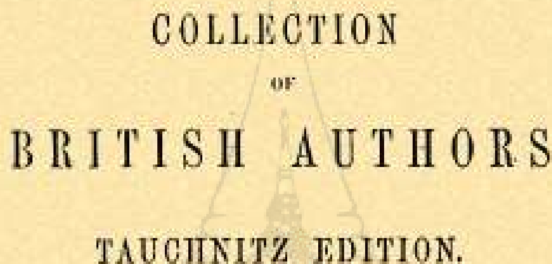

COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 1305.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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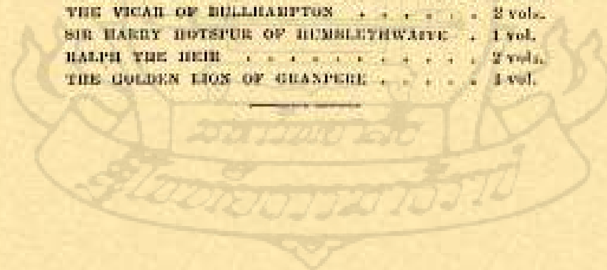

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BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1873.

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CHAPTER I.

Introduction.

I HAVE attempted in these volumes to describe the Australian colonies as they at present exist; and to tell, in very brief fashion, the manner in which they were first created. In doing so, it has been impossible to avoid speculations as to their future prospects,—in which is involved the happiness of millions to come of English-speaking men and women. As a group, they are probably the most important of our colonial possessions, as they are certainly the most interesting. Their population is, indeed, still less than half that of the Canadian dominion; but they are very much younger than the Canadas; their increase has been much quicker;—and we made them for ourselves. Canada and Nova Scotia,—of which New Brunswick was then a part,—we took, ready colonized, from the French. The Cape we got ready colonized from the Dutch, as also British Guiana. Jamaica and Trinidad we took from the Spanish. The early possession of Newfoundland was a moot point between ourselves and the French, till at last we obtained it by treaty from Louis XIV. Ceylon,—which, in truth, is not a colony, though reckoned in our list of colonies,—was possessed first by the Portuguese, and then by the Dutch, before it fell into our hands. The Mauritius we got from the French. Among the colonies, which we ourselves first colonized, Barbadoes and Bermuda are the most important that still remain to us,—excepting those of which I am now about to speak.

When we make mention of "colonies" we should be understood to signify countries outside our own, which by our energies we have made fit for the occupation of our multiplying race. India is the possession of which we are most proud;—but India is in no respect a colony. It should be our greatest boast respecting India that we hold that populous country to the advantage of the millions by whom it is inhabited; but we do not hold it for the direct welfare of our own race, though greatly to the benefit of our own country. The Europeans who are spread over India, exclusive of the military, are less numerous than the inhabitants of Tasmania.

The United States are, in the most proper sense, a British colony; and it is the colony in which, of all others, Great Britain should feel the greatest glory,—because therein has been achieved the highest prosperity by those who leave the shores of our islands from year to year. That India and the United States,—so absolutely unlike each other in all the conditions of humanity, and yet each so prosperous after its own fashion, should, the one be governed from England, and the other speak the English language, is a combination which makes an Englishman conscious that, let the faults have been what they may, the race has been more successful than other races.

The Australias and New Zealand have been and still are colonies in every sense; and they are colonies which have been founded by ourselves exclusively,—for the prosperity and the deficiencies of which we and the colonies are solely responsible. No French element, no Dutch element, no Spanish element can be pleaded by us as having interfered with our operations in Australia. And the real colonization of these Eastern lands, which did not in truth commence till the system of using them

as penal settlements had been condemned, has been so recent that the colonists and the Government at home have had the advantage of experience, and have taken lessons both from the successes and the failures of earlier enterprises. Colonizing theorists have arisen, who have done something for the better management of a new world, and philanthropists also have aided. Statesmen have become wiser as they observed the errors of their predecessors. Intending colonists themselves have left their old homes with clearer ideas of their own wants. And advancing science has carried out and acclimatized, not only men and women, but beasts, birds, and fishes, fruit and vegetables, rich grasses and European trees, with a rapidity and profusion of which our grandfathers never dreamed, and which even our fathers hardly ventured to anticipate. New Zealand, the latest of our great colonies, of which in truth the occupation did not commence till 1840, contained no animal life and no native fruit useful to man when we first reached its shores. It is now so wonderfully prolific in life and vegetation imported from Europe that the visitor sees there groves of wild peach-trees and herds of wild horses. Australia was nearly equally destitute. Nevertheless, Australian capitalists are already engaged in the task of sending from Australia European meats to our home markets, and are thus relieving the wants of those at home who are too destitute to improve their fortunes by migrating to happier lands.

That Australian colonization has prospered greatly no one who sees it,—no one who studies it without seeing it,—can doubt. Whether the progress might not have been quicker, greater, more thorough—whether it might not have been made to contain a more confirmed assurance of future well-being, many profess to doubt. To

me it seems that the work, taken as a whole, has been well done. That anything should ever have been so well done that it could not have been done better, few will be found to allege in reference to a matter as to which no standard of excellence exists. Had this or had that line of conduct been followed in colonizing these new countries, who can say what might have been the effect? Or if there be any one who thinks that he can show that such and such results would have followed a certain course, there will be another equally sure that he can prove the contrary.

The assailants of our colonial work who are most positive in asserting that mightier results and an improved condition would have come from management other than that adopted, generally blame the English Minister of the day for the alleged shortcoming of the colonists. There are many the tendency of whose minds leads them to discredit statesmen; who are prone to antagonism against authority; and who believe, almost as a matter of course, that the doings of Cabinet Ministers and their subordinates are customarily fatuous and often dishonest. Such men in dealing with our colonies speak of Downing Street,—where is the official domicile of our Colonial Ministers,—as a slough of despond whose mud has long clogged the wheels of our colonial enterprise. To such men it is enough that a member of Parliament shall take a seat in that building to render him harsh, unpatriotic, and unsympathetic, whatever may have been his character before he stained it by taking office. The teaching of such men has been spread so far that a large world of followers, who neither inquire nor think, but only hear, is educated in the idea that were it not for Downing Street our colonies might thrive. It does not occur to them to reflect that the man selected to sit in

Downing Street has a wider source of information than others, a greater need to study the subject than others; that he performs his functions with the light of day upon him; and that he is chosen from among those who have made themselves prominent by their knowledge and sagacity. We are all willing to admit that two sets of men, —the Cabinet which is in and the Cabinet which is out, —contain, as a rule, the best politicians of the day; but most of us are ready to denounce the one Minister who holds authority in any matter in which we are personally interested. In reading books on the colonies, mostly written by colonists, I have been struck by the very small amount of praise ever bestowed on a Minister for the Colonies at home, and by the repeated allusions made to the want of judgment and indifference displayed by these gentlemen. I must add also, that the Australian colonists of the present day do not in ordinary conversation speak with enthusiasm of Downing Street.

It would be well if colonists and Englishmen interested in the subject, could learn what it is that is done for the colonies in Downing Street. I am speaking here of course of such colonies as those in Australasia. I am inclined to think that it is very little. The Colonial Office cannot plant a colony. It cannot even grant a patent to a great man, in order that he may plant one,—as was done in the days of the Stuarts. It is called upon to judge,—and in so judging must carry with it the support of Parliament,—at what period of its life a young community of Englishmen on a distant shore shall receive the sanction of the Crown for its enrolment in the catalogue. And even in this matter the judgment of the Minister of the day is controlled by the circumstances of the case. When South Australia obtained her charter as a colony, Downing Street could not have retarded it,—as, indeed, she

could not greatly have accelerated the granting of it. When, first, Victoria and afterwards Queensland separated themselves from New South Wales, Downing Street simply complied with the wishes of the colonists. When New Zealand was established, Downing Street, which was then notoriously timid in reference to the creation of a colony in a land inhabited by a race at the same time more than ordinarily savage and more than ordinarily intelligent, simply complied when compliance was demanded in a voice loud enough to show that it expressed an earnest conviction. It was the determination of Englishmen to settle there, which settled the question. The people have made the colonies. That which Downing Street has done, or could have done, is but a small thing.

And then, as these colonies have settled themselves, they have themselves prescribed the forms of government under which they would be ruled. That form has always been self-reliant. "You shall not rule us at all, but we will rule ourselves," the colonies have said; and in every case the concession has been made. No one reading the history of our colonies can doubt that further concessions would be made if further concessions were demanded. Let any one who knows the system of our Government at home think how long any Minister of the Colonies could have held that position, who would have attempted to impede this action after the demand for it had become earnest. That there must be some power to regulate such action, to prescribe limits here and there, to apportion the powers and privileges of communities so closely connected as are the colonies and the mother country, no one will deny. When the colony has been once established, and free government conceded, the operations of the Colonial Office are mainly confined to the accurate observation of these limits.

But the fault now found in the colonies with Colonial Ministers is, that they are prone to govern too little, not that they govern too much;—that they are anxious to abandon altogether the responsibility of any concern in the government of colonies which have free institutions. There has gradually grown among us, at home in England, a feeling, stronger than any of the same nature existing in the colonies, that they are to do just as they please with themselves. We say to them practically:—"You are English just as we are, and therefore in the name of heaven, let us be friends to the end of time. Our interests must be conjoint interests, and our history a conjoint history. Let us not blot the history and mar the interests by any selfish divergence of political opinion. You are not, and probably you will agree with us in saying that you cannot be, represented in our Parliament. It is not open to you and to us to be politically one whole, as are the United States. But surely we can so arrange our matters that there need be no quarrel and no political hatred. We will interfere with you as little as may be. Parliaments of your own? Certainly. You have them. Collection and use of your own revenue? Certainly. You are collecting and using it. Possession of your own lands,—which did by a sort of fiction belong to the Crown? Certainly. Your own lands are in your own hands. Is there aught else? Would you think it well to join together as one nation with one set of customs duties? Would you form one federation in all things? Would you wish for—Separation?" Such words are not spoken, but they are nearly spoken; and that which is not spoken is filled in by the ready imagination of the colonists. The colonists say that they are spoken, and that coming from men in office they signify the indifference of England to her colonies. And then, not

unfrequently, there is a burst of eloquence in reference to England's fading glory.

I do think that some of us in England have been a little too forward in our assurances to the colonies that they have only to speak the word themselves, and that they shall be free, even from such slight control as England now exercises over them. I believe that any words so used have sprung from that tendency among us to lessen the bondage of authority, which has grown among the middle classes till it has become the doctrine of British statesmen. But they have been accepted as bearing a more defined sense in the colonies, and we are bound, as far as it may be in our power, to abstain from inflicting even sentimental grievances on our friends. Separation, though it may be ultimately certain, is, I think, too distant to have a place as yet in the official or parliamentary vocabulary of a Colonial Minister. Writers may speculate on it, and men of no political mark may discuss it in conversation. But when a Prime Minister in England or a Colonial Minister speaks of Separation in the House of Commons, or alludes to it in a dispatch as that which the future must bring forth, it is generally supposed that he intends to verify his own prophecy during his own term of office.

The loyalty of the colonies is very strong. In England, to speak the truth, we do not know much about loyalty. We believe in our form of government; we believe in the Crown and in Parliament; and we believe in the practical sense of the people at large. We are satisfied that we are doing well, and we think that should we make any material change,—such as would be the substitution of a democratic republic for the monarchy we possess,—we should improve ourselves not at all, and might injure ourselves very much. We value trial

by jury, primogeniture, and an hereditary House of Parliament, because they have helped to make us what we are; and we are generally contented with our position. This may be better than loyalty, but it is not loyalty. Now and again some spring may be touched, as when the Queen's household was attacked, or when the Prince was lying ill; but the feeling thus induced is not the normal condition of the British mind. England's greatness is too near to us at home to create sentiment;—but in the far Antipodes loyalty is the condition of the colonist's mind. He is proud of England, though very generally angry with England because England will not do exactly what he wants. He reconciles this to his mind by telling himself that it is the England of the past of which he is proud, and the England of the present with which he is angry. But his hopes are as bright as his memories,—or, at any rate, less dim than his insight into the evils of the day,—and he still clings to the prospects of England in the future. He does not like to be told that he is to be divided from her. He is in truth loyal. He always speaks of England as home. He remembers the Queen's birthday, and knows the names of the Queen's grandchildren. He is jealous of the fame of Nelson and Wellington; and tells you in praise of this or that favourite colonial orator, that —he would be listened to in the House of Commons. All this is true loyalty,—which I take to be an adherence to certain persons or things from sentiment rather than from reason.

It may well be understood that on minds so impressed threats of separation,—or allusions to separation, which by men ready to take offence are mistaken for threats,—produce anger and indignant remonstrance. "You want to get rid of us because we still cost you, or

in certain emergencies may cost you, some trifle. You are, in these degenerate days, indifferent to the glory of England. We have come out here as pioneers, and by our energies and our intellects have added a new world to your empire; and now, as a reward for our sufferings, perils, and labours, we are to be cut adrift from that empire, and divided from our country!" Then there are two forms in which the remonstrance is continued. They whose loyalty exceeds their anger declare that no such cutting adrift shall be perpetrated, and that wiser men with wiser councils must be found. But the more loudly indignant declare that if it is to be done it shall be done in earnest, and that in such case the cutting adrift shall be a total separation, and that the division from the old country shall be a division in everything.

In all these differences it seems to me that the mother country is too rational, and the colonies too irrational. Something should be allowed to sentiment, something to the impetuousness of youth, and something also to its ignorance; something, perhaps, to the natural self-importance of juvenile legislatures, and colonial cabinet ministers whose opportunities for studying state-craft have been limited. I do not say that any Minister at home has been provoked into speaking of Separation by the annoyance, either of demands or remonstrances sent home from the colonies. I can understand that the first operation on a statesman's mind, when a colony in the plenitude of the power of self-government makes wild demands, and answers the refusal of them with impetuous language, should be one of anger and disgust. I can understand that he should be tempted to tell the colony that if it can do better alone than when subject to the slight control which at present binds it to England, it had better start at once and go alone. But I

can understand also that he would not act on that first impression, and that he should resist that temptation.

I do not believe, however, that the colonies, either in regard to separation from the mother country or adherence to it, will be guided by the discretion or indiscretion of any Minister. The work of separation, when it is effected, will be done by Ministers, but they will do it on behalf both of the mother country and of the colonies, as the servants of the people, and because the people have thought that the time for such separation has come. There can be little fear now that the consummation of such a wish, were it once in truth expressed, would be forcibly opposed by Great Britain; and as little, I think, that separation will be forced on the colonies. Even had we an imprudent Secretary of State, his imprudence would not effect so great results.

It is a matter of much importance that men should fix in their minds the objects which they have in view when they think of "holding" the colonies, or of the adherence of the colonies to Great Britain. There are two distinct objects, which, without much thinking, we are apt to blend together, and to regard as one whole. But, though they may for a while act together, they are essentially separate, and, from the nature of things, must, as years roll on, be separated altogether. These two objects are the glory and greatness of Britain, and the happiness of a new home for Britons. Are we to "hold" the colonies in order that England may be great, or that Englishmen may be happy? If it be conceded that the first object be the one for which we should work, then I can understand that it should be regarded as a crime against our country even to speak of separation. But if we altogether ignore the first, when considering the welfare of the colonies,—as I think we are bound to do,

both by justice and philanthropy,—then the discussion of separation is as open to us as is that of any other political condition.

Some years since it was undoubtedly the idea of all Englishmen that whatever England did was to be done for her honour, glory, and prestige. With this view we took distant spots on the globe from foreign nations because they would afford us shelter for our fleets, or opportunities of exercising power, or because wealth was to be obtained for ourselves at home, and wealth deducted from our enemies abroad. It was after this fashion, too, that the Spanish colonies were established;—and in no wise that happy homes might be formed for coming races of Spaniards. And when Englishmen lodged themselves on distant shores in order that they might live with less restraint or with greater material comfort than they could at home,—as was done by those who first colonized Massachussetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia,—though the colonists themselves were no doubt looking to their own future prosperity, there was no national movement in that direction. Certain privileges were granted as favours to certain individuals by certain kings; but after that these individuals were left to sink or swim by their own efforts. Raleigh, the first of them, sank. Lord Baltimore, and Lord Willoughby, and Penn were more fortunate. But the country did nothing till the colony was established, and then held it politically as forming a part of its own possessions, and as adding to its own power. Even Burke, than whom no politician of the last century was more philanthropical, clearly had this idea of the colonies. "My hold of the colonies," he says, "is the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as

air, are strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance." Nothing can be grander,—nothing sweeter,—than this. There may still be some who think that nothing truer could have been spoken. But the good thing of which Burke is speaking, the result to be obtained by a certain noble line of conduct, is England's hold upon her colonies, the perpetuation of England's greatness by the continued possession of these colonies, —and not the well-being of the colonists. Those colonies are gone,—with what results most of us know. There are probably not many now who think that our "hold" of them could have been continued to this day, even had Burke's counsel been followed. They now form the homes of more millions than live in our own island, and could hardly have remained subject to us, though we had granted them privileges similar to our own. To my thinking Burke's prophecy must have been untrue, let the British method of conducting that business in Burke's time have been what it might. But the good things which he foretold for Great Britain were to be good things in respect of her power, of her prestige, of her national greatness, possibly of her lasting endurance among the nations;—and the treatment of the colonies was to be liberal and humane in order that this might be secured.

That, no doubt, was the view in which Britons generally regarded the dependencies of the nation. It is the view in which some still regard them. But, if I be not mistaken, the tendencies of the national mind in this matter are changed. It is not thus that the great body of Englishmen now think of such colonies as the Cana-

dian dominion, the Cape colonies, and the Australasian group. Malta, Gibraltar, and Bermuda we may keep as strongholds of power,—strongholds which in other hands might be pernicious to us and to the world at large. Others, which are but of little use to ourselves or to those who cultivate their soil, we may still hold because it would not suit Great Britain to abandon her children. One or two we retain, perhaps, simply because we do not like to lessen the long list. But of all these places it may be said that they are not true colonies. It is not in these that the working Englishman seeks a new home, in order that he may earn higher wages, get better education for his children, and enjoy what he regards as fuller freedom than he can do at home. In the Australias and New Zealand, in the colonies of South Africa, and in Canada,—as also in that much greater American colony, the United States,—this is the process which is now taking place. Our people are going out from us, as bees do,—not that the old hive is deserted, but that new hives are wanted for new swarms. For a while it is our duty to take some care of these new homes. The most populous has long been freed from our control and our protection, and is successful. To say that the others also will be freed is only to say that they also will be successful.

If this be so, I do not see how we can venture to cling to that idea of England's glory. Even if the theory be correct, and the glory of the nation, otherwise doomed to perish, can be thus maintained, upon whom or upon how many of us will this glory radiate? Will the ploughman between his stilts, with barely bread to eat and no shoes for his children's feet, be the better for it? Will the artisan acknowledge it who knows that the increase to his wages bears no proportion to the increased cost

of the food and the fuel which he must buy? Will the young woman acknowledge it whose hard lot in life gives her no chance of being a mother of children in a happy home? Will it warm the wanderer in the street, or teach the destitute child, or in any way help us to remove those terrible burdens of poverty which every Englishman, proud as he may be of his country, should feel as an incubus on his soil? As we are the richest of people, so are we also among the poorest. High as is our wealth, so deep is our want. Proud as are our acquirements, so lamentable are our deficiencies. By that theory of maintaining England's glory we can never cure these evils, or acquit ourselves of our disgrace. The system is not intended to work in that direction. The gist of it is to make the whole grand, and not to make the parts happy. But in the other direction there is hope.

It must generally be the case that discussion on this subject, and the action following such discussion, will be in the hands of those whose distant removal from want may enable them to feel the glory. You, my friend, want no shoes for your children. Though meat and coal be dear, there is plenty of food and fuel at your hearth. Your daughter is not debarred from salutary social intercourse with those of the other sex. Your boys are not naked in the streets. Leisure and luxurious living allow you to indulge in glory. But for that poor man you know of, would not 5*s.* a day, with no song, be better than 2*s.* a day, and Rule Britannia? And for that young woman, would not £30 for a year's services, and at the end of it a husband able to keep her, be better than £16 a year and no husband, even though no regimental band should go by the windows once a fortnight, playing up "Steady, boys, steady," for the gratification of her patriotism.

Gradually there has grown upon us a conviction that there is something more to be achieved than glory,—that, after all, glory in either a nation or a man is but a means to an end, and that that end is well-being;—as regards a man, the well-being of himself and those whose happiness forms his happiness; and as regards a nation, the well-being of the greatest number. A people despised, trodden under foot, and subject to injury from without, cannot indeed be happy. It is well therefore that a nation should have power to protect itself against these evils. Nor without power to be independent, power to support itself, power to hold its own, can a nation do those great things which are necessary for the well-being of its members. Without the power which Great Britain possessed, Canada would have been French, South Africa Dutch, and Australia and New Zealand either French or Dutch. Having the power which she did possess, Great Britain was able to provide for her children homes in these lands. It would be unwise, indeed, to abandon the power which has enabled us to do so much. But it would be equally unwise to regard the power and not the well-being as the thing to be achieved.

I trust, indeed, that they may be inseparable,—that as the one advances so must the other, and that the greatness of England may for many years to come be based, in part, on the increasing wealth, and the increasing population, of Australia. The one may be consequent on the other. The greatness of the nation may be perpetuated by the strength of her off-shoots. But it is not for that reason that we should endeavour to make these off-shoots strong. Every man who goes out thither has a right to demand that his political status shall be used so as best to contribute to his own happiness, and that it shall not be manipulated to the advantage of

others, except in so far as he is part and parcel with those others. This was the mistake which we made with the revolted American colonies,—that we were to hold them for our advantage, not for theirs. I think it very improbable that we shall make such a mistake with the Australias. But it would be well that every Englishman who gives a thought to the colonies, should bear in mind the conviction that their connection with the mother country is to be weighed by colonial measures. When the question of separation does arise, let it then be considered solely in regard to the interests of the colonists.

It may be taken as nearly certain that after some rough fashion colonists will manage things for themselves, and that they will not submit to much management from home. Military depôts must be governed from home. Sugar islands which are in fact inhabited not by white men, but by negroes and half-castes, may be governed from home. Such dependencies as Ceylon and Singapore, in which again the real population is not European, may be governed from home or by home-sent governors. But I regard such government to be impossible in a true British colony. The inhabitants are not represented in the British Parliament, and will not therefore be taxed by it. They raise and spend their own taxes, and consequently must govern themselves. It is out of the question therefore that we should hold them for our glory and power, rather than to their own comfort, even were we so minded. But that theory of England's glory, which is no longer permissible to us, is happily permissible to them. How different are the words, whether spoken by us at home or by colonists. "We will keep you in our hands in order that we may be great." That is what we in such case should say. "We wish to re-

main in your hands because we are proud of your greatness." That is what they may say. And as yet they do say it. In such a connection the adhesion should altogether come from them. Let them be ours as long as such adhesion is felt by them to be for their benefit. To us they are of infinite service, giving us room for our capital, room for our intellects, room for our energies, and above all some means of redemption for a portion of our poor from that grinding poverty which we are unable to cure at home. To have founded such colonies is the greatest blessing which we have above other nations. They are open to others as well as to ourselves, and are open with no privileges curtailed because of diverse nationalities. That it is so, is to be seen by the condition of the Germans who have gone in crowds to the United States and to Australia. But it may be seen with equal clearness that the language spoken indicates the superiority of the race which speaks it. The Englishman who emigrates to a British colony has everything in his favour. Such favour is also his in the United States, —except in so far as it is lessened by the superior claims of those who have been born in the land. So also will it be in the Australias when time shall have allowed them to produce for themselves their own leading men. But even then their Washingtons and Franklins, their Websters, their Longfellows and Hawthorns, will be the sons and grandsons of British parents.

An Englishman visiting the United States, if he have any purpose of criticism in his mind,—any intention of judging how far the manner of life there is a good manner, and of making comparison between British and American habits, should be ever guarding himself against the natural habit of looking at things only from his own point of view. As he would not buy gloves for his

friend by the measure of his own hand, so should he not presume that an American will be well-fitted or ill-fitted in the details of his life according as he may or may not wear the customs and manners of his life cut after an English fashion. Should he find Americans to be educated, plenteously provided, honest, moral, and God-fearing, he might perhaps, in such case, safely conclude that they were prosperous and happy, even if they talked through their noses and called him Sir at every turn in their speech. We would not wish our sons to say Sir, and talk through their noses; neither would they like their sons to undergo the fagging which is common to our boys at school. Such things may influence the happiness of an individual, may make the United States an uncomfortable home for a middle-aged Englishman, or London a dreary domicile for an American well established in his own customs. They have no bearing at all on the well-being of a people, and yet they have often been taken as indicating national deformity, and sometimes national calamity. Our writers have fallen into this mistake in writing of America, and American writers have done the same in writing of us. On each side compassion has been expressed, so deep as to indicate a feeling that the persons so pitied must be the most miserable on the earth, and this compassion has been bestowed on account of habits of life altogether immaterial to actual well-being. The gloves are the worst gloves in the world, are absolutely worthless and abominable, because they do not fit our own hands.

And if this care be necessary in visiting America, if we are bound to rid our minds of such prejudices in looking at that now perfectly established British colony, —as to which nothing which we can say or do can make much difference,—the care is doubly necessary,

and the obligation twice as sacred, when we attempt to form a judgment on young colonies, the success of which must still in a great degree depend on the opinion respecting their condition which shall gradually spread itself among the inhabitants of the old world. Nothing that any of us can say or write can now influence much the prosperity of the United States. But there are still many in England who have to learn whether Australia is becoming a fitting home for them and their children, and the well-being of Australia still depends in a great degree on the tidings which may reach them. The great object of those who undertake to teach any such lesson, should, I think, be to make the student understand what he, in his condition of life, may be justified in expecting there, —and what are the manner and form of life into which he may probably fall. With this object in view, hoping that by diligence I might be able to do something towards creating a clearer knowledge of these colonies than at present perhaps exists, I have visited them all. Of each of them I have given some short account, and have endeavoured to describe the advancing or decreasing prosperity of their various interests. I hope I have done this without prejudice for or against the ways of a country to which I would not willingly migrate myself, being too old for such movement; but in which I have a son who has made his home there.

I should, perhaps, explain to the reader the method in which the different colonies are taken in my narrative. The course has been neither chronological nor geographical,—but has been arranged as I arranged my journey. I went first to Queensland, thence south to New South Wales,—the parent of Queensland; south again to Victoria, one of Queensland's elder sisters, and the most prosperous of the family,—and thence south again across

the Straits to Tasmania, a daughter also of New South Wales, and the elder of the three. These colonies, which I visited first, all came from the convict depôt founded on Sydney harbour in 1788, in consequence of Cook's discovery,—which we used erroneously to call Botany Bay. For in truth Botany Bay was found to be unfitted for the purpose, and was never used. I next visited Western Australia, which is far distant from the other colonies, and but little connected with them,—and from thence I went back to South Australia. Neither of these two colonies has sprung from any connection with New South Wales. Having thus visited the six Australian colonies, I went on to New Zealand, and returned home across the United States, journeying always eastwards.

The reader might perhaps have found it more convenient had I taken the colonies in the order of their birth, first New South Wales, and then Tasmania,—ending with Queensland. But I felt that by doing so, I should be writing of things almost in the present tense, long after they had occurred. Statistics which were new when I was in Queensland in August, 1871, had become quite stale by the time that I had reached New Zealand in October, 1872. I will, too, take the reader into my full confidence, and let him know that my book has been written as I went on. I do not know that I could have done my task otherwise. Queensland, and all that I had learned about that colony,—her land-laws, her habits, and her prosperity, had been as it were dispatched and cleared out of my mind before I had reached Melbourne on my return journey. Tasmania and Western Australia were finished before I quitted Adelaide—and so on. And having written my book in this order, I found myself obliged so to publish it,—convinced that

the confusion created by any other arrangement would be greater than any which this may produce.

I will venture to say once more that in all that I have written, I have endeavoured to keep in view the conviction that the mother country, in regarding her colonies,—such colonies as those of which I have written,—should think altogether of their welfare, and as little as may be of her own power and glory.

QUEENSLAND.

CHAPTER II.

Occupation of Land.

After a few days spent in Melbourne, the great metropolis of our Australian empire, I went direct to Queensland, in order that I might see and hear what was to be seen and heard in that semi-tropical colony before the great heat commenced. I arrived there on the 11th August, 1871. The hot weather is supposed to begin in October and to last till the end of April. The subject of heat is one of extreme delicacy in Queensland, as indeed it is also in the other colonies. One does not allude to heat in a host's house any more than to a bad bottle of wine or an ill-cooked joint of meat. You may remark that it is very cool in your friend's verandah, your friend of the moment being present, and may hint that the whole of your absent friend's establishment is as hot as a furnace; but though you be constrained to keep your handkerchief to your brow, and hardly dare to walk to the garden gate, you must never complain of the heat then and there. You may call an inn hot, or a court-house, but not a gentleman's paddock or a lady's drawing-room. And you should never own to a musquito. I once unfortunately stated to a Queensland gentleman that my coat had been bitten by cockroaches at his brother's house, which I had just left. "You must have brought them with

you then," was the fraternal defence immediately set up. I was compelled at once to antedate the cockroaches to my previous resting-place, owned by a friend, not by a brother. "It is possible," said the squatter, "but I think you must have had them with you longer than that." I acquiesced in silence, and said no more about my coat till I could get it mended elsewhere. It was winter, so called, when I reached Queensland, but I found Brisbane very warm,—warmer than when I left it two months later.

Queensland calls itself the biggest of the English colonies. South Australia, however, may dispute the question with her, as her territories run through from the southern to the northern coast. The Queenslanders boast that she is larger than England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, added together. There is room enough therefore for all the energies of all its possible future inhabitants for many years to come. It now contains 120,000 inhabitants,—and is therefore, in point of population, inferior to many a second-rate English or American city. But it owes a public debt of four million pounds, and spends a public revenue of about £800,000 a-year, or nearly £7 a-head. Justice is administered and property protected at the rate of £1 per head for every inhabitant of the colony. At the same rate in the British Isles the administration of justice would cost over thirty millions! To a poor Englishman who has all his life heard English taxation complained of as an incubus which no nation can long bear, these amounts seem to threaten instant ruin; but in a young colony they are not much feared, and at least a moiety of the politicians of Queensland seem to think that the welfare of the community is chiefly impeded by a niggardly parsimony which is afraid of a

good lively debt, and is not sufficiently awake to the advantages which accrue from a plentiful scattering of public money. In speaking of the taxation of the colony, it must be remembered that a portion of the public revenue arises from the sale of public lands, and is not therefore felt as a direct impost by the people. But the amount so brought annually to the public credit is not nearly as large as I had expected. The average for the last ten years has been £170,000 per annum. This leaves the amount to be collected from taxes £630,000 per annum, or about £5 5s. per head.

Queensland was separated from New South Wales in 1859, as had been Victoria in 1850, and the name was given to the new colony by her Majesty. The question of separation had been mooted for the last nine or ten years, and with it the other question,—hardly less important than separation itself,—whether the new colony should or should not receive convicts. All the world knows that Queensland as a separate colony has never taken convicts, nor were convicts sent to its districts since 1850. In that year the last ship-load of English ruffians was landed on her shores. But the question was one open to much discussion. In the old days, Moreton Bay,—as the district was called in which Brisbane the present capital of Queensland is situated,—was a penal settlement dependent on the Government of New South Wales. It was so named by that great man Captain Cook in 1770. Though it kept its name, it seems to have attracted no notice till 1823—24, and '25. A penal settlement for doubly dyed ruffians was then founded at Moreton Bay, where Brisbane now stands, and many of the public works, and not a little of the cultivation of the lands round Brisbane, are due to the forced labour of these unfortunates. There are

terrible tales told now of the horrors attending operations of this nature,—of the wickedness, treachery, and rebellion of the men, and of the cruelties of their taskmasters. But they did work, and as far as the settlement was concerned they did it cheaply. It was too a fact not to be doubted that gangs of convicts sent up to many of the pastoral districts of New South Wales had turned wildernesses into Edens,—had in no few instances turned themselves or been turned from fiends into useful human beings. When the great question was being mooted within the would-be new colony, its whole population did not exceed 15,000 souls. Among the pastoral aspirants,—squatters as my readers must learn to call them,—the want of labour was the one great difficulty of these days. The squatter was not afraid of the convict. The freeman, whose lot it would be to work alongside of him should he come, and the shopkeepers, and the small nascent agriculturists did not wish for him. It was therefore decided that the colony should never take convicts, and it never has taken them. What became of those who had been sent thither up to that date, it is hard to say. They have been so thoroughly absorbed, that one hears little or nothing about them in Queensland,—much less than is heard in New South Wales. It may occasionally happen that a gentleman who has been unfortunate in his youth forces his way up to some place of note,—in the legislature or elsewhere,—and then a whisper is heard abroad that the gentleman came to the colony in the old-fashioned way. Otherwise, one hears but little of convicts in Queensland.

Before Queensland became a separate colony, the only great commercial interest of the country was pastoral,—including the breeding, rearing, and shearing of

sheep, and the care of cattle. The country had been taken up by squatters in large masses up to the line of the tropics, and even within the line. In 1858, just before separation was effected, the first gold rush was made to Canoona, which is just on the line. Since that there have been gold rushes in various parts of the colony, and new rushes are still made from time to time. Having said so much, we will now take Queensland as an established colony, and make no further reference to its ancient history. I have already spoken of its dimensions. I trust to spare my readers many references to maps, as I wish to write of men and their manners and welfare, rather than of rivers and boundaries, and such references are always troublesome; but one slight glimpse at the maps furnished of each of the colonies may be beneficial. It will be seen that Queensland is bisected by the tropic of Capricorn; I have therefore called it semi-tropical. In the way of fruit it produces grapes, oranges, and pine-apples, but not apples, gooseberries, or currants. Wheat has been produced, but not so as to pay the grower of it. Oats are grown, but are cut green or half ripe and made into hay. Cotton is grown in the southern parts of the settled districts, but only in small patches. It has not as yet become one of the staples of the country, nor do I think it ever will. Sugar is produced largely, and will probably become the great rival of the wool trade. Cattle do well in most of the various districts, but the distance from the necessary markets makes the trade precarious. Gold rushing is of all pursuits,—here as in all gold-producing countries,—the most alluring and the most precarious. There is a considerable trade in timber, especially from the rivers on which the town of Maryborough stands. And vineyards have been made, the

owners of which make wine, and think that in a little time they will make good wine. I have drank fairly good wine made in Australia, but none made in Queensland. If on this head any wine-growing Queensland squatter should accuse me of falsehood,—remembering the assenting smile with which I have seemed to acknowledge that his vintage was excellent,—let him reflect how impossible it is for the guest to repudiate the praises with which the host speaks of his own cellar. All the world over it is allowed to the giver to praise his own wine, —a privilege of which Australians avail themselves; but it is not allowed to the receiver to deny the justness of such encomium, except under circumstances of peculiar intimacy. Here, in these pages, truth must prevail; and I am bound to say that Queensland wine was not to my taste. I am delighted to acknowledge that their pine-apples were perfect.

By the last land act of the colony—that of 1868—to which I must often refer, Queensland was divided into settled and unsettled districts. The former consists of the whole sea-coast line, varying in breadth from about two hundred to about twenty miles. The unsettled districts stretch back over vast distances, from the 152nd to the 138th meridian of longitude. Within the narrow line of the settled districts are all the towns which can be called towns, the best of the sheep stations, most of the gold mines, all the navigable rivers, —which, as is the case throughout Australia, are few and but poorly gifted,—and, as a matter of course, the great bulk of the population. In the unsettled districts pastoral pursuits,—that is the wool trade and the cattle trade,—progress, but do so slowly. That great difficulty of immigration,—which in Queensland has been especially great,—prevents that speedy filling up of the

back country which has been the making of the American Western States.

It may be as well to say a few words here about Queensland immigration. The colony, from the first, has been quite alive to the expediency,—it may almost be said the necessity,—of bidding high for Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, and has been tempted to bid too high. There have been various acts passed by the legislature of the colony with the object of inducing persons to come out and occupy land in Queensland on terms profitable to themselves; passages have been paid for them and lands allotted on certain terms; and to those who would pay for their own passages, lands have been allotted on other terms, more seductive of course. Endeavour has been to make the "land orders,"—the orders under which the land was to be given up to the immigrants,—not transferable; so that the man with his family whose passage had been paid out of the colony's revenue, or the other comer who had paid for his own passage with the object of obtaining the fuller grant of land, should be a bonâ-fide beneficent Queensland immigrant, and not simply a traveller passing through the colony, availing himself of the liberality of the colony with the view of going on elsewhere,—and, in fact, robbing the colony by selling his land orders. But these not transferable land orders granted under the Immigration Act of 1864 were sold, and the poorer class of immigrants who had come out with free passages did pass on to other lands. Emigrants from home did come to Queensland with the express view of leaving it, after they had used its liberality. In 1869, there came from the British Isles to Queensland 1,635 souls,—1,635 souls over and above the comparatively small number who had returned home. And in that year 2,272 souls left

Queensland for the other Australian colonies,—2,272 souls over and above the number that came into Queensland from the other Australian colonies. So that not only did Queensland lose in that year all its immigrants from England, but sent also 637 emigrants to the other Australian colonies. Now this was by no means what Queensland meant when she made her liberal overtures to the would-be emigrant from our own islands;—nor is it the way in which any young colony can prosper. It was simply a wasting of her funds. She therefore passed another immigration law in 1869,—which is now in force,—the express intention of which is to compel those who take land orders in Queensland to live on the land so bestowed, and also to compel those who accept assisted passages or free passages to work out within the colony the money which has been expended on them. Great dissatisfaction already prevails because they who have recently brought out themselves and families under the recent act cannot sell their land orders or avail themselves of the land without residence. They have thought that the old plan of transferring non-transferable orders would still be practicable. There is ground for hope therefore that the colony will no longer be defrauded in that direction. But I fear much success will not attend the giving of free or assisted passages. They who accept them bind themselves to repay to the government within a stated time £8 for assisted or £16 for free passages, —and when such payments have been made, orders for land are given to them. But there is nothing to prevent such persons from re-emigrating; and it seems clear that it is their practice to do so.

