of the inimitable Cicero against Marcus Antonius?

In 1871, Professor Badham accomplished a great work in University reform, which entitled him to the lasting gratitude of the residents of Australia. The numerous successes at the Senior and Junior public examinations disclosed to his sagacious mind the fact that many females possessed high intellectual attainments, and that they suffered from a grave injustice in being denied the privilege of pursuing their further studies at the University. He took the matter promptly in hand, removed the barrier of inequality, and achieved for the females of Australasia a recognition in the rights and privileges of University education.

This splendid reform gave a stimulus to education in the colonies, as demonstrated in the fact that several hundred intellectual females have since attended lectures at the Sydney University, and succeeded in obtaining the degrees of B.A., M.A., B.Sc., LL.B., M.B., Ch.M., which enabled them to occupy high scholastic positions in the country.

Professor Badham had many friends, including such men as Cardinal Newman, George Eliot, Lewes, Lord Houghton, Lords Hatherly and Lytton, Thackeray, Father Prout, Maginn, Froude, Lord Sherbrook, Max Muller, Huxley, Dean Stanley, H. D. Maurice, Sir Theodore Martin (who dedicated his *Catallus* to him), and probably none more sincere or appreciated than Archbishop Roger Bede Vaughan, an ecclesiastic of commanding personality, an orator of remarkable force and brilliancy, and who, like Professor Badham, had a profound knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, which he displayed to advantage in his annual commemoration and other addresses at St. John's College. He was the author of the "Life and Times of St. Thomas of Aquin," in two volumes, a learned production, which Doctor Badham pronounced a *magnum opus*. The lasting and sublime friendship which subsisted between these two eminent Englishmen was founded on a broad Catholicity, congenial tastes, dispositions, and pursuits, and as a consequence their distinctive efforts had an undoubted influence for good throughout Australia. Any comparison between these literary giants would be invidious, and could only be touched figuratively on the broad lines that a Demosthenes would not have made a Virgil, nor would Homer have made an Aristotle; each had his sphere, and each revolved in his orbit with matchless brilliancy.

On the 21st August, 1883, Professor Badham was entertained at a banquet in Sydney to commemorate his 70th birthday. It was one of the most intellectual gatherings ever assembled in the Southern Hemisphere in honour of a man. The Right Honourable W. B. Dalley, Q.C., P.C., the Ciceronian orator of all Australia, delivered a marvellously eloquent speech, in which he grace-

fully alluded to the merits and the world-wide services of their distinguished guest, whom he regarded as his dearest friend. Doctor Badham's reply was learned, touching, and dignified, and equalled in point of classic beauty, if it did not surpass, any of his previous deliverances. It was in this year Professor Badham performed his last great labour, when a letter of remarkable cogency appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald" from his classic pen, urging the establishment of a system of University Evening Lectures, to enable those who were engaged teaching, or otherwise employed during the day, to obtain degrees. The letter produced a wonderful effect on those interested, and in a few days the doctor's appeal was strengthened by a petition signed by over 1,000 residents of Sydney and suburbs, praying for the realization of so desirable a concession. The letter and petition were placed before the Senate, and referred to the Board of Studies, the members of which viewed the question favourably, and recommended the adoption of the scheme outlined by Professor Badham, on the basis of a five years' course of study for a B.A. degree.

The Legislative Assembly voted annually the sum of £1,800 for the expenses of the scheme, and thus it was, this new departure in extending the privileges of University education to a hitherto forgotten section of the people, became an accomplished fact, and is now (1900) in full vigour, having proved an unqualified success beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the great Professor who conceived the idea, and lived only to see it a reality.

Professor Badham's life in Australia was a

series of beneficent acts on behalf of his fellow-man, for which he sought no compensation or reward, other than that reflection, that imagination, that perfection of the mind which time cannot destroy nor fortune affect; he was kind hearted, generous, and magnanimous, and took the deepest interest in the education and welfare of all persons regardless of creed or country; he was respected by all classes, and revered by the graduates, many of whom attained high distinction at the Bar, in the Senate, and in other walks of life, and one of whom, Mr. Butler, is now worthily occupying the Latin chair in the University.

After the demise of Professor Badham, in February, 1884, his friends collected his lectures and speeches, and published them in book form, as a mark of their respect and esteem for, and in order to be possessed of a souvenir of a dear friend, and a great man whose like they shall never see again. A large painting of Professor Badham now adorns the great hall of the University.

It has been a puzzle to many Australians that the authorities of the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge did not secure the services of Doctor Badham, whose erudition would have still further illumined the aureola of splendour that surrounds those historic foundations, the pride and glory of the English race. The death of Doctor Badham, the noble and unselfish philanthropist, was sincerely bewailed by the graduates, students, officials, and the general public, and by none more keenly than the writer of these lines.

Cicero asserts "that learned men not only instruct and educate those who are desirous of

learning, during life, and while they are among us, but they continue to do the same after death by the monuments of their learning, which they leave behind them," and this is especially true of Professor Badham, who has bequeathed to the residents of this Austral clime a monument of good deeds and noble performances, "more lasting," to use the expressions of Horace, "than brazen statues, and higher than Royal pyramids, a monument which shall not be destroyed by the wasting rains, the fury of the north winds, by a countless series of years, or the flight of ages."

[THE END.]



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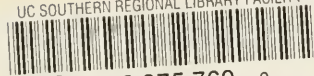
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