That such practice should be general must probably be taken as evidence that the colony among colonies is not popular. It implies that Queensland had found it

necessary to offer higher bounties than have sufficed with the other colonies,—or these re-emigrating immigrants would not trouble themselves to come to Queensland in the first instance; and it implies also that when she has got her dearly purchased immigrants she cannot keep them. This no doubt is so at the present period of her career. One cause of this will probably not be permanent,—the greatly superior success namely of the New Zealand gold-diggings. What number of men go from Queensland to New Zealand cannot be told, as the route is viâ Sydney, and these gold-seekers are therefore counted among those who depart to the other Australian colonies; —but that the number has been great there is no doubt. The next cause may probably be found in the heat of the climate, and must be permanent. Setting aside for the present the allurements of gold, I think that wheat-growing countries offer the greatest inducements to the class of men who generally emigrate from our own islands. In Queensland the bounties offered to emigrants are bestowed chiefly with the view of creating a class of small farmers,—men who shall select small portions of the crown lands, by means of land orders or by gradual purchase, and who shall become freeholders and thus permanently wedded to the colony. In Queensland, and indeed generally throughout Australia, the farmer is a small man as opposed to the squatter, who is a great man and an aristocrat. But a small farmer must have a convenient market for his produce before he can thrive, and must be able to produce what that market demands. The world wants wheat, but the Queensland farmer cannot produce it. Queensland produces wool and meat, and sugar, but these things as articles of trade are generally beyond the reach of the small farmer. If one is to believe the Queensland squatter, these "free-selecters," or

small farmers, do deal in beef, but they steal the cattle from the large cattle-runs. The stealing of cattle is undoubtedly a trade, but I hope is not so general as my friends the squatters have represented to me. Indian corn, or maize, is grown on these small farms, and oaten hay, and something is done in the manufacture of butter. But the markets for these things are bad. The farmer with his Indian corn is generally forced to take other goods for his produce,—tea, or clothes, or perhaps rum. Wheat he could no doubt sell for money. Such being the case the prospect to the small farmers is not good, and they who manage things in the colony not unnaturally find a difficulty in establishing permanent agriculturists on their soil.

The term "free-selecters" used above is one with which the traveller soon finds himself very intimately acquainted in the Australian colonies, and if he be fortunate enough to become hand and glove with the squatters, he always hears it as a term of reproach. The normal squatter hates the "free-selecter" almost as thoroughly as the English country gentleman hates the poacher. As I shall speak at large in another chapter of Queensland squatters and Queensland sheep-runs, I will not say much of them here; but to explain the condition of the free-selecter, it is necessary to state that a considerable portion of a squatter's run within the settled districts is always open to be selected by any human being above twenty-one years of age. You, oh reader ignorant of your privilege, may go at once and select no less than 10,280 acres on the run of any Queensland squatter within the line of settled districts who has so much as yet unselected and unprotected by the present laws from immediate selection. You may take not less than 210 or more than 640 acres of agricultural land at

15*s.* an acre; also if you please not less than 80 or more than 2,560 of first-class pastoral land at 10*s.* an acre;—and also, if you are so minded, not less than 80 or more than 7,680 acres of second-class pastoral land at 10*s.* an acre; and for these purchases you need only pay a tenth of the price the first year, and so on for ten years when the whole estate will be your own. Or, if you be more humble,—and are not a married woman,—you may free-select a nice little farm of 80 acres of agricultural land, or 160 of pastoral, on still easier terms. This you do under the homestead clause;—but as to this you are bound down to residence. This you have at 9*d.* an acre per annum for agricultural land, or 6*d.* for pastoral, and if at the end of five years you shall have lived on it continually, and have either fenced it in or cultivated the tenth of it, it is yours for ever with an undefeasible title-deed without further payment. Now 80 acres out of a squatter's run is nothing. Even 10,280 acres out of a larger run is not much. But one squatter may be subject to many free selecters; and when the free-selecter makes his selection with the express object of stealing the squatter's cattle,—as the squatter often believes to be the case,—the squatter of course omits to love his neighbour as himself.

It must be understood that from this order of things arises a very different condition of feeling with regard to land from that to which we are subject at home. With us the owner of the land, the freeholder, is the big man, and he who holds by lease is the little man. In the Australian colonies the squatter who holds his run by lease from the Crown, and who only purchases in order to keep others from purchasing, and who is half ruined by being compelled thus to become the owner of the soil, is the big man; whereas the freeholder, who has

free-selected his holding, is the little man. But he is in no degree dependent on the squatter, and their interests are altogether at variance.

There has, however, latterly arisen a point of junction between the classes which does to a certain degree bring them together. The squatter when he washes and shears his sheep,—during the period that is of his harvest, —requires a great deal of temporary labour. Now the free-selecters cannot live on their farms, and are consequently glad to hire themselves out during three or four months of the year as washers and shearers. For this work they receive high wages,—and rations, which enable them to take their earnings home with them. It is always for the advantage both of the employed and of employers that they should think well of each other, and hence some kindly feeling does spring up tending to allay the irritation as to cattle-stealing on the one side, and the anger produced by contempt and perhaps by false accusation on the other. The squatter's money is necessary to the free-selecter, and the free-selecter's labour is necessary to the squatter, and in this way the two classes amalgamate. Nor do they often quarrel over their work, though the laws laid down by the squatter for the governance of his men are somewhat peremptory. Order must be kept in the wool-shed. There must be no drinking there, and no smoking except at stated intervals. And shearers must be subject to fines if they shear badly,—as to which the squatter's superintendents are the judge. But peace usually prevails, and the contracts made are carried out to an end. Occasionally a shearer may be dismissed, who will then leave the shed in disgust,—not always without some expression. A squatter, who will allow me to call him my friend, found the following plaintive melody nailed up on one of his

gates no doubt by a melancholy free-selecter from a distance, who had been found to be unequal to his work:—

> "Farewell to the wild emu.
> Farewell to the kangaroo.
> Farewell to the squatter of the plain.
> I hope I may never see that —— rascal again!!"

In this great question between the squatter and the free-selecter of land,—for with its different ramifications in regard to immigration, agricultural produce, and pastoral success, it is the greatest of all questions in Australian life,—it is almost impossible for the normal traveller not to sympathize with the squatter. The normal traveller comes out with introductions to the gentlemen of the colony, and the gentlemen of the colony are squatters. The squatters' houses are open to him. They introduce the traveller to their clubs. They lend their horses and buggies. Their wives and daughters are pretty and agreeable. They exercise all the duties of hospitality with a free hand. They get up kangaroo hunts and make picnics. It is always pleasant to sympathize with an aristocracy when an aristocracy will open its arms to you. We still remember republican Mrs. Beecher Stowe with her sunny memories of duchesses. But the traveller ought to sympathize with the free-selecter,—always premising that the man keep his hands from picking and stealing his neighbour's cattle. He, we may say, is the man for whom colonial life and colonial prosperity is especially intended, and without whom no colony can rise to national importance. The pastoral squatter occupying tens of thousands of acres, and producing wool that has made Australia what she now is, has done great things for the infancy of the country. But in all discussions on this question it must be remembered that he has no right to the permanent

occupation of the land on which his flocks wander. Even though he may have purchased the use of his present run and purchased it for a high price, the land is not his. It belongs, in the language usually used, to the Crown;—or, in more rational language, to the people of the colony; and should be sold or leased or retained as may be best for the public advantage. The squatter's run, in ordinary colonial language, has been taken up by some original squatter who has driven his sheep or his cattle on it when it knew no other occupant than the black man. In the very early days of squatting some attempts were made to connect this occupation with possession; but this was at once refused by the Crown, which peremptorily and most properly asserted its own rights. When independent government was conceded to the Australian colonies, these rights became the right of the people, and squatters held their runs and knew that they held their runs simply as tenants under the government which acted as agent for the people. Nor have these tenants been in possession of leases running over any long term of years. The rents which they pay are, at any rate in Queensland, hardly more than nominal, and no fixity of tenure has ever been accorded to them. In Queensland, by the land act of 1868, every squatter's run was divided into two moieties, of which one moiety was at once made open to free-selection, whereas the other moiety cannot be touched by free-selecters till 1878,—unless a further land act giving further power of free selection should be passed before that time. When the law of 1868 was passed it was perfectly understood that no tenure even for the ten years was given to the squatters of the moieties which were then left to them. The lands were public lands and not their lands. The area open to squatters in Queensland is so vast, and

genuine free-selecters unfortunately are so few in number and so limited in means, that there need be no fear that the squatter will be banished from the face of the colony. Of his own condition I shall speak in a further chapter; but in the mean time it should be understood that the encouragement of the free-selecter, — of the genuine free-selecter who intends to cultivate and reside upon the land, — is and should be the first aim of colonial government. A race of men, who will people the earth at the rate, say, of a soul to ten acres, must be more important to a young community than an aristocracy which hardly employs one man permanently for every ten thousand acres. Population is the thing required, and, above all, an agricultural population. But agriculturists, especially on a small scale, do not love a land that does not produce wheat. Hence the difficulty; — but on this account our warmer sympathies should be given to those who make the attempt, and every possible effort should be made to induce such men to settle upon the land.

I have commenced my remarks upon Queensland with these observations as to the tenure and purchase of land, because I felt, in regard to myself, that any chance I might have of understanding the present and future position of these colonies depended on my capacity for comprehending the condition under which the soil was or might be held by its occupants. The tenure of land in England is so complex, and has come to be what it is by such a variety of old laws and old customs, that it is almost impossible to arrive at a first principle in the matter. And then land itself is so valuable that we can hardly understand that vast districts should be occupied without any real right of possession. In the colonies the matter is simple, but the simplicity

should be understood. The land belongs to the people. When not occupied it may be taken up by any one for pastoral, or indeed for agricultural purposes; but such taking up and occupation gives no possession. But possession of certain amounts may be had on certain terms, as above explained, and when those terms have been complied with, the possession of a freehold follows. The taking up of land for pastoral purposes does give a certain right which is defined, and that right can be sold. Such rights of occupation are daily in the market, and the limiting of the tracts so taken up are well known. In a settled district a squatter using such a tract of land cannot stretch his limits, because he is bounded by other squatters. In this way he has almost come to regard his run as his estate. If he be distant from the seaboard he may almost do so with security, because the free-selecters will not penetrate so far. He is, however, tenant at will of the Government, which is the agent acting for the people, paying a very small rent, and subject at any period of his occupation to the capricious purchases of new comers who may fancy this or that corner of his land. Nevertheless, had the squatter no one to contend with but the free-selecter, he would be a great and happy man. Of the real troubles of the Queensland squatter I will speak more at length in a few pages.

CHAPTER III.

Gladstone and Rockhampton.

On my first arrival at Brisbane I spent but a few days there, and then hurried up north to Rockhampton again endeavouring to anticipate the heat. Brisbane is a commodious town, very prettily situated on the

Brisbane River, with 12,000 inhabitants, with courts of justice, houses of parliament, a governor's residence, public gardens, and all the requirements of a capital for a fine and independent colony. I had an opportunity of seeing a new governor sworn in. The ceremony was not very august, and I was chiefly amused with the vain endeavours of an unfortunate photographer to bring his instrument to bear upon the performance. It may be interesting to know that the governor took his oath manfully in a tight-fitting, tight-buttoned blue uniform, which was no doubt prescribed to him by official rule, but which seems to be as ill adapted to the climate as any dress that could possibly be desired. But I envied him his house, which was airy, spacious, well-built, and pretty. His house will be there for him always till his term of government be over, and no doubt he can put off his blue uniform on occasions.

It must be understood that the voyaging of Australia is chiefly done by steamboat, and on this occasion I went on by steamboat from Brisbane to Rockhampton. On our route we stopped at Maryborough and Gladstone. Of Maryborough I will speak in reference to the return journey. Of Gladstone I will say a few words now. It is a seaport in the so-called Port Curtis district, and a prettier spot or more melancholy town than Gladstone one could hardly find in any country, new or old. It received its name, of course, from our own statesman, and is said to have been peculiarly favoured by him. It has been spoken of as the future capital of Queensland, and there are many in Queensland,—including the present premier of the colony,—who think that it should be selected, as was Ottawa in Canada, because it has the double advantage of a somewhat central position,—on the coast,—and of possessing nothing to offend the

jealousies either of Brisbane to the south, or Rockhampton to the north. Other apparent fitnesses for a capital it has none,—except that of a fine harbour. Though it has been essentially fostered by the affections of certain politicians, that first primary necessity of a city, population, has refused to cleave to it. The busy part of the town, consisting of a little wharf, two or three stores, and a custom-house, stands about a quarter of a mile up a small creek just broad enough to allow the steamboats to be turned in it. The creek opens into a magnificent harbour,—magnificent in scenery certainly, and equally so, I should imagine, for the use of ships lying at anchor; but for vessels to lie against the shore, the little muddy creek at present affords the only useful spot. But a fine harbour and beautiful scenery will not make a city,—or even help to make one, unless people can find on its shores the means of earning their bread. Gladstone is land-locked by mountains, and has no back country to support it. There is nothing there to produce trade, or to induce people to choose the place as a domicile favourable to their hopes in life. Consequently the streets, which are many, spacious, and long, are simply beautiful glades running through the wild woods, with here a cottage and there a house, so sparsely scattered as to give to each habitation the appearance of having been rudely built for some Paul and his Virginia. They inflict on the forest no look of invading humanity. In passing through the western districts of the United States, in Canada, and also in these Australian colonies, visitors are accustomed to find large straggling collections of straight, fenced roads, from which the last relics of the primeval forests have not as yet disappeared, and to hear them graced with the names of streets though the houses be as yet un-

frequent. These are baby towns;—but they are babies strong with signs of increasing life. The grass has given way to the pressure of men's feet. The happiest sites, the corners and double frontages, are generally occupied. The pioneers have got the better of the forest, and population is manifestly alive and afoot. But, again, there are selected spots in which it is too clearly evident that man's endeavours in regard to that enterprise is destined to failure. The wildness of the woods is too strong for the amount of energy which the limited advantages of the place can produce. Sometimes these failures in the founding of cities are most wretched to the eye. Perhaps the most miserable which I ever beheld was Cairo, in Illinois,—the Eden of Charles Dickens. There was nothing on that spot but mud, idleness, whisky, and despair. Cairo, no doubt, had more of life in it than Gladstone; but Gladstone is beautiful to the eye, and is thus redeemed to the traveller. From green glades within a quarter of a mile of the wharf one looks down upon a sea lake surrounded by wooded mountains, and feels all the pride of distant desolation and forest silence.

The trade of the place, such as it is, consists in the exportation of cattle, chiefly, I believe, to the South Sea Islands, and the importation from other ports of the colonies of stores for the consumption of the graziers. Such a trade, if there be enough of it, may make a town; but at Gladstone, owing to the formation of the land, the cattle-stations which use it as their mart are few. Consequently the forest remains, and the houses do not spring up, and there is no life. The traveller to the place wonders that men and women should ever have chosen the spot as that on which they would try their lot in life, and feels an irresistible pity for those

who have made so vital a mistake. Nevertheless, Gladstone is still spoken of as the future capital of the colony, and is in favour with those who acknowledge that dominion cannot remain over all Queensland in a city so remote as Brisbane from the centre,—but who are still averse to division of the colony and the creation of another chief city. They allege that the majority of the United States have thought it expedient to place the seats of their legislatures in small central towns unknown to fame, and chosen solely as being on that account serviceable for political purposes. They argue that a practice which has answered its required purpose in America may probably do as well in Australia. Whether the choice of capitals has been judiciously made in the United States may be questioned. Legislatures assembled in the great cities of New York and Philadelphia would probably attract more of the dignity and wealth of the rich States to which they belong than is now to be found in the Houses which sit at Albany and Harrisburgh. But Albany and Harrisburgh, though comparatively small towns, are not as Gladstone, with its population of some two or three hundred souls, and its streets just marked through the forest. The legislators of Queensland are perhaps not exacting, but from what I saw of them I fancy that they would be unwilling to find themselves removed from Brisbane to the little town built on the creek which runs into Port Curtis.

When at Gladstone I found that an "aboriginal" negro was to be tried for breaking into a shop, and I walked through the woods to the little court-house, which stands about a mile from the wharf, in order that I might see the ceremony. There I found a magistrate, four policemen, a young woman who attended as a witness, and the prisoner. The black man was described in the

sheet as "Aboriginal Boney." He had taken away a slab from the corner of a wooden store in the hope of getting a bit of tobacco. He had been disturbed before making good his booty, and had left behind him a small pouch which he had taken from his waist to enable him the better to get through the hole. In this pouch there was elevenpence in silver,—for even a black man will not condescend to carry copper in the colonies,—and a lock of hair. Let us hope that it was a lock from the head of his favourite gin or wife. There was no evidence against him except his own,—for the woman had only seen the form of a man escaping. Boney, when taxed by the sergeant, had confessed at once, seeming to have been more willing to bear the brunt of the offence than the loss of his purse. I wished I could have learned how much of his regret was sordid as attaching to the money, and how much tender as attaching to the lock of hair. He had gone, he said, for tobacco, but had got none, and had escaped when disturbed, leaving behind him his little property. The sergeant of police had it all his own way,—examining the witnesses, putting himself into the box and giving his own evidence, taking the statement of the prisoner, and managing the matter in a manner that would be very serviceable if introduced at the Old Bailey. Aboriginal Boney was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied. He had, in fact, pleaded guilty,—but had probably done so without comprehending much of the nature of the proceeding. I saw him afterwards in the prison at Rockhampton, and he seemed to be enjoying life in that retreat.

I went up to Rockhampton in the same boat with Boney, and at once was initiated into the great question of "Separation." Rockhampton is a town lying exactly

on the line of the tropic of Capricorn, some miles up the Fitzroy River, with about seven thousand inhabitants, which considers itself to be the second town of the colony, and thinks a good deal of itself. It has been seized with the ambition to become a capital, and therefore hates Brisbane. It is so hot that people going from it to an evil place are said to send back to earth for their blankets, finding that evil place to be too chilly for them after the home they have left. But the Rockhamptonites are energetic as become the aspirants to metropolitan honours. They do, in truth, do those things which are necessary for the well-being of a community. They have a hospital,—and an excellent hospital it is; also a jail, not so excellent; a good hotel,—or, as I was assured, one or two good hotels; wide streets; a grand post-office;—they ought to keep it open for the accommodation of the public after six o'clock in the evening, and no doubt would do so if they knew that here in England post-offices are not closed at the earliest before nine. They have excellent shops, a good quay, and they have a railway. Perhaps the railway is the crowning glory of Rockhampton.

I must say a word of the Rockhampton railway, and it certainly will not be a word in praise. I have my regrets, for I was carried over it free of charge, and was accompanied by the gentleman who manages it, and who made himself very pleasant on the occasion. Nevertheless I can say nothing good of the Rockhampton railway. It was made as a job, and now that it is made it is not only useless but infinitely worse than useless. It would be a great saving to the colony if it could be shut up and abandoned. I asked in my innocence whether, independent of the cost of making, it supported itself,—whether it paid for its own working. I was told that it

about paid for the grease used upon it. Now the cause and meaning of the Rockhampton railway may be described as follows: Queensland, a colony vast in extent, as has been described, was at first populated in her southern districts, those which were contiguous to New South Wales, from which she had succeeded in separating herself. But even at the time of her separation, a small and scattered few had driven their cattle up to the hotter northern lands. Then there were gold rushes, and boiling-down establishments,—some explanation of which shall be given presently; and so the town of Rockhampton was formed, while the population and prosperity of Queensland was as yet in her southern borders,—round Brisbane, and the towns of Ipswich, Warwick, and Toowoomba, and on the Darling Downs. It was then deemed expedient that there should be a railway in the South,—not running out of Brisbane, which has easy water communication with Ipswich; but from Ipswich to the other towns above-named, and so across the Darling Downs, where are the grand sheep-walks of that country. It must be understood that railways in Australia, with one or two exceptions, have been made by government,—as hitherto have all roads, river clearances, and the like. The government makes the railway and works it, taking and expending the money, and doing all by the hands of official servants. That it should be so is to me distressing. Whether or no the practice is necessary shall not be discussed now, but at any rate such is the fact. But the government can only make its railway when the legislature has sanctioned the making of it, and the borrowing of the money for the purpose. When the making of the Darling Down railway was mooted,—by which undoubtedly the produce of a very fine district would be brought down to the sea, and the people of various towns

would be brought within easy reach of the metropolis,—no very strong objection seems to have been raised to the scheme. It was not much debated whether or no the young colony could or could not bear the weight of the borrowed millions. But this was debated, and made very clear in debate;—that if the southern division of the colony had its railway, then also must the northern. The southern population were ten times greater than the northern no doubt. Well;—then let the southern railway be ten times greater than the northern. But if the Darling Downs people were to have their railway, then should Rockhampton have its railway. On no other terms would any northern member dare to vote the appropriation of the money. Unless this were done, Rockhampton, which is not a meek place nor forbearing in its nature, would make such a row that the colony should split to pieces with it. It had to be done, and hence there are thirty miles of a railway that barely pays for its own grease. It goes out thirty miles to three public-houses in the forest which call themselves Westwood; but it does not get the traffic incident to these thirty miles, because for so short a distance it is not worth the while of waggoners, who take down wool and bring back stores, to unload their burden. The squatters can communicate with Rockhampton cheaper by the old way than by using thirty miles of railroad.

And yet we can hardly blame Rockhampton. I fancy that had I been a Rockhamptonite. I should have been eage- for my railway. Why should Rockhampton submit to a debt, and pay taxes, in order that the wool of Darling Downs should get to market at a cheaper rate than the wool from their own districts! That question of levying taxes and spending public money for other purposes than those of direct government, including the

defence and protection of the nation, is very seducing and very dangerous. There has been a hankering among statesmen at home after government railways, and an idea that a patriarchal government would do better for the country than competing companies. There is still, I believe, a desire with some politicians to buy up the railways at any rate in Ireland. When a government can make ever so much a year by monopolising telegraphs, it may seem to be very well;—but when a government has to lose ever so much a year by distributing railways it is surely very bad. The Rockhampton and Westwood railway is the very bathos of such attempts.

And this brings me to the great subject of Separation, which I found to be in every man's mouth at Rockhampton. Separation nowadays in Queensland means the division of that colony into two colonies, as in old days it meant the division of New South Wales into two or more colonies. Though Queensland is hardly in her teens she is already held by the people of her northern districts to be ready for further division. Let there be Queensland and—Albertland some wish to call the would-be future colony. Why should taxes levied in the north go to make roads round Brisbane? Why should northern legislators travel four, five, six, and seven hundred miles to a southern town built on the very borders of New South Wales? Why should we northerners, with our unlimited area, our high ambition, with a great future looming upon us in gold and sugar, be sacrificed to Brisbane and the Darling Downs? Brisbane is hated at Rockhampton, but I think that the Darling Downs are more odious. It must be remembered always that the Darling Downs squatters are the aristocrats of Queensland, and are about as much in favour at Rockhampton as a marquis is at Manchester. We have, say

these northern men, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand inhabitants,—according as the line may be drawn. Let us have a governor of our own,—and above all the privileges of legislation. We are old enough to go alone, and go alone we will. The sweat of our brow shall no longer go to Brisbane.

But where shall the line be drawn? Just south of Rockhampton say the Rockhamptonites, so that the new colony, the finest that will bear the flag of England, may have this well-built, elegantly organized, and populous town for its capital,—a town with real streets, and hotels, with a grand post-office and a railroad. What more can a colony desire? But in that case Rockhampton also would be at the extremity, and the people north of that, —ay, five hundred miles to the north of it, as any man may see by looking at the map,—would have to send the sweat of their brows to that city. The coming golden era of sugar and northern gold is destined to bless a region nearer to the sun even than Rockhampton. Let Cape Palmerston be the point, and Bowen or Townsville the new capital. And so the matter is debated.

With this question of course is mixed up that other question of moving the capital from Brisbane to Gladstone,—by which some southern politicians think that the difficulty may be tided over, and separation avoided for a time. Brisbane is certainly very much in a corner. Mr. Palmer, the present premier, happens to sit for the district in which Gladstone is situated, and might thus do a double stroke of business,—keep the colony together and serve his own constituents. But others of the cabinet and the large majority of the legislature are alive to the comforts of Brisbane, and desire no change.

As to the intrinsic merits of the case, one is tempted to say,—on this as on almost all political questions con-

nected with the colonies,—that the more men can divert their minds from such questions to their own individual interests, the better for them. There must be politicians among young colonists, and there must be houses of legislation, but the less there is of ambition in that direction, the quicker will fortunes be made and families established. The future sugar-grower of Port Mackay will not be so much injured by sending taxes to Brisbane as by having to devote his time to some nearer little parliament whether in Rockhampton or Townsville. Parliaments with their debates and all that volubility of words which Mr. Carlyle hates with such genuine vigour, are dear to my heart. Parliaments are to me the very salt of the earth. But I doubt the expediency of a fresh parliament for ten thousand people,—the population of a one-membered borough at home,—when that ten thousand has so little of which to complain as have at present the inhabitants of Northern Queensland.

An Englishman cannot be a month in Australia without finding himself driven to speculate,—almost driven to come to some conclusion as to the future destinies of the colonies. At present they are loyal to England with an expressive and almost violent loyalty of which we hear and see little at home. There may be causes of quarrel on this or that subject of custom duties and postal subsidies. One colony may expostulate with a Secretary of State at home in language a little less respectful than another, in accordance with the temperament of the minister of the moment. But the feeling of the people is one of affectionate adherence to England, with some slight anger caused by a growing idea that England is becoming indifferent. The withdrawal of our troops, especially from New Zealand, has probably done more than anything else to produce an apprehension which is certainly unneces-

sary and, to my thinking, irrational. But the love of the colonies for England, and the Queen, and English government,—what may best probably be described as the adherence of the colonies to the mother country,—cannot be doubted. An Australian of the present day does not like to be told of the future independence of Australia. I think that I met no instance in which the proposition on my part was met with an unqualified assent. And yet it can hardly be doubted that the independence of Australia will come in due time. But other things must come first. Before that day shall arrive the bone and sinews of the colonies must be of colonial produce. The leading men must not only have lived but have been born in Australia, so as to have grown up into life without the still existing feeling that England is their veritable "home." And I venture to express an opinion that another great change must have come first, as to the coming of which there is at present certainly no sign. The colonies will join themselves together in some Australian federation, as has been done with our North American provinces, and will learn the political strength and commercial advantage of combined action. But there are difficulties in the way of such a union, which existed indeed in reference to the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, but which make themselves felt with much greater violence in Australia. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were hardly strong enough to persist in their jealous fears of a stronger sister, and the two Canadas had already become one before the Dominion was framed. The Australian colonies are very jealous of each other, and in their present moods are by no means ready to unite. Victoria claims supremacy, New South Wales disputes it, and Queensland looks to a future in which she shall become as large as either. South Queensland, though thus am-

bitious, by no means desires separation;—but in all probability separation not only of Queensland, but further separation of New South Wales and of South Australia will come before the federal union which will precede absolute independence. As Maine and New Hampshire were allowed to become States in the early days of American independence, as Kentucky was separated from Virginia, and Tennessee from North Carolina, so will Albertland,—by that or another name,—be divided from Queensland, the Riverinan districts from New South Wales, and some great northern province from South Australia. Whether Victoria will ever submit to division I will not venture to prophesy,—but even that may come. And thus a union of States will be formed infinitely stronger in its interests than can be any one of the colonies as they now exist.

I have rushed at once into this subject, finding it necessary to speak of separation as connected with Rockhampton. Such may probably be the future condition of Australia, and doubtless any further immediate subdivision among the colonies would have a tendency towards producing it; but it cannot be said that the time has yet come for combined action, or that it is near at hand. There is no such feeling yet as Australian ambition. There is ambition enough,—Victorian ambition, New South Wales ambition, Queensland ambition; and, above them all, there is British ambition, very pleasant to the ears and to the heart of an Englishman. The other will come, and separation will indirectly lead to it. But it is not with such view as this that the separation of Queensland is now devised. Rockhampton wishes to be a capital, and the sugar-growers of Port Mackay and the North want to do without Rockhampton. There is society at Brisbane, some of the pleasures of which might be transported northwards if they could have a governor and

parliament of their own. Believing such to be the present inducements, I think that separation might be delayed for a while with advantage, and that the distant magnificence of ascendant Brisbane might be endured for yet another decade with a balance of advantage to the whole community. Against that plan of transferring the honours of the capital to Gladstone, were I a Queenslander, I would certainly raise my voice with all my vehemence. I do not think that such transfer will be made. I do not believe in Gladstone, the city. But I think it probable that further separation will have been effected before the decade shall have passed away.

On my way up to Rockhampton, at Maryburgh, and again at Rockhampton, and at other places in the colonies, I went through the unsavoury duty of inspecting various meat-preserving establishments, to which is, as a matter of course, attached the still more distressing occupation of boiling down tallow. Engaged in these pursuits at Rockhampton I found the son of an English baronet, whose great grandmother I had known well as a boy, and whom I remember now with affectionate but awful reverence. I should not like to meat-preserve or boil down myself, though I am assured that no more healthy employment can be found. The boiling down is an old trade in Australia, and has followed naturally on the growth of wool. Something has to be done with the dead sheep, and tallow can at any rate be exported. The sheep used to be boiled down without any reference to meat, and as they were of course bought at a proportionate price the boiling-down trade was not a bad one. That of preserving meat and sending it over to Europe is more speculative, and will be infinitely more important if it can be carried on successfully. With mutton at 10*d.* a pound in England and 1½*d.* a pound in Australia

there seems to be a large margin for expense and profit, if only the thing can be done so as to make the meat popular in England. If there be one thing that England wants and cannot get,—or at any rate has not yet gotten, —it is cheap animal food for her working classes.

Before I left England I bought some Australian preserved meat as an experiment, and for that I then paid 6*d.* a pound. It was sweet and by no means unpalatable, but was utterly tasteless as meat. Whether it did or did not contain the nutritive qualities of meat I am unable to say. Servants in my house would not eat it,—because, no doubt, they could get better. With such of the working classes as can afford themselves meat occasionally or in small quantities,—as to whom a saving in the cost of meat would be a matter of greatest consequence,—I could never find that it was in favour. As the preserved meats are without bone, they may, at the price above-named, be regarded as being half the cost of first-class English meat. But I think that by most English workmen half a pound of English fresh meat would be regarded with more favour than the whole pound of Australian tinned meat. The tinned meats are cooked and only require to be reheated. That they may be sent in better condition in regard to flavour as experience is gained,—sent with less cooking, for at present they are always overcooked,—is probable. Whether they can be sent cheaper is more open to doubt. One manufacturer assured me that the trade would not pay him unless he got 4*d.* a pound. After that there is the freight, and the article must pass through two at least,—probably three hands, before it reaches the consumer.

There is another plan of preserving meat by artificial freezing, which, if successful, will send meat home in such a condition that the Australian roast leg of mut-

ton will not be known from the English roast leg of mutton,—unless, as my informant the freezer suggested, by its manifest superiority,—of which I am not now speaking, as the scheme belongs to New South Wales and not to Queensland.

But meat is not only preserved. There is another operation by which beef or mutton is converted into essence, and this trade seems to thrive well. The essence is sold at 5*s.* a pound, and I was assured that it was sold as quickly as made. By means of this operation the traveller may carry an entire sheep, or all the nutritive part of his sheep, done up in a small parcel, in his coat pocket. On board ship, in hospitals, and for commissariat purposes, this essence,—which I presume owes its origin to Liebig,—is invaluable. For purposes of soup I declare it to be most excellent. I was once induced by a liberal manufacturer to put as much into my mouth as I could extract by thrusting my thumb into a can of it, and I felt as though I were pervaded by meatiness for many hours. I believe in the tallow. I believe in the essence. But I shall not believe in the cooked preserved meats, till growing science and increased experience shall have lessened the expense and raised the merit of the article. And yet how grand a thing it would be to have Australian meat in our markets, palatable and nutritive, at, say, 4*d.* a pound; how grand a thing for our carpenters and masons,—and how grand a thing also for the Australian wool-grower.

I fancy that it may be wise to abstain from an endeavour to interest the reader in the working details of these establishments. The sheep is speedily but not pleasantly boiled down, potted, or made into essence;—and that, perhaps, may be sufficient on the subject.

I went to a deserted gold-field in the neighbourhood

of Rockhampton and found two melancholy men washing, in a cradle, mud out of a gully. We stood and watched, and at the end of the washing the men had earned about 1*s.* 6*d.* each by three days' work. They were good-humoured and not much disappointed, merely remarking that they must "go away out of that." Rockhampton is the centre of a certain gold district, and I found the statistics for the previous year, 1870, to be as follows:—1,496 miners had been employed,—representing with women, children, &c., a total population of 1,896,—and these men had procured 31,017 ounces of gold, which had realised £112,234. This would give £75 for each miner;—from which some deduction, probably about £10 per head, must be made for machinery and expenses over and above the labour. This would bring the earnings of each man to about 25*s.* a week. Now on gold-fields in other parts of Australia I have found that miners, paid by wages, receive about 50*s.* a week. If the men's work be rated at the general price of out-door labour through the colony,—which, taking one class of labour with another, exclusive of that of mining, averages 20*s.* a week and diet,—the miners as labourers are poorly paid; and they who have gone to the Rockhampton gold-fields as speculators with a little capital in search of fortune have failed utterly. All that I have seen in Australia teaches me to believe that every ounce of gold raised has cost more in its raising than the price for which it has been sold. In a few pages we shall get to the Gympie gold-fields.

I cannot leave Rockhampton without one word as to the Gracemere sheep and cattle station, owned by the family of the Archers, and taken up by them long before Rockhampton was a town. Indeed the present site of the town was a part of the Gracemere run. The

hospitality of Gracemere is proverbial throughout Queensland and is unbounded. The place is very pretty, and the Archers are respected by all who know them. I met only one, the younger brother of nine, who was then in charge of the station. It was the first squatter's run which I had seen, and, though then things were in a bad plight from want of water, he made me much in love with a squatter's life.

CHAPTER IV.

Aboriginals.

FROM Rockhampton I returned to Maryborough, with the intention of returning thence overland by Gympie to Brisbane;—and I did so. I had touched at Maryborough on my way northwards, and as I saw a greater cluster of Australian black men at Maryborough than elsewhere, and as the question of the treatment of the black men is at present more important in Queensland than in the other colonies, I may as well say here what has to be said on this very disagreeable subject. There is an island—Frazer's Island—at the mouth of the Mary River, in which they are allowed to live without molestation,—no doubt because the place can be converted to no use by white settlers,—and here they seem to be almost amphibious. They live on fish, opossums, iguanas, and whatever can be filched from or may be given to them by their neighbours on the main land. As the steamers run up the river they swim off, thirty or forty of them coming together. A rope is flung out, and the captain generally allows one or two to come on board. These are taken up to Maryborough, where they loaf about, begging for money and tobacco, and return by the same boat on its downward journey. They are not ad-

mitted without some article of clothes, and this they bring tied on to their heads. When seen in the water, they are very picturesque,—an effect which is lost altogether on terra firma. I have heard many speak of a certain dignity of deportment which is natural to them. I cannot say that I have seen it. To my eyes the deportment of the dignified aboriginal is that of a sapient monkey imitating the gait and manners of a do-nothing white dandy.

It will be as well to call the race by the name officially given to it. The government styles them "aboriginals." We saw "Aboriginal Boney" on the police-sheet, when he was standing his trial in respect of the bit of tobacco which he had not succeeded in stealing. This is more necessary to be understood, as the word native is almost universally applied to white colonists born in Australia. We have some slight account given to us of these aboriginals by Dampier, the buccaneer, who made acquaintance with them on the western coast of Australia in 1688, and again in 1699. He tried to make friends with them; but they attacked his men with spears, wounding some of the party; and at last he shot one of them,—a circumstance which he mentions with great regret. He was good to them, and thought to make them work, but in vain, for, as he says, "they stood like statues, without motion, but grinned like so many monkeys . . . . so we were forced to carry our water ourselves." This we can imagine very well, remembering that these Australians had never been called upon for an hour's work in their lives. Dampier tried to clothe some of them, but they preferred being naked. But the chiefs were painted. He tells us of one young warrior who was daubed with white paint;—"not for beauty or for ornament, one would think, but, as some

wild Indian warriors are said to do, he seemed thereby to design the looking more terrible. This, his painting, added very much to his natural deformity; for they all of them have the most unpleasant looks and worst features of any people I ever saw,—though I have seen great variety of savages."

A hundred years afterwards, in 1770, Cook encountered them at Botany Bay, on the eastern coast, and he endeavoured to make friends with them, and to trade with them,—but in vain. He observes in reference to their nudity, "We thought it remarkable that of all the people we had yet seen, not one had the least appearance of clothing, the old woman herself being destitute even of a fig-leaf." But then Adam and Eve went equally naked till sin had convinced them of shame. Cook, however, certainly endeavoured to treat them well, but without effect. "They did not appear to be numerous," he says, "nor to live in societies, but like other animals, were scattered about along the coasts, and in the woods. Of their manner of life, however, we could know but little, as we were never able to form the least connection with them. After the first contest at our landing they would never come near enough to parley; nor did they touch a single article of all that we had left at their huts and places they frequented, on purpose for them to take away."

When Governor Phillip,—the first governor,—arrived on Cook's foot-tracks in 1789, he fared a little better with the blacks. He found them still naked,—as a matter of course,—but they took the presents he offered them, and they were at first tractable with him and courteous. When the white men came to settle in numbers round the grand inlet of the sea, which is now Sydney Harbour, the kangaroo ran away, and the fish

became scarce in the waters, and the black men lost their usual food. They began to perish from starvation, and of course were not fond of their visitors. They could not depart inland because other tribes would not have them;—for it seems that though no man owned individual property, inland tribes were very jealous of their confines.

Captain Hunter, who was with Governor Phillip, and was afterwards himself governor, took great pains with them, and seems to have succeeded in conciliating them for awhile; but quarrels arose, as was so natural when everything that the black men had was taken away from him,—and white men were killed. Many of the blacks were starved, their accustomed food having been driven away, and others were slaughtered in return for injuries done by them,—which injuries were the natural result of wrongs done to them. And so the quarrel began,—with what result between civilised and savage it is almost needless to say. In 1788 "the aborigines were rendered so desperate by hunger,"—I am quoting Bennet's history of Australian discovery and colonization,—"that on the 21st of August a large party of them landed near the Observatory, attacked the people who were employed there, and killed a goat and carried it off in triumph. This was the boldest attempt yet made and caused the governor himself to go in pursuit. The live stock were so few in number that even the loss of a single goat was looked upon as a public misfortune. The governor, however, neither succeeded in recovering the carcass of the goat, nor in overtaking the sable cattle stealers. In the following month the natives made another attempt on the stock. On this occasion those who had charge of the sheep and goats were prepared for the attack, and the blacks were beaten off without the loss of a

single animal. From this a chronic state of hostilities may be said to have existed between the two races, and lives were sacrificed almost daily on one side or the other." Thus, with the goat which Governor Phillip, with great but feeble energy, endeavoured to redeem for his puny settlement, commenced that system of cattle-stealing which, on the part of the black men, has been so natural,—we may almost say, so innocent,—but which it has been essential that the white man should stamp out and make to cease, unless he made up his mind to abandon his purpose of peopling Australia.

Philanthropical advocates for the black man,—who seem, by reason of their negro-philanthropy, to be called upon to constitute themselves the enemies of the white settler,—talk of the bloody revenge which is taken for petty pilferings. This, I think, is unfair, and I am quite sure that no unfairness either on one side or other can lead to good results. The Australian grazier cannot live unless he defend his cattle. The pilferings have not been petty, and in many districts, I believe in all districts, would have absolutely destroyed the flocks and made grazing in Australia impossible, had not the squatter defended himself either with a red hand,—or with a hand prepared to be red if occasion required. The stealing of cattle by tribes of black men,—or rather the slaughter of cattle, for the black man never has an idea of taking away the cattle and making them his own, and desires to appropriate no more than he can eat at the time, but, nevertheless, will kill as many as he can master,—has in many cases been accompanied by preconcerted attacks upon the stations; and these attacks are made in the absence of the owner, when his wife and children are there almost unguarded. It is not difficult to imagine that the squatter, in such circumstances,

should choose to be regarded by his black neighbours as a man who was prone to be red-handed on occasions. Of course there arises, as the result of this, much rough justice,—perhaps also much rough injustice. When white men steal cattle the individual thief can be traced and brought to punishment;—but this cannot be done with a tribe of Australian aborigines. The execution must be of the Jedburgh kind, or there must be none,—and if none, then the squatter must vanish. No doubt there have been dreadful instances of indiscriminate and perfectly unjustifiable slaughter;—but then it must be remembered also that the law has interfered when evidence has been attainable, and that white men have been hung for their barbarity. There seems to be an idea prevalent with many that the black man is not defended by the law. This is an erroneous idea. The black man has been treated with all possible tenderness by the law;—but his life is such that the law can hardly reach him, either to defend or to punish.

The promiscuous slaughter of the races by each other was continued through Governor Hunter's time, which lasted from 1795 till 1800. This took place still in the Sydney district of New South Wales, that being the only district then colonized;—but similar circumstances have produced similar results throughout Australia. It is difficult, "if not impossible," says the authority I have quoted before,—and I believe there is none more impartial or trustworthy,—"to arrive at anything like a correct estimate of the number of settlers killed by the blacks, but there is every reason to believe that it was scarcely a tithe of the number of aborigines whose lives were sacrificed in return." He again says, quoting the words of Colonel Collins, the judge-advocate, "These people, when spoken to or censured for robbing the

maize grounds, to be revenged, were accustomed to assemble in large bodies and burn the houses of the settlers if they stood in lonely situations, frequently attempting to take their lives. . . . The governor also signified his determination, if any of the natives were taken in the act of robbing the settlers, to hang them in chains near the spot as an example to others. Could it have been foreseen that this was their natural temper, it would have been wiser to have kept them at a distance, and in fear." Of course it was their natural temper. The land was theirs and the fulness thereof, or emptiness as it might be. The white man was catching all their fish, driving away their kangaroos, taking up their land, domineering over them, and hanging them in chains when they did that which to them was only natural and right. The white man, of course, felt that he was introducing civilisation; but the black man did not want civilisation. He wanted fish, kangaroos, and liberty. And yet is there any one bold enough to go back to the first truth and say that the white man should not have taken the land because it belonged to the black man;—or that if, since the beginning of things, similar justice had prevailed throughout the world, the world would now have been nearer to truth and honesty in its ways than it is?

These people were in total ignorance of the use of metals, they went naked, they ill-used their women, they had no houses, they produced nothing from the soil. They had not even flint arrow-heads. They practised infanticide. In some circumstances of life they practised cannibalism. They were and are savages of the lowest kind. With reference to their cannibal propensities I heard many varying stories, but I never heard one which accused them of eating white people. When they do

devour human flesh, it is the flesh of their own people. They have laws which they obey,—or at least used to obey,—most rigidly. In reference to these two propensities, that of eating each other and obeying the laws, Mr. Bennet gives the following details. "A very painful and striking proof of the stringent nature of their laws, the fixed character of their institutions, and the great pressure upon their means of existence under ordinary conditions, is afforded by circumstances which have taken place in the Bunya-Bunya district of Queensland. The district in which the bunya-bunya tree bears fruit is very restricted, and it bears in profusion only once in about three years. When this occurs the supply is vastly larger than can be consumed by the tribes within whose territory the trees are found. Consequently, large numbers of strangers visit the district, some of them coming from very great distances, and all are welcome to consume as much as they desire; for there is enough and to spare during the few months while the season lasts. The fruit is of a richly farinaceous kind, and the blacks quickly fatten upon it. But after a short indulgence on an exclusively vegetable diet, having previously been accustomed to live almost entirely upon animal food, they experience an irresistible longing for flesh. This desire they dare not indulge by killing any of the wild animals of the district. Kangaroos, opossums, and bandicoot are alike sacred from their touch, because they are absolutely necessary for the existence of the friendly tribe whose hospitality they are partaking. In this condition some of the stranger tribes resort to the horrible practice of cannibalism, and sacrifice one of their own number to provide the longed-for feast of flesh. It is not the disgusting cruelty, the frightful inhumanity, or the curious physiological question involved, that is now under con-

sideration; but the remarkable fact educed of an unhesitating obedience, under circumstances of extraordinary temptation, to laws arising out of the necessities of their existence, and the indirect proof afforded of the severe pressure on the supply of food which, under ordinary circumstances, must have prevailed among the aboriginal tribes. The strangers dared not, in their utmost longing, touch the wild animals, because they were absolutely necessary for the existence of the tribes to which the district belonged. They might eat their fill with the bunya-bunya, because that was in profusion, and prescription had given them the right to it. Such a singular condition of things could never have arisen but in an old, over-populated country, the laws of which had acquired that immutable character which is conferred only by immemorial custom." I myself believe this story of the bunya-bunya feast, having heard it corroborated by various persons in Queensland; but I do not believe that cannibalism has ever been general among the Australian blacks.

Their laws, especially with regard to marriage, are complex and wonderful. Their corroborees, or festival dances, are very wonderful. Their sagacity, especially on the tracking of men or cattle, is very wonderful. The skill with which they use the small appliances of life which they possess is very wonderful. But for years, probably for many centuries, they have made no progress, and the coming of the white man among them has had no tendency to civilise,—only a tendency to exterminate them.

The question I am now endeavouring to discuss is that of the white man's duty in respect to these blacks,—and also the further question whether the white Englishman in Australia has done his duty. There is a strong

sect of men in England,—a sect with whom I fully sympathize in their aspirations, though I have sometimes found myself compelled to doubt their information,—who think that the English settler abroad is not to be trusted, except under severe control, with the fate of the poor creatures of inferior races with whom he comes in contact on the distant shores to which his search for wealth may lead him. The settler, as a matter of course, is in quest of fortune, and is one who, living among rough things, is apt to become rough and less scrupulous than his dainty brother at home. When this philanthropy first became loud in its expression in England, we were ourselves the owners of slaves in our own colonies, and the great and glorious task of abolishing that horror for ourselves, so that other nations might afterwards follow in our steps, had to be achieved. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Brougham, and others, did achieve it, and it is natural that their spirit should remain with those on whose shoulders their mantle has fallen. When the West Indian blacks were manumitted it was felt to be necessary that they should be defended and protected. Some years since I ventured to express my opinion on that matter. Of all the absurdities in political economy which I ever encountered, that of protecting the labour of the negroes in Jamaica from competition was to my eyes the most gross. And it appeared to me that the idea of training negroes to be magistrates, members of parliament, statesmen, or even merchants, was one destined to failure by the very nature of the man. That a race should have been created so low in its gifts as to be necessarily fit only for savage life or for the life of servants among civilised men was a fact on which I could only speculate,—or hardly speculate; but I could not on that account abstain from forming the opinion. Since that time

negroes, many more in number and certainly upon the whole more handy in the use of such gifts as they possessed than those in the West Indies, have been made free in the United States, and have then been put in possession of all the privileges belonging to white men. The more I see of the experiment the more convinced I am that the negro cannot live on equal terms with the white man, and that any land, state, or district in which the negro is empowered for awhile to have ascendency over the white man by number of suffrages or other causes, will have but a woful destiny till such a condition of things be made to cease. White men will quit such land in disgust,—or the white minority will turn, and rend, and trample into dust the black majority. This allusion to the African negro in the western hemisphere would be out of place here, were it not that the mantle of which I have spoken, resting still on most worthy shoulders, is now used,—or a skirt of it is used,—to cover up the nakedness of the poor Australian aboriginal. The idea prevails that he also may be a member of parliament, minister of state, a man and a brother, or what not. That he is infinitely lower in his gifts than the African negro there can be no doubt. Civilisation among the African tribes is not very high, and our knowledge as to the point which it has reached is still defective. But where he has come within the compass of the white man's power, he has been taught to work for his bread,—which of all teaching is the most important. The Australian black man has not been so taught, and, in spite of a few instances to the contrary, I think I am justified in saying that he cannot be so taught. Individual instances are adduced,—instances which are doubtless true,—of continued service having been rendered by aboriginals; but they are so few,—so contrary to the life

of the tribes as any traveller may see it,—that they do but prove the rule. That dignity of black deportment of which one hears not unfrequently is simply the dignity of idleness. The aboriginal walks along erect through the streets of the little town, or more frequently in the forest outskirt, followed at humble distance by his gin, and does evince something of that pride with which wealthy idleness in civilised life is able to encounter obligatory toil. His sinews are never tired and torn and stunted by burdens, and he can go erect. He does in his heart despise the working white man, and he shows in his countenance the fact that he has resolved to beg, or steal, or eat opossum,—and at any rate to be free from toil. This so-called dignity has to me been the most odious part of his altogether low physiognomy. When he has mixed much among white men, and has learned that he is quite safe in numerous communities from the raids which would be made upon him and his tribe if he employed himself on cattle-stealing at a distance, he exchanges his ferocity for a cunning good-humoured impudence which is more revolting than his native savagery, and would be more dangerous were it not that he ceases to be prolific in this begging, slouching life, with trailing gins and dignity of deportment.

Our friends at home with the philanthropic mantle tell the Australian colonist repeatedly that he has taught the black man nothing but his vices,—and they mean the charge to contain the bitterest reproach. A man going out among other men gets taught what he will learn. The aboriginals have become drunkards and thieves; and it is said of them, that they sell their women to white men. That there are white drunkards and white thieves in Australia is certainly true; and no doubt there is immorality in regard to women,—though in new colonies

and thinly inhabited countries such vice is always less prominent than in the large towns of an old country. But good qualities of living,—the finer characteristics of manhood,—are at any rate as prominent in the Australian colonies as the bad qualities. Men are energetic, independent, and good to their wives. Women are kindly, unexacting, and careful. Why have not the black men learned also some of the virtues? I assert that every effort has been made to teach them the lessons,—as will be evident to any one who will reflect of how great value would have been their thews and sinews if only they could have been induced to work. But how can you teach any good lesson to a man who will only hold his head erect as he grins and asks you for sixpence, or a glass of grog, or a bit of tobacco, or a pair of old trousers? If he get the sixpence, no doubt he will drink it;—with some little difficulty, for the law in its endeavour to save the poor aboriginal from learning the bad lessons, makes it illegal for the publican to sell him liquor. Of course a virtuous publican obeys the law. But all publicans are not virtuous, and so far it may be said with truth that we teach the black man our vices. So far as the law can protect the black man from the learning of vice it has striven to do so;—but no law in any country was ever efficacious to such purpose.

It is difficult to make intelligible to those who know nothing of Australia the strange condition of these people,—the mixture of servility and impudence, of ferocity and good-humour, which prevails among them. I heard of a gentleman who trained one to be his gamekeeper,—for they learn to shoot with skill, and are quick in the pursuit of game. At last, confiding in his black gamekeeper as he would in one at home, he gave the man his flask to carry. When he shot till he was thirsty, he asked for his

bottle. "Es massa," said the grinning nigger, handing over the empty flask. "Here him is; no noting in it." He was not a bit afraid of his master because he had stolen all the drink;—nor in such circumstances could there be any idea of punishing him; you would as soon think of punishing a dog for eating a mutton chop you had put in his mouth. It might be possible to teach a dog to carry a mutton chop without eating it;—and perhaps an aboriginal might be found who after many lessons would not swallow all the wine.

Children of mixed breed,—of white fathers and black mothers are found, but do not become a race as they have done in the western world. I have seen and heard of instances in which girls so born have been brought up as domestic servants. But it seems that they always return to the bush and become some black man's gin,—or strive to do so. I heard of one girl who had been trained to take care of children till she was fourteen. She had never known savage life, and had become docile and affectionate. But at fourteen she vanished into the bush. In another house I saw a girl about fourteen waiting at table, and was told that she had made repeated attempts at escape. I ventured to ask the lady by what right she was retained, and how caught when she had fled. The lady laughed at my scruples as to retention, and told me with a boast that she could always put a black fellow on the girl's track if she made an attempt. Here at any rate was something like slavery,—for the girl was not apprenticed, nor her position recognised by any legal transfer of service. She had been picked up, and bred, and fed, and used kindly,—and was now the possession of the lady. When a little older no doubt she will escape and become a gin.

I once asked a member of parliament in one of the

colonies and a magistrate what he would do,—or rather what he would recommend me to do,—if stress of circumstances compelled me to shoot a black man in the bush. Should I go to some nearest police station, as any one would do who in self-defence had shot a white man;—or should I go on rejoicing as though I had shot a tiger or killed a deadly snake? His advice was clear and explicit. "No one but a fool would say anything about it." The aboriginal therefore whom you are called on to kill,—lest he should kill you or your wife, or because he spears your cattle,—is to be to you the same as a tiger or a snake. But this would be in the back districts, far away from towns, in which the black man has not yet learned to be a fine gentleman with dignified deportment, barely taking the trouble to open his mouth as he asks for sixpence and tobacco.

There can be no doubt that the law does hardly reach him in those distant districts for purposes either of punishment or protection. He cannot be numbered up and classified. If he disappears his absence is known only to his tribe, who do not recognise our law, and will not ask for its interference. He cannot be traced. The very hue of his face prevents evidence as to his identity. He cannot be found, and he is never missed. The distant squatter, whom he attacks or whose beasts he kills, knows that he must be red-handed himself, or that the black man will go unpunished;—and he knows too that unless some black man be punished, life for him on his distant run will be impossible. It is not for petty pilferings that he is concerned;—but for life and the means of living. The black men in his neighbourhood have determined to be his enemies, and as enemies he feels himself bound to treat them. No doubt he is unscrupulous,—but scruples won't serve his turn. He

has come to a country in which savage life prevails,—and he finds it necessary to be, not savage, but ruthless.

In saying so much I have endeavoured to state the case fairly between the squatter and the aboriginal; for the real question at issue now lies between them. And I find that it resolves itself to this;—had the first English settlers any right to take the country from the black men who were its owners, and have the progressing colonists who still go westward and northward in search of fresh lands the right to drive the black men back, seeing as he does that they cannot live together? If they have no such right,—that is, if they be morally wrong to do it,—then has the whole colonizing system of Great Britain been wrong, not only in Australia, but in every portion of the globe. And had Britain abstained from colonizing under the conviction of conscientious scruples, would it have been better for the human race? Four nations struggled for the possession of Australia, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, and ourselves? It fell into our hands, chiefly through the enterprise and skill of Captain Cook. Should we have abstained when we found that it was peopled,—and, so to say, already possessed? And had we done so should we have served the cause of humanity? I doubt whether any philanthropist will say that we should have abstained;—or will think that had we done so the Australian aborigines would at the present moment have fared better with Dutch or French masters than they are now faring with us. It is their fate to be abolished; and they are already vanishing. Nothing short of abstaining from encroaching upon their lands,—abstaining that is from taking possession of Australia could be of any service to them. They have been treated, I think, almost invariably with proffered kindness when first met,—but they have not

wanted and have not understood the kindness. For a time they would not submit at all, and now their submission is partial. In 1864 an expedition was made to take cattle from Rockhampton overland to Cape York, the northern extremity of Queensland, by two brothers, Frank and Alexander Jardine. The cattle were then driven up to save the lives of the occupants of a new settlement. The enterprise was carried through with admirable spirit and final success after terrible difficulties. But their progress was one continued battle with black tribes, who knew nothing of them, and who of course regarded them as enemies. Which party was to blame for this bloodshed,—the Messrs. Jardine who were risking their own lives to save the inhabitants of a distant settlement,—or the poor blacks who were struggling against unknown and encroaching enemies? In this case there was certainly no cruelty, no thoughtless arrogance, no white man's indifference to the lives of black men. The Messrs. Jardine would have been glad enough to have made their progress without fighting battles, and fought when they did fight simply in self-protection. And yet the blacks were invaded,—most unjustly and cruelly as they must have felt.

Of the Australian black man we may certainly say that he has to go. That he should perish without unnecessary suffering should be the aim of all who are concerned in the matter. But no good can be done by giving to the aboriginal a character which he does not deserve, or by speaking of the treatment which he receives in language which the facts do not warrant.

CHAPTER V.

Gold.

Hitherto my travelling had been chiefly by steamboat from one town along the coast to another. From Maryborough I determined to return to Brisbane by coach, in order that I might see Gympie, famous for its gold. I found Maryborough to be an active little town with a good deal of business in the way of meat-preserving, timber-sawing, and sugar-making. Of Queensland sugar-growing I shall say a few words before I have done with the colony, as also of the Islanders, Polynesians, or Canakers, who are now much employed in Queensland, and whose services are specially needed among the sugar canes. At present I will pursue my journey on to Gympie.

I had been very much advised against the coach. I was told that the road, and the vehicle, and the horses, and the driving were so rough as to be unfit for a man of my age and antecedents. One anxious friend implored me not to undertake it with an anxiety which could hardly have been stronger had I been his grandfather. I was, however, obstinate, and can now declare that I enjoyed the drive most thoroughly. It lasted three days, and took me through some magnificent scenery. Woodland country in Australia,—and it must be remembered that the lands occupied are mostly woodland,—is called either bush or scrub. Woods which are open, and passable,—passable at any rate for men on horseback,—are called bush. When the undergrowth becomes thick and matted so as to be impregnable without an axe, it is scrub. In Queensland the scrubs are filled with tropical plants,—long vine tendrils, palms, and the parasite fig-tree,—and when a way has been cut through

them the effect for a time is very lovely. The fault of all Australian scenery is its monotony. The eye after awhile becomes fatigued with a landscape which at first charmed with its park-like aspect. One never gets out of the trees, and then it rarely happens that water lends its aid to improve the view. As a rule it must be acknowledged that a land of forests is not a land of beauty. Some experience in travelling is needed before this can be acknowledged, as every lover of nature is an admirer of trees. But unceasing trees, trees which continue around you from six in the morning till six at night, become a bore, and the traveller begins to remember with regret the open charms of some cultivated plain. I had to acknowledge this monotony before I reached Brisbane;—but I acknowledged also the great beauty of the scrubs, and found some breaks in the mountains which were very grand.

But the wonder of the journey was in the badness of the roads and the goodness of the coachmanship. I have been called upon by the work of my life to see much coaching, having been concerned for more than thirty years with the expedition of mails,—and I remember well the good old patriotic John Bull conviction that go where one would round the world one could never find a man to drive like the English mail-coachman of the olden times. There was a fixed idea that coach-driving was a British accomplishment, and quite beyond the reach of any one out of Britain. Since that I have seen something of driving over the Alps and other European mountains; something also of driving in America; which lessened my belief in the "unapproachability" of the excellence of the Englishman. I have now travelled over the Gympie road, and I feel certain that not one of my old friends of the box,—and I had many such friends,—

would, on being shown that road, have considered it possible that a vehicle with four horses should have been made to travel over it. There is often no road, and the coach is taken at random through the forest. Not unfrequently a fallen tree blocks up the track, and the coach is squeezed through some siding which makes it necessary for the leader to be going one way while the coach is going another. But the great miracle is in the sudden pitches, looking as though they were almost perpendicular, down which the coach is taken,—and then the equally sharp ascents,—not straight, but at a sharp angle,—up and round which the coach is whirled. The art of driving on such roads depends very much on the foot. The vehicle is supplied with strong machinery for dragging the hind wheels, so as almost altogether to stop their rotation,—and this the coachman manages with his right foot. I heard of various accidents to the coach, but of none to passengers. I at any rate went through in safety, and I recommend others to make the journey. We slept during the night between Gympie and Brisbane at a place called Cobb's Camp, at which the pleasant manners of the pretty German hostess almost atoned for the miraculous profusion of fleas. It may be as well to observe here, that all stage-coaches in Australia and New Zealand are called Cobb's coaches,—one Cobb, an American, having started a vast business in the coaching line. Two or three different companies now carry on the trade through the colonies. I here pronounce my opinion that the man who drove me from Cobb's Camp to Brisbane was the best driver of four horses I ever saw. Had he been a little less uncouth in his manners, I should have told him what I thought of him.

The coach journey from Maryborough to Brisbane takes three days; but as I stayed a day at Gympie and

left Maryborough the evening before the coach, I was four days and a night on the road. I travelled the first twenty miles in an open boat up the Mary River, with a gentleman who owned the boat, and who had got together a crew of Polynesian rowers. None of the party however had made the journey before; and as it was done in the dark, and as the river is in part crowded with rocks, and as both I and my friend went to sleep while we were steering, and as we had to land at a spot which was in no way different from any other spot on the river bank, we were not without the excitement of some little difficulties. When we were ashore we had to walk a couple of miles through the forest in search of the village in which we were to sleep, a place called Tiaro, and when we found it, about two in the morning, the first innkeeper whom we knocked up, a German, took us for bushrangers and would not let us in. But there was a second innkeeper who was more courageous, who gave us brandy and water and beds, and who had been butler in the house of a friend of mine at home,—or, rather, of my friend's father. He sent home many messages to Mr. John, and declared himself to be happy in his new career. The next morning, before the coach came up, he took us round to see the institutions of the place. The most wonderful institution was a butcher who had lately established himself there, and who was loading a cart with meat to send round to families on the river bank. A year or two since he was lieutenant in an English regiment, but did not find that to be a lucrative business. I hope he may be more successful with his new trade in the bush. His life I should think must be desolate; for he had no wife, and seemed to live all alone among his carcasses.

Now for Gympie and its gold. Gympie in its early

days was a great rush;—which means that when first the tidings were spread about through the colonies that gold was found at Gympie, the sudden flocking of miners to the place was very great. In those days, some ten years ago, when a new rush came out, the difficulty of supplying the men was excessive, and everything was consequently very dear. The rushes were made to spots in the middle of the forest, to which there were no roads, and to which carriage therefore was very difficult. In addition to this, men half-intoxicated with the profusion of gold, which is both the cause and consequence of a new rush, are determined to have, not comforts, for they are unattainable, but luxuries which can be carried. A pair of sheets will be out of the question, but champagne may be had. In this way a singular mode of life seems to have established itself,—and the more singular in this, that the champagne element does not seem to have interfered with work. The miners when they are mining do not drink. Men drink at the gold-fields who are about to mine, or who have mined, or who are having a "spell,"—what we would call a short holiday. But they do not drink at their work,—will frequently work from Monday to Saturday, drinking nothing but tea,—having a fixed and wholesome opinion that work and play should be kept separate. And it may be well to remark here that Australian miners are almost invariably courteous and civil. A drunken man is never agreeable; but even a drunken miner is rarely quarrelsome. They do not steal, and are rough rather than rowdy. It seemed to me that very little care was taken, or was necessary, in the preservation of gold, the men trusting each other with great freedom. There are quarrels about claims for land,—and a claim is sometimes unjustly "jumped." The jumping of a claim consists in taking possession of

the land and works of absent miners, who are presumed by their absence to have deserted their claims. But such bickerings rarely lead to personal violence. The miners do not fight and knock each other about. They make constant appeals to the government officer,—the police magistrate, or, above him, to the gold commissioner of the district,—and they not unfrequently go to law. They do not punch each other's heads.

At the beginning of a rush the work consists, I think always, in alluvial washing. Some lucky man or set of men,—three or four together probably,—"prospecting" about the country, come upon gold. This they are bound to declare to the government, and it is now thoroughly understood by miners that it is for their interest to declare it. The "prospecter" is then rewarded by being allowed to take up two or three men's ground, as the case may be. And every miner is allowed to take up a certain fixed share of ground on the sole condition that it has not already been taken up by any other miner, and that gold has been found in the neighbourhood. But the "prospecter" has the double advantage of choosing his ground where gold has certainly been found, and of having more ground than any of his neighbours. And this prospecting may go on from one side of a hill to another, or from one patch of ground to another. The original "prospecter" of Gympie had a large pecuniary reward besides his double claim; but at Gympie there have been many "prospecters," whose shafts, as a rule, ar. placed in the middle of others bearing the same name, belonging to men who have followed the prospecter. Thus there will be Smithfield "prospecting claim," and the Smithfield Number One, north, and Number Two and Three, north; and on the other side the Smithfield Numbers One, Two, and Three, south.

But before there were any shafts Gympie was great with surface washing. The auriferous earth was dug up out of gullies, creeks, and holes, and was then washed out by cradles. The gold cradle has been so often described as to make it hardly worth the reader's while to have the description repeated to him. Puddling for gold I will attempt to explain when I come to the New South Wales gold-fields. At Gympie, when I was there, the search for gold had taken the phase of regular mining in rock reefs. Shafts are sunk to the necessary depth,—say, perhaps, two hundred feet,—and the auriferous rock or quartz is drawn up in buckets by whins or wheels worked by horses. This rock is taken to a quartz-crushing machine—which consists of fifteen or twenty stampers, which are worked by steam. The stone is thrown under the stampers, and is crushed by them almost to powder in a stream of water. The water carries the atoms through wire gauges on to a sloping bed, which is covered with flannel spread with quicksilver. And there are troughs filled with quicksilver across the beds. The quicksilver collects the gold, which is afterwards separated from it in a retort. So the gold is got out of a quartz-reef; but I have been assured that as much as twenty-five per cent. of the gold escapes with the refuse or is carried down by the water in the shape of minutely thin, floating gold-leaf. That there is gold in the refuse, or tailing as it is called, is known; but the re-working of it had not as yet been found to be a paying business when I was at Gympie.

An ounce of gold to a ton of raised quartz will, as a rule, pay very well. Of course this calculation cannot be taken to be applicable to all reefs, as the expense will be very various in different mines. At the New Zealand prospect shaft, down which I was taken, they were then

getting six ounces of gold to the ton of stone,—so that the shareholders were prospering greatly. These mines or shafts are generally held by small companies of perhaps four or five each. Very little capital is required for the commencement of the work;—just enough to put up a little woodwork, buy a horse or two, and keep the men going,—who are the shareholders themselves,—till they find gold or give up the claim as worthless. A miner while at this work will live on 12*s.* a week, and the shareholding miner will probably be in partnership with another man who is earning miner's wages at some other claim. These wages run from £2 10*s.* to £3 a week. The two men therefore will live out of the sum earned by the one, and have a residue to throw into the expenses of their joint speculation.

I was astonished at the small amount of machinery used in comparison with the largeness of the proceeds. Indeed there was none except that applied to the perfectly distinct operation of crushing. The crushing is done by a distinct company, and the charge made at Gympie when I was there was 12*s.* 6*d.* for a ton of quartz. The water is pumped up by horses, and not pumped by steam. The quartz is dragged up by horses. No company of miners crushes for itself. All seemed to be in a little way, although in some few instances the profits were very large. Different reasons for this were given; but the real reason was the precarious nature of the work, making it inexpedient for the miner to risk a large outlay on operations the productiveness of which may be brought to an end on any day. If it were not for this, the various little bands of men would no doubt club together, so as to acquire space for machinery,—for the claims as at present divided are not large enough to permit the erection of buildings for steam power;—

and the heavy work of lifting and pumping could be done with a very great decrease of expense. But the gold found in any shaft may come to an end any day,—and then the money invested would be lost.

I have spoken of a happy family of miners,—of men who were getting six ounces of gold to every ton of quartz, and were realising, perhaps, £10 a day per man. They were a rough, civil, sober, hardworking lot,—four or five as I think, who were employing some four or five others, experienced miners, at £3 a week each. Among such a company it is impossible to recognise the social rank of each. There are what we call "gentlemen," and what we call "workmen." But they dress very much alike, work very much alike, and live very much alike. And, after awhile, they look very much alike. The ordinary miner who came perhaps from Cornwall or Northumberland, and whose father was a miner before him, gets a lift in the world,—as regards manners and habits as well as position. The "gentleman," even though in the matter of gold he be a lucky gentleman, gets a corresponding fall. He loses his gentility, his love of cleanliness, his ease of words, his grace of bearing, his preference for good company, and his social exigencies. There are some who will say that these things lost constitute a gain,—and that as long as the man is honest and diligent, earning his bread by high energy and running a chance of making a fortune, he is in every way doing better for himself than by thinking of his tub of cold water, his dress coat and trousers, his last new novel, and his next pretty girl. I cannot agree with these. Idle gentility doubtless is despicable. Idle, penniless, indebted gentility, gentility that will not work but is not ashamed to borrow, gentility that disports itself at clubs on the generosity of toiling fathers, widowed mothers, and good-

natured uncles and aunts, is as low a phase of life as any that can be met. From that the rise to the position of a working miner is very great indeed. But gentility itself,—the combination of soft words, soft manners, and soft hands with manly bearing, and high courage, and intellectual pursuits,—is a possession in itself so valuable, and if once laid aside so difficult to be regained, that it should never be dropped without a struggle. I should be sorry to see a man I loved working in a gold-mine, sorry to see him successful in a gold-mine,—doubly sorry to see him unsuccessful, which has been the lot of by far the majority of enterprising gentlemen who have sought fortune on the Australian gold-fields.

I have spoken of a happy family,—but most of the mining families at Gympie were not so blessed. There were, perhaps, fifty or sixty reefing claims at Gympie, in which mining was actually in progress when I was there, but I did not hear of above ten in which gold was being found to give more than average wages, and I heard of many from which no gold was forthcoming. This claim had been abandoned,—that other was about worked out, —a third had been a mere flash in the pan,—at a fourth they had not got deep enough, and did not know that they ever would or could go deep enough, though they were still working hard with no returns;—at a fifth the gold would not pay the expenses. The stranger is of course taken to see the more successful ventures, and the thick streaks of gold which are shown him among the pet lumps of rock, kept by the miners in huge boxes instead of being thrown out among the unguarded heaps of quartz, produce a strange fascination. Where is the man who would not like to have a chest three times as big as a coffin full of such noble stones! But the traveller who desires to understand Gympie or any other

digging, should endeavour to see the failures also. It is by no means every little wooden shanty near the mouth of a shaft that has such a box so filled. The unfortunate ones are not far to seek,—and they are very unfortunate though almost invariably brave. It seems to be an understood thing among Australian gold-diggers that a man is not to be querulous or downhearted in his plaints. They are free enough in speaking either of their good or bad fortune,—will own either to the one fact of £10 a day, or to the other that they have not earned a brass farthing for the last three weeks;—but they neither whine nor exult. They are gamblers who know how to bear the fortunes of the table.

Probably the class of miners which as a class does best is that of experienced men who work for wages. A good man, who has either come out from England as a miner, or has learned his trade in California or the colonies, can generally earn £2 10*s.* or £3 a week. For this he must work underground nine or ten hours a day. But he can live very cheaply,—for 12*s.* or 15*s.* a week, —and yet, as far as bread and meat and tea are concerned, can live plenteously. To such a man two or three hundred pounds is a fortune, and he may earn his fortune very quickly. In ten years' time a man intent upon his object, and able to resist temptation, might return with £1,000. But unfortunately this is not the object on which they are intent, and they do not resist temptation. They all want to work for themselves, and generally, as I have said before, put their savings into other mines,—or rather live on their 12*s.* a week, in order that they may speculate with the money they save. The miner who works for himself and runs the hazard of the work is regarded as a higher being than he who contents himself with wages. Men will tell you that the

real miner always "goes on his own hook." This feeling and the remote chance of great wealth stand in the way of that permanent success which the working miner might otherwise enjoy.

And probably the class of miners which as a class does worst is that composed of young gentlemen who go to the diggings, led away, as they fancy, by a spirit of adventure, but more generally, perhaps, by a dislike of homely work at home. An office-stool for six or eight hours a day is disagreeable to them, or the profession of the law requires too constant a strain, or they are sick of attending lectures, or they have neglected the hospitals;—and so they go away to the diggings. They soon become as dirty as genuine diggers, but they do not quickly learn anything but the dirt. They strive to work, but they cannot work alongside of experienced miners, and consequently they go to the wall. They are treated with no contempt, for all men at the diggings are free and equal. As there is no gentility, such men are not subject to any reproach or ill-usage on that score. The miner does not expect that any airs will be assumed, and takes it for granted that the young man will not sin in that direction. Our "gentleman," therefore, is kindly treated; but, nevertheless, he goes to the wall, and becomes little better than the servant, or mining hodsman, of some miner who knows his work. Perhaps he has a little money, and makes things equal with a partner in this way; but they will not long be equal,—for his money will go quicker than his experience will come. On one gold-field I found a young man whom I had known at home, who had been at school with my sons, and had frequented my house. I saw him in front of his little tent, which he occupied in partnership with an experienced working miner, eating a beefsteak out of his frying-pan

with his claspknife. The occupation was not an alluring one, but it was the one happy moment of his day. He was occupied with his companion on a claim, and his work consisted in trundling a rough windlass, by which dirt was drawn up out of a hole. They had found no gold as yet, and did not seem to expect to find it. He had no friend near him but his mining friend,—or mate, as he called him. I could not but think what would happen to him if illness came, or if his mate should find him too far removed from mining capability. He had been softly nurtured, well educated, and was a handsome fellow to boot; and there he was eating a nauseous lump of beef out of a greasy frying-pan with his pocket-knife, just in front of the contiguous blankets stretched on the ground, which constituted the beds of himself and his companion. It may be that he will strike gold, and make a fortune. I hope so with all my heart. But my strong and repeated advice to all young English gentlemen is to resort to any homely mode of earning their bread in preference to that of seeking gold in Australia.

I do not believe that gold-seeking in Australia has been remunerative to any class of men as a class. The gold found is sold to the mint or to the banks at prices varying from £3 10*s.* to £4 2*s.* the ounce. £3 15*s.* the ounce may perhaps be taken as an average price. I have been assured by those whose profession it has been to look into the matter that all the gold in Australia has been raised at an expense of not less than £5 the ounce. For myself, I can only say that I fully believe the statement. The calculation is one which cannot be made with such accuracy as to afford statistics in the matter. It is impossible to say at what price gold has been raised. If all the capital expended could be known,—expended not only in work, but in bringing

gold-seekers into the country,—still it would be impossible to estimate the value in wages of the time and work which have been consumed. This, however, is clear, that if a man could have earned £5 whilst he has been getting an ounce of gold to be sold for £3 15*s.*, he has raised that gold at £5 the ounce, and has thus lost £1 5*s.* by the venture. And if, as was the case in the early days of gold-digging, his living during his gold work cost him 10*s.* more than would have done his living at other employment, then he raised his gold at £5 10*s.* the ounce, and lost £1 15*s.* by the venture. All rates of wages and cost of living were so thrown out of gear throughout the colonies by the early gold rushes, that no exact calculation can be made. Shearers demanded and got £10 a hundred for shearing sheep, whereas the present price may be about 17*s.* 6*d.* a hundred. £1 a-day was by no means extravagant wages for a groom. Everything for a while was on the same footing, because every man was taught to believe that he had only to rush to the gold-fields to pick up a fortune. But the men who picked up fortunes are very rare. One never meets them. But the men who just failed during this time to pick up fortunes meet one at every corner. "Ah," says one, "if I had gone away from such and such a rush when I had that £7,000." "I might have walked off with £12,000 after the first three months at Ballaarat," says a second. "I had £15,000 at one time out of Ophir," says a third. "Gympie was Gympie when I was rolling up £2,000 a month," says a fourth. Of course a question is asked as to what has become of these grand sums. The answer is always the same, though probably not always strictly true. The fortunes already made have been lost in pursuit of greater fortunes. It is not admitted that the

money has been spent in useless, new-fangled luxuries; but that much has been so spent is certain. The Phœnix who has made his fortune at the diggings, and kept it, is a bird hardly to be found on Australian ground.

Gympie as a town was a marvellous place, and to my eyes very interesting, though at the same time very ugly. Its population was said to consist of about six thousand souls, but I found throughout the country that no statement of the population of a gold-field could be taken as accurate. The men go and come so quickly that the changes cannot be computed. It consists of a long street stretching more than a mile,—up and down hill,—without a single house in it that looked as though it had been built to last ten years. And probably no house had been built with any such ambition, although Gympie is now more than ten years old. The main street contains stores, banks, public-houses, a place of worship or two, and a few eating-houses. They are framed of wood, one storey high, generally built in the first place as sheds with a gable-end to the street, on to which, for the sake of importance, a rickety wooden façade has been attached. The houses of the miners, which are seldom more than huts, are scattered over the surrounding little hills, here and there, as the convenience of the men in regard to the different mining places has prompted the builders. All around are to be seen the holes and shallow excavations made by the original diggers, and scattered among them the bigger heaps which have been made by the sinking of deep shafts. When a mine is being worked there is a rough wooden windlass over it, and at a short distance the circular track of the unfortunate horse who, by his rotatory motion, pulls the buckets up with the quartz, and lets them down with the miners. Throughout all

there stands the stunted stumps of decapitated trees, giving the place a look of almost unearthly desolation. At a distance beyond the mine-shafts are to be seen the great forests which stretch away on every side over almost unlimited distance. If at any place one is tempted to quote the "aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm," it is at such a place as Gympie.

There is a hospital, and there are schools, which are well attended, and, as I have before said, various places of worship. I put up at an inn kept by a captain, which I found to be fairly comfortable, and by no means expensive. There were a crowd of men there, all more or less concerned in the search of gold, with whom I found myself to be quite intimate before the second night was over; and from whom,—as from everybody at Gympie,—I received much civility, and many invitations to drink brandy and water.

CHAPTER VI.

Squatters and their Troubles.

UNDOUBTEDLY the staple of Australian wealth is wool, and the growers and buyers and sellers of Australian wool are the chief men of the colonies. In Queensland, when I was there, six out of the seven ministers of the Crown were squatters, men owning runs for sheep or cattle. Though many squatters,—probably the majority,—confine themselves to sheep, very few of those who breed cattle do not keep sheep also. The cattle are reared chiefly for home consumption. The wool is all exported. As wool goes up or down in the London markets, so does the prosperity of Australia vacillate. Any panic in commercial matters of Europe which brings down the price of wool,—as panics have

done most cruelly,—half ruins the colonies. Sheep sink in value from 10*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* a head to 4*s.* or 2*s.* Squatters' runs become valueless and unsaleable, and the smaller squatters, who are almost invariably in debt to the merchants, have to vanish. Then, when trade becomes steady again and wool rises, sheep again resume their former value, and the rich men who during the panic have taken up almost deserted sheep-walks become richer and richer.

The great drawback to the squatter's prosperity is to be found in the fact that a large proportion of them commence a great business with very insufficient capital. A man with £5,000 undertakes to pay £30,000 for a run, and finds himself enabled to enter in upon the possession of perhaps forty thousand sheep and the head station or house which has been built. To all outward appearance he is the owner. He manages everything. He employs and pays the various hands. He puts up fences and erects wash-pools. He buys and sells flocks. He makes great bales of wool which he sends to Sydney, to Melbourne, or to London as he pleases. Any rise in the price of wool is his good fortune, any fall is his calamity. But still he is little more than the manager for others. He has probably bought his run from a bank or from a merchant's house which has held a mortgage on it before, and the mortgage is continued. He has simply paid away the £5,000 to make the security of the mortgage commercially safe. At home when we speak of mortgaged property we allude as a rule to some real estate in land or houses. The squatter's real estate is generally very small,—and, as I shall explain presently, the smaller the better. The property mortgaged consists of the squatter's sheep,—and of his precarious right to feed his flocks on certain large tracts

of land, which are the property of the public, and which are for the most part open to purchase. He is not therefore in reality left to himself in the management of his business, as would be a land-owner in England who had mortgaged the land which he either farmed himself or let to a tenant. In such case the security of the mortgage would rest on the land, and the farmer would conduct his farming operations without let or hindrance. It is far otherwise with the squatter. The security he has given rests on his wool, and the price of his wool therefore must pass through the hands of the merchant to whom the debt is due. Nor can he lessen his stock of sheep without accounting to the merchant for the price of the sheep sold. The merchant is of course bound to see that the security on which his money has been advanced is not impaired. Consequently the whole produce of the run goes into the merchant's hands. When the wool is sent off,—say direct to London,—an estimated sum on account of its value is placed to the squatter's credit. When the wool has been sold the balance is also placed to his credit. But the money does not come into his hands. The same rule prevails very generally in regard to sheep sold. Consequently the squatter's produce all goes from him, and he is driven to draw upon the merchants for the money necessary to maintain his station, to pay his wages, and to live. It would appear at first sight as though the squatter could lose nothing by such an arrangement. As soon as the merchant receives the money for the wool, the squatter ceases to be charged with interest for so much. And when a sum is advanced to him, he again pays interest for so much,—according to the terms which may exist between him and the merchant. The rate of interest may be eight, nine, or ten

per cent., according to the value of the original security. But in addition to this the merchant adds a commission of two and a half per cent. on every new advance,—so that the squatter in giving up his produce pays off a debt bearing say eight per cent. interest, and in drawing money to defray his expenses incurs fresh debt at say ten and a half per cent. interest. If things go well with him, he may no doubt free himself even at this rate. If he can sell his wool and sheep every year for £6,000, and carry on his station for £3,000, he will gradually, —but very slowly,—lessen his debt in spite of the interest which he pays. And he will live and the merchant will probably not disturb him. If everything should go well with him,—if his ewes be prolific, if diseases do not decimate his flock, if neither droughts nor floods oppress him, if wool maintain its price, if he cling to his work and be able to deny himself the recreation of long absences from his station,—he may succeed in working himself free. But against a man so circumstanced the chances are very strong. Sheep are subject to diseases. Lambing is not always prosperous. Drought and floods do prevail in Australia. And the price of wool vacillates wonderfully,—very wonderfully to the eyes of a non-commercial man who observes that whatever happens in the world men still wear coats and trousers. And when these misfortunes come they fall altogether on the squatter who has begun by owning only one-sixth of the property, and not at all on the merchant who has owned the other five-sixths. At such periods,—when misfortune comes,—the squatter's debt begins to swell instead of dwindle. The produce will not pay for the expenses and the ever-running interest. The thousands down in the book begin to augment, and the merchant begins to see that he must secure

himself. Then the station passes into other hands,—into the hands probably of some huge station-owner, who, having commenced life as a shepherd or a drover, has now stations of his own all over the colonies, and money to advance on all such properties,—and our friend with his £5,000 vanishes away, or becomes perhaps the manager with a fixed salary of the very sheep which he used to consider his own.

For a squatter of the true commercial kind not to owe money to his merchant or his banker is an unusual circumstance,—unless he be one who has stuck to his work till he is able to lend instead of borrow. The normal, and I may almost say the proper, condition of a squatter is indebtedness to some amount. The business of squatting would be very restricted, country life in Australia very different from what it is, the amount of wool produced for the benefit of the world wofully diminished, and the extension of enterprise over new lands altogether checked, if no capital were to be invested in the pursuit of squatting except that owned by the squatters themselves. No doubt this, the greatest interest of Australia, has been created and fostered by the combination of squatters and merchants. If the squatter commencing business can do so owing no more than half the value of his run he will probably do well, and in time pay off his debt. If the man with £5,000 will content himself with 12,000 sheep instead of 40,000, and will borrow another £5,000 instead of £25,000, he will find that there is something like a fair partnership between himself and the merchant, and that gradually his partner will be unnecessary to him. His partner, while the partnership lasts, will be getting at least ten per cent. for his money, but in such a condition of things the squatter will get twenty per cent. for his money. No

doubt there will still be risks, from which the town partner will be comparatively free,—but unless there come heavy misfortunes indeed these risks will not break the squatter's back if his burden be no heavier than that above described.

The amount of debt in some stations is enormous, and the total interest paid, including bank charges, commission, and what not, frequently amounts to twenty per cent. When this state of things arises, the nominal squatter enjoys a certain security arising from the ambitious importance of his indebtedness,—due even to his own absolute insolvency. Were the merchant to sell him up and get rid of him, more than half the debt must be written off as absolutely bad. In such cases it may be better to maintain the squatter, on condition that he will work the station. The squatter is maintained,—and lives like other squatters a jolly life. The rate at which his house is kept will depend rather on the number of the sheep to be shorn than on his own income. He has no income, but the station is maintained, and among the expenses of the station are his wife's dresses and his own brandy and water.

I don't know that there can be a much happier life than that of a squatter, if the man be fairly prosperous, and have natural aptitudes for country occupations. He should be able to ride and to shoot,—and to sit in a buggy all day without inconvenience. He should be social,—for he must entertain often and be entertained by other squatters; but he must be indifferent to society, for he will live away from towns and be often alone with his family. He must be able to command men, and must do so in a frank and easy fashion,—not arrogating to himself any great superiority, but with full

power to let those around him know that he is master. He must prefer plenty to luxury, and be content to have things about him a little rough. He must be able to brave troubles,—for a squatter has many troubles. Sheep will go amiss. Lambs will die. Shearers will sometimes drink. And the bullocks with the most needed supplies will not always arrive as soon as they are expected. And, above all things, the squatter should like mutton. In squatters' houses plenty always prevails, but that plenty often depends upon the sheep-fold. If a man have these gifts, and be young and energetic when he begins the work, he will not have chosen badly in becoming a squatter. The sense of ownership and mastery, the conviction that he is the head and chief of what is going on around; the absence of any necessity of asking leave or of submitting to others,—these things in themselves add a great charm to life. The squatter owes obedience to none, and allegiance only to the merchant;—who asks no questions so long as the debt be reduced or not increased. He gets up when he pleases and goes to bed when he likes. Though he should not own an acre of the land around him, he may do what he pleases with all that he sees. He may put up fences and knock them down. He probably lives in the middle of a forest,—his life is always called life in the bush,—and he may cut down any tree that he fancies. He has always horses to ride, and a buggy to sit in, and birds to shoot at, and kangaroos to ride after. He goes where he likes and nobody questions him. There is probably no one so big as himself within twenty miles of him, and he is proud with the conviction that he knows how to wash sheep better than any squatter in the colony. But the joy that mostly endears his life to him is the joy that he need not dress for dinner.

Queensland is divided into settled and unsettled districts, of which the settled districts include only a very small portion as compared with the immense area of the whole colony. It comprises the coast line running back in some places hardly more than twenty miles, and in others, in which the space is broadest, hardly more than two hundred. The law in regard to the tenure of land within these so-called settled and unsettled districts is different,—the chief difference consisting in this, that half of every run within the settled districts is open to purchase by any selecters after the fashion described in a previous chapter. In the unsettled districts no such privilege was granted by the law of 1868, because no such privilege would have been of use. No intending agriculturist, purposing to fix his family and to live on a portion of land for which money must be paid, would dream for some years to come of fixing his abode and sowing his seed beyond the line as marked by government. Nor would the survey of such lands have availed anything. There the squatters reign supreme,—more supremely even than the squatter nearer to civilisation. But the very distance of his station makes his existence less important to the colony than that of his nearer brother. His enterprise is not so great, though his courage and perseverance may be quite equal. The Darling Downs are within the line of the settled districts, and beyond them I did not go.

It must be understood, therefore, that the run of the Darling Downs squatter is open to sale, and that he has been terribly injured in his otherwise prosperous career by the law of 1868, which devoted half of his run to free-selection. But the free-selecter who has most injured the Darling Downs squatter is the squatter himself, and for this reason I said that the less land the

squatter owned himself the better. The land selected on the Darling Downs district greatly exceeds in area that purchased in any other, but the squatters have themselves made the selections. In 1868, the year in which the land law was passed, 57,070 acres of land were sold in Queensland by the government. Of this area no less than 41,680 acres, or nearly four-fifths of the whole, were purchased on the Darling Downs. It has been stated that any man may select 10,280 acres for himself. The man's son, or brother, or father, or partner, or friend,—or the man's Mrs. Harris, if he can raise a Mrs. Harris,—can do the same. Now, in their hatred of free-selecting neighbours, these great squatters of the Darling Downs have in many cases thought themselves compelled to become purchasers of land on their own runs to the full extent given them by the law,—not because they wanted to possess the land in fee, but in order that others might not come near them and disturb them. Anything to them was better than a free-selecting cattle-dealer at their gates. They have, therefore, purchased land by tens of thousands of acres. Each partner in a run has purchased his ten thousand, and there have been many Mrs. Harrises. The Mrs. Harris system is generally called dummying,—putting up a non-existent free-selecter, —and is illegal. But I believe no one will deny that it has been carried to a great extent. In this way a vast extent of country has fallen into the hands of squatters, so as to become veritably their own, if the due instalments are paid to the Crown as they become due. If a squatting firm,—for the larger stations are generally held by firms, or by two or three of a family together,— should have thus purchased, say 40,000 acres of even the lower class of pastoral land, land to be purchased within ten years at *6d.* an acre in each year, £1,000

a-year would have to be paid to the Crown for those ten years. But this payment would in no degree increase the squatter's means. He would enjoy no power of producing wealth from the land which was not his to the same extent before. His sheep would still run there as his sheep ran before. But the squatter in but few cases was prepared to make these payments out of his own pocket. He was in partnership with the merchant, and the merchant would generally make the payment. But the matter was of no great concern to the merchant himself. He was not to be even part purchaser. He pays the money annually, but charges the account with his eight, ten, or twelve per cent. according to his agreement, and so the squatter's debt is increased from year to year without any increase to the squatter's means. It may be imagined, therefore, how odious must be the free-selecter to the squatter, although of all free-selecters he is himself by far the most extensive.

I had heard much of all this before I went to the Darling Downs, and I was prepared to hear the question discussed. I cannot but think that it would have been better to welcome the free-selecter,—to have let him come and select if he would,—and to have endured him. In 1878, even if no new law should do so before, the half of each run not now open to selection will be in the same category, and the same play must be played again. The more I have seen on the subject, and the more I have heard, the more certain I feel that pastoral pursuits in Queensland will not bear the expense of purchased land. The very system of squatting is based on the idea that the land shall be free,—free with the exception of some annual fee paid to the Crown for license to pasture. The buying up of lands for agricultural purposes has progressed, and must progress slowly, and the squatters

feel secure in the fact that large purchases could not be remunerative to anybody. No free-selecter, selecting for the purpose of living on the agricultural produce of his land, could buy any great number of acres. Gradually, but very slowly, men of this class would spread themselves over the settled districts,—and it was the wise intention of the colonial legislature that they should be encouraged to do so. Gradually, but very slowly, the squatters would be driven back from the neighbourhood of rising townships into the vast pastoral areas further back from the coast line. But these men, the aristocracy of the country, were impatient of such treatment, and too proud to endure such neighbours; and therefore they have bought the land themselves. They argue that, as the climate is unsuitable for agricultural pursuits,—as wheat cannot be made to grow in these regions with any permanent success,—the free-selecting farmer cannot live on his farm by honest labour, and that he will therefore live dishonestly. The squatter declares that the normal free-selecter makes his small purchase in order that he may be enabled to steal cattle with impunity, and live after that fashion. He will make any effort,—almost any sacrifice,—to keep the normal free-selecter from his paddocks.

Undoubtedly, the crime of cattle-stealing,—of cattle-stealing and sheep-stealing and horse-stealing,—is one of the greatest curses of the Australian colonies. The pastures are so extensive, and therefore so little capable of being easily watched, that the thefts can always be made without difficulty. Every animal is branded, and the brands are all registered. One never sees even an unbranded horse in Australia, unless it be a wild animal in the woods. But the brands are altered, or else the carcasses are carried away while the skins are left. And

there is undoubtedly a feeling in the pastoral districts of Australia, among the class of men who labour on the land, that the squatter is fair game for such depredations. We all know the difficulty which is felt in Ireland as to getting evidence against the perpetrators of agrarian violence. There is the same difficulty in these colonies with reference to the cattle-stealer. He has with him much of the sympathy of all men of his own class,—and there are many who do not dare to give evidence against him. The law is severe, but is too often inoperative.

Very much that the squatter alleges against the free-selecter is true. In arguing the question, as I have done with many a squatter, I always took the part of the free-selecter, expressing a strong opinion that he was the very man whom the colony should be most anxious to encourage, and urging that if here and there a free-selecter should become a thief, the law should be made to deal with him;—but not the less did I feel that the gentleman with whom I might be conversing knew very well where his own shoe pinched him. A peculiar crime has grown up in Australia,—and is attended by one of the worst circumstances which can accompany crime. It has assumed a quasi-respectability among the class of men who are tempted to commit it. It is like smuggling, or illicit distillation, or sedition, or the seduction of women. There is little or no shame attached to it among those with whom the cattle-stealers live. It is regarded as fair war by the small agriculturist against the ascendant squatter. A man may be a cattle-stealer, and yet in his way a decent fellow. I was once standing by, over a kangaroo which we had hunted, and which a free-selecter who had made one in the hunt was skinning. There were two or three others also by. The man was a good sportsman, but I had been told that he liked other people's meat.

"You have heard of the cattle-stealers, sir," he said, looking up at me. "This is the way they do it by moonlight, I'm told." He skinned the kangaroo with great skill and quickness, and I was sure that he was no novice at the business. He knew well enough that by what he did and what he said he was owning himself to have been a cattle-stealer, but he was not a bit ashamed of it.

Nevertheless, I think the free-selecter should be welcomed as a farmer,—although it may often be necessary to punish him, or even but to try to punish him as a cattle-stealer. The more general he becomes, the less necessary will it be for the squatters to depend for their work on the nomad tribe of wandering men which infest the pastoral districts. The squatter's work is of such a nature that he requires very few hands during, perhaps, eight or nine months of the year, and a great many during the other three or four. From the commencement of the washing of his sheep to the packing of the last bale of wool, all is hurry, scurry, and eager business on the station. During those three or four months men are earning from him very high wages, and it is indispensable to him that he should have a large amount of skilled labour. Through the other eight or nine months, these men vanish from the station, and have to live elsewhere, either on their savings, or on other labour,—or by a species of beggary which is common in the colonies and the weight of which falls altogether on the squatters. Now the free-selecter, who is also a shearer, has a home to go to, and other pursuits of his own. This temporary work suits his needs, and enables him to live on his bit of land without stealing cattle. And then the free-selecter will come whether he be welcomed or not. As he is a necessity, it must surely be wise to make the best of him.

The nomad tribe of pastoral labourers,—of men who

profess to be shepherds, boundary-riders, sheep-washers, shearers, and the like,—form altogether one of the strangest institutions ever known in a land, and one which to my eyes is more degrading and more injurious even than that other institution of sheep-stealing. It is common to all the Australian colonies, and has arisen from the general feeling of hospitality which is always engendered in a new country by the lack of sufficient accommodation for travellers. In the pastoral districts it is understood that when hospitality is demanded from a squatter it shall be given. At small stations there are two classes of welcome. The labouring man, with his "swag" over his back,—the "swag" being his luggage, comprising probably all the property he has in the world,—is sent to the "hut." There is a hut at every station, fitted up with bunks, in which the workmen sleep. Here the wanderer is allowed to stretch his blanket for the night,—and on all such occasions two meals are allowed to him. He has meat and flour in the morning, and meat and flour in the evening. Then he passes on his way. If the traveller be of another description,—a squatter himself, an overseer journeying from one station to another, a man who on any pretence claims to be akin to gentlehood—he is taken into the squatter's house, and sits at the squatter's table, and has tea as well as bread and meat,—and brandy and water, if brandy and water be the family beverage. On large stations, at which the overseer has a separate residence, travellers of this superior class are relegated to his house, and the great squatter hears nothing about it,—except that he defrays the cost of the entertainment. In this way a wide hospitality is exercised, which has become proverbial; which, when thus described, has an Arcadian charm about it which is quite refreshing to the imagination;—but which has led to a

terrible evil under which the squatter groans with all but acknowledged impotence.

This evil concerns only the first-named class of wanderer. I have heard no squatter complain of the burden of entertaining men who are travelling from one part of the colonies to another on legitimate business. A certain allowance is made for the expense, and the practice is recognised as being convenient to all parties. But it has come to be very far from convenient as regards the so-called workman with his "swag." By many men it has been found to be a way of living which enables them to spend in rapid debauch the money earned by the labour of a few months, and to exist in idleness during the remainder of the year. By many others it has been adopted as the practice of the entire twelvemonth. The expense thus entailed upon stations has become incredibly great. One gentleman told me that such men cost him £300 a-year. I heard of a squatter's establishment in Victoria at which £1,000 a-year was expended in this involuntary entertainment of vagabond strangers. And the evil by no means ends here. A mode of life is afforded to recusant labourers which enables men to refuse work at fair terms, and to rebel against their masters when their work or their wages are not to their liking. They know that the squatters of the colonies do not dare to refuse them food and shelter.

Such men, when they appear, generally ask for work. They not unfrequently come on horseback, and always bring their luggage,—a blanket, a tin pot, and some small personalities wrapped up in the blanket. The squatter,—or more probably the overseer,—knows very well from the man's aspect that he does not mean to work. Sometimes he is asked to chop wood before he has his supper, but as a rule it is understood that such

demand will not be efficacious for any good purpose. It is better to let him have his lump of meat and his flour, with use of a bunk,—and then pass on to the next squatter. But the lump of meat, and the flour, and the use of the bunk he must have.

But why must he have them? The overseer could refuse the accustomed liberality, and the man with some growling would pass on and "camp out" with an empty stomach under some log. Or why, at any rate, should not the food be refused till it have been first earned by sufficient work? "There be the logs, my friend. Reduce them to convenient firewood,—as may be done by three hours' work,—and you shall be fed. Dark is it? Then you should come earlier and earn your victuals. But victuals without earning you shall not have." The squatter who did so would be at once known; his sheep would be slaughtered; his fences would be burned; and his horses would be houghed. The vagabond wayfarers are too numerous and too strong, and are able to obtain by terrorism that which hospitality no longer bestows. A squatter with his fences burned would be a ruined man.

The social injury which I have endeavoured to describe is worse even to the pastoral labourer himself than to the squatter. The squatter can live and bear it,—though the burden is grievous to him. Meat is cheap,—and if the station be small the calls on him are comparatively few. But the men themselves who practise this life are reduced almost to savagery. They become at last no better than the blacks. They wander about in desolate solitude, idle, worthless, and wretched. The idleness has been the charm;—but we all know how infinite is the misery which that charm produces.

And is there no remedy? I do believe that no squatter, no small combination of squatters in one district, could

safely rebel against the custom, and at once refuse the accustomed dole. A man is not to ruin himself and his family for the sake of showing a right course to others. But I venture to think that a large combination might effect with safety what a small combination could not dare to commence. When I have suggested this I have been told that squatters can never be made to combine. If associations were formed at Brisbane, at Sydney, at Melbourne, and at Adelaide, the thing might certainly be done. Rules should be laid down and printed, to which every squatter should be invited to agree, and these rules should specify the amount of work which a man should be required to do before a meal was given to him. No doubt some injury would be done to property,—but a combination of squatters could by a very small subscription repair any amount of injury which could be inflicted, and which to a single individual would be ruinous. If six months' notice were given, and printed bills were circulated, the regulation would be known to every vagabond in Australia, and men would soon learn, there as elsewhere, that they must either starve or work.

No vagabond ever received more extensive hospitality from the squatters than was accorded to me; and in order that they may feel that I for one do not like to take all that has been given without making some small return, I hereby offer them my scheme, and promise to make no demand for remuneration should it be adopted and found to be successful.

I have attempted to describe some of the great troubles under which squatters labour,—namely debt, free-selecters, and vagabonds. But they have also many others. Drought, floods, foot-rot among their flocks, wild dogs,—or dingoes, —which prey upon their lambs and flurry their sheep, grass-seed which injures the wool, and works its way

through the skins of the lambs, utterly destroying the poor little bleaters, grass that is overgrown and rank, grass that won't grow, poisonous grass, too much grass, no grass,—and then that worst of all miseries, panic in the wool trade. But these are not social in their nature, and I will not venture to give any opinion of the best way of meeting them. As to the debt,—I am clear on this point, that a moderate station with a moderate debt, is better than a big station with a big debt. As to the free-selecter,—I believe it will be the wisest course to welcome him and make the best of him. As to the vagabond labourer who won't labour, I do not doubt that all squatters will agree with me in saying that he should be abolished altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

Darling Downs.

And now for the Downs. When I was in Brisbane in the beginning of August I was told by one of the great squatters of the district which I intended to visit that if I would come up about the second week in September I should see the Downs in all their glory,—vast expanses of verdant plain, waving with grass, and greener than fields in England in the month of May. In regard to date I obeyed my friend to the letter, leaving Brisbane on the 4th of September, and returning to it on the 21st. But, alas, my friend had made his promise without remembering how fickle on occasions are the winds which bring, or the winds which withhold, rain from the Australian plains. Rain was due, and my friend had counted on genial showers. But not a drop had fallen. When I was in the neighbourhood of Rockhampton, sheep and cattle were dying from want of water and want of grass.

I was told then that not a drop had fallen for six months. Not a drop had fallen when I started to the Downs and not a drop had fallen when I left them. I saw the plains, but I saw them either black with fire,—for it is the custom there to burn off the old dry withered grass which the sheep will not eat in order that the young shoots may have room to spring,—either black with fire or brown with droughts. The roots stood apart, stiff, rough, and unappetizing to any sheep,—showing the bare black soil between the intervals, showing here and there broad fissures, thirsty, gaping, and ugly. It seemed to me to be a miracle that any sheep could live so pastured. The name of "Darling Downs" is given to this district because it differs from the great majority of the area occupied by Australian squatters in this,—that the land is open instead of being covered by wood. It consists of vast level plains more like the prairies of Illinois than any other region I have seen,—though very much less in extent than the prairies. Even on the Darling Downs one gets almost beyond the sight of trees; whereas the squatter generally lives "in the bush," as the phrase goes, and pastures his sheep among thick woodlands.

I went by coach to the town of Ipswich, and stayed there a day, seeing with due diligence all the institutions of the place. There was a handsome school for the sons of men of the better class, towards the expense of which £1,000 per annum is defrayed from the general taxes of the country. Of this I could not approve, remembering all I had heard at Rockhampton of the wrong appliance by those southern aristocrats of the money levied from the colony at large. There is a similar school similarly assisted at Brisbane,—and this was the excuse for the grant made at Ipswich. But Brisbane and Ipswich are but twenty-four miles apart, and are both in the favoured

south. The argument thence to be deduced for separation seemed to be strong,—but I could not get one of the three or four gentlemen who were with me to agree with me. Then there was the post-office, and a public room for purposes of amusement and instruction which did not seem to be much used, two or three mercantile establishments, and the usual assortment of rectangular streets which no doubt is convenient, but which seems to forbid any new town to be picturesque. But the great glory of Ipswich is the fact that it returns three members to parliament. It has a population of about five thousand persons. Rockhampton with about the same number returns one member. This appeared to be another argument for separation. But I was assured that as Brisbane had four members,—or in reality five, for its suburb of Fortitude Valley returns a member,—it was indispensable that Ipswich should have at least three. The two favoured towns, with a joint population of eighteen thousand, return exactly a quarter of the members sent to parliament by the entire colony, with a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. This also seemed to tend the same way.

From Ipswich I rode across Cunningham Gap, through the range of hills which runs down the whole eastern coast of Australia, dividing the narrow eastern strip of the continent from the wide plains of the interior, staying a night at a station on each foot of the mountains. I am inclined to think that this was the prettiest scenery that I saw in Queensland. The two houses were beautifully situated, and the ride between them was magnificent. In going over the Gap itself we were obliged to dismount and climb; but the climbing was by no means Alpine in its nature,—as will be understood when I say that we drove our horses before us. Any one who may visit

Queensland as a tourist should certainly pass through Cunningham Gap.

At one of these stations a story was told me by a lady which may serve to exemplify the trouble arising to squatters from the unfortunate aboriginals. She was on another station, belonging to her husband, in one of the back districts, and her husband was away. The only man about the place was a coolie cook, and this man was not very manly. She had babies,—or a baby, and a nurse, and so forth. And things being in this condition, a black man made his way into the lady's kitchen and there took up his quarters. She asked him to go, but he declined to go, and there he remained,—I forget whether it was one or two nights. He committed no great violence, but grinned, and demanded food, and gradually made himself very much at home. "What on earth did you do?" I asked. "My husband had a revolver," she said, "and I walked up to him with it and pointed it at him." "Well, and what then?" "I did it two or three times, and he didn't seem to mind it much." "And what next?" "I couldn't bring myself to shoot him, you know," she said. I quite sympathized with her there, remarking that it would be difficult to shoot a man who only grinned and asked for food. I went on to ask again what she did do;—for an aboriginal who gets with ease all that he demands is likely in the end to ask for a good deal, and it may be a question whether, after all, the shooting him might not be the least of the possible evils. "I remembered," she said, "that my husband had a sword-stick. I went and got that, and drew it out before him. When he retreated I ran on at him and pricked him. He did not like it at all, so I pricked him again. When I pricked him the third time he ran away and never came back any more." It was a happy and in some sort a glorious

termination;—but then the lady might have had no sword-stick at her command, or might have lacked the courage to make upon a savage an attack so merciful and yet so persistent.

I was hardly yet upon the Downs, and at these stations under the mountains did not find things all black and brown as I did when I reached the plains, but even here there was a cry for rain, and a feeling that unless rain came soon squatting affairs would begin to "look blue."

Thence I went to the little town of Warwick, which in that part of the world is held to be the perfection of a town. "You will think Warwick very pretty," everybody said to me. I did not think Warwick at all pretty. It is unfinished, parallelogrammic, and monotonous; and the mountains are just too far from it to give it any attraction,—as is also the sluggish Condamine River. It is not so rugged as are many of the towns. And, though here as in other colonial towns the houses are intermittent and every other lot apparently vacant, there has been an eye to decency. But when I am told that such a place is pretty, I do not know what the speaker means. That it should be clean is creditable; that it should be progressive is satisfactory;—but that it should be ugly is a necessity of its condition. I found Warwick to be clean, and I believe it to be prosperous;—and, which was very much to my purpose, I found in it an excellent inn, kept by one Bugden. And I found there Chang, the great Chinese giant, about to show himself at 2*s.* a head on the evening of my arrival. But I had not come from London to Warwick to see Chang, and I neglected an opportunity which, perhaps, may never occur to me again.

From Warwick I got by railway to the first of the

great Darling Down stations, which I visited, and from thence went on across country from one to another till I had visited some six or seven of those which are the largest and the most renowned. It is not my purpose to give any description of each, as I could hardly do so without personal references which are always distasteful when hospitality has been given and taken. To say that Mr. Smith's house is well-built or his wife agreeable is almost as great a sin as to declare that Mr. Jones's wine was bad or his daughter ugly. At all these houses I found a plentiful easy life, full of material comfort, informal, abundant, careless, and most unlike life in England. There were two great faults, namely these,—that a man was expected to eat two dinners every day, and that no credence could be given when any hour was named for any future event. Breakfast at eight would simply mean to the stranger, after some short experience, that the meal would be ready some time after nine. A start promised for ten is thought to be made very punctually if effected at eleven. As regards the evening meal, the second dinner, there is no pretence of any solicitude as to time. There is nothing to be done after it, and therefore what can it matter! This second dinner differs from the first only in this,—that there is always tea on the table. There is often tea also in the middle of the day. But the generous liver need on that account have no fear at all that he will be debarred from other beverages. In the squatter's house there is always brandy and water within reach, and the teapot, after breakfast, never appears without being flanked by the decanter. The products of the colonies are always dear to the colonial mind, and sometimes praise is expected for colonial wine which a prejudiced old Englishman feels that he can hardly give

with truth. I have also been frowned upon by bright eyes because I could not eat stewed wallabi. Now the wallabi is a little kangaroo, and to my taste is not nice to eat even when stewed to the utmost with wine and spices.

I may, perhaps, take this opportunity of saying one word as to colonial character which must be in the nature of censure,—though of censure of the mildest form. And I beg my friends on the Darling Downs, should this book ever reach so far, to understand that the reference is not made to them, but is altogether general in its nature. Colonists are usually fond of their adopted homes,—but are at the same time pervaded by a certain sense of inferiority which is for the most part very unnecessary. But it exists. Men and women will apologize because they cannot do this or that as it is done in England. But this very feeling produces a reaction which shows itself in boasting of what they can do. And soon the boast becomes much louder than the apology,—and very much more general. It arises, however, as does all boasting, from a certain dread of inferiority. In the Australian colonies it has become so common, that the salutary fear of being supposed to boast does not produce that reticence as to self which is considered to be good manners at home. You are told constantly that colonial meat and colonial wine, colonial fruit and colonial flour, colonial horses and colonial sport, are better than any meat, wine, fruit, flour, horses, or sport to be found elsewhere. And this habit spreads from things national to things personal; and men boast of their sheep, their cattle, and their stations;—of their riding, their driving, and their prowess. When one man asserts that he has shot a hundred and fifty wild horses in a day, it is natural that another man

should have shot two hundred. And so the thing grows, and means perhaps not a great deal. The colonists themselves have a term for it, and call it—"blowing." I met a gentleman who had once shot a bushranger. He had not been in my company five minutes before he had told me,—nor an hour without his mentioning it half-a-dozen times. He always "blows" about that, said a friend who was with me;—and those who heard him thought no more of it than if he bit his nails, or had a trick of stroking his beard. That gentleman always "blew." Now if I was sending a young man to the Australian colonies the last word of advice I should give him would be against this practice. "Dont blow," —I should say to him.

It was a very pleasant life that I led at these stations. I like tobacco and brandy and water, with an easy-chair out on a verandah, and my slippers on my feet. And I like men who are energetic and stand up for themselves and their own properties. I like having horses to ride and kangaroos to hunt, and sheep become quite a fascination to me as a subject of conversation. And I liked that roaming from one house to another,—with a perfect conviction that five minutes would make me intimate with the next batch of strangers. Men are never ashamed of their poverty; nor are they often proud of their wealth. In all country life in Australia there is an absence of any ostentation or striving after effect,—which is delightful. Such as their life is, the squatters share it with you, giving you, as is fitting for a stranger, the best they have to give. Upon the Darling Downs the stations are large and the accommodation plentiful; but I have been on many sheep-runs which were not so well found, – at which bedrooms were scarce, and things altogether were less well arranged.

But there is never any shame as to the inferiority, never any pretence at superiority. What there is, is at your service. If there be not a whole bedroom for you, there is half a bedroom. If there be not wine, there is brandy or rum;—if no other meat, there is at least mutton. If the house be full, some young man can turn out and go to the barracks, or sleep on the verandah. If all the young men have been turned out the old men can follow them. It is a rule of life on a sheep-run that the station is never so full that another guest need be turned away.

These houses,—stations as they are called,—are built after a very simple and appropriate fashion. There is not often any upper storey. Every room is on the ground floor. There is always a verandah, running the length of the house, and not unfrequently continued round the ends. The rooms all open out upon the verandah, and generally have no communication with each other. The kitchen is invariably a separate building, usually attached to the house by a covered way. When first building his residence the squatter probably has had need for but small accommodation, and has constructed his house with perhaps three rooms. Children have come, and guests, and increased demands, and increased house-room has been wanted. Another little house has therefore been joined on to the first, and then perhaps a third added. I have seen an establishment consisting of seven such little houses. Many hours are passed in the verandah, in which old people sit in easy-chairs and young men lie about, seeming to find the boards soft enough for luxurious ease. Attached to the station there is always a second home called the barracks, or the cottage, in which the young men have their rooms. There are frequently one or two such young

men attached to a sheep-station, either learning their business or earning salaries as superintendents. According to the terms of intimacy existing, or to the arrangements made, these men live with the squatter's family or have a separate table of their own. They live a life of plenty, freedom, and hard work, but one which is not surrounded by the comforts which young men require at home. Two or three share the same room, and the washing apparatus is chiefly supplied by the neighbouring creek. Tubs are scarce among them, but bathing is almost a rule of life. They are up and generally on horseback by daylight, and spend their time in riding about after sheep. The general idyllic idea of Arcadian shepherd-life, which teaches us to believe that Tityrus lies under a beech-tree most of his hours, playing on his reed and "spooning" Phyllis, is very unlike the truth in Australian pastures. Corin is nearer the mark when he tells Touchstone of his greasy hands. It is a life, even for the upper shepherd of gentle birth and sufficient means, of unremitting labour amidst dust and grease, amidst fleeces and carcasses. The working squatter, or the squatter's working assistant, must be a man capable of ignoring the delicacies of a soft way of living. He must endure clouds of dust, and be not averse to touch tar and oil, wool and skins. He should be able to catch a sheep and handle him almost as a nurse does a baby. He should learn to kill a sheep, and wash a sheep, and shear a sheep. He should tell a sheep's age by his mouth,—almost by his look. He should know his breeding, and the quality of his wool. He should be able to muster sheep,—collect them in together from the vast pastures on which they feed, and above all he should be able to count them. He must be handy with horses,—doing anything which

has to be done for himself. He must catch his own horse,—for the horses live on grass, turned out in paddocks,—and saddle him. The animal probably is never shod, never groomed, and is ignorant of corn. And the young man must be able to sit his horse,—which perhaps is more than most young men could do in England, for it may be that the sportive beast will buck with the young man, jumping up into the air with his head between his legs, giving his rider as he does so such a blow by the contraction of his loins as will make any but an Australian young man sore all over for a week, even if he be not made sore for a much longer time by being sent far over the brute's head. This young man on a station must have many accomplishments, much knowledge, great capability; and in return for these things he gets his rations, and perhaps £100 per annum, perhaps £50, and perhaps nothing. But he lives a free, pleasant life in the open air. He has the scolding of many men, which is always pleasant; and nobody scolds him, which is pleasanter. He has plenty, and no care about it. He is never driven to calculate whether he can afford himself a dinner,—as is often done by many young men at home who have dress coats to wear and polished leather boots for happy occasions. He has always a horse to ride, or two or three, if he needs them. His salary is small, but he has nothing to buy,—except moleskin trousers and flannel shirts. He lives in the open air, has a good digestion, and sleeps the sleep of the just. After a time he probably works himself up into some partnership,—and has always before him the hope that the day will come in which he too will be a master squatter.

A sheep has to be born, and washed, and shorn,—the three great operations of a squatter's life consisting

in the lambing, washing, and shearing of his flocks. On the Darling Downs in Queensland the lambs are dropped in August and September. Washing commences in September, and the shearing is over not much before Christmas. I was astonished to find that the practice in regard to washing and shearing varied very much at different stations, and that very strong opinions were held by the advocates of this or that system;—so that the science of getting wool off the sheep's back in the best condition must be regarded as being even yet in its infancy. Many declare that sheep should not be washed at all, and that the wool should be shorn "in the grease." My opinion will not, I fear, be valued much by the great Queensland squatters, but, such as it is, it goes with the non-washers. Presuming that my own outside garniture required to be cleansed, I should not like to have it done on my back;—and if I knew that it was to be taken off immediately after the operation, I should think that to be an additional reason for deferring the washing process. There are various modes of washing,—but on the stations which I saw on the Darling Downs the sheep were all "spouted." I will endeavour to explain to the ordinary non-pastoral reader this system of spouting, premising that perhaps some 200,000 sheep have to undergo the process on one station, and at the same set of spouts.

But before we get to the spouting there is a preliminary washing to be undergone, and as to that also there are fierce contests. Shall this preliminary washing be performed with warm or with cold water? And then again there is, so to say, an anti-preliminary washing in vogue, which some call "raining." If I remember rightly sheep were "rained on" in Queensland only at those stations in which warm water was in demand. The

sheep by thirties and forties were driven into long narrow pens, over which pipes were supported, pierced with holes from end to end. Into these pipes water is forced by a steam-engine, and pours itself right and left, in the guise of rain, over the sheep below. In this way the wool is gently saturated with moisture, and then the sheep are driven out of the pens into long open tanks filled with water, just lukewarm. Here they are soaked for a few minutes,—and this practice is matter for fierce debate among squatters. I have heard a squatter declare with vehement gesture that he hoped every squatter would be ruined who was mad enough to use warm water at his washpool. I have heard others declare with equal vehemence that no wool could be really clean which had not been subjected to the process. For myself, I am dead against washing altogether; but if sheep are to be washed then I am dead against warm water. The sheep becomes cold after it and chill during the three or four days necessary for drying, and in that condition of the animal the yolk which is necessary to the excellence of the wool does not rise, and the fleece when taken off, though cleaner than it would otherwise have been, is less rich in its quality and less strong in its fibre.

But whether out of tanks with warm water or tanks with cold water, the sheep are passed on, one by one, into the hands of the men at the spouts. At one washpool I saw fourteen spouts at work, with two men at each spout. These twenty-eight men are quite amphibious for the time, standing up to their middles in a race of running water. But this race is not a natural stream. High over their heads are huge iron cisterns which are continually filled by a steam pump, and which empty themselves by spouts from the bottom, through

which the water comes with great force,—a force which can of course be moderated by the weight of water thrown in. The water is kept at a certain height according to the force wanted, and falls with the required weight, in obedience to the law of gravitation, on a board between the two rough water-spirits below. Now the tanks, of which I have spoken, are high above the water-spirits, and the sheep are brought out from them on to a small intermediate pen or platform, from which they are dropped one by one down a steep inclined trap,—each sheep by a separate trap,—into the very hands of the washers. The fall may be about twelve or fifteen feet. Then the animal undergoes the real work of washing,—the bad quarter of an hour of his life. He is turned backwards and forwards under the spout with great violence,—for great violence is necessary,—till the fury of the water shall have driven the dirt from his fleece. The bad quarter of an hour lasts, at some washpools, half a minute,—at others as long as a minute and a half; and I think I am justified in saying that the sheep does not like it. He goes out of the spouter's hands, not into the water, but on to steep boards, arranged so as to give him every facility for travelling up to the pen which is to receive him. But I have seen sheep so weak with what they have endured as to be unable to raise themselves on to their feet. Indeed at some washpools such was the normal condition of the sheep when they came from the spouts. It is impossible that there should not be rough handling. That, and the weight of the water together, prostrates them. This is so much the case that no squatter dares to wash his rams,—the pride of his flock,—for fear of injuring them. But, as a rule, sheep are washed in Queensland, and this is the fashion of their washing.

There are many arguments in favour of washing sheep, of which no doubt the strongest is the fact that sheep have been washed before shearing time out of mind. Damætas tells us, that, when the proper time shall come round, he means to wash all his with his own hand. Then there is this other reason,—no doubt very strong,—that the dirt on a sheep's back weighs nearly as much as the wool itself, and that, as things are at present arranged, all that dirt must be sent home to England along with the wool, unless the squatter can rid himself of it while the fleece is still on the sheep's back. Washed wool from a flock of sheep will on an average be about forty-five per cent. lighter than wool unwashed,—"greasy wool," as it is always called. As this dirt can be of no use in England, surely it must be unprofitable to send it from a station perhaps three hundred miles from the coast down to Brisbane, and thence round the world to Liverpool at a high rate of freight! But the one question for the squatter to decide is simply this,—which will pay best. Washing is very expensive, and the injury done to sheep by the process is considerable. Two or three in a thousand are probably drowned. And then, when all is done, the wool must in fact be re-washed,—and is re-cleansed after some more perfect fashion at home in England. My own idea is that the final operation of scouring and sorting, which must I believe go together, may be done as well at the large Australian towns,—at Brisbane or Sydney, Melbourne or Adelaide, — as in England; and that, in this way, the dirt need not be carried at any rate further than the port. I believe that were the bulk of the colonial produce in wool sent to the ports unwashed, the one work of scouring and sorting would soon be accomplished there by skilled labour, and that

the squatter would in the end receive the benefit of the saving effected by a single instead of a double cleansing of his product.

In Queensland the washpool, as at present arranged, is the squatter's great hobby, and next to it his wool-shed. They are generally at some distance from each other,—perhaps seven or eight miles,—for the sheep must have time to dry, and it is well that they should travel a little over the pastures, feeding as they go, as being less likely to become again dirty with their own dust, as they would do if they were left together in large numbers. They are mustered and kept apart with infinite care, as ewes with their lambs must not be shorn with hoggetts, or hoggetts with old wethers. And there are sheep of different breeding and various qualities of wool which must not be mixed. In different flocks the sheep make their way from the washpool to the wool-shed, and then are shorn on about the fourth day. It is essentially necessary that they should be dry, so that rain during the double process is very detrimental to the squatter.

The wool-shed is a large building open on every side, with a high-pitched roof,—all made of wood and very rough. The sheep are driven in either at one end or both, or at three sides, according to the size of the station and the number of sheep to be shorn. They are then assorted into pens, from which the shearers take them on to the board;—two, three, or four shearers selecting their sheep from each pen. The floor, on which the shearers absolutely work, is called "the board." I have seen as few as four or five shearing together, and I have seen as many as seventy-six. I have watched a shearer take the wool off his sheep in five minutes, and I have seen a man occupied nearly fifteen in the

same operation. As they are paid by the score or by the hundred, and not by the day, the great object is to shear as many as possible. I have known a man to shear ninety-five in a day. I have heard of a man shearing one hundred and twenty. From sixty to seventy may be taken as a fair day's work. But as rapidity of work is so greatly to the workman's interest, and as too rapid a hand either leaves the wool on the sheep's back or else cuts skin and fleece together, there is often a diversity of opinion between the squatter and the shearer. "Shear as quick as you can," says the squatter, who is very anxious to get his work out of hand;—"but let me have all my wool,—and let it not be cut mincemeat-fashion, but with its full length of staple;—and above all do not mutilate and mangle my poor sheep." But the poor sheep are mutilated and mangled by many a sore wound, and from side to side about the shed the visitor hears the sound of "Tar." When a sheep has been wounded the shearer calls for tar, and a boy with a tar-pot rushes up and daubs the gory wound. Each shearer has an outside pen of his own to which the sheep when shorn is demitted, and so the tally is kept.

The shearer does nothing but shear. When one sheep has left his hand he seizes at once another, being very careful to select that which will be easiest shorn. The fleece, when once separated from the animal's back, is no longer a care to him. Some subordinate picks it up and makes away with it, when folded, to the sorter's table. The sorter is a man of mark, and should be a man of skill, who gives himself airs and looks grand. It is his business to allot the wool to its proper sphere,—combing or clothing, first combing or second combing, first clothing or second clothing, broken wool, greasy,

ram's-wool, hoggett's-wool, lamb's-wool, and the like. He stands immovable, and does his work with a touch, while ministers surround him, unfolding and folding, and carrying the assorted fleeces to their proper bins. But I am told that in England very little is thought of this primary sorting, and that all wools are re-sorted as they are scoured. The squatter, however, says that unless he sorted his wool in his own shed he could not realise a good price for a good article.

Then when the wool is sorted it is pressed. Every wool-shed has its press, in which the bales are made into the shape that is familiar to the English eye. The average bale contains about 400 lb., and these are sent away on bullock-drags,—waggons with ten, twelve, or fourteen bullocks, down over bush roads, hundreds of miles, to the seaport at which they are shipped. It is a moot question whether the squatter should sell in the colony or in London. If prices be low, he had better probably send his produce home. If they be high, he had better take the ball at the hop, and realise his money in the colony.

I have said something before of the men employed at these stations. The ordinary hands,—those kept during the whole year,—are not many, and of them I may speak again in what words I shall have to say on the smaller stations in New South Wales. But the great work of the year on a large run with 200,000 sheep, or perhaps even a larger number,—the work of washing and shearing,—demands a crowd of workmen. I found considerably above a hundred employed by one master. That which strikes an Englishman most forcibly with regard to these men is, that the squatter is called upon to feed them all. Rations are given out for them in certain measured quantities. These rations vary somewhat, but

in Queensland they were generally as follows. For each man per week:—

Meat	14lb.
Flour	8lb.
Sugar	2lb.
Tea	¼lb.

For the ordinary work of the year the squatter gives the rations as part of the allotted wages. Shearers, however, are charged for all that is furnished to them. The squatters provide everything that the men require,—except drink, of which it is expected that there shall be literally none used while the shearing is in progress. The squatter keeps in his store tobacco, currants, pickles, jam, boots, shirts, moleskin trousers, shears, coffee,—and various condiments. These are supplied to the men at prices fixed by the squatter,—and so fixed as generally to leave some little profit. Were it not so, there would be a certain loss. But under this system the squatter becomes a shopkeeper, with a monopoly of supply to certain persons,—and no doubt unfairly high prices may sometimes be charged.

For shearing on the Darling Downs the usual rate is 3*s.* 4*d.* a score. If a man shear seventy sheep, which is no extraordinary number, he will earn 11*s.* 8*d.* a day. But it may be that the shearing will be stopped by wet weather, and then he must remain idle. He is bound by a contract, very strongly worded in the employer's favour, to remain till the shearing be done;—and is very much at the mercy of the squatter. He can be dismissed at a word if the squatter or his superintendent disapprove of his style of shearing, and is subject to certain fines. Rules are fixed up on the shed which he must obey,—and if he rebel, he is sent at once from the shed. I have told in a previous chapter how one poor man revenged himself by means of his poetical genius.

It is not often, however, that differences arise. The squatter is very anxious to have his sheep shorn, and remembers the old proverb which tells him that the —— he knows is better than the —— he don't know. I was surprised to find what bad shearing was endured,—bad shearing induced not by want of skill or idleness, but by the rapidity which task-work is sure to produce. The sheep were cut horribly,—as I thought;—and but little was said.

The shearers find their own cook, and pay him *2s. 6d.* a week each. So that, with fifty, sixty, or seventy shearers, the cook would seem to have a good place. But with such a number there must be assistant cooks, —found by the master cook; and the men are both particular and impatient. They want hot coffee very early, hot meat for breakfast, messes with vegetables for dinner, hot meat for supper;—and are imperative as to hot plum-buns with their tea. Plums and currants seem to be essential to shearing.

Drink is the great crime;—but I am bound to say that, as far as my observation goes, shearers are not great criminals while at their work. It is expected that they shall drink nothing from the beginning to the end of shearing. Any man known to bring spirits to the station is at once dismissed,—and a man who wanders away to some distant public-house, even when his work for the day is done, is supposed to disobey orders. In England we give men beer at their work, and make no inquiry as to their doings after the close of their labour, —being contented that they shall come to their work sober enough to perform it. On sheep-stations, at shearing time, to drink is not only to sin,—but to commit the one sin that cannot be forgiven. If they do drink, they drink spirits. Beer has not as yet become the beverage

of the country;—nor wine, as I trust it will do before long.

The washers receive wages at different rates at different stations. I may perhaps say that *3s. 9d.* a day is the average payment for men out of the water, and *4s. 9d.* for men in the water. These men have, in addition to this, the rations above named, without payment. I believe that the man's food,—the food that is given to him free,—costs the squatter about *5s. 6d.* a week, so that a washer will earn about £1 *14s.* a week. The washer's food is cooked for him by the squatter.

The men are provided with huts or barracks in which they sleep. These are fitted up with bunks,—but each man brings his own blankets. A shearer will often take away from £25 to £30 as his wages after shearing, and a washer as much as £15. But then, alas, comes the time for drinking! Of this I shall say a word or two in another chapter.

I spent a very pleasant time on the Darling Downs, —perhaps the more so because the rigid rule which prevailed in the wool-shed and at the washpool in regard to alcohol was not held to be imperative at the squatters' houses. I could hardly understand how a hospitable gentleman could press me to fill my glass again,—as hospitable gentlemen did do very often,—while he dilated on the wickedness of a shearer who should venture to think of a glass of rum. I took it all in good part, and preached no sermons on that subject. I had some very good kangaroo hunting,—and was surprised to find how well horses could carry me which went out every day, eat nothing but grass, and had no shoes on their feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sugar. Labour from the South Sea Islands.

Wool is no doubt the staple produce of Queensland, as it is of the other colonies; but in Queensland, next to wool, sugar has lately become the most important article. It has been found that much of the soil is fitted for the growth of the sugar-cane, and that in many districts the climate is equally favourable. The best sugar district is about Port Mackay, north of Rockhampton, which I did not visit. But the growth of the cane, which is a purely agricultural employment, has hitherto, all the world over, been joined with the two manufacturing trades of making sugar and distilling rum. In Cuba, in British Guiana, in the West Indies, and, I believe, also in the Mauritius, sugar and rum are always made by the planter. At first it seemed to be necessary that this should be done also in Queensland, and therefore the growth of cane was impeded by the necessity of a large capital,—or of a crushing debt. Gradually the old idea on this subject is vanishing, and small men,—free-selecters and others,—are growing cane for sale to the owners of the mills. Their future success or failure is a question altogether of labour,—and it is one which is now trembling in uncertainty. Queensland at present is supplying itself with labour from the South Sea Islands, and the men employed are called Polynesians, or Canakers, or Islanders; but it may be a question whether Queensland will be allowed to do so long. The philanthropists are hard at work to hinder them,—working as they always do with the best intentions, working as they so often do in much ignorance.

I may as well go into the question of South Sea Island labour at once,—premising, if I may be allowed

to do so, that some years since I ventured to express an opinion, exactly similar to that I now entertain, in reference to the employment of coolie labour for the growth of sugar in Demerara and Trinidad,—which colonies I found on the road to renewed success through the instrumentality of a body of imported workmen, who were treated with uniform kindness and care. Then as now there was a fear in England that these foreigners in a new country would become slaves under new bonds, and that a state of things would be produced,—less horrible indeed than the slavery of the negroes who were brought into the West Indies by the Spaniards,—but equally unjust and equally opposed to the rights and interests of the men concerned. And it was alleged then that benevolence and good intention on the part of those who might first institute such an immigration of foreign labourers, would not suffice to protect a crowd of poor ignorant strangers from the natural greed of the employer,—who would carry on his operations far from strict control, far from the eyes of England, altogether out of sight of Exeter Hall. They, who so argued, did not fail to remember the benevolence, humanity, and thorough Christian kindness of the man who was in the first instance responsible for the exportation of the negroes from Africa to the West. Las Casas had desired to save the poor Indian from some of the horrors of his hated toil, and had therefore brought the negro to the West Indies. But the semi-divine Las Casas,—not all divine, but blind as are men in general to future events, —created that slavery in the West which has been its great disgrace, and which the humanity of mankind has not yet wholly succeeded in abolishing. Is it not, therefore, incumbent on philanthropy in the present age to see that no new form of serfdom be introduced,—at any

rate on soil owned by the British Crown,—and to guard with all the eyes of Argus any approaches to the abomination of slavery! That is the argument from the philanthropical side, stated, I trust, fairly,—and that argument I do not pretend to combat. Let us have no slavery in God's name. Be careful. Guard the approaches. Defend the defenceless. Protect the poor ignorant dusky foreigner from the possible rapacity of the sugar-planter. But in doing this, know at any rate what you are doing, and be not led away by a rampant enthusiasm to do evil to all parties. Remember the bear who knocked out his friend's brains with the brickbat when he strove to save him from the fly. An ill-conducted enthusiasm may not only debar Queensland from the labour which she requires, but debar also these poor savages from their best and nearest civilisation. Let philanthropists at any rate look into the matter somewhat closely before they make heavy charges against the Queensland government and the Queensland sugar-growers because they employ Islanders in the colony. If they be in earnest let them send over some one who may learn the truth for them,—some agent or messenger capable of finding out the truth and of telling them without prejudice what are the real facts of this trade.

When I was in Queensland I saw that the attention of the House of Commons at home was drawn to the matter, and that our own Colonial Secretary, if not frightened, was at any rate not quite assured on the subject. It is hard enough for a Colonial Secretary to get accurate information as to facts in a self-governing colony. He applies to the governor, and the governor applies to the executive officers,—and the executive officers in the colony are the very men of whose management or mismanagement in such an affair as this the

philanthropists at home stand especially in dread. But I observe that the Queensland prime minister, in concluding a report on the subject to the acting-governor of Queensland, on the 12th of April, 1871, makes to the home government the very suggestion which I have made to the philanthropists. "So much misapprehension," he says, "exists in England with reference to the introduction of these Islanders, that I would suggest to your Excellency the desirability of making such representations to the Secretary of State for the Colonies as would lead to the appointment by the Imperial government of a commission to examine into and report upon the whole subject." This was written in consequence of a representation made to the Colonial Office at home, by certain gentlemen of whom I intend to speak in no mocking sense when I call them philanthropists;—and was grounded on reports made either to them or in the public press by two gentlemen at Brisbane adverse to the system of Polynesian labour. It is not my business to answer these gentlemen, or to impugn their motives, though from personal inquiry I feel sure that their allegations were unfounded. But the philanthropists at home go on to cast a slur on a certain person, one Mr. Raff, the merchant to whom the Islanders were consigned,—and then make the following remark:—"That public opinion in the colony is not altogether favourable to this state of things is proved by the fact, that when a short time since the above-named Mr. George Raff offered himself as a candidate for the representation of East Moreton, a county close to Brisbane, he was defeated on the question of black labour by a large majority." These gentlemen are, I believe, strong Liberals. Some of them are my personal friends and I know them to be so. What would they say had it been argued a few years

back that the feeling of the country was then averse to the abolition of the Irish Church, because Mr. Gladstone was beaten by a large majority in Lancashire? We know that Mr. Gladstone was beaten on that very point; but we know also that the feeling of the country was strongly in favour of the abolition of the Established Church in Ireland. There is no merchant in Queensland more thoroughly respected than Mr. Raff. I saw the Islanders on his plantation, and never saw labourers further removed from the hardship of labour. These gentlemen go on to say that the Queensland ministry of the day was favourable to the trade. Did it not occur to them that as the ministry of the day in Queensland, as at home, is appointed in accordance with the sense of an elected house of parliament, that was a much stronger argument towards showing that the colony is "favourable to this state of things,"—than is their argument in the other direction?

I will now describe "the state of things," as clearly as I can, and will explain what I believe to be the cause of opposition to it in the colony. These Polynesians are brought into Queensland in vessels under government superintendence, and in conformity with an act of the Queensland parliament passed with the view of protecting them from the rapacity of merchants and the possible evil of kidnapping by British or colonial captains. There is also attached to every such vessel a government agent. The act of parliament was in full force when the representation was made to which I have alluded; but the appointment of a government agent was since introduced,—introduced for aught I know in consequence of the representation. The act, dated March 8th, 1868, is long and will hardly bear quotation; but all the clauses are arranged so as to protect the Polynesian labourer,—

to protect him specially in his act of emigration from home,—and to insure that justice shall be done to him on his arrival in Queensland. His clothes and diet aboard ship are prescribed, his clothes and diet during his sojourn with his master are fixed; his wages are fixed, and the means of return at the end of three years' work in the colony, without cost to himself, are insured to him. He is to have,—

DIET.

Beef or mutton	1 lb. daily
Bread or flour	1 lb. "
Molasses or sugar	5 oz. "
Vegetables or rice 4 oz., or maize meal 8 oz.	2 lb. "
Tobacco	1½ oz. weekly
Salt	2 oz. "
Soap	4 oz. "

CLOTHING.

Shirts	2 yearly
Trousers	2 "
Hat	1 "
Blankets (a pair)	1 "

And he is to be provided with residence and medical attendance. He can be transferred from one employer to another, but not without the sanction of the government. He cannot be moved out of the colony till the expiration of the three years without his own consent and that of the governor. He cannot be punished otherwise than by appeal to a magisterial bench,—in which case he would be dealt with as would be any other person accused of breaking the law. At the end of the three years he receives wages at the rate of £6 per annum;—or £18 in all. This must be paid to him in money, and this he invariably lays out in the purchase of articles which he takes back with him to the islands, —tools, calico, cloth, small pieces of furniture, boxes, ornaments, and the like. In considering the amount of money-wages the master will bear in mind that the man

has been fed, housed, and clothed, and that the wages represent his savings.

I have seen these men working under various masters and at various employments. No doubt their importance to Queensland mainly attaches to the growth and manufacture of sugar; but they are also engaged on wharves, about the towns, in meat-preserving establishments, in some instances as shepherds, and occasionally as domestic servants. I have told how I was rowed up the river Mary by a crew of these islanders. They are always clean, and bright, and pleasant to be seen. They work well, but they know their own position and importance. I never saw one ill-used. I never heard of any such ill-usage. The question to my mind is whether they are not fostered too closely,—wrapped up too warmly in the lambswool of government protection. Their dietary is one which an English rural labourer may well envy,—as he might also, if he knew it, the general immunity from the crushing cares of toil which these young savages enjoy.

But I am unaware that any serious complaint has been made either by the English philanthropists or by their informants, the colonists, as to the treatment which these men receive in Queensland. The charge is that they are kidnapped,—taken on board the vessels from the islands surreptitiously,—and that they are ill-treated on the journey; that the horrors of the middle passage,—as we used to call it when we spoke of the sufferings of the poor Africans,—are in some sort repeated. As regards the immigration into Queensland I believe the charge to be substantially without foundation. The vessels are worked under government surveillance, and every vessel employed in the trade is now accompanied by a government agent.

I annex, at the risk of being tedious, a copy of the instructions issued to these agents,—not asserting that such a document will find favour with the general reader, but anxious to make known to those who will interest themselves in the matter, the real facts of the case.

INSTRUCTIONS TO GOVERNMENT AGENTS APPOINTED TO ACCOMPANY VESSELS EMPLOYED IN CARRYING LABOURERS BETWEEN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS AND QUEENSLAND.

1. You are now furnished with particular instructions in reference to the duties which are required by the Government of Queensland from agents appointed for purposes in connection with Polynesian immigration.

2. You are especially to observe that the position in which you are placed as agent will render you responsible to the Queensland Government *alone*. In any instance where the master or officers of a vessel may interfere with you in the performance of your duty, while carrying out the instructions herein contained, it will be your duty to report the same to the Colonial Secretary.

3. The position occupied by you, as Government Agent, towards the master and officers and other servants of the owners of the vessel, is one which will require the exercise of much discretion. You will guard against any interference in the exercise of your duties. You will take care that no oppression or unkindness is practised towards the Polynesians placed under your protection, and that the requirements of the 16th and 17th sections of "The Polynesian Labourers Act of 1868," in reference to the number of passengers and the accommodation to be provided for them, are strictly carried out.

4. It will be your duty, during the voyage, to see that the full allowance of water and provisions is fairly and regularly served out, daily, to each adult, in the proportions required by the 19th and 20th sections of the Act, and that medicines are supplied when required.

5. On taking charge of labourers who are returning to their native islands, after the expiration of their term of service, you will be furnished with a list of their names, of their property, and of the islands to which they belong. You will muster the islanders on embarkation, and hand a certified list to the Immigration Agent or Assistant Immigration Agent, at the port of departure. You will be careful to see that the labourers are duly landed, with their property, at their respective islands, and you will furnish a certificate to that effect, with a copy of the list before-mentioned, to the Immigration Agent or Assistant Immigration Agent, on your return to Queensland, for the purpose of record in the Immigration Office.

6. On arrival at the islands, and whilst engaged in recruiting labourers, you will see that proper precaution is taken to prevent any wrong-doing, and that a friendly relation is maintained between the islanders and those on board the recruiting vessel.

7. No engagement is to be entered into with any Polynesian labourer except in your presence and with your sanction.

8. It will be your duty to explain to each labourer the conditions of the engagement, and to satisfy yourself that they are understood by him before you allow the engagement to be concluded.

9. You will be most careful in seeing that no coercion, undue influence, unfair play, false representation, or treachery of any kind, is employed in procuring labourers, and that perfect freedom of action is allowed to those open to engagement.

10. You will be required to make a careful inspection of all labourers previous

to their engagement, with a view to ascertain their condition of health. In all cases where the men are apparently suffering from diseases of the chest or lungs, or are either maimed, halt, blind, deaf, dumb, idiotic, insane, or infirm, no engagement is to be authorised by you.

11. On the engagement of the labourers, you will take care that the following articles of clothing are supplied to each on going on board ship:—one flannel shirt, one pair of trowsers, and one blanket.

12. You will be required to keep a log, in which daily occurrences as well as all observations that may be useful for the information of the Queensland Government, must be regularly entered. All cases of irregularity, or of interference with you in your duties, are also to be carefully recorded in the log, which must be delivered to the Immigration Agent, or Assistant Immigrant Agent, on your arrival at port.

13. All forms in connection with your duty as agent must be carefully filled up and ready for inspection when the ship arrives at port.

14. You will carefully consider and make yourself acquainted with all the provisions of "The Polynesian Labourers Act of 1868," a copy of which is furnished for your guidance.

15. In conclusion, you are directed to endeavour, while strictly enforcing compliance with these regulations, to exercise your authority with such discrimination and courtesy as may be suitable to the circumstances of the case. At the same time, it is essential that you should exercise that authority with the greatest firmness, not permitting any laxity in the observance of the rules laid down, but insisting upon their strictest observance.

The law as to the treatment of the men passed in 1868 is not changed by these instructions,—which were first issued I think in 1871; but the appointment of an agent to accompany the vessel is no doubt a salutary safeguard. I could not, however, learn that previous to this latter order islanders had been kidnapped for Queensland, though accusations to that effect are rife. The English philanthropists add to their memorial a postscript containing a statement from a gentleman at Melbourne that islanders have been kidnapped and taken to Fiji. I believe that this has been done;—but as neither the islands from which the Polynesian emigrants are brought, nor the Fiji Islands, are as yet even under British protectorate, neither Great Britain nor her colonies can be held to be responsible for the evil. The gentleman from Melbourne takes upon himself to say,—and what he says is quoted in this postscript,—that "the position which the British government has allowed itself to drift into, through the erroneous and mischievous

action taken in Queensland, is positively humiliating,"—and then conclude with some remark about "men calling themselves Englishmen." But Queensland has nothing to do with Fiji, and has taken no mischievous action,—but action which I maintain to be much the reverse of mischievous.* The British government has drifted nowhere, and men calling themselves Englishmen have had nothing to do with the matter. The words I have quoted would not be worth reprinting—would be mere buncombe,—were it not that they were adopted by a set of gentlemen in England who are entitled to all respect, and who called upon the Secretary of State for his interference, grounding their appeal upon these statements.

No doubt the entire colony of Queensland is not in favour of Polynesian labour. It may be, and probably

* In 1869 there arose a case, supposed at the time to be very prejudicial to Queensland, in regard to the "Daphne," a vessel which was about to proceed from the islands to Brisbane with a body of these men, under an American captain, but which was seized by Captain Palmer, R.N., of H.M.S. *Rosario*, and taken into Sydney. The captain of the "Daphne" was charged with kidnapping, but the magistrates of New South Wales would not commit him. The question of the seizure of the vessel was then tried in the Admiralty Court, before Sir A. Stephen, the Chief Justice, and judgment given in favour of the vessel. Captain Palmer then complained bitterly that justice had not been done. And yet the evidence given was all in favour of the captain of the "Daphne." I mention the case in order that I may quote the words of the Chief Justice, who, in consequence of the complaints of Captain Palmer, found himself called upon to write to Lord Belmore, the Governor of New South Wales, on the subject:—

"I have no doubt whatever that there have been instances (and in the course of years, many instances) of unscrupulous acts by the officers or the crews of Polynesian trading vessels; and I earnestly trust that ere long the assaulting of a Polynesian, and his detention against his will on board any such vessel, or in any of the Polynesian waters, may be made felony, and that the vessel itself may be subjected to forfeiture, or at least seizure, and the payment of all the costs of prosecution of the offender. But I protest against the system of exaggeration and wholesale denunciation in which so many of the missionaries and other good men have indulged, or to which they lend ready and credulous ears on the subject of Polynesian labour. And I regret deeply to find that Captain Palmer has been led by his excess of zeal and impulse to calumniate, as he has so unsparingly done, men whose feelings of humanity, and love of justice, and hatred of wrong, are quite as warm as his own."

This letter was dated 2nd September, 1871. It is for the sake of the protest against missionary exaggeration, coming from the pen of a man known to be wise, thoughtful, and philanthropic, that I ask the attention of my readers to the quotation.

has been the case, that Mr. Raff lost his seat for East Moreton by opposition raised on this ground. But that opposition did not spring from the causes which are at work with the English philanthropists. With them the sole object is to prevent a possible return to some form of slavery, and the ill-usage of a certain number of their fellow men. No one charges them with other motives, or believes them to be actuated by other than the purest feelings. But the motives and feelings which have produced the opposition to which they have adhered are other than theirs. Protection of white labour is the cause of that opposition to which Mr. Raff was indebted for the loss of his seat in the Queensland Assembly. In Queensland, as elsewhere throughout the world, the political questions which most strongly stir the minds of men are those which refer to the joint employment of labour and capital. The white man in Queensland who can now earn 15*s.* or 20*s.* a week and his food would like to earn 25*s.* or 30*s.*—in which desire all the world will sympathise with him. And he believes that his desire may be best accomplished by preventing the use of cheaper labour than his own. In this belief, and in the efforts to which it gives rise, the world will not sympathise with him. The belief is as erroneous as the efforts are vicious. It is in some sort a repetition of the infantine political economy which many years ago induced rural labourers in England to destroy thrashing machines and burn out the farmers who used them. It is not necessary for me now to adduce arguments to show that the greater the products of the colony the more general will be the aggregate prosperity of the colonists. The white labourer in Queensland, who is not a good political economist, does believe that cheaper labour than his own is injurious to himself, and there-

fore desires to keep the Polynesians away. He does not understand that the very business in which he is allowed to earn *4s.* or *4s. 6d.* a day would not exist,—could not be carried on,—without another class of labour at the rate of *2s.* or *1s. 6d.* a day. He therefore becomes quite as zealous in the cause as the philanthropist at home; but he in his zeal hates the shining Polynesian, whom he sees, with a warmth greater even than that which the philanthropist throws into his love for his unseen man and brother. There are a pair of hands, and a supple body, and a willing spirit, and a ready brain to be had for *2s.* a day,—underselling the white man's labour after a fashion most nefarious to the white labourer's imagination! How can this crushing evil be avoided? Are there no means by which good labour at *2s.* a day may be made impossible,—a thing not to be obtained in the colony of Queensland? Then the white labourer, with indistinct intelligence on the subject, hears something of his philanthropical friends at Exeter Hall, and begins to find that there may be common cause between them. White labour in the colony may be protected from Exeter Hall, though Exeter Hall itself has no such intention. The white labourer soon finds a go-between,—soon comes into communication with some gentleman, anxious for his vote, who can make statements to the philanthropists at home. Under such circumstances it will not be strange to the mind of the ordinary English politician that Mr. Raff should lose his seat in the Assembly,—especially when the ordinary politician remembers that almost every white labourer possesses a vote.

It may be taken for granted that the sole object in England on the part of those who object to the emigration of Polynesians to Queensland is to save the islanders from suffering and oppression. It is said of these island-

ers that as they cannot understand English,—and as they speak various languages among themselves, in regard to which it is impossible for us to send interpreters who shall understand them all,—therefore they cannot understand the contracts made with them. That they understand the verbal niceties of these contracts no one can imagine. Their contracts to them are very much the same as are our legal documents to most of us at home. We sign them, however, because from various concurrent causes, we believe them to be conducive to our advantage,—not because we understand them. We trust the person who asks for our signature; and, though we know that there is sometimes deceit and consequent misfortune, we believe that the chances are in our favour. Experience has taught us to trust. These islanders are in precisely the same condition. Those who go to Queensland for three years are sent back to these islands with their hands full, in good health, and with reports of a life far better than that which Providence has given them at home. It is on the reports of these men that new contracts are now made,—and it is by the experience thus gained that they who have served for one term of three years are induced to return for another term.

In 1867, when the late Lord Derby was in power, there was some correspondence between the Admiralty and the Colonial Office at home on this subject. "My lords," said some Admiralty secretary, "believe that these islanders are incapable of understanding the nature of a written contract with an employer, or that any of them would knowingly and willingly engage themselves to work far from their own country at all, or at any place near their own home, for more than a few months. My lords are also strongly impressed with the belief that whatever regulations may be made for the well-being and

liberty of these people on their being brought nominally within the reach of the laws and tribunals of Queensland, no proper and efficient control can ever be exercised over the manner in which these people are obtained and placed on board ship." Then my lords express their final resolution. "Entertaining these views my lords are unable to concur in any recommendation with regard to framing an act of the colonial legislature for the regulation of the introduction of these people into the colony."

There is not a word said here that might not be said with equal force as to the emigration of Irishmen under government surveillance from the British Isles to the British colonies,—except in this, that in regard to the poor Irishman there is seldom any contract insuring him work and food and wages immediately on his arrival. Were there any such contract he would not understand it a bit better than the islander,—who does in fact know very well what the contract insures him. Why should not government surveillance on a Queensland vessel prevent ill-usage, as does government surveillance on a ship sailing from Cork. With us also, at home, it has been necessary that such surveillance should exist. A certain dietary is prescribed; a certain number of cubic feet of space for every emigrant is made imperative; morals, health, and comfort have been taken in hand in the legislature,—because without such interference these things were but insufficiently regarded. So it has been in Queensland. The interference of our legislature was successful;—and why not the interference of the Queensland legislature? At any rate let us have some evidence that it has proved to be ineffectual, before we put forward our Secretaries of State to declare that it is impossible that such interference should avail, and that the

government of one of our colonies is either inefficient and impotent, or else fraudulent and false in its pretended action. I will here quote a few words from the judgment given by Chief Justice Stephen, of New South Wales, on the case of the Daphne, in November 1869, "In Queensland the legislature has commendably placed this kind of trading, as far as it within their jurisdiction, under very stringent regulations."

According to "my lords" these islanders will never willingly engage themselves to work away from home. As they have no work at home, my lords believe therefore that they will never engage themselves to work at all; or in other words that they are ineradicably savage, as is the poor Australian aboriginal,—our friend Boney, for instance, who so willingly went to prison when he lost his pouch and could not get a bit of tobacco. But the very reverse is the fact as regards them. Civilisation is within their reach,—in spite of their island homes, their dusky colour, their various languages, and old cannibal propensities,—because they will work, and are anxious to gather to themselves and to keep the fruits of their labour. They are unlike the Australian aboriginal,—or even the African negro, who is indifferent to the fruits of work as long as he can enjoy the present moment; but they are like the Chinese and the Indian coolies, who know the comforts conferred and the power given by accumulated possessions,—and who are therefore capable of receiving the blessings of civilisation.

Work with fair wages has done infinitely more to civilise, and even to christianise, the so-called savage races than has the energy of missionaries. Lessons in religion, even though they are accepted with gratitude and mastered with zeal, do not suffice to teach the practice of morality to men incapable of a desire of ac-

cumulating property by their own labour. The savage, who is inexorably savage, will sing psalms with almost an ecstasy of delight;—but he will steal and drink and revel in his favourite vices almost as he sings them. He will not join the psalm in any degree with the idea that the Power which he professes to praise should be obeyed. He does not put two and two together. He makes no attempt to see the reason of the thing. He never calculates, and therefore he will not work. But here is a race of men who do calculate, and who will work,—and who by work may be civilised. The Islanders who are brought to Queensland all return,—and not a man of them returns without taking with him lessons of civilisation. On the planters' grounds in Queensland they learn each other's languages, they have to live as white men live, they have to cook, to sow, to dig, to plant and hoe canes, to clothe themselves and to be proud of their clothes,—and they learn that continued work does produce accumulated property. These lessons they take back to the islands,—and then they send their friends and return themselves, and so they are gradually being brought within the pale of civilisation. But this is to be stopped, if the philanthropists be allowed to have their way, because there have been spread abroad stories that men have been kidnapped in the islands. "If not kindnapped for Queensland itself," say the philanthropists, "they have been kidnapped and taken to Tahiti, kidnapped and taken to Fiji. Let Queensland, even if she be pure herself, have nothing to do with a trade which may connect her, even though it may only be by idea, with the foul crime of man-stealing." Then they expatiate on the greed of merchants who want to make money out of the very bone and sinews of other men. To my intelligence, such as it is

there is no argument in all this. If good be done both to Queensland and to the islands by a system of emigration from the islands, it should not be stopped because evil is done by another system elsewhere. And as for that denunciation of the greed of merchants, it is worse than vain. To make money out of the bones and sinews of other men is the natural and serviceable desire of the employer of labour. I only wish that the English farmer could be constrained to treat his labourer, out of whose bones and sinews he makes money, with half the care that is used towards the happy Polynesian who is allowed to escape from the savage slavery of his island to the plenty and protected task-work of a Queensland sugar plantation.

I know that it will be thought by some of my readers that I hold a brief for the Queensland government and the Queensland sugar-grower. I know myself that I am warm in my dislike to the interference in the circulation of labour by uninformed philanthropists,—even though I know the philanthropists to be the very best of men,—and that that very warmth will be taken as evidence against me. I profess that I hold no brief;—that I am actuated solely by a desire to speak the truth as I think that I saw it. But I do not expect men at home to think as I think in this matter. I do not call upon them to see with my eyes. But I refer again to the words quoted before from a letter written by the Queensland minister, and no doubt sent home by the Queensland governor. Let some one, some one or two, be sent out to inquire into the matter,—men whose statements will be received in England with confidence,—so that it may be known whether the emigration from the islands be wholesome and civilising in its nature, or unwholesome, unchristian, and cruel. If it be the former, will it not be a pity that

the interest of a great colony should be sacrificed to a feeling which in that case, noble as is its nature, will have been founded on mis-statements and fed upon ignorance? And will it not be doubly a pity that against these poor islanders, who have shown themselves willing to work, should be closed the best market that has been opened to them for their labour?

Though the white man be jealous of cheap labour from the islands, hoeing canes within the tropics is not an employment which he likes for himself, and the best sugar ground of Queensland is north of the tropical line. Much sugar is grown south of the line, in the Maryborough district for instance, and in East Moreton,—from his seat for which county poor Mr. Raff was excluded, thereby affording so conclusive an argument to the gentlemen at home;—and sugar is grown also in certain districts in New South Wales. But if Australian sugar ever compete in the markets of the world with sugar from Demerara, Cuba, and Mauritius, it will be produced in North Queensland. Both soil and climate are propitious, and the district, though hot, is healthy. The best land in the best localities is already becoming scarce and dear;—for sugar can never be profitably grown without easy means of transit from the cane fields to the mill, and of sugar from the mill to the sea-port. The trade must be carried on along the coast and river banks, and up creeks, wide, and constant enough in their running to admit of some rough mode of water carriage. I believe that it is already becoming difficult to procure land fitly situated. But the failure or success of the business will, I think, depend altogether on the manner in which the question of labour shall be settled. If the South Sea Islanders be expelled, it is possible that Chinese or Indian coolies may take their

place. The exodus of the Chinese is probably as yet hardly more than commenced. But without imported labour I doubt whether Queensland sugar can be grown.

I found the cost to the sugar-planter of these Polynesians to be about £75 per head for the whole term of three years,—which was divided as follows:—

Journey out and back (which is always paid for by the employer of the man)	£15
Average cost of getting the man up to the station	3
Wages for three years	18
Rations (3s. 9d. a week, say for three years)	30
Blankets, clothes, &c.	6
For lost time by illness, &c. (say)	3
	£75

This amounts to nearly 10*s.* a week for the entire time. The average wages of a white man on a plantation may be taken at about 25*s.* a week, including rations. I was told by more than one sugar-grower that two islanders were worth three white men among the canes.

As yet the produce of the colony about supplies the colony. Some sugar is exported to New South Wales. Some sugar is imported from the Mauritius;—the exports and imports being about equal. The retail price is from 3½*d.* to 4½*d.* a pound according to quality. Should the trade go on and flourish it must be made prosperous by supplying markets beyond the bounds of Queensland, and to the Englishman who has not studied the colonies it would appear natural that the desired market should be found in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. The Englishman who has not studied the colonies can hardly bring himself to understand that Australia is not one whole,—that there is as much difficulty in commercial communication between Brisbane and Melbourne as there is between Liverpool and New York,—infinitely more than in that between London and

Havre. These colonies lay duties on each other at diverse rates. Tasmania charges 6*s.* a cwt. on imported raw sugar, Victoria 3*s.* a cwt. New South Wales 5*s.*, New Zealand 1*d.* a lb. or 9*s.* 4*d.* a cwt. So that sugar from Queensland has no preference in the other colonies over sugar from the Mauritius. Nor under the existing state of the British law as it affects the colonies could such preference be given. New South Wales, for instance, may decide for herself whether she will admit sugar free, or whether she will raise a custom duty upon its import; but she cannot take Queensland sugar free and refuse to take sugar free from other sugar-growing countries. As the colonies at present stand in reference to each other,—with the existing feeling of jealousy, and occasionally almost of hostility,—with a condition of things in which a minister in one colony speaks in his parliament of another as a "friendly colony," in the spirit in which our ministers at home call this or that nation a "friendly country," or an "allied country," laying stress on the alliance, when we know that we are on the brink of war with that country,—with these mutual rivalries and almost antipathies, this British law, tending as it does to the separation of Australian interests, has no very strong immediate effect. The colonies are determined to be separate. Australia is a term that finds no response in the patriotic feeling of any Australian. They are Victorians, or Queenslanders, or men of New South Wales; and each is not at present unwilling to have the pleasure of taxing the other. But this will come to an end sooner or later. The name of Australia will be dearer if not greater to Australian ears than the name of Great Britain, and then the produce of the land will pass free throughout the land.

CHAPTER IX.

Government.

THE system of government is very nearly the same in all the Australian colonies, though the system of politics in vogue may vary considerably. Protection at the present moment is rife in Victoria, but is not in favour in Queensland. In Queensland the interests of the squatters prevail; but in Victoria the squatters are not in the ascendant. In Queensland the ministers and people generally are inclined to be submissive to the Colonial Office at home, with an inclination to hang upon English advice, and to maintain English influences. In Victoria, on the other hand, the Colonial Office in Downing Street is not highly respected, and the politicians of the day are inclined to think that they can best "paddle their own canoe." These are political differences, depending on the leading men of the hour, and on the chance circumstances of the colony at the moment. But the forms of legislative and executive administration are nearly identical,—as much so, I think, as they are in the different States of the American Union.

Kings, Lords, and Commons, prevail in the colonies as they do at home,—with some variations. The governor enacts the office of king, but he does so with a political responsibility which does not attach to the throne with us. At home the royal veto has become obsolete. The sovereign and the ministry of the day must necessarily be in accord. If the ministers differ from parliament on any matter of moment, they go out of office, and another set of men comes in, supported by majorities. By such a system there can be no need of a veto,—as the parliament which submits its bills to the crown controls the ministers which advise the crown. But in a

colony, — even in a colony with representative institutions,—the working is different. The colonial ministers no doubt advise the governor in council; but he is subject to instructions from home. And the legislative powers of the colonies are limited in certain directions. No law is to be passed contrary to the spirit of the laws of England. The governor, therefore, does exercise a temporary veto not unfrequently,—submitting the matter home for decision. In Queensland not long since the ministers of the day proposed a law by which paper money would have become inconvertible, and would have been substituted for gold as the legal tender of the country. The governor refused his acquiescence, and was supported by the Colonial Office at home. In this way the colonies are preserved from crude legislation, which would be the certain and natural result of inexperience in statecraft. In saying this I by no means intend to cast a slur on colonial ministers, or to imply that inefficient men have been chosen for high offices. I certainly make no such charge in regard to Queensland. But it cannot be expected that a colony with a population of 120,000 souls should be able to produce a ministry skilled at all points in questions of government and finance. Among such a population the minister chosen will usually be a gentleman intent on his own profession, —whatever that may be; whose education and chances in life have made him a lawyer, a merchant, or a squatter. Such a man finds himself suddenly in parliament, and almost as suddenly a minister of state,—a colonial secretary or prime minister,—or perhaps a colonial treasurer or chancellor of the exchequer, — backed by a majority in parliament, and enabled therefore, as far as the colonial parliament is concerned, to carry his own measures. His inexperience is brought face to face with

the inexperience of a small chamber,—just as the experience of a minister with us is encountered by the experience of a very large chamber. Though the interests of the colony are comparatively small,—because the numbers are small,—the benefits or injuries which may be the result of good or bad legislation will be as great to the few, as they are to the many in crowded communities. It is by no means wonderful that it should appear expedient to six or seven gentlemen in Queensland that inconvertible paper should be the safest circulating medium for the colonists; but it would be highly prejudicial to the colony that such a question should be left to the unassisted wisdom of these six or seven gentlemen,—and perhaps altogether ruinous. It may be that each of these six or seven should be superior in all good gifts, in eloquence, patriotism, and natural sense, to any secretary of state at home. It is by no means to be supposed that a minister of state in England must be superior to a minister in Queensland, because the one is an Englishman and the other a colonist. But the concrete wisdom of thirty million people is greater than that of a hundred and twenty thousand, and the experience of ages of legislation is needed to control the newness and rawness of a parliament that has existed but for a few years.

This probably is the strongest existing reason for maintaining the present dependent condition of the Australian colonies. There are other reasons, all strong against immediate change;—the possible need of protection in case of attack, which protection we should give with more heartiness and certainty to a colony than to an ally;—the absence of any Australian feeling between the colonies of a nature strong enough to bind them into one whole;—the doubt which would be felt both at

home and in the colonies as to the form of government to be selected; the general dislike to a republic and the difficulties which stand in the way of the establishment of a monarchy,—all these objections are valid against that idea of immediate independence which is not without its supporters in England. But strongest among them all is the necessary inexperience of colonial statesmen. The need for guidance and control is that of the youth who is no longer a boy but is not as yet quite a man. He may be better educated than his father, of a higher intellect, of finer aspirations, giving promise of almost Darwinian improvement in his descent;—but he cannot be trusted to go quite alone till he has been taught by experience that paper, without gold to back it, will not long supply his necessities,—till he shall have learned that and other worldly lessons which will not come simply from high intellect and fine aspirations.

The governor, with his instructions from home, and his power of reserving new laws till they shall have been submitted to the judgment of the minister at home, enacts the part of king. He is assisted by an executive council of which he is the president, and which consists of his ministers. The premier is the vice-president, and has, I think, always in Queensland filled the office of colonial secretary. This council is the counterpart of our cabinet, —from which it differs simply in this, that the governor takes a part in its deliberations. It is, I presume, competent for the sovereign to do so at home. Some years since we learned that Prince Albert did attend cabinet councils on behalf of her Majesty. But it is supposed at home that no such duty is attached to the crown, and many think,—as many thought then,—that this practice was an innovation and dangerous. In the colonies it is a part of the governor's work, and it must therefore be

presumed that he expresses an opinion as to what shall or shall not be done. It must, however, be presumed also that his opinion has less weight than that of any of his cabinet.

In Queensland there are, as a rule, six executive ministers. During my visit to the colony there was a seventh member of the cabinet, who held, however, no office and received no salary. Of these six the Constitution requires that only one shall be in the upper chamber,—or legislative council. The other five are supposed to find seats for themselves in the lower house, or legislative assembly,—though there is nothing in the Constitution to make this imperative. There is a colonial secretary,—who seems to combine all duties which do not naturally fall to the lot of his brethren;—a colonial treasurer; a chancellor of the exchequer; a minister for works and gold-fields; a minister for lands; a postmaster-general; and an attorney-general. These gentlemen exercise the patronage of the colony among them, and are much belied if they do not regard that duty as being equal in importance to any that is confided to them. Patronage is indeed one of the greatest curses of the colonies. The public is never a very good paymaster. In no country are fortunes to be made in the public service,—unless such be done by the ministers of a despot. But there is always a craving for official salaries,—even though these salaries be hardly sufficient to give bread and meat. In the United States the public servants are among the most needy of the citizens. In Washington the clerks attached to the public offices can barely exist on their pay. But in the United States the demand for office is so great that expectant presidents are required to come to terms as to the manipulation of patronage before they are assured of the support of their

parties. I regret to say that the same greed for public place is growing up in the colonies,—even in a colony so new as Queensland. A minister must make sure of his seat, and constituents demand their share of the plunder,—as they do also not unfrequently elsewhere.

Our House of Lords is represented in the colonies by the legislative council, which consists of twenty-one members. These are nominated by the governor for life, the governor being of course subject in this matter to the advice of his ministers. The nomination therefore practically rests with the premier. With us at home there is a very general feeling that the power and influence of the House of Lords is on the wane in regard to political action. Our Lords can of course throw out bills, and they do throw out bills very often. But we have taught ourselves to believe that they should not throw out any bill as to which the country shows itself to be in earnest above three or four times at the furthest. They are presumed to be compressible after a certain amount of resistance, and are supposed to be allowed to hold their position by reason of their compressibility. The legislative council in an Australian parliament is intended to be endowed with similar privileges and similar feebleness. Their sittings are short and uninteresting, but the chamber in which they are held is imposing and comfortable. The copy of the home institution is very faithful,—with the exception of course of the hereditary element. As the members hold their seats for life, many of them are of course old, and as the age of the colony advances they will become older. Nothing can be more respectable and well-behaved than an Australian legislative council, and I believe that among legislative councils none is better behaved than that of Queensland. But the feebleness is there. It is at any rate supposed to be there.

When you are told that a gentleman has been nominated to the upper house, it is intended that you should understand that he has been laid honourably on the shelf. It is, however, competent to him to come down from the shelf and again to enter upon the arena of true political action,—a privilege which is altogether denied to members of the upper house with us.

The arena for political action is the legislative assembly, in which ministers with their friends sit on the right of the Speaker, and the opposition on the left, with a great table between them, and benches below the gangway,—just as we have it at home. When I was in Queensland the House consisted of thirty-two members, but it was then in contemplation to add twelve to the number. I had no opportunity of being present at a debate, as a general election was going on while I was in the colony, and the new House had not as yet sat when I left it. A majority of six was prepared to support the government,—which had, I was informed, dissolved the House with a majority of one. I read some past debates and was not astonished to find that considerable latitude was allowed in the use of vehement language. Such is always the case in a small chamber, in which the united common sense of the whole is not sufficiently extended to repress the temporary folly of one or two. Since I left Queensland a most discreditable scene has taken place in the House,—of such a nature that its repetition would be most injurious to the colony. One honourable member, in the heat of debate and after dinner, plucked another honourable member by the beard,—and then ran away. It is fair, however, to add that he was driven to resign his seat, and was not re-elected. The proceedings have, however, as a rule, been orderly in Queensland, and creditable to the

colony. Men have been got together anxious for the welfare of the colony,—who have acted with greater legislative discretion than a just expectation could have hoped to obtain from so small a population thinly spread over so immense an area. There must always be danger that a parliament selected from a few scattered inhabitants will fail in achieving the work of its constituencies or in gaining the respect of the world at large; and the smaller the number, the greater will be the danger. At first there were but twenty-six members in the Queensland Assembly. There is nothing in the corporate strength of such a chamber to control the energy of the would-be orator; it has no traditions of its own by which to regulate its practice; it feels itself to be but a little copy of a great institution, and is half ashamed of its own pretensions. It may so easily become rowdy, while decorum is so difficult! It is felt that the majesty with which our parliament at home is invested should be copied, but that it can hardly be copied without absurdity! Queensland began her self-government with about 20,000 souls,—and it must be admitted that there was danger. But the Queensland Assembly has not been distinguished for rowdiness among colonial parliaments, and has held up its head, and done its work, and attained that respect without which a parliament must be worthless.

In Queensland the system which regulates a man's capacity to vote for a member of the legislative assembly is certainly not democratic. Every man aged twenty-one can vote, provided that he is possessed of one of the following qualifications,—which qualification, however, must appertain to the district or town in regard to which the vote is to be given. He must have resided

for six months. He must then possess some one of the following positions:—

> Own a freehold, worth £100 above encumbrances.
> Occupy a tenement worth £10 per annum.
> Hold a lease of £10 per annum, of which three years are still to run, or of which three years have already run.
> Hold a pastoral licence.
> Enjoy a salary of £100 per annum.
> Pay £40 per annum for board and lodging.
> Or pay £10 for lodging only.

By this law the nomad tribes of wandering labourers,—or of wandering beggars, as many of them may be more properly described—are excluded from the registers.

It cannot be said that this young colony has shown any tendency to run headlong into the tempting dangers of democracy. It would appear that the prevailing feelings of the people lie altogether in the other direction. As I have said, I fear more than once before, the squatters are the aristocracy of the country, and I found that a cabinet with seven members contained six squatters. The general election which took place while I was there supported this ministry by a majority of six in a House of thirty-two members, giving nineteen on one side to thirteen on the other. This would be equal to a majority of one hundred and twenty in a House of six hundred and forty,—a result which would with us be taken as showing the sense of the country very plainly. At home, in England, we are inclined to regard the institutions of our Australian colonies as being essentially democratic,—as showing almost republican propensities. In this, I think, we are mistaken,—certainly as regards Queensland. Among the working population outside the towns political feeling is not strong in any direction. Men care little about politics,

—not connecting this or that set of ministers with the one important subject of wages. In some districts a certain amount of zeal has been aroused against cheap labour,—and here and there an election may have been turned by the feeling of white men in that direction. The opposition to squatters comes of course from the towns,—and chiefly from the metropolis. But it cannot be described as being strong or enthusiastic, and is chiefly due to the ambition of men who, sitting on the left hand of the Speaker, are filled with a natural desire to sit on the right. I am inclined to report as my opinion that politics in Queensland are very quiet, whereas the loyalty to the Crown is very strong.

Nothing strikes a visitor to the colony more forcibly than the desire to hold government place. I myself would certainly not have expected that this would be so among a young population, eager for independence, to whose energy unlimited acres are open, and among whom it cannot be said that the professions and pursuits of commerce are overcrowded. The government pay is not excessively liberal, and the positions when gained do not seem to be very enviable. Four or five hundred a year is a paradise of government promotion, to which but very few can hope to attain. But the thing when seen from a distance allures by its certainty, —and I fear also by a conviction that the "government stroke" may be a light stroke of work. In colonial parlance the government stroke is that light and easy mode of labour,—perhaps that semblance of labour,— which no other master will endure, though government is forced to put up with it. With us the government stroke has happily taken quite another phase. It is to be hoped that it may gradually be made to do so in the colonies. That the longing for government employ-

ment, with the cringing and threats and back-door interest necessary to obtain it, should be made to cease also, is more perhaps than can be at once expected.

CHAPTER X.

Labour.

IN the preceding pages I have already spoken frequently of the rates of wages in Queensland but the condition of the labourer cannot be judged simply from the wages he may earn. In Queensland they are high,—so high as to be very tempting to the would-be English emigrant; but the emigrant should learn more than the current rate of wages before he resolves that he will attempt to make himself happy in a new country. As our colonies are chiefly serviceable to us and to the world as offering fields in which labour may make men prosperous and happy, it is essential that something should be known on this matter. After all, democratic institutions, form of government, ballot, responsible ministers, and the like, are but flea-bites on the great body of the people. They are talked about, and seen, and known,—and are apt subjects for enthusiastic conversation; but when one gets half an inch below the surface, one finds that questions of politics are but of little interest. It is not the political shoe which pinches,—at any rate, in the colonies. How much can a man earn, and with what smallest amount of labour;—and what privileges may a man enjoy while he is earning it? And with what smallest amount of capital can a man settle himself on the soil and live, so that he shall be his own master and owe no obedience to any one? And if a man shall venture so to settle himself and be independent with some smallest imaginable capital,—£2 10*s.*,

we will say, as the first payment on [forty] acres of selected agricultural land, and £7 10*s.* to build a hut with, &c.,—what probability is there that he may be able to live honestly and pay further annual instalments. And if not honestly,—then must he starve, or will any other way be open to him? And, in living, what will be the nature of his life? The labourer here at home has certainly a hard time. His lines have not fallen to him in pleasant places. The farmer's labourer, the carter, ploughman, or hedger and ditcher, with 11*s.* a week, and a wife and four children, must often wonder at the inequality of things, and, if he be imaginative, be tempted into strange thoughts as to God's doings. He has as yet been able to defend his labour by no trades' union, to influence the farmer by no fear of a strike in the parish, and has been powerless to demand more than sufficient bread to keep body and soul together. He is only now making the attempt, urged to do so by eloquence of outside friends. He is not imaginative, and is too apt to bear his fardel patiently. He hears nothing of Queensland or other colonies,—unless by some special chance in his favour,—and knows no better than to have his body and soul kept together for him. An author would do something useful who could get at him, at him and at his boys as they rise in the world, and tell them what would really befall them if, through friends, or by colonial bounty, or State aid, or by personal industry, they, or any one of them—could manage to be landed on the shores of Queensland.

I take it that plenty to eat is, all the world over, the first desire of man and woman. When a man has plenty to eat as a matter of course,—when his food comes to him as does the air which he breathes,—he is apt to think that his own first desires are of a sublimer nature;

but any accident in the supplies for twenty-four hours will teach the truth on this subject to the most high-minded. I can imagine that a leg of mutton looms as large to an Essex delver and is as glorious a future, as a seat in parliament to a young barrister. There are legs of mutton, if only it might be possible to get at one! Let the delver get to Queensland and he will at any rate have legs of mutton. Meat three times a day is the normal condition of the Queensland labourer. In the colony mutton may be worth three halfpence per pound, or perhaps twopence; but of the price the labourer takes no heed. He is provided as a matter of course with rations,—fourteen pounds of meat a week is the ordinary allowance for a labourer in Queensland,—and, as regards food for himself, he is called upon to take no thought of the morrow, any more than if he were a babe. Fourteen pounds of meat, eight pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of tea are allotted to him weekly. This in England would cost, at the lowest price, something over 12*s.* a week,—more than the labourer can earn altogether,—and this the labourer in Queensland enjoys as a matter of course before he comes to the question of wages.

I may, however, as well declare at once that the all but divine happiness of such a state of existence,—as it will appear to the delver at home,—seems very soon to lose its brilliance in the eyes of the man when he is in Queensland. He has hardly eaten a few hundred pounds of colonial mutton, has not been on rations six months, before he has forgotten entirely that he was ever short of supply in the matter of animal food. The Irishman who has come from the unchanging perpetuity of potatoes to a plethora of meat, teaches himself to believe within twelve months that he never sat down to dinner

at home without a beefsteak or a roast fowl. I came to a little dispute once with a working man at Rockhampton. "If you knew what it was," he said, "to have to eat mutton three times a day, day after day, week after week, month after month, you would not come here and tell us that we ought to be contented with our condition." Looking at the matter in his light, I see that he has some justice on his side. I told him, jeering at him ill-naturedly, that if he would give up one meal a day, he would lessen his sorrow by at least a third;—but I saw that I was not regarded as having the best of the argument. I would wish therefore that the would-be emigrating English labourer should understand that when he gets his meat in plenty it will not be to him a blessing so unalloyed as he now thinks it. Alas, is it not the same with all blessings? What is there for which we toil and sigh, which when gained does not become to us like mutton served thrice daily? The seat in parliament, the beautiful young wife, even accumulated wealth, all pall upon us; and we exclaim, as did my labouring friend at Rockhampton,—"If you too had to eat this mutton three times a day you would not think your condition so blessed."

But there is the blessing,—such as it is. The man who works in Queensland is at any rate sufficiently fed. The man who works at home is too often very insufficiently fed. I am of opinion that the English labourer looking at the question from his point of view will make light of that Rockhampton objection which, nevertheless, I have felt it to be my duty to lay before him. The next question is this;—will the immigrating labourer arriving at Queensland find himself sure of labour to suit him? Is it fairly certain that he will fall into one of these places, with all the mutton and flour and sugar and tea? It is at any rate all but certain that he will have

no such success unless he be a man who can really work. The old, the idle, the reckless, and the soft-handed will only come to worse grief in a colony than the grief which they will leave behind them. I am speaking now of intending emigrants who purpose to reach the colony without money in their pockets;—and while so speaking I will say at once that the chances in any Australian colony are very bad both for men and women who go thither with some vague idea of earning bread by their education or their wits. The would-be government clerk, the would-be governess, the would-be schoolmaster, lawyer, storekeeper, or the like, has no more probable opening to him in an Australian town than he has in London or in Liverpool. Such a one may possibly prosper in Brisbane or elsewhere; but the would-be government clerk will probably find himself after some months of hardship a shepherd in the bush,—a condition than which nothing in humanity short of starvation can be more wretched; and the would-be governess will find herself vainly striving to fulfil the duties of a nursery-maid, should she even succeed in getting food and shelter with such intention.

But the young man with sinews and horny hands,—the man who is young enough to adapt himself to new labour,—will certainly find occupation. He is worth his rations, and high wages beyond his rations. On that subject of wages he will probably find himself contesting points with employers of labour. Cheap labour, or at any rate labour as cheap as possible, is in Queensland as much regarded as elsewhere. The various industrial enterprises of the country are dependent on it. In that matter of sugar it has been already stated that canes can hardly be grown successfully with white labour. In timber-sawing, meat-preserving, in the working of gold-reefs, at sheep-washing and sheep-shearing, the rate of

wages to be paid is all-important; and no doubt an effort is continually being made to reduce them. But I rarely found that a white man's labour could be had for less than 15*s.* a week in addition to his rations. At meat-preserving and sugar establishments men earn from 15*s.* to 20*s.* a week. Washers at sheep-stations earn about 4*s.* a day. Shearers will earn, according to their skill and strength, from 7*s.* to 14*s.* a day, paying, however, for their own rations. These two last employments are only to be had during the last four months of the year. Shepherds on a sheep-run are paid from £30 to £40 per annum, and their rations;—but the life is a life of absolute solitude and of almost continued inaction, and ends very frequently in madness or drunkenness. In various cases I have found that these men have taken up strong Calvinistic ideas in religion,—teaching themselves in their solitary wanderings to believe that they will assuredly be damned. They live in huts by themselves, going out in the morning with their flocks, bringing them back in the evening to the enclosure or yard by which the hut is surrounded. But this miserable occupation is becoming less and less common daily, as the squatters perceive that they can fence in their paddocks at less expense than they can maintain shepherds,—and that by such a system sheep can feed both day and night. It is impossible to watch the shepherds, and it has often been found that eight o'clock in the morning has still seen the sheep confined within their yards. But the paddocks cannot be left unwatched, and men are employed who are called boundary-riders,—whose duty it is to know all the circumstances, each of his own paddock. A paddock may contain from six to twelve thousand acres. An area therefore four miles square, containing sixteen square miles, does not make a very large paddock. This boundary-

rider will receive probably £45 per annum and his rations. He will also have the use of a horse. The wages of mechanics do not seem to be much higher than those in England,—not so, at least, in proportion to the difference found in rural or semi-rural employment. Carpenters and masons in small towns earn from 6*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* a day,—without rations,—the lower being the more common rate of the two. Gardeners and grooms, when men get employment in such occupations, receive about 20*s.* a week and rations. Maid-servants in the towns are paid 10*s.* a week,—being hired almost invariably for the short term, and not, as with us, by the month.

If we may take 17*s.* 6*d.* as the average money wages of a labouring man, he will receive in the year something over £45, besides his food. It must be understood also that in most of the occupations specified shelter is afforded;—a place, that is, in which to cook, to sleep, and to eat. The man brings his own blankets, but he has a bunk on which he can lie, and the use of a hut. If, therefore, a man be unmarried and really careful, he can very quickly save enough money to enable himself to start as a buyer of land. I now presume myself to be addressing some young English labourer; and the young English labourer is doubtless certain that, when the circumstances described become his own, he will be prudent. I hope he may. There is no reason whatever why he should not. Those among whom he works will respect and even like him the better for it,—and those for whom he works will of course do so. He will have every facility for saving his money, which will be paid to him in comparatively large sums, by cheques. Perhaps he will do so. I am bound to tell him that I have my doubts about it. I shall very much respect him if he does; but, judging

from the habits of others of his class, and from the experience of those who know the colony, I think that he will take his cheque to a public-house, give it to the publican, get drunk, and remain so till the publican tells him that the cheque has been consumed. The publican will probably let him eat and drink for a fortnight, and will then turn him out penniless, to begin again. He will begin again, and repeat the same folly time after time, till he will teach himself to think that it is the normal condition of his life.

A Queensland gentleman told me the story of a certain shearer who had shorn for him year after year, and had always gone through the same process of "knocking down his cheque," as the work is technically called. He liked the man, and on one occasion remonstrated with him as he handed him the paper, explaining to him the madness of the proceeding. Would he not on that occasion be content to get drunk only on a portion of his money, and put the remainder into a savings-bank? No;—the man said that when he had earned his money he liked to feel that he could do what he pleased with it. So he took his cheque,—and started for the nearest town. On the following day he returned,—to the astonishment of his employer, who knew that the knocking down of so substantial a cheque should have occupied perhaps three weeks,—and told his story. Having a little silver in his pocket, and having thought much of what had been said to him, he had "planted" his cheque when he found himself near the town. In the language of the colonies, to plant a thing is to hide it. He had planted his cheque, and gone on to the publican with his silver. To set to work to get drunk was a matter of course. He did get drunk,—but the publican seemed to have had some doubt as to the propriety of supplying him freely. Why had

not the man brought out his cheque in the usual manly way at once, instead of paying with loose silver for a few "nobblers" for himself and the company! The publican put him to bed drunk,—stretching him out on some bunk or board in the customary hospitable manner; but he had his suspicions. Could it be that his old friend should have no cheque after shearing? It behoved him, at any rate, to know. The knocking down of an imaginary cheque would be dreadful to the publican. So the publican stripped him and examined all his clothing, looked into his boots, and felt well through the possible secrets of every garment. The man, though drunk, and drugged, was not so drunk or drugged but what he knew and understood the proceeding. He had not paid enough for a sufficient amount of drugs and liquor to make him absolutely senseless. The cheque had been securely planted, and nothing was found. On the next morning he was turned out ignominiously by the justly-indignant owner of the house; but in the tree by the roadside he found his cheque, and returned with it to the station a wiser and a better man.

And yet I do not say that the Queensland labourers are drunkards. I call a man a drunkard who is habitually drunk,—not him who gets drunk once or twice a year, though the drunkenness on those special occasions be ever so vigorous. These men at their work are almost invariably sober. The sheds or establishments at which they are employed are often far from any place at which drink can be bought, and from their employers they can get none. During their work they are not allowed to drink. In this respect they are under a restraint quite unintelligible to the ordinary English labourer. For weeks and weeks they go on, drinking nothing but tea. The pint of beer which is the Englishman's heaven is an

unknown institution in the colonies. This sobriety, whether enforced or voluntary, during the period of employment has become so much a thing of course, that it is expected and is matter of no complaint. They smoke much tobacco, drink much tea, eat much mutton,—and work very hard. Then comes the short holiday, in which they knock down their cheques and live like brutes.

It must be allowed that the nature of the lives which these men live offers some excuse for their folly. During these periods of work they herd together like sailors on board a ship. Their home is at the wool-shed, or on the station, or somewhere about the establishment. They are, as it were, always subject to discipline, as are sailors and schoolboys;—and, like sailors and schoolboys, when they shake off their discipline they are "wild for a spree." There is no other spree open to the man but such as the publican can give him. He finds himself with a large sum of money in his hand,—which is all his own, and he is determined to have whatever enjoyment he can obtain. He has been debarred from liquor, perhaps, for months, during which he has felt himself to be little better than a slave. Now he is free. For what has he toiled with unremitting labour and rigid enforced sobriety if he may not enjoy his freedom! So he knocks down his cheque; and then he begins again.

Of course there are varieties in the life. The man may have a wife who will restrain him, or a wife whom he will neglect, or a wife who can help in knocking down cheques. The married men generally do best, and are restrained, caring for their wives and children. When a man has obtained for himself a fixed home,—perhaps a homestead with a bit of land,—he returns thither instead of to a wonted drinking-shop. But the evil which

I have described is so general, as to make it necessary that the would-be emigrant should know the temptations which he will encounter. We are often told in England that drink is the bane of the Australian colonies;—and as we know well the constancy of the habit with those of our own population who are given to beer or gin,—the bi-weekly or perhaps nightly attendance at the liquor shop,—we are induced to believe that the same vice prevails in the same form but with aggravated force in Australia. Speaking, not of the towns, but of the country, I think that this is not the case. Australian drunkenness is not of the English type. It is more reckless, more extravagant, more riotous,—to the imagination of the man infinitely more magnificent;—but it is less enduring, and certainly upon the whole less debasing.

The man, even if he have no wife, need not make himself a fool and a beast. The young would-be emigrant whom I am addressing will, at any rate resolve that he will never knock down his cheque. He has my best wishes with him in that resolution, and my assurance that if he will keep it, he will certainly save money. He is to earn wages at the rate of £45 per annum over and above his food, and, if he be unmarried, he will be at no expense for house-rent or fuel while he is employed. He must clothe himself and furnish himself with a pair of blankets. The rest of his money he may save. In three years, provided he be gifted with that power of abstaining from drink altogether which my young friend intends to exercise, he will find himself the owner of £75 or £80, even after he have maintained himself for some weeks in each year, during which he may probably have been looking for fresh employment. What shall he do with his £75 so that he may be a happy and prosperous man?

Nothing but a strong conviction on my part that I shall never again be in Australia, never again meet those friendly squatters at whose tables I have sat, whose hospitality I have enjoyed, with whom I have discussed these matters, and whose hatred of the free-selecter I understand and appreciate, emboldens me to tell this young man that his best opening in colonial life is to buy a bit of land. I live in the hope that at home I may yet meet many a squatter whom I have known in the colonies;—but I shall meet them one at a time, and may hope to be able to endure any attack that may be made on me. "And you,—after all that you have seen," —the squatter would say,—"after all that we have told you, after the pains we have been at to give you colonial experience and make you know the truth,—you recommend this young man to buy land, to become a farmer on soil which will produce no farmer's crop, to place himself where he must necessarily hate and be hated, to become a cattle-stealer in order that he may live, and to bring up his children to be cattle-stealers after his example! You understand the colonies! You are ignorant of the colonies as are all Englishmen,—those who stay at home equally with those who come out here for awhile and then go back crammed with folly and falsehood by interested persons."

There is something admirable, or at least enviable, in the rock-fast conviction of men, the leading principles of whose lives have been formed by the combined strength of education, custom, and interest. It is so with the Australian squatter, who does not feel more sure that he himself will be injured by the operation of the free-selecter than that the free-selecter himself will be ruined by it. The squatter produces wool, and knows that wool is the staple produce of the colonies. To his thinking,

success in wool means Australian greatness, and any drawback on that success, Australian misfortune. Any laws which may interfere with his pastoral and almost patriarchal views of life seem to him to emanate from democracy and the devil. He gets into parliament himself,—going up to Brisbane if he be a Queenslander,—at great personal inconvenience, feeling but little personal ambition as to his seat,—only that he may check the making of such laws. He knows that there must and will be land-laws in his colony, having the same melancholy certainty in the success of democracy and the devil as that which pervades the mind of an English Tory. He will even frame the land-law himself,—the very land-law which is to give power to the free-selecter,—as the Tory in England has framed laws for extended suffrage and the like. The English Tory when he is among his friends does not scruple to declare his hatred for the work of his own hands. In parliament it is necessary to be conciliatory, ready to yield, and almost submissive;—but in private life every one knows of course that these changes are the work of democracy and the devil. It is really the same with the Australian Tory, as with his cousin at home. There must be land-laws, and the law must throw open the squatter's run to the rapacity of the free-selecter;—but not the less is the free-selecter an abomination and a curse. Personally, I love a squatter. I like to hear his grievances and to sympathize with them. I can make myself at home with him;—and can talk to him of his sheep more comfortably than I can to a miner of his gold, or a merchant of his dealings. But on principle I take the part of the free-selecter. When the young man shall have got together his £75, my advice to him is to lay it out in the purchase of land;—a small part of it in purchase, so

that the remainder may be applied to building and improvement.

As to the cattle-stealing,—at any rate it is not a necessity. That cattle-stealing and sheep-stealing are common practices, is undoubtedly true; and the squatter is generally the victim, while the free-selecter is as generally the thief. The herds and flocks are so large, and are so far removed from inspection, that such theft is easy. A beast is slain on the run, and skinned, and, if the skin be taken away or hidden, or burned, is hardly missed. The cattle are known by brands,—for in Australia everything is branded, horses, cattle, sheep, and goats; but no owner knows his cattle as farmers with us know theirs, by the personal appearance of the animals. If a brand can be altered, the animal may be driven away and sold. If that be too dangerous it is killed and skinned. A great deal is done in cattle-stealing, but I look on the assertion that free-selecters are as a rule cattle-stealers, as monstrous. And it is monstrous also to suggest that a man should not purchase a tract of land, lest he should become a cattle-stealer under stress of circumstances.

In that assertion that the free-selecting farmer can grow nothing for which he can find a ready market, there is more reliable truth. In speaking of Queensland it must be acknowledged that the free-selecter finds it difficult to get ready money for the fruits of his labour. Wheat he cannot produce. It will fail twice with him for once that it will thrive. The alternation of wet weather and dry weather is not sufficiently certain, and the periods of drought or flood are too long for the growth of wheat. I do not know that sugar and wheat have ever thriven in close neighbourhood with each other. He can grow maize, or Indian corn as we call it; and as horses

in Queensland, when corn-fed at all, are fed upon maize, there is a sale for it; but the farmer selling it will probably find himself driven to truck it for tea, sugar, or other stores. In the neighbourhood of Ipswich, some five-and-twenty miles from Brisbane, the farmer may grow cotton,—for which there is a ready sale. But in truth for the present the Queensland free-selecter, if he follow my advice, will not attempt to earn his bread by selling the produce of his land. He will not at any rate regard that as the sole means or mainstay of his existence. He will build for himself a house and will gradually clear and fence his land. He will keep a few cows and poultry, and will supply himself and his family from his own farm. Then during a period of the year he will work for wages,—and will bring his cheque home with him when the work is done.

In five years or in ten, according to the mode of selection which the intending purchaser may adopt, he will be a freeholder;—but during these five or ten years he will have all the fixity of tenure in his land which belongs to a freehold. He will have learned before he makes his selection the manner in which this is to be done, and will have learned much also of the nature of the land to be selected. The system under which he will select is fully explained in an appendix to this volume, (Appen. Vol. I., No. I,) in which an extract is given from a Digest of the Queensland Crown Lands Alienation Act of 1868. To the ordinary reader this will probably have no interest, but it may be of service to those who are about to emigrate themselves, or who are recommending others to do so. It will show the intending purchaser that two modes of purchase are open to him, under one of which he may purchase as small a farm as forty acres, or as large a tract of land as 10,880 acres. For

the forty acres he will have to pay 15*s.* an acre, but will have ten years in which to pay it,—so that he will be called upon for no more than £3 per annum, and at the end of ten years the land will be his own, if he have complied with the required conditions as to improvements. But the man whom I am now addressing will probably choose the other system,—and will buy what is called a homestead. In making this purchase he will find personal residence to be enjoined,—but personal residence will be his intention. By this system he can buy forty acres, or any number of acres not exceeding eighty, of so-called agricultural land. And for this he must pay 9*d.* an acre for five years,—3*s.* 9*d.* an acre altogether,—and then the land will be his own, to do with it as he pleases.

The terms certainly do not seem to be hard. If the ambitious would-be freeholder desire to become master of the full amount allowed,—the eighty acres of agricultural land,—he will have to pay but £3 per annum as rent in advance, and will have to pay that only for five years! It is very alluring to the would-be freeholder. Let him not, however, suppose that because the land which he will buy is described as "agricultural," that he will find hedges and ditches, furrows and headlands, and the like. The land will be land just as nature has produced it, but it will be land which on survey shall be declared to be fit for agricultural purposes.

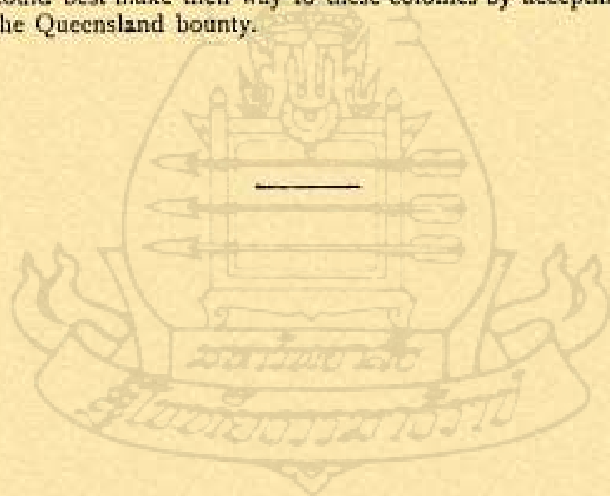
There is perhaps no feeling stronger in the mind of man than the desire to own a morsel of land. In England efforts which have been made to enable the working man to become the owner even of the house in which he lives have hardly as yet met with much success. In the first place the price of land is too high, and in the second place the earnings of the working man are too

low. In many cases in which the thing has been tried the creation of parliamentary voters has been the real object, and the possession of the freehold in the hands of the inhabitant has been no more than nominal. In England if a working man become a freeholder, he can hardly be free on his freehold. He cannot possess himself of the absolute property unencumbered by debt. If he feel the passion strong he must indulge it on some new-found soil, where the old forest still stands, where a man's work is as yet worth more than many acres. I do not know that he can do it anywhere on much better terms than in Queensland;—but he must understand that the land is cheap because the struggle required to make it useful is severe.

The labourer who can live and save his money, who can refrain from knocking down his cheque, may no doubt in Queensland become the real lord of all around him and dwell on his own land in actual independence. As far as I have seen the lives of such men, they never want for food,—are never without abundance of food. Meat and tea and bread they always have in their houses. The houses themselves are often rough,—sheds at first made of bark till the free-selecter can with his own hands put up some stronger and more endurable edifice; but they are never so squalid as are many of our cottages at home. For a labouring man, such as I have described, life in Queensland is infinitely better than life at home. It is sometimes very rough, and must sometimes be very solitary. And Queensland is very hot. But there is plenty to eat and drink;—work is well remunerated;—and the working man, if he can refrain from drink, may hold his own in Queensland, and may enjoy as much independence as is given to any man in this world.

Before, however, I have quite done with this matter,

I must refer the would-be emigrant to the statements made in the second chapter of this volume respecting emigration to Queensland generally. It is there shown that re-emigration from Queensland has been so common, that in the year 1869 Queensland lost not only all those who had come to her in that year from the British Isles, but 637 souls over and beyond that number. The natural argument to be deduced from this would be that men going to Queensland find that they do not like the colony. But in truth the late Queensland Emigration Acts caused this exodus by their own excessive liberality. These acts bid so high for emigrants, that men purposing to settle in New South Wales or New Zealand found that they could best make their way to these colonies by accepting the Queensland bounty.



NEW SOUTH WALES.

CHAPTER XI.

Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Steamboats.

On the 29th of September I left Brisbane for Sydney, going south from Queensland to New South Wales,—so as to accommodate myself to the heat. I may, however, say here once for all that I found Australian heat to be a bugbear,—of which no Englishman fresh from England need be afraid. I remained in New South Wales on this occasion till the middle of December, and encountered no weather in which I could not take exercise. I had been especially warned as to the hot winds of Sydney, having been told both in Victoria and Queensland that of all effects of weather in the colonies the hot winds of New South Wales were the worst. They ought to blow in December, coming from the north-west over the central deserts of Australia, bringing with them all the heats of those vast plains. But they did not come when I was there; and people in Sydney,—though they fear the heat,—seemed to lament that the hot winds of the present were not like the old hot winds. Folk were not scorched now as they used to be scorched,—nor suffocated, nor forced to shut themselves up in dark rooms with every window closed lest the enemy should enter,—as they were wont to do in the good old times twenty years ago. Such was the tone of the wailing which prevailed. Early in January I certainly did find it very hot in Victoria, but

the heat was intermittent, lasting only for a few days; and though I am told that the mercury rose occasionally to 90° in the shade, I was not seriously oppressed by it. And I may add to this that Australian musquitoes, of which I had heard much and which I feared greatly, were never quite so venomous to me as musquitoes have been in other countries, nor are they in force for so large a proportion of the year. The musquito of Australia is a poor, impotent, and contemptible creature as compared, for instance, with the musquito of the United States. If a man wants to find his master,—a master whom he cannot evade or subdue, a tyrant under whose lash he will have to quail with a sense of unceasing inferiority and trembling subjection,—let him remain in Washington through the month of July. Then the horn of the animal will be to him as the trumpets of ten thousand coming foes, against whom no struggles, no defence can avail aught. Night and day he will be as Job was, till all his manhood will depart from him. And afterwards, if he survive, he will think of himself as of one who has gone through worse than an Egyptian plague. He will be justified in no such feeling in reference to the Australian musquito, whom I declare to be comparatively a poor creature entitled to but little attention. So much,—as a traveller recording his experience, I feel bound to say, because the animal has succeeded in acquiring some reputation. To write a book about Australia and make no allusion to the musquito would be improper.

And I may as well say here as elsewhere that I do not think very much of Australian snakes. The black snake, with its female the brown snake, and the death-adder,—as a certain dull-coloured lethargic creature is called,—are no doubt venomous, to the death;—but they are not obtrusive. They attack only when they find them-

selves unable to escape, and are not numerous as I had been taught to expect. The yellow snake,—so called from its yellow belly,—is equally poisonous, but equally scarce and pacific. I assisted in killing one fine fellow about ten feet long;—but he was a carpet snake, and as abject and innocent as a frog. The diamond snake is, I believe, the same as the carpet snake.

Australia is altogether deficient in sensational wild beasts. The iguana is perhaps the most startling in appearance. He is a huge lizard, with a huge body and a very fat tail. I saw one shot which was five feet in length, and which weighed I should think over twenty pounds. They are said to be as good as chickens; but I never ate one or came across any one who had done so. They live among trees, and are often to be seen upon the branches. The opossum,—"up a gum-tree,"—where he is always to be found,—seems to be the most persevering aboriginal inhabitant of the country. He does not recede before civilisation, but addicts himself to young cabbages, and is a nuisance. As the blacks die out there is no one to eat him, and he is prolific. He sleeps soundly, and is very easy to kill with a dog that will set him,—for the hollow, half dead, crumbling gum-trees are full of him. But there is no fun in killing him, for he neither fights nor runs away. The kangaroo is so well known,—as are also the wallabi and paddymelon, which seem to be kangaroos in a state of dwindling nature,—that but little need be said about them here. That they run only on two legs and carry their young in pouches every child has learned from his picture-books. Of the manner of hunting the kangaroo I will speak in another chapter. They are still very numerous in many parts of the country. I have come upon herds, in which hundreds have been congregated together;—

but they are more frequently met by threes and fours. In some districts they are increasing in number, because there are no longer black men to eat them. The dingo or wild dog is the squatter's direct enemy. He comes down by night from holes in the hills or out of dense scrubs, and destroys the lambs and drives the sheep. The squatter attempts to rid himself of the dingo by poison, and consequently strychnine is as common in a squatter's house as castor oil in a nursery. On many large runs carts are continually being taken round with baits to be set on the paths of the dingo. In smaller establishments the squatter or his head man goes about with strychnine in his pocket and lumps of meat tied up in a handkerchief. Hence it comes to pass that the use of a shepherd's dog is impossible, unless he be muzzled. But the dingo likes lamb better than bait, and the squatters sometimes are broken-hearted.

There are no lions, tigers, or leopards in Australia; nor pumas or ounces;—not even a monkey. The cockatoos and parrakeets are to the eye of an Englishman,—especially in Queensland, where they are very common,—the most foreign-looking of Australian animals, after he has become used to the jumping kangaroo. The sounds from the birds too are very different from those of English birds,—much less melodious, but clearer, louder, and more continuous, and sometimes very melancholy. That of the laughing jack-ass,—an ugly, healthy, ubiquitous brute of a bird,—is the most common. I have heard it much abused, but I learned to like it, and to feel that there was something friendly and familiar about the animal. Its proper name is the gigantic king-fisher. It is also called the settler's clock;—and by the aboriginals, gogobera, that being to the black man's ear the sound of the animal's voice. The bell-bird and the

magpie are also to be heard,—the latter in some parts of Australia very continuously. The magpie is in no respect akin to the bird which stole the cardinal's ring. It is much larger and has a loud clear note, which was to my ear full of melancholy. The lyre bird is a beautiful creature, which however I never saw near enough to recognise its beauty.

It is impossible to omit all mention of the emu in a book on Australia. They are now becoming very rare, even on pastoral ground many miles from the sea-coast. I have been taken out emu-hunting, but I never saw a wild emu. I was told that it takes a very good, fast, and lasting horse to run an emu down, especially as the poor bird in its last struggle makes its fastest running. They do not attempt to aid themselves with their wings, but toddle along with their long legs, keeping ever a straight line. I do not shoot myself, but am able to say that there are birds to be shot,—snipe, very much like our own snipe except in regard to flavour, wild ducks, pigeons, and brush turkeys. The ducks, and the turkeys, and the pigeons are all good enough for table purposes to help to make up a banquet; but they are dry and flavourless in comparison with European and with some American birds. I must here declare that some of the Australian fish are very good indeed, especially the whiting at Melbourne. There is a fish too at Rockhampton called the Burra Mundi,—I hope I spell the name rightly,— which is very commendable; as is also the trumpeter at Hobartstown in Tasmania. I did not myself care much for the Murray cod, a fresh-water fish found in the Murray and its tributaries, which enjoys a very high reputation in Australia.

It is strange but undoubtedly the fact that animals brought from Europe and acclimatized in Australia, are

already thrusting out the aboriginal creatures of the country. The emus are nearly gone. The kangaroos are departing to make way for sheep. Sparrows have become numerous. The wild bee of the country is not nearly so common as the much more generous and busier bee from Europe,—with which the bush many miles from the coast is already so plentifully filled that honey is a customary delicacy with all the settlers. The rabbit has become so great a plague in Victoria and parts of Tasmania that squatters in some localities are spending thousands with the hope of exterminating them. One gentleman informed me that he himself had expended over £15,000 in subduing the rabbits on his own run. But the herds of wild cattle and wild horses,—all of course from imported stock,—which roam at will over the pastures of distant squatters, afford perhaps the most remarkable evidence of Australian fecundity. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a squatter to drive in four or five hundred wild horses, to yards prepared for the purpose, and there to slaughter them. If any of them be branded, thereby showing that they are not in truth wild, but are or have been the property of some individual, the brands are advertised and the horses pounded; —so that the owner may recover them on paying the expense. This at least is what should be done. It is I fancy generally found easier to shoot them and to destroy the skin,—so that no testimony may be left as to the brand. The skins and hair of those which are really wild are sold, and the carcases are destroyed. Now and again a wild horse may be found as to which it is decided that he shall be kept, and broken in, and used. The value of the animal, however, seldom pays for the trouble and cost. They are very pretty to look at as they are seen scouring over the plain or rushing into the

thick scrub; they are sleek and bright-eyed, well furnished with mane and tail; and they go with a free action; but they are not often well made or fit for use, having almost always poor shoulders, with straight limbs, and narrow chests. They are already becoming a pest to the squatter, destroying his fences, eating his grass, and enticing his own horses out of the horse paddock. The work of running them in is not bad sport; but they who do it must be well-mounted, and the doing of it is utterly destructive to the horses ridden.

Having begun with musquitoes I have allowed myself to be carried away into animal life generally,—a subject of which I know nothing. It was impossible, however, not to say something of snakes, emus, and wild horses; and now the subject may be dismissed from these pages.

The mode of journeying from one colony to another in Australia is almost always by sea;—and indeed in a great measure from one part of a colony to another part of the same. The inhabited portion of the Australian world consists of the eastern and southern coasts, with a belt of land varying in breadth,—and a population ever becoming thinner as the breadth is increased. The capitals, Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne, are seaports, —and Adelaide has a seaport, Port Adelaide, within seven miles. The same is to be said of many of the secondary towns. There is communication by coach from Brisbane to Sydney, from Sydney to Melbourne, and from Melbourne to Adelaide, supplemented in each case by the use of small detached railways;—but no one travels in this fashion between any of those towns. There are steamers plying twice or thrice a week, and thus the journeys are made. The greater number of these boats belong to the A. S. N.,—as the Australian traveller soon learns to call the firm of the Australian Steam Naviga-

tion Company. These steamers run from King George's Sound in Western Australia,—which is regarded by the other Australian colonies as the Ultima Thule of the colonial world,—round by Adelaide, to Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and thence up the coast of Queensland to Maryborough, Rockhampton, and Cleveland Bay. They carry the mails, and form the recognised mode of transit. In all these colonies there are railways, except in Western Australia. Those of Queensland I have mentioned, and I shall have to mention those of New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia. But in no instance does a railway run from the capital of one colony to that of another. There seems to be a feeling that were this done the intimacy would be too great. Sydney might run away with the trade of Brisbane, and Melbourne might destroy Sydney. The Australian railways are therefore bits of railways, giving a help here and there to the traveller who has to make his way inwards from the sea, bringing down wool and carrying back stores, but in no case joining together the great towns. And in connection with the railways there are coaches,—Cobb's coaches as they are called, though there is no longer a Cobb in the colonies,—carrying mails and passengers into remote districts;—carrying mails and passengers to towns on the routes between the capitals. But travellers from one capital to another almost always use the steamers.

I had already made four voyages under the auspices of the A. S. N. Company, and I found the boats to be fairly comfortable when not crowded,—but wretchedly uncomfortable when full. Everything is provided for the passenger and included in the fare paid,—except of course wine, or beer, or spirits. When the room at the table is ample, and the stewards and cook are not

overworked, the food given is excellent, and a good sailor can enjoy his meals. As soon as the servants are overtasked everything becomes abominable. Nor is the trouble of the table by any means the worst trouble. Men who have travelled much know what it is to be "doubled up," and the doubling up on board the A. S. N. Company's boats is intolerable. It is probably only for two or three nights, and therefore the space allowed to each passenger is very small. That it should be so is, perhaps, reasonable. Larger vessels would create very much increased expense, and probably might not pay, and, north of Sydney, the towns lie on rivers which will not admit of deeper keels. I make no complaint, acknowledging that the company does its best to suit the traffic. But, looking at the matter from my own point of view, I protest that two or three nights passed with a couple of snoring strangers in one of the A. S. N. Company's cabins, without a peg on which to hang an article of clothing, with no spot to call your own except the narrow crib in which you are to lie, with the most meagre accommodation for washing that the ingenuity of a seafaring man can contrive, are—very painfully passed. A persevering man might probably succeed in making for himself something of a bed upon deck, and on an occasion I have done so. Everybody on board these boats is civil. I cheerfully acknowledge that the captains, and mates, and stewards never blow up or become tyrannical. But the man who would sleep upon deck comes to feel that the spirit of the ship is against him, and he slinks below, and is snored at and almost smothered in his wretched berth.

Such had been my lot when I went up from Sydney to Brisbane, sharing my cabin with two respectable commercial gentlemen against whom I have not a word to

say. Snoring is not disgraceful, and their courtesy was complete. My temper had been acerbated early in the voyage by a slight accident in regard to the soup, of which a large allowance was poured over me by a too anxious steward; and then the utter peglessness of the cabin completed my unhappiness. North of Brisbane I had fared better,—the company having fared much worse in regard to the number of passengers carried. On my return to Sydney I found that a boat not belonging to the A. S. N. Company was about to make the trip,—as to which an allegation was made to me that she was slow, and that she habitually disgraced herself by carrying cargoes of coal from Newcastle, on her southern journey down to Melbourne. I instantly made inquiry and found that I,—and a friend who was with me, could have separate cabins on board "The Blackbird." On board the Blackbird we went to Sydney, and a very comfortable voyage we made. The captain was an excellent captain,—no doubt thoroughly up to the work, for he ran us upon no rocks and stuck us upon no sand-banks, and brought us into no trouble, and made the journey two hours shorter than his original promise. In regard, however, to his nautical acquirements I do not profess to be capable of forming a trustworthy opinion. But this captain had procured live turtle up the coast, and had a cook on board whom I can safely recommend to any embryo Lord Mayor. I forget that captain's name;—but I never will forget his turtle soup.

It strikes an Englishman with surprise that he should meet all the paraphernalia of custom-houses in going from one colony to another. One's shirts and socks are subject to be searched on entering Sydney Harbour from Brisbane, as undoubtedly as when taken into Prussia

from Belgium. And I observed that the shirts and socks of some men were searched by custom-house officers on occasions. Personally I encountered no difficulty. I was asked some questions and allowed to pass without even a reference to my keys. As I have almost always been allowed to do so on the Continent, and even at New York, I presume that I have no trace of smuggling ingenuity in my countenance.

CHAPTER XII.

Early History of the Colony.

ON reaching Sydney the traveller should remember that he is visiting the spot on which our Australian empire was commenced, amidst difficulties of which we in England in these days think very little. We know something of Australian explorers of a later date. We do hear of Oxley, of Hume and Hovell, of Cunningham, Mitchell, Eyre, Sturt, Kennedy, Leichardt, Gregory, Stuart, Burke and Wills, and others who have succeeded in opening up new regions in Australia or have lost their lives in the attempt;—but we hear nothing of the perils endured and the efforts made by those who first brought convicts out to Botany Bay, and who were called upon to perform the almost impossible task of feeding and of governing them there.

Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, a few miles south of Sydney Harbour,—or Port Jackson, as it is properly called,—in 1770, and took possession of the land on behalf of the English Crown. But Captain Cook was by no means the first to find Australia. Manoel Godenho, a Portuguese, is supposed to be the right claimant of that honour, and is said to have landed on the north-west corner of the continent in 1601. A

Dutchman was the next, by name John William Verschoor, who is said to have touched at Cape York, the northern point of the great Queensland promontory, in 1606. Dirk Hartog in 1616, another Dutchman, was the third; and then, for many years, the Dutch continued to discover parts of the coast and various islands of what was then called Terra Australis. They have left their names behind them in many places;—in Nuytsland, a most dreary region on the southern coast, at present utterly useless, so called from Peter Nuyts; in the great Gulf of Carpentaria in the north, so called from Peter Carpenter; in Tasmania,—Van Diemen's Land, as it used to be,—discovered by Abel Jan Tasman, who called it Van Diemen's Land after the governor of the Dutch East India Company, who had sent him on his voyage, and since re-christened Tasmania because a flavour of convicts had attached itself to the former name. Indeed the Dutch did so much and were so energetic in their voyages, that they were justified in calling the new continent New Holland; and it seems now to be marvellous that a people so enterprising, and at that time so prone to get and to keep territory, should have lost their hold of the great "Terra Australis." It appears that they defeated their own object by their own secrecy and mystification. They published no records of the voyages made, and no charts of the newly-discovered seas, fearing that the great future possession would become too well known to other explorers. Consequently, even among themselves, the doings of their sailors were unknown and unappreciated, and no national desire was created for possession of the land.

It seems that a Frenchman was on the coast before any Englishman, one M. de St. Alouran having anchored off Cape Leuwin—the great south-eastern corner of the

continent—in 1670. After him came William Dampier, an English buccaneer, who in 1688 landed on the western coast, and was, as far as we know, the first Englishman to put his foot on the soil of our great dependency. For eighty years after that English, Dutch, and French, with intermittent energies, endeavoured to become masters of New Holland. In 1770 Captain Cook, not only landed at Botany Bay, but actually surveyed a large portion of the eastern coast, and formally took possession of the country in the name of the King of England. This he did, having first touched at New Zealand, which had been discovered by Tasman in 1642. In 1777 Captain Cook made another voyage into the Pacific,—in the course of which enterprise he was murdered at Otaheite. It was at this time that he recommended the English government to send out to Botany Bay the convicts from England which could no longer be sent to the revolted colonies of America. In 1787 Commodore Phillip, the first Australian governor, was despatched in accordance with Cook's advice to form a penal settlement at Botany Bay. Finding Botany Bay and the territory immediately around it to be altogether unfitted for the purpose he had in hand, with no fertile land around it, and no sufficient supply of water, Commodore Phillip sailed northward, entered Port Jackson,—as he first called it,—and founded the settlement for British convicts.

In the same year a French captain, La Perouse, also landed at Botany Bay, anchoring there as it happened on the very day on which Commodore Phillip hoisted the English colours at the head of Port Jackson. La Perouse perished on his road home, but Commodore Phillip created the colony of New South Wales,—from whence have sprung all our Australian colonies.

Mr. Rusden, the clerk of the legislative council at Melbourne, who knows Australian history probably as well as any man living, commences his account of the discovery, survey, and settlement of Port Phillip, or of the colony of Victoria as it is now called, with the following words:—"American colonization sprung mainly from private adventure. The foundation of colonies in Australia was not the result of private enterprise, but of the policy of the ministry of which Pitt was the real as well as nominal head." There can be no doubt that Mr. Rusden is right in his statement that our possession of Australia is due to the government of the day, and not to any gallant adventurer such as was Raleigh, or to any band of Puritan brothers going forth in search of freedom, as did they who landed from the Mayflower on the shores of Massachusetts. The expedition to Botany Bay was planned by government,—whether actually by Pitt or not I do not know that we can now say,—with the view of finding a shore on which we might rid ourselves of our ruffians. It was to be governed by martial law, and was based on the footing of a penal settlement. After that the French still made renewed attempts, and Mr. Rusden reminds us that there was a time in which they endeavoured to call the whole southern district of Australia, "Terre Napoleon." This was intended to include, with much other territory, all that country which is, perhaps, now better known as Victoria, than by the imperial name then given to it.

Governor Phillip, with his convicts and few attendants, had by no means a pleasant time of it. He had indeed about as bad a time as any government servant of whom we now read. There were two establishments for convicts in his hands, one at Sydney, and the other at Norfolk Island,—where the descendants of the

mutineers of the Bounty are now dwindling back to the insipidity of savage life amidst the charms of Utopian freedom. In Governor Phillip's time the life on Norfolk Island was by no means idle or Utopian. There was a great deal of rebellion and running away, a great deal of punishment of a kind which now seems to us to have been very barbarous, but without which the convict element would probably have got altogether the better of the governing element. And there was terrible want, not only at Norfolk Island, but also on the mainland, —of want so dire as almost to have become starvation. Nearly all the food consumed for the first years had to be brought either from England, or from some other distant land, such as Batavia or Bengal. The land round Sydney on which attempts were made to create farms, was found to be poor and barren. The few cattle which the settlers, or rather which the governor possessed, strayed away or were killed by the blacks. And then these black men, the aboriginals, were a source of difficulties for which no satisfactory solution could be found. If only they would be friendly all might be well;—but how could friendship be expected from a race whose all was being taken from them by a handful of strangers who spoke a strange language,— and who had fire-arms? If the blacks would be friendly it would be well; but if not,—then they must be repressed, as were the convicts. The settlement was not to be abandoned because savage tribes could not be made to understand quickly the benefits of civilisation, —and the blacks were repressed, and driven away, and sometimes starved, to the great affliction of the first governors.

For five years Governor Phillip fought his battle against convicts, blackmen, recusant settlers, famine,

floods, and drought, and he fought it like a hero. In every emergency,—and every day created a new emergency,—he was forced to think for himself. He had no ministers, and no council. He was commander-in-chief, and the life of every man was in his hands. But he was responsible to the King's government at home, and to public opinion in the colony. From day to day there was pressed upon him the fears that, one after another, they might all perish from want. If this vessel or that did not come at the expected time, there would not be even half a day's rations per day either for convicts, freemen, or for the governor. That modicum of half a day's rations was, more than once, the allowance for them all. I do not know where to look for a better story of great, continued, unpicturesque heroism than in the records of Governor Phillip's career. In these days it is very pleasant to be a governor of a colony. A charming house is provided, there are aide-de-camps and private secretaries, there is a liberal salary, there is probably much hospitality, and just enough of work to enable the governor of an Australian colony to feel that he earns what is bestowed upon him. But in truth he governs nobody, and is simply a medium of communication between the ministry of the colony and the Secretary of State at home. In Governor Phillip's time it was very different. He had indeed to govern,—to rule all and everything, and to do so with an iron hand that could not dare to relax its severity. His hand was of iron, but his heart was very soft. He had no rest from providing for the wants of those around him, and when they were put on half rations, and on less than half, his own were always as scanty as the scantiest.

At the end of five years Governor Phillip went

home, and after a lapse of two years,—which two years were very injurious to the young settlement,—was succeeded by Captain Hunter, who had come out with Phillip. Hunter again, after five or six years, was succeeded by another officer who had come to Botany Bay with Phillip's first band of convicts,—namely Governor King. And these men also were heroes in their way, facing terrible difficulties—difficulties in regard to the black-men, difficulties in regard to the convicts, difficulties in regard to food, and, perhaps worst of all, difficulties in regard to a certain New South Wales Corps, which had been sent out from England with an idea that perhaps by such military body the convicts might be controlled,—and perhaps also, in some degree, the governor also. The officers of this corps soon became dominant in the colony, and used their dominion after a strange fashion. They obtained the right, or at any rate the power, of an almost exclusive monopoly, at first in spirits, and afterwards in all imported goods. Both Governor Hunter and Governor King resigned in their impotence to check the tyranny of the New South Wales Corps. And then the battle was carried on by Governor Bligh,—the famous Captain Bligh of the Bounty—who thus became king and lord over the very island on which are now settled the descendants of those who took his ship away from him and sent him adrift upon the waters. Governor Bligh was a very rough man, but seems to have been a manly fellow, with a strong idea of his duty. In the third year of his government he was arrested by the commanding officer of the very troop which was supposed at home to be at his hand for his support. His government was then brought to an end, and the New South Wales Corps was sent home.

Thus were passed the first twenty years of the new colony, amidst struggles of which the history has not yet been fairly written. Great efforts in the meantime had been made to extend the settled district. Farms were established up the Paramatta River, on grounds now rich with orange groves, but which were gradually found to be utterly unfit for cereal crops. The first attempts at growing corn in the neighbourhood of Sydney were failures, sad enough to break the hearts of all but heroes. The Hawkesbury was discovered,—a magnificent river which makes its way into the ocean about fifteen miles north of Sydney Harbour, of which I shall have a word or two to say presently,—and on the Upper Hawkesbury, where now stands the town of Windsor, the land was found to be a rich alluvial deposit, capable of growing anything. But no sooner had settlers made their young home on this seemingly happy soil, than floods came and washed everything away. And there is Windsor now, with its rich lands, and its constant floods,—and some 2,000 inhabitants, who must surely be web-footed. Various also were the attempts made under these first governors to find a way out from the narrow strip of territory occupied along the shore across the mountains into the interior. These are the Blue Mountains, which are blue indeed, and very lovely,—now crossed by the Bathurst railway, but over which in those days the settlers long found it impossible to make their way. Wool had become an article of export during these early years, and did at last give rise to the energies which in time forced a passage through the Blue Mountains. Captain Macarthur, who had been one of the officers belonging to that wretched New South Wales Corps, introduced merino sheep into the colony, and obtained a grant of 10,000 acres of land. Then others

took to massing flocks. In 1813 there came a great drought, and Messrs. Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson got through the mountains in search of grass for their sheep.

In 1805 a second dependency on New South Wales was established on the northern shore of Van Diemen's Land, for the purpose of removing thither convicts from Norfolk Island,—which place was abandoned, as the governor found it impossible to supply food to a settlement at such a distance. The abandonment of the station was, however, only temporary. Thus was commenced the second in date of our Australian colonies. In 1825 Van Diemen's Land was, at its own request, separated from New South Wales, and established as a penal colony on its own bottom, with its own governor, and its own expenses. Its name soon became as familiar with us as that of the parent colony,—but we viewed them both only as the homes of our exported rascaldom. In 1836 Port Phillip,—which is now the colony of Victoria,—became a dependency under New South Wales. In 1851 she was allowed to go alone, and is now, at any rate in her own opinion, the first in importance of all the colonial children of Great Britain. In 1839 New Zealand became a dependency under New South Wales,—but the child did not remain long in leading-strings. In 1840 New Zealand received a governor of her own from England. In 1859 the Moreton Bay district, constituting at that time the northern half, —or something more than half,—of what was left of the colony of New South Wales, was cut off, and the separate colony of Queensland was established.

In this way New South Wales was the parent of all our present Australian colonies, except South Australia and Western Australia, both of which originated in efforts

made from home. It has not been my purpose to give anything like a history of the early years of our first Australian settlement, but I have thought that it might be well to state a few facts as to the manner in which the colony was formed. I have taken my dates, and many of my facts also, from a school book by F. Proeschel, F.R.S.V. Geographer, &c., M.A.I.A.M. and M.S.E.I.N.F. I can make nothing of these letters,—but the book is a very good book, with excellent maps, and may be recommended to the use of those who wish either to learn or to teach the history of Australia.

In 1856, five years after the separation of Victoria, responsible government was established in New South Wales, and governors of the happy, hospitable, sleek, and unburdened kind came into vogue. This happened during the reign of Sir William Denison, who came out in 1853 with the task of inaugurating the change. He, however, still kept the title of Governor-General of Australasia, which was not borne by his successor, Sir John Young. Perhaps of all her governors Sir Richard Bourke is the one best remembered and the most esteemed in New South Wales. He came to the colony in 1832, and remained there for the normal period of six years. A large statue to his memory, standing at the gate of the Sydney domain, helps to keep alive his honours. He was no doubt a firm, considerate man, excellently well qualified for his duties. He was preceded by Governor Darling, and succeeded by Governor Gipps, as to both of whom it is now recorded in the colony that, if diamonds, they were rough diamonds.

It is impossible in Australia to forget the name of any past governor, or any secretary of state for the colonies,—almost impossible to forget that of any under secretary of state,—so prone have been the colonists to

name their districts, rivers, counties, towns, and streets from the men who have governed them. We have Phillip Street, Hunter Street, King Street, Bligh Street, and Macquarie Street in Sydney, not to mention the Macquarie River, and Hunter River, and Port Phillip. We have the city of Brisbane, and the Darling River,—with various Darlings,—and various Bourkes, and Gippsland in Victoria, and the Fitzroy River in Queensland, and Port Denison quite in the north, and the town of Young, and the river Murray,—and Belmore hotels are innumerable. I do not know that there is as yet any Kimberley County, but there are Caernarvons, Russells, Laboucheres, Newcastles, Granvilles, Stanleys, Glenelgs, and Lyttons without stint, as also are there Merivales, Rogers, Elliots, Pelhams, and memorials of others who from time to time have been either politically or permanently great in Downing Street. Sir Hercules Robinson now reigns at Sydney, and when I left that city I heard enough to make me assured that before long there will be a Robinson district, a county Robinson, a town of Robinson, and a river Robinson.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sydney.

I despair of being able to convey to any reader my own idea of the beauty of Sydney Harbour. I have seen nothing equal to it in the way of land-locked sea scenery,—nothing second to it. Dublin Bay, the Bay of Spezzia, New York, and the Cove of Cork are all picturesquely fine. Bantry Bay, with the nooks of sea running up to Glengarrif, is very lovely. But they are not equal to Sydney either in shape, in colour, or in

variety. I have never seen Naples, or Rio Janeiro, or Lisbon;—but from description and pictures I am led to think that none of them can possess such a world of loveliness of water as lies within Sydney Heads. The proper thing to assert is that the fleets of all nations might rest securely within the protection of the harbour. How much acreage of sea the fleets of all nations might require I cannot even surmise;—but if they could be anchored together anywhere, they could surely be so anchored at Sydney.

As I thought of this, steaming up the harbour to Sydney Cove,—having just heard the boast from a stout Sydney citizen,—I felt assured that whenever the experiment should be tried, the English fleet would enter first with proud pre-eminence; and range themselves with haughty courtesy close under the governor's house and all round the town. Then would come the Danish, the Swedish, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Turkish, the Russian, and the Austrian ironclads. And we should glow with national pride as we told ourselves that, added together, all these foreign ships of war amounted to about half our collected force. The French and the Prussian fleets would place themselves in the broad expanse between Manly Beach and Watson's Bay, watching each other with ill-concealed hatred. In the very mouth of the harbour would be four or five American Alabamas, —who would thus be enabled to hurry off to Europe, to burn Liverpool, and carry off all the ropes of pearls which lie hidden between Bond Street and the Tower of London. By the time that they had disposed of the spoil in New York, we should be extricating ourselves from our position. The Americans after a while would apologize. The captains would probably have misunderstood their instructions, and would have gold swords

given to them. But they would not pay for a single rope of pearls, and Liverpool would rebuild itself.

In none of the books which I have seen respecting the early settlement of the colony, or of its subsequent difficulties in progress, is much stress laid on the scenery of Sydney Harbour, or of the Hawkesbury River which is near it. Nor is much said of the glorious defiles of the Blue Mountains. Such books have been generally circumstantial and statistical,—either despondent or hopeful, according to the opinions of the writers. They have always insisted much,—and have done so with well-deserved zeal,—on the great efforts made by Australian discoverers. They have told us of the drawbacks of the land,—which are very great, as the soil is often poor, is encumbered with forests, deficient in water, and subject to a climate which is not propitious to cereals. On the other hand, we have heard from them much of Australian wool, and for the last twenty years of Australian gold. We gather from these books many facts as to the past events of Australia, and many opinions as to its future. But we hear very little of Australian scenery. Consequently we, at home in England, are inclined to believe that Australia, as a country, is displeasing to the eye. The eternal gum-tree has become to us an Australian crest, giving evidence of Australian ugliness. The gum-tree is ubiquitous, and is not the loveliest, though neither is it by any means the ugliest, of trees. But there are scenes of nature in Australia as lovely as are to be found in any part of the world;—not so closely congregated as in Western Europe, but quite as much so as in North America. They are often difficult of access,—and must remain so, till the population is large enough to stretch itself about the country, and to make railways, and to run river steamers.

The people of Sydney are by no means indifferent to the beauty of their harbour, and claim for it the admiration of strangers with something of the language, but not with the audacity of Americans, when they demand the opinions of their visitors as to their remarkable institutions. There is something of shamefacedness, a confession of provincial weakness, almost an acknowledgment that they ought not to be proud of a thing so insignificant, in the tone in which you are asked whether, upon the whole, you do not think Sydney Harbour rather pretty. Every Sydney man and every Sydney woman does ask you the question,—as does every American ask that other question; but it is asked in Sydney with bated breath, and with something of an apology, "Of course you have been bothered out of your life about our harbour;—but it is pretty;—don't you think so!" It is so inexpressibly lovely that it makes a man ask himself whether it would not be worth his while to move his household gods to the eastern coast of Australia, in order that he might look at it as long as he can look at anything. There are certain spots, two or three miles out of the town, now occupied generally by villas, or included in the grounds of some happy resident, which have nothing for the imagination to add. Greenoaks and Mount Adelaide, belonging to two brothers, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Henry Mort, are perfect. Sir James Martin, who was the prime minister when I was first there, and who, I hope, may soon be so again, has a garden falling down to the sea, which is like fairyland. There is a rock outside,—or probably inside,—the grounds of Woolhara, belonging to Mr. Cooper, on which the blacks in the old days, when they were happy and undisturbed, used to collect themselves for festive, political, and warlike purposes. I wonder whether they enjoyed it as I

did! How they must have hated the original Cooper when he came and took it,—bought it for 20*s.* an acre, out of which they got no dividend, or had a grant of it from the English Crown! Woolhará is a magnificent property, covered with villas and gardens, all looking down upon the glorious sea. In England it would be worth half a million of money, and as things go on, it will soon be worth as much in New South Wales; and perhaps some future Cooper will be Duke Cooper or Marquis Cooper, and Woolhara will be as famous as Lowther or Chatsworth. It is infinitely more lovely than either. I envied the young man, and almost hated him for having it,—although he had just given me an excellent dinner.

I doubt whether I ever read any description of scenery which gave me an idea of the place described, and I am not sure that such effect can be obtained by words. Scott in prose, and Byron in verse, are both eloquent in declaring that this or that place is romantic, picturesque, or charming; and their words have been powerful enough to send thousands to see the spots which they have praised. But the charm conveyed has been in the words of the writer, not in the beauty of the place. I know that the task would be hopeless were I to attempt to make others understand the nature of the beauty of Sydney Harbour. I can say that it is lovely, but I cannot paint its loveliness. The sea runs up in various bays or coves, indenting the land all around the city, so as to give a thousand different aspects of the water,—and not of water, broad, unbroken, and unrelieved,—but of water always with jutting corners of land beyond it, and then again of water and then again of land. And you, the resident, —even though you be a lady not over strong, though you be a lady, if possible, not over young,—will find,

unless you choose your residence most unfortunately, that you have walks within your reach as deliciously beautiful as though you had packed up all your things and travelled days and spent pounds to find them. One Mrs. Macquarie, the wife, I believe, of Governor Macquarie, made a road, or planned a road, or at any rate gave her name to a road, which abuts on the public domain, and is all but in the town. A mile and a half from the top of Hunter Street carries the pedestrian all round it. Two shillings does as much for him or her who prefers a hansom cab,—and the Sydney hansoms are the very best cabs in the world. At the end of it is Mrs. Macquarie's chair,—with a most ill-written inscription,—but with a view that affords compensation even for that. The public gardens, not half a mile from the top of Hunter Street, beat all the public gardens I ever saw,—because they possess one little nook of sea of their own. I do not love public gardens generally, because I am called on to listen to the names of shrubs conveyed in three Latin words, and am supposed to interest myself in the locality from which they have been brought. I envy those who have the knowledge which I want; but I put my back up against attempts made to convey it to me, knowing that it is too late. But it was impossible not to love the public gardens at Sydney,—because one could sit under the trees and look out upon the sea. There is a walk from the bottom of Macquarie Street,—not Mrs. Macquarie's Road, but the old governor's own street,—leading round by the fort, under the governor's house, to the public gardens. The whole distance round may be a mile and a half from the top of Hunter Street, which opens on to Macquarie Street. It runs close along the sea, with grassy slopes on which you may lie and see the moon glimmer on the water as

it only glimmers on land-locked coves of the ocean. You may lie there prostrate on the grass, with the ripple close at your feet within a quarter-of-an-hour of your club. Your after-dinner cigar will last you there and back if you will walk fairly and smoke slowly. Nobody ever is there at that hour, the young men of Sydney preferring to smoke their cigars in their arm-chairs. Then there is the little trip by steam ferry over to the north shore, where lives that prince of professors and greatest of Grecians, Doctor Badham, of the university. I should like to be the ferry-man over that ferry to Lavender Bay on condition that the Doctor met me with some refreshment on each journey. Sydney is one of those places which, when a man leaves it knowing that he will never return, he cannot leave without a pang and a tear. Such is its loveliness.

The town itself, as a town, independently of its sea and its suburbs, was, to me, pleasant and interesting. In the first place, though it is the capital of an Australian colony, and therefore not yet a hundred years old, it has none of those worst signs of novelty which make the cities of the New World unpicturesque and distasteful. It is not parallelogrammic and rectangular. One may walk about it and lose the direction in which one is going. Streets running side by side occasionally converge—and they bend and go in and out, and wind themselves about, and are intricate. Philadelphia, which has not a want in the world, and is supplied with every luxury which institutions can confer upon human nature, is of all towns the most unattractive because it is so managed that every house in it has its proper place, which can be found out at once, so long as the mind of the seeker be given to ordinary arithmetic. No arithmetic will set the wanderer right in Sydney;—and this, I think,

is a great advantage. I lived at 213½ in a certain street, and the interesting number chosen seemed to have no reference to any smaller numbers. There was no 1, or 5, or 20 in that street. If you live at 213 in Philadelphia, you know that you are three doors from Two hundred and Ten Street on one side, and seven from Two Hundred and Twenty Street on the other. Information conveyed in that manner is always to me useless. I forget the numbers which I should remember, and have no aid to memory in the peculiarity either of the position or of the name.

The public gardens at Sydney deserve more than the passing mention just made of them. The people of Australia personally are laudably addicted to public gardens,—as they are to other public institutions with which they are enabled to inaugurate the foundation of their towns, by the experience taught to them by our deficiencies. Parks for the people were not among the requirements of humanity when our cities were first built; and the grounds necessary for such purposes had become so valuable when the necessity was recognised, that it has been only with great difficulty, and occasionally by the munificence of individuals, that we have been able to create these artificial lungs for our artizans. In many of our large towns we have not created them at all. The Australian cities have had the advantage of our deficiencies. The land has been public property, and space for recreation has been taken without the payment of any cost price. In this way a taste for gardens, and, indeed, to some extent, a knowledge of flowers and shrubs, has been generated, and a humanizing influence in that direction has been produced. There are, in all the large towns,—either in the very centre of them or adjacent to them,—gardens rather than parks, which are

used and apparently never abused. Those at Melbourne in Victoria are the most pretentious, and, in a scientific point of view, no doubt the most valuable. I am told that in the rarity and multiplicity of the plants collected there, they are hardly surpassed by any in Europe. But for loveliness, and that beauty which can be appreciated by the ignorant as well as by the learned, the Sydney Gardens are unrivalled by any that I have seen. The nature of the land, with its green slopes down to its own bright little sea bay, has done much for them, and art and taste combined has made them perfect. It may be said that of all drawbacks to public parks distance is the greatest. We know that in London, Hyde Park is but of little service to those who live at Mile End. The great park at New York, though it is connected by omnibusses with the whole city, requires an expedition to reach it. The gardens of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham are so far off from the multitude that the distance rather than the cost of entrance deters the crowd which might take delight in them. Even the Bois de Boulogne are too remote for daily purposes. But the gardens of Sydney are within easy reach of every street of the combined towns of Sydney and Wooloomooloo. A little beyond the gardens, almost equally near to the town, are the sea baths,—not small, dark, sequestered spots in which, for want of a better place, men and women may wash themselves, but open sea spaces, guarded by palisades from the sharks which make bathing in the harbour impracticable, large enough for swimming, and fitted up with all requisites. It is a great thing for a city to be so provided; and it is a luxury which, as far as I am aware, no other city possesses to the same degree. There is no place for bathing in England like it, or at all equal to it. That at Kingstown in Ireland is perhaps as good;

but Kingstown is six or seven miles from Dublin, and has to be reached by railroad. A man or a woman may walk to the bathing place at Sydney in a quarter of an hour.

I was much surprised at the fortifications of Sydney Harbour. Fortifications, unless specially inspected, escape even a vigilant seer of sights, but I, luckily for myself, was enabled specially to inspect them. I had previously no idea that the people of New South Wales were either so suspicious of enemies, or so pugnacious in their nature. I found five separate fortresses, armed, or to be armed, to the teeth with numerous guns,—four, five, or six at each point;—Armstrong guns, rifled guns, guns of eighteen tons weight, with loopholed walls, and pits for riflemen, as though Sydney were to become another Sebastopol. I was shown how the whole harbour and city were commanded by these guns. There were open batteries and casemated batteries, shell rooms and gunpowder magazines, barracks rising here and trenches dug there. There was a boom to be placed across the harbour, and a whole world of torpedoes ready to be sunk beneath the water, all of which were prepared and ready for use in an hour or two. It was explained to me that "they" could not possibly get across the trenches, or break the boom, or escape the torpedoes, or live for an hour beneath the blaze of the guns. "They" would not have a chance to get at Sydney. There was much martial ardour, and a very general opinion that "they" would have the worst of it. For a time I could not gather who "they" were to be. But "indirect damages" were on men's tongues, and so I knew who were the "they" at that moment uppermost in the thoughts of my companions. It would be the same in regard to any other enemies of England, either in esse

or in posse. I hope that New South Wales may never have to fight for England, and certainly that she may not have to fight America. But the feeling of loyalty in the colony is so strong, that were there a fight on hand, she would be unhappy not to be allowed to take some share in it. But in viewing these fortifications, I was most specially struck by the loveliness of the sites chosen. One would almost wish to be a gunner for the sake of being at one of those forts.

Three different localities are combined to make Sydney. There is the old city,—old as the age of cities is as yet counted in Australia,—in which are George Street and Pitt Street, so called from George III. and his minister, running parallel to each other, from the centre. The other chief streets are all named after the old governors,—Macquaire Street, King Street, Bligh Street, Hunter Street, and Phillip Street. Among these, Macquaire Street takes a proud pre-eminence, containing the Houses of Parliament, the Treasury buildings, the entrance to Government House, and the old hospital. During a portion of its length it is built up but on one side, and looks on to the public domain—for there is a public domain or park, as well as public gardens. Indeed, according to the maps of the city, there are an inner domain and an outer domain, and a Hyde Park. To the south of these rises the important town of Wooloomooloo,—as to the remarkable spelling of which name the reader may take my assurance that I am right. Wooloomooloo has become almost as big as Sydney and much more fashionable; and beyond Wooloomooloo, on and over various little coves of the sea,—Elizabeth Bay, and Rose Bay, and Double Bay, and Rushcutter's Bay, —cluster the various villa residences of the wealthy families. It is here that the rising generation of Sydney

desires to dwell, and there is much to justify its choice. Then there is the "North Shore," less fashionable, but almost as beautiful as the hills round the southern coves. The North Shore has to be reached by steam ferry from Sydney Cove, which now is better known as the Circular Quay, where is congregated the shipping of the port. When the wool ships from England are here, lying in a circle all round the margin, no port has a pleasanter appearance. This is during the summer months, from October perhaps up to March. I was at Sydney both in summer and winter; but during the winter the port seemed to be deserted. Crossing the main harbour from the Circular Quay, the inhabitants of the North Shore reach their side of the town in ten minutes. Here are St. Leonard's, which is fairly fashionable; Balmuir, which is less so; and up higher, the township of Pyrmont, which will perhaps hardly excuse me if I say that it is not fashionable at all. But then, on the other hand, Pyrmont is reached by a bridge, while the inhabitants of St. Leonard's are driven to use the ferry. I can hardly complete this attempted description of the city, without explaining that the Government House stands between the Circular Quay and the public gardens, with grounds sloping down to the sea. The position is one of great beauty, and the house has an air of magnificence about it, such as should belong to the residence of a viceroy. I have been told, however, that as a house it is not as good as it should be. Looking at it with the eyes of a humble private individual, I thought that it was all that a house need be.

The antiquity of Sydney,—perhaps I should say the comparative antiquity,—strikes an Englishman as being almost absurd, as he remembers that in his father's lifetime the place was covered by gum-trees and peopled

by savages. There are houses so old that they are in almost ruinous condition—seeming to be as low, as comfortless, and almost as picturesque, as do some dilapidated tenements in the old streets of our old towns. These are chiefly of wood; but the eyes become so used to wooden houses that this speciality is not observed. Two or three were pointed out to me, each as being the oldest in the town, and which certainly were built when the hearts of the young colonists were heavy with many troubles. Little was thought then of beauty of position, of gardens down to the water's edge, and of views over the land-locked sea. How were the inhabitants to make themselves safe against black savages, against convicts who were still more savage, and against fire? It seems that the first comers into any land have rarely thought much about scenery. Trouble as to food and security is too heavy on the minds of pioneers to allow them to indulge in the luxury of landscapes, and the taste for scenery is one of latter-day growth. In the last century Englishmen travelled to see cities, and to see men, and to study the world,—but in those days mountains were troublesome, and dark valleys were savage, and glaciers were horrible. Much is said by those who first landed at Botany Bay and Port Jackson on the trees and plants and herbs of the new country,—what I believe is now called "the Flora;" but I do not remember a word in praise of its loveliness.

Among other old buildings at Sydney there is an old church, and a very old hospital. The hospital, I was assured, is quite antiquated. It seemed to be airy, easy, and as pleasant as is compatible with the nature of such an institution. St. James's Church is pewed round with high dark panels, and is as much like an English comfortless church of the last century, as though

it stood in a second-rate town in an Eastern county. I went there once, and found it impossible to hear a word, either from the gentleman who read the lessons, or from him who preached. But it is a fashionable church, and is supposed to be that at which the governor and his family should say their prayers. The cathedral, on the other hand, is new, and very well arranged. I heard an excellent sermon there, in which I was told that it was the practice of St. Paul to teach his own religion rather than to abuse that of others,—a lesson which is much needed at home, and by no means unnecessary in the Australian colonies.

CHAPTER XIV.

Religion and Education.

It is natural that a visitor to any country should think most, and therefore speak with greatest fulness, of that sect in religion to which he himself belongs. He will be most prone to meet the pastors of that Church; and, unless he keeps his mind alert on the subject, he will,—if he be an Englishman of the Church of England,—fall into the error of thinking that the Church of England is the only important Church. The feeling is very common at home,—but even there it is a mistake. In the colonies the blunder would be much more egregious. As long as the colonies were Crown colonies, governed directly from home,—a certain amount of Church of England ascendancy was established. Bishops were appointed by the Crown, who still have, by virtue of their patents, some social precedence. They are recognised as titular lords,—having some stronger claim to the appellation than their Roman Catholic brother prelates. But in all these colonies every

branch of the Christian religion is now supposed to stand on an equal footing,—and to have an equal title to whatever support the State may be able and willing to give. In each of the colonies the energy of the various pastors and of their flocks, and the munificence of individuals, have added something to the clerical incomes, which are for the most part provided by the voluntary payments of the people. I should only trouble my readers with unnecessary particulars were I to attempt to explain in detail the sources from which such funds have arisen, and the manner in which they have been expended; but it may perhaps interest some to know that there are five bishops of the Church of England in New South Wales, the Bishop of Sydney being the metropolitan for the Australian colonies, with a salary of £2,000 per annum. The total income of the clergy of the Church of England in New South Wales is £13,963 per annum,—of which £12,386 is the amount paid voluntarily by the people, and £1,576 that coming from the General Church Fund. The usual stipend of an incumbent is £200 per annum. There are 229,243 members of the Church of England in the colony.

One Roman Catholic archbishop has the Romish Church under his government, with a salary of £800 per annum. The total income of the Roman Catholic Church is £7,607 per annum, of which £6,583 is the sum derived from the subscriptions of the faithful, and £1,024 that from the Church Fund. The incomes of the parish priests are £200 or £150 per annum. There are 145,932 Roman Catholics in the colony.

The Presbyterians and Wesleyans have of course no bishops, but they also pay their ministers at the rate of about £150 each; the Presbyterians drawing altogether £326, and the Wesleyans £180, from the General

Church Fund. The large remainder of the necessary sum is made up by the voluntary subscriptions of the flocks,—the Presbyterians paying £2,179 per annum, and the Wesleyans £1,572. The number of Presbyterians in the colony is 49,122, and that of Wesleyans, 36,275. There are nine other Christian sects who have parish ministers and places of worship of their own, and who together number 26,447 souls. There was also two Jewish synagogues,—and there is a congregation of Christian Israelites, as to whose religious doctrines I must own myself to be altogether ignorant.

Very much praiseworthy energy has been used throughout the colonies to bring religious teaching within the reach of the people under very disadvantageous circumstances. No doubt the fact of an endowed Church at home, and the theory of endowments which was brought from home to the colonies, has given rise there as well as here to an idea that religion and religious teaching and rites should be administered to a people without any demand upon them for direct payment. People in Australia will commonly make it a matter of complaint that no clergyman has ever been near them, that no religious aid has ever been sent to them,—although they themselves have taken no measures and paid no money towards bringing a clergyman into their districts. For the doctor and the lawyer they know they must pay,—as the Roman Catholic knows also that he must for his priest. But the normal English Protestant,—even when dissenting from the Church of England,—thinks that his spiritual pastor should be sent to him by some unknown authority which is supposed to have such matters in keeping. If the spiritual pastor be not sent, the Protestant goes on without clerical assistance, perhaps complaining,—more probably troubling himself very little on

the matter. He would go to church if there were a church near him; but if there be none within reach the fault does not rest with him, and thus his conscience is at ease. And again, the sparseness of the population and the great distances which lie between the small towns, add greatly to the difficulty. Clergymen of all denominations are, when employed in the pastoral districts, obliged to take charge of wide areas of country rather than of parishes,—of areas so wide that services can be held by each perhaps only once a fortnight, and perhaps only once a month. The travelling also is expensive, laborious, and very disagreeable. It necessarily follows that in many places there is no religious worship set on foot with clerical aid, and that squatters, with their families and their attendant shepherds, stockriders, shearers, and the like, recognise Sunday only as a day of rest.

I should, however, be wrong not to add that in New South Wales, and in the other colonies, a system has grown up under the direct sanction of the bishops of the Church of England for the performance of the Church Service by laymen. The morning prayers, with the lessons and litany are read,—and often also a sermon. I believe that Episcopal injunctions against original sermons by laymen are very strong; but I imagine that they are sometimes disobeyed. Whether the Presbyterians and Wesleyans employ lay readers I am unable to say. As a matter of course the Roman Catholics do not do so,—and on this account I think that the Roman Catholics as a sect are more neglected than their Protestant brethren, although they are doubtless under stricter coercion in regard to the payment of clerical dues.

I feel myself bound to record my opinion that religious teaching, and the exercise of religious worship,

are held as being essential to civilisation and general well-being by the people of Australia. Taking the inhabitants of the colonies all through, I think the feeling is stronger there than it is at home, first and chiefly because the mass of the population is better educated,—secondly, and in a much less degree, because they who are foremost in education, rank, and society, are less highly educated. That the first should be the case will surprise no one, and will be generally admitted as a consequence, if it be allowed, that the colonial education is superior to that which we have as yet achieved at home. The tendencies and influences which send children to school, send them and their parents to church also,—even though the schools be in all respects secular. Teaching produces prosperity; prosperity achieves decent garments;—and decent garments are highly conducive to church-going. Among us in England that portion of our rural population which never goes to church, and which is utterly ignorant of all religious observances, consists of the unfortunates upon whom the kindly dew of instruction has never fallen, and who have been left in almost brute-like ignorance. Among all communities in the colonies the children are taught. Wherever there is any community, however small it may be, there is a school; and where there is a school the children attend it. And almost as universally, wherever there is a community there arises a church, or more commonly churches. Though there be only two or three hundred persons within a twelve-mile circle, affording perhaps an average church attendance of less than a hundred, there will be a Presbyterian and a Roman Catholic church along side of each other, or a Church of England and a Wesleyan church. Sometimes in a small township, containing ostensibly little in the way of buildings beyond the four

public-houses, the blacksmith's shop, and the bank, there will be three places of worship. The people are fond of building churches, and are proud of having them in their villages,—though they are unfortunately less addicted to pay annually for their clergyman than to defray the cost of their churches. You can, too, go in debt for a church,—but hardly for a clergyman. There is, I think, undoubtedly a general desire that the comfort and decency of religious teaching should be recognised in the colony, and this I attribute mainly to the healthy state of education.

It would be more difficult to show that a lower condition of education among the better educated classes in the colony than that which has been reached at home, should have a similar tendency, but I think that such is the case. There can be but little doubt that education among the most favoured classes at home does range higher than in the colonies. It would indeed be most disgraceful to England with her wealth, and her endowed colleges and schools, if it were not so. And it has come about as one result of such advanced teaching,—not in England only but in every country in which erudition has been valued,—that the erudite have learned to disregard and in part to dispense with the services of a priesthood. I do not say that infidelity has been thus produced,—but rather a tendency in the man's mind to think that he can best suffice to himself as his own priest. This feeling, operating from men to their wives, from fathers to sons, and from mothers to daughters,—but ever more strongly among men than women,—has in all highly intellectual communities had a certain tendency to weaken confidence in the administrations of church services. In the colonies this condition of society has hardly been yet reached. That it will come,—whether

it be for good or evil,—is certain. In the meantime the absence of the condition has the tendency which I have alleged, of making the feeling in favour of religious teaching stronger among the higher classes in the colonies than it is among our higher classes at home.

I find by the statistical register of New South Wales that the average Sunday attendance at various places of worship amounts to something over one-third of the whole population. On 31st December, 1870, the population was 502,861, and during that year the average Sunday attendance had been 172,320.

It must be admitted on behalf of the colony, that New South Wales has supplied itself with schools on a most liberal footing; but it must be admitted also by the colony that too large a proportion of the expense of these schools has been thrust on the general taxation of the country. There are 796 public or common schools, —open to all classes, though not open without payment except under special circumstances,—of which 267 are denominational, and 529 are secular. The total cost of these is £150,866 per annum, of which only £39,583 is paid by the subscriptions of the scholars, leaving the large sum of £111,283 as a burden on the revenue of the country. And it must be remembered that this is the case in a country in which the wages of artisans average 7*s.* 6*d.* and those of rural labourers are about 4*s.* a day. These schools are all subject to the Council of Education, and in 1870 they taught 59,814 scholars. Including those at private schools, the cost of which cannot of course be given, there were, in 1870, 74,503 scholars under tuition in the colony—a number which I think will be regarded as high for a population of half a million, which is continually being increased by the immigration of adults.

I visited the largest of the Sydney public or common schools, and, as is usual on such occasions, I listened while the children were put through their facings. I never know how far to believe the wonders which I hear and see at such exhibitions. I endeavour to believe as little as possible, in order that I may be saved from a consciousness of disgrace at my own comparative ignorance. When a little boy gets up on his legs, and without any aid of pen or pencil, does a sum in half a minute which I know that I could not do myself if I were locked up for half a day with all necessaries, I hate that little boy, and feel disposed almost to hope that there must have been some fraud between him and his teacher. The following is the sort of question asked: —"If a man invest *£197. 7s. 6d.* at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and get a rise in the rate of interest of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. at the end of 23 days, what will his income amount to at the end of 42 days?" Let me ask any ordinary English gentleman whether he would do that sum for the sake of getting the forty-two days' income? But the little boy does it out of head, looking innocently up to the ceiling for his answer, and getting not even praise when he gives it with presumed correctness. I suppose the answer was correct, and that the figures were not exhibited to the little boy in some manner that I could not detect.

And certainly a little girl whom I questioned myself must have understood what she was saying. A passage in Shakespeare had been read, in which the word "strategy" is used in its secondary, and not its technical sense. I asked the meaning of the word, and the little girl said that strategy was the art of military manœuvring. She was a very nice little girl, and I hope she may live to be the wife of the first commander-in-chief of the forces of New South Wales. The girls in some of these

public schools are more wonderful even than the boys. They read better, and seem to have a clearer perception of things in general. I remember, at such an exhibition in New York, hearing a roomful of girls questioned by the mistress. She asked why the Romans ran away with the Sabine matrons. One girl suggested that it must have been because the Sabine matrons were pretty; but she was soon taken down by a clearer-headed maiden, who told us that it was done for the sake of population. The young girls at Sydney were perhaps not quite so far advanced as this; but nevertheless their condition amazed me. Putting aside all joking, I profess that the excellence of the teaching in the Fore Street School at Sydney was very high, though I doubt much whether all that be taught under its system is retained. Of course it will be understood that the school of which I am speaking is the school open to the people at large.

The glory of Sydney in the way of education is its university, and certainly a great deal of spirit has been shown by the colony in the creation of the institution and in the erection of the building. As regards the building, I think no one will dispute the assertion when I say that the college-hall,—or public room, for it is put to none of the comfortable festive uses for which college-halls have been built at our universities,—is the finest chamber in the colonies. If I were to say that no college either at Oxford or Cambridge possesses so fine a one, I might probably be contradicted. I certainly remember none of which the proportions are so good. In regard to the Sydney University itself, it must be remembered that it has been instituted simply for education, and not as a place of residence either for fellows, scholars, or commoners. It consists, therefore, of the hall, library, lecture-rooms, museum, and a residence for

one of the professors. It knows nothing of gaudy days, of high tables, of sweet Latin graces, or of audit ale. It lacks the social charms to which the frequenters of Oxford and Cambridge have been accustomed; but perhaps the education on that account is not the worse, and certainly it is very much less expensive.

In a fiscal point of view, I cannot say that the university has been as yet a success. In 1870,—and I can give the figures for no later year,—the total cost of the university, consisting chiefly of the salaries of the professors, was £5,938, of which no less than £5,000 was paid from the taxes of the colony. There were but 41 scholars, whose friends contributed a trifle over £22 per annum each for their education, amounting in all to £938. But there are three professors attached to the college, each of whom enjoys an income in excess of the sum so subscribed, besides other professors less liberally remunerated.

There are also affiliated colleges, in which it is proposed that students from a distance shall live,—as they do at our English colleges,—under the charge of a Warden or Rector. Two of these have been already built, and are inhabited, by the Warden of St. Paul's, which is a Protestant establishment, and by the Rector of St. John's which is intended for the Roman Catholics. These gentlemen's salaries, of £500 each, are paid out of the taxes; but the affiliated students have not yet come in large numbers. When I visited the university, the happy Rector of St. John's was troubled with, I think, but one inmate, whereas the Warden of St. Paul's had three or four.

I am very far, however, from intending to sneer at the Sydney University. Amidst a population so sparse, it was of course necessary that the beginning, if made

at all, should be made by the government, and be paid for with government money. It has not yet had time for success. Every effort has been made to lead to success, especially in procuring first-class teachers for its service. The reputation for scholarship of Dr. Badham, the classical professor, is as high in England as it is in Sydney,—or nearly so; for in Sydney he is now regarded as the one living uncontrovertible authority in all questions of Greek literature. Mr. Pell, the professor of mathematics, stands equally high in his own line. There is no institution in the colonies which excites and deserves the sympathies of an English traveller more completely than does the Sydney University.

CHAPTER XV.

Legislature and Government.

THE first parliament under which responsible government was inaugurated in New South Wales commenced its action on the 22nd of May, 1856, and the first responsible ministry came into office on the 6th of June, 1856. Sir William Denison was their governor. When he was sent to the colony, the governor really governed, having a policy of his own, in the execution of which there was not much to disturb him as long as he carried the Secretary of State with him in his measures. But from May, 1856, all this was changed; and from that date parliamentary rule has prevailed in New South Wales. The sixth parliament is now sitting, and the fourteenth ministry was formed in 1872. Australian ministries are not long-lived, and it may well be that before these pages are published Mr. Parkes, who was premier and colonial secretary when they were written, will have given way, and a fifteenth ministry,—possibly

under the presidency of Sir James Martin,—will be sitting on the treasury benches. Sir James Martin and Mr. John Robertson seem to be two statesmen whose services are most generally in request by the colony. Sir James Martin has been five times attorney-general, and has three times, while holding that office, been also premier. Mr. Robertson has been in six cabinets, and has twice been premier. There can be but little doubt that a turn in the political wheel of fortune will restore them to the seats on that bench to which they are so well accustomed. The only question is as to the duration of their exclusion.

There are many other gentlemen who are well known in the colony as parliamentary politicians,—men who come into office for a time and go out, perhaps, for eternity. But as to the two whom I have mentioned, there is a feeling that they are normal ministers—gentlemen who have almost a right to be in parliament, and, being in parliament, almost a right to be in the cabinet. It is very hard to define parties in the colonial parliamentary contests, as they are defined with us. Of these two colonial statesmen, I should say that Mr. Robertson was a strong Liberal, and Sir James Martin a very strong Conservative. Mr. Robertson's name and fame are connected especially with the administration of the crown lands, in regard to which he has been regarded as the friend of the free-selecters, and therefore as the enemy of the squatters. Sir James is, I fear, a protectionist at heart. He is a proclaimed foe to separation, strong in loyalty to the Crown, very English, very confident in his own colony, perhaps a little jealous of others, very pugnacious, a consistent and thorough-going politician, and almost a Tory. He is, I think, certainly the best Australian speaker that I heard. Mr. Robertson,

who was lately Sir James's colleague, but for many years his opponent, is entitled to the singular merit of having won for himself high parliamentary reputation in spite of organic impediments to speech which would have made a less energetic man dumb for life as regards all public assemblies.

When I was first in Sydney, the parliamentary question which was then exciting the minds of men in New South Wales,—and the minds of men also in Victoria,—was that of the border duties. I do not feel quite sure that these border duties will interest my readers as keenly as they interested me, or that I can in any way make the subject palatable to them. In the colonies they are of vital interest, not only from the effect they have had and must have on the intercourse between the two leading colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, but because the discussion which they are producing may probably assist in bringing about that one great measure, which is of all measures most essential to the future welfare of the colonies, a customs union which shall bind them together as one country in regard to duties on imported goods. I will tell the story of the border duties as shortly as I can.

The different colonies of Australia and New Zealand are at present competent to levy what duties they please on imported goods, each colony having in this respect a power as separate and individual to itself as that possessed by different independent nations. Victoria may charge what she pleases on sugar, and New South Wales what she pleases on tobacco. But they cannot import sugar or tobacco from Cuba at one rate of duty, and obtain them from the sister colony of Queensland either free, or at another rate. If they were to raise a revenue on these articles coming from Cuba, they must raise the

same revenue on them coming from Queensland, although Queensland is a part of Australia, a part of the English empire, and apparently as nearly connected with themselves as Lincolnshire and Yorkshire are with Lancashire. Therefore it follows as a necessity that custom duties must be levied between the colonies, even were all the colonial statesmen agreed in opinion as to the expediency of abolishing them. Revenue must be raised on certain articles, and therefore any such article, when produced in one colony, cannot be carried free into another. On sea-borne articles,—goods carried, we will say, from the port of Sydney to that of Melbourne,—these duties can be levied at any rate without any special injury to commerce. That such duties are in themselves injurious to the colonies at large is, I think, easy of proof, but that question is not necessarily involved in the question of border duties. The actual collection of the customs between one port and another can be effected without serious inconvenience. But between coterminous states or colonies,—between adjoining portions of one and the same nationality, which are separated from each other only by arbitrary lines,—there is, of course, a considerable amount of traffic that is not sea-borne. Goods are necessarily carried over the border. The wine of one colony is consumed in another, as are also the flour and wheat. It is the policy of Victoria at present to levy custom duties on flour and wheat; and therefore the flour and wheat of South Australia cannot be received duty free in Victoria without a breach—not only of the Victorian, but also of the English laws. There is intercourse of this nature between Queensland and New South Wales, and respectively between New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia,—as to which a line of custom-house offices along the entire borders

of the colonies would be required if the obligations of the law were fulfilled. But the one line of sufficient importance to create for itself special attention has been that between New South Wales and Victoria.

The river Murray divides the two colonies. North of the Murray there lies a pastoral district,—called the Riverina, as it is bounded or intersected by the largest known rivers of Australia,—which belongs to New South Wales, but which, from its position, and by the existing means of transit, is much more nearly allied to Melbourne than to Sydney. The people of the Riverina buy their goods in Melbourne and not in Sydney. We may take tea as illustration,—seeing that tea is an article of immense consumption among wool-growing people. The tea of the Riverina is bought in Melbourne; and as New South Wales cannot, of course, allow the government of Victoria to swell its revenue with duties levied on articles consumed in New South Wales, the tax upon this tea must either be recovered from Victoria, or must be collected as the tea crosses the border, having passed through the Victorian territory in bond. Some years ago the duties were collected on the borders,—on the banks of the Murray, as the goods passed over; but the inconvenience resulting from such an arrangement was intolerable. It was precisely the same as though there were a custom-house on the Thames at Hampton Court, so that people on the one side could not deal with their neighbours on the other, without the interference of revenue officers. This was so grievous that the two colonies were driven into a convention, by which the border custom-houses were abolished, and Victoria agreed to pay to New South Wales £60,000 per annum in lieu of these duties, which she would levy at Melbourne on goods there imported, but sent for consump-

tion into the Riverina. Colonial produce, either from Victoria to New South Wales, or from New South Wales to Victoria, was to pass free under the same agreement, on the assumption that the £60,000 paid by Victoria would balance the whole account.

In this way, as it were by a side wind, the free interchange of colonial produce was sanctioned, in direct opposition to the spirit of the law. The law forbids either colony to import goods from the other on terms more favourable than those on which the same article can be imported from other countries. Just north of the Murray is the Albury district, and the Albury district produces wine which is consumed to a great extent in Melbourne. As Victoria charges a duty on French wines, she is bound to charge a duty on the wines of New South Wales. But the £60,000 per annum paid by Victoria was supposed to settle the whole question of the Murray duties, and the Albury wine-growers were allowed to send their wines into Victoria, to the manifest injury of France, Spain, and Germany,—also to the more manifest injury of the northern portions of New South Wales, which grows a wine perhaps as popular and plentiful as Albury, but which can send its wine to Victoria only by ships. No clearer evidence can be given of the absurdity of intercolonial duties than the confession thus made that they cannot be collected. It may, of course, be asserted that the £60,000 per annum which was paid up to February, 1872, was a fair adjustment of the balance of taxation between the two colonies; but it can hardly be asserted that the arrangement answered the purpose intended by the obligation enforced by Great Britain. The arrangement made simply admitted the Albury wines to pass the borders of one colony into another duty free, in direct opposition to the spirit and to the letter of the

obligation upon which the mother country was still insisting. The mother country, through her Secretaries of State, had declared that were one colony to be allowed to receive the goods of another colony free of duty while charging a duty on those goods from any other country, free trade would be so far abandoned, and protection would be so far encouraged. No doubt it would; and to an equal degree free trade would be abandoned and protection encouraged by allowing Worcester gloves to be sold duty free over the Severn in Worcestershire, should England be ever driven to reimpose a tax on French gloves, by the abrogation of Mr. Cobden's treaty. We still, I believe, levy a tax on imported gold plate and ornaments. Why do we not levy a tax on the gold plate of London when it is taken into Southwark? The argument is the same. Whenever any custom duty is levied, on entering a country producing the same article, the article produced by the country is protected. But why should there be less protection on one side of the Murray than another? or why, at any rate, should England interfere to say that it shall be so, England the while allowing her colonies to make what protective tariffs they please for their own advantage,—or detriment?

But,—to return to the late arrangement as to the border duties across the Murray. A sum of £60,000 was paid by mutual agreement, and the Colonial Office at home winked at the fact that wine and other articles were carried over the river free. This lasted for a few years, and then the ministers of New South Wales,—and among them especially Sir James Martin, their premier,—convinced themselves that £60,000 was not enough. The people of the Riverina drank a great deal of tea, and consumed much brandy and tobacco, the duties on which all went to swell the Victorian revenue. It was

evident to Sir James Martin that the amount should be increased, although when the contest began no returns were produced to show, with even assumed accuracy, what were the amounts of the commerce in question. A conference between ministers of the various Australian cabinets was held at Melbourne,—professedly in regard to postal matters. The discussions on that subject did not have much result. There have been many conferences between Australian ministers, which never seem to have much result, because there is no bond by which the delegates can be fixed to anything. The delegates are not bound by a majority of votes. They are not bound by a majority of colonies, or even by a majority of the population represented. A general palaver takes place, as to which minutes of proceedings are published—to be read, I fear, only by those few who take strong political action in the colonies. I think that very little came of the postal conference; but very much came of the subsequent disputes between the premiers of New South Wales and of Victoria as to the border duties. Mr. Duffy, on the part of Victoria, absolutely repudiated the idea of an increased payment. "We are allowing you to send wine and grain in without duty," said the Victorian prime minister; "wine and grain which are clearly subject to duty; and by raising our hand we can put a tax upon your cattle and sheep. Where would your squatters and graziers be if we put a duty on your mutton and beef? Would not £40,000 a year be nearer the mark than £60,000? As for any increase, that is altogether out of the question. I don't know how you can look me in the face and ask it." Such seems to have been the tenor of the reply made by the Victorian minister; and the minister from New South Wales was not less positive or less high-spoken. £100,000, or the border duties, was his ultimatum.

Of course there was no agreement; and the minister from New South Wales returned to Sydney full of resolution, full of courage, almost full of war. The border duties should be collected.

And the border duties were collected. But the real battle had to be fought in Sydney. It would be too long to tell the tale of the whole fight,— how it raged throughout long nights in the House of Assembly. Sir James Martin carried the House of Assembly with him at first by a small majority, but was afterwards defeated, and had to retire. He fought his battle with the utmost gallantry, and with an amount of parliamentary energy and power which filled me with regret that I could not place myself on the side which seemed to gain more honour by defeat than the other did by victory. But, to my thinking, Sir James was twice wrong. He was wrong in the first instance for disturbing an arrangement which, logically absurd as it was, did at any rate promote peace and good-will between the colonies, and which would not have been made less logically absurd had Sir James succeeded in increasing the lump sum from £60,000 to £100,000; and he was wrong in the second instance because he ought to have known that his own colony would be against him. He was beaten in his own House of Assembly,—in which previous to the raising of this question he had a majority. He induced the governor to dissolve,—for which the governor was abused by all parties, —and was then in a decided minority, having with difficulty secured a seat for himself after losing that for East Sydney which he previously held.

I have narrated the matter here at some length, not much hoping to interest English readers in the fate of the premier of New South Wales on the occasion,—or even in the question of the border duties itself, which

loomed so large when I was at Sydney,—because it offers a fair example of the confusion and grievous trouble into which the colonies are thrown by their present condition in regard to intercolonial custom duties. The Australian colonies are at any rate as closely allied as are the cantons of Switzerland, the United States of America,—or as were the different German kingdoms and duchies before the days of Prussian complete ascendancy. But among these various states and kingdoms,—which, in truth, have never had bonds of obligation half so strong as those which should knit Australia into one whole,—there has been union sufficient to prevent the cruelty of internal custom duties. Let those who have travelled in Germany think what it would be if all articles of commerce between Baden and Darmstadt, between Rhenish Prussia and Nassau, had been subject to the same restrictions as those imposed on goods imported from France into Germany. Americans are supposed by us to injure themselves considerably by the severity of their custom regulations;—but where would be their trade if New York could not deal with Jersey City, or Cincinnati with Louisville, Chicago with Buffalo, except through the intervention of internal custom-houses?

Sir James Martin wanted £100,000 in lieu of £60,000 for his border duties. The one arrangement would have been as irrational as the other. In either case articles of intercolonial produce would have been allowed to pass free,—not because it is right, or even legal to grant to the residents on the Murray a privilege denied to residents in other parts of either colony; not because it is just to give to the people of Albury a market for their wine in Melbourne free of duty, while the wine-growers on the Hunter River could not send their wine to Melbourne without subjecting it to the same duty as that

payable on foreign wines. The Albury wines under the old system were allowed to pass free, because the payment of a lump sum in lieu of duties on such articles as tea and sugar imported at Melbourne in Victoria for the use of the Riverina in New South Wales, gave an opportunity for evasion. The British law still binding on the colonies requires, that goods passing from one colony to another shall be taxed, if similar goods from foreign countries are made subject to tax. Foreign wines are of course subject to duty, and, therefore, New South Wales wine should pay a duty on going into Victoria;—but by lumping these border duties it was allowed to slip through. The only cure for this anomaly and confusion is to be found in a customs union throughout the colonies, and the first step to such a union will be an alteration in the British law which forbids the colonies to exercise each its own discretion as to the free intercourse of their own produce, and put an end to all those abominable smuggling complications which must follow an attempt to collect duties over a long line of internal demarcation, such as that afforded by the river Murray. Dry as this subject is, I shall venture to return to it again before I finish the task which I have taken in hand, because I regard the present condition of things as fatal to the recognition of Australian integrity, either by the colonies themselves or by other nationalities.

These border duties were so much in the ascendant, both when I first visited Sydney and when I returned thither, that I hardly heard other matters of much importance discussed in the New South Wales parliament. There was a divorce bill brought forward, and I then was surprised to learn that the people of New South Wales, alone among English-speaking races, are without any legalised means of separating a wife from her hus-

band, or a husband from his wife. On this occasion the divorce bill was thrown out, and the peculiarity still remains. The practice of the British parliament as to counting out and observing the presence of strangers has been adopted, and is of course much more frequently used than it is at home. I was surprised to find how very large a proportion of the time of the House was occupied in personal discussions and appeals to the Speaker;—as to some of which I could not but feel that the gentleman had by no means a bed of roses. A Speaker in an Australian House of Assembly should be a stout man, not thin-skinned, prone rather to content himself with a low level of conduct in his House than to attempt the maintenance of high dignified decorum,—but capable of speaking a very strong word if a member should occasionally fall into a bathos lower than that low level. With some trains a driver feels that it is much to get along at all. The House at Sydney does certainly succeed in making its journeys. When there, I often felt that an exercise of some great act of authority would be useful,—that an order to the sergeant-at-arms to carry away an offending member and lock him up in some parliamentary black-hole would be beneficial. I longed for the moment to be the Speaker, that I might be authoritative. But I perceived gradually that the work did get itself done, and that the gentleman in the chair knew what he was about. I was not so sure that he was right, when on an occasion,—a new bill respecting the border duties being then in committee,—he spoke from the benches as a member of the House, not simply on the clause under discussion, but with considerable party violence on the subject of the bill at large. I could not but think that his authority as Speaker would be injured by his descending into the political arena.

That a very commonplace man may make a fair debater was a lesson I had learned before I ever entered an Australian legislature. Such a one will not become a great orator. He will not overcome his hearers by reasons, or carry them away by passionate eloquence. But he may be very serviceable,—as flour is serviceable in the fabrication of a pudding. Indeed a pudding with much flour and but few plums will answer its purpose better than one in which the plums have nothing to hold them together. In the House of Assembly at Sydney there was a sufficiency of farinaceous matter to prevent the plums from cloying the appetite and injuring the digestion.

The Lower House, or House of Assembly, at Sydney consists of seventy-two members. They are elected members for four years, the house being, of course, subject to dissolution by the governor,—as is our House of Commons at home. Manhood suffrage prevails, and votes are given by ballot. There is no power of scrutiny after the ballot, and I was told by many that the personation of votes is common. I am inclined to think that the ballot has acted well in the colony,—serving, as it certainly has done, to preserve tranquillity at elections. I do not think that any conclusion should be drawn from this as to the expedience of the ballot in England. In New South Wales no voter is desirous of concealing his vote. It is not for secrecy,—to protect the voter from intimidation, or from bribery,—that the ballot is needed, but as a measure of police precaution for the day.

The Upper House, or Legislative Council, in Sydney is dignified and conservative. As in Queensland, the members are elected by the Crown, and are elected for life. Practically the nomination is made by the premier of the day. The great majority of the present members

have sat in the Lower House, and have thus learned the use of a debating chamber before entering the Council.

The Executive Council consists of the Governor and seven ministers,—one of whom must be in the Legislative Council. The following are the officers who generally compose the Cabinet:—the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Colonial Treasurer, the Secretary for Lands, the Secretary for Public Works, and the Postmaster-General. Any one of these officers may be Premier, though the Premier generally chooses to be Colonial Secretary. Sir James Martin, when Premier, has always been Attorney-General. Mr. Robertson was at one time Premier and Secretary for Lands. The conduct of public business is almost the same as with us in England, the one exception being that the governors have the power of reserving bills passed by the two Houses for the sanction of the home government; and that the home government, even when bills have not been so reserved, may put its veto on a bill, even when it has been passed by the two Houses and the governor, at any time within two years of the date of its receipt by the Secretary of State.

By the last census, taken in 1871, the population of New South Wales was 503,981. At the beginning of 1872, the revenue was £2,218,699. Of this sum, £1,720,722 was made up by taxation, and £497,977 was revenue derived from the sale and lease of crown lands. The public debt was £10,614,330, and the interest of the debt was £530,514 per annum;—thus requiring every individual in the colony to bear a burden of about £1 per annum on its account. It must, however, be explained that nearly all the money so borrowed has been expended on public works,—such as roads and railways, and that the sum expended on railways, amounting to £6,500,000,

returns an interest of nearly 2½ per cent. in the shape of profit. It can hardly be boasted on behalf of the colony that this outlay of money has been directly remunerative, as we know that 7½ per cent. is nearer to the mark of normal interest in New South Wales; but when we consider the general good that is done by an easy means of transit to a community in which the ordinary means are difficult, slow, and expensive, we can hardly look upon the debt in the light of a national incubus, as we should do had the money been laid out on the current expenses of the year, or in defraying the charges of past extravagance.

The total payment demanded from every inhabitant is higher than it is at home. With us it is less than £2 10*s.* a head. In New South Wales it is very nearly £3 10*s.* a head,—after giving the colony the advantage of the sum derived from the lease and sale of crown lands; but £3 10*s.* a head is not nearly so heavy a burden in the colonies as is £2 10*s.* in England. The rate of rural wages throughout Great Britain is not much above 12*s.* a week, whereas in New South Wales it averages about 24*s.*

CHAPTER XVI.

Country Towns, Railways, and Roads.

The country towns of Australia, generally, are not attractive, and it is hardly to be expected that they should as yet be so. There are, of course, exceptional instances,—Ballaarat, Geelong, and Beechworth in Victoria, are exceptions, as are also Launceston in Tasmania, and Strathalbyn and Mount Gambier in South Australia, which, from peculiarity of situation, or the energy of individuals, have become either well-built cities or pleasant little towns. No doubt there are others which I was not able to visit,

But, generally, there is a raw newness about these congregations of houses, an initiation of streets which as yet are no more than initiated, a deficiency in pavement and macadamisation which leads either to dust or mud, an apparent mixture of pretension and failure which is indeed indispensable to towns founded with hopes of future greatness, but which creates a feeling of melancholy sadness in the mind of a stranger. It could hardly have been otherwise, and yet it grieves us to see that they who have diligently made their plans, intending to produce comfort, social neatness, and sometimes even urban magnificence, should as yet have succeeded in producing only discomfort, untidiness, and insignificance. In old countries, such as our own, towns have grown up almost without an intention on the part of any founder. Cities have formed themselves out of villages, because it has suited first this man and then that to earn his bread in this or that locality. Consequently our streets have been narrow and crooked, our spaces confined and often ill arranged, and our supplies of water and air insufficient for an increasing population. We are daily compelled to pull down that we may rebuild,—and are almost angry with ourselves or with those who went before us, in that there has been so little foresight among us as to the wants of mankind. But it has resulted from all this that we are not, as a rule, incomplete, pretentious, or unpicturesque. The new countries, however, have taken a lesson from the deficiencies of the old countries, and have commenced their towns on a certain plan, with wide streets, and large spaces, and straight long lines, so that coming generations of thronging men may be able to build their houses in spots properly prepared, and to move about without knotting themselves into inconvenient crowds as men have to do in the old cities. When the generations shall have

come, this will be very well, and the wisdom of the founders will be acknowledged;—but in the meantime the new towns are ugly, and generally dirty.

They who have travelled in the United States beyond the big cities,—who have seen something besides New York, Boston, and Chicago,—must have felt this ugliness very strongly. It was the appreciation of this deformity, excited to its greatest intensity by the unfortunate youthfulness of the place then under inspection, and by the imagination of the artist, which produced that portion of a town in the wilderness which Dickens painted and called Eden. The founders of his Eden had sought the confluence of two great navigable rivers, and had planned long quays and broad streets;—but, up to Dickens's day, had produced nothing but mud and ague. I have seen no Australian town so bad as Eden,—which certainly when I visited it still deserved all the evil things which have been said of it. Such a picture of any Australian town, even if I could draw it, would be untrue. But I cannot say that as yet these communities possess many beauties to recommend them to the eye, or have much to please a stranger. I visited not a few of these in New South Wales, and found, almost invariably, the same characteristics,—broad streets, and many of them but streets very imperfectly filled with houses, a look of scattered, straggling incompleteness, and an air of disappointment, as though men were beginning to fear that their Eden was not becoming that city of Elysium which they had fondly anticipated.

And yet in these towns there is ample evidence of energy. The population of such places may be said to vary from 7,000 to 500, the great majority having less than 2,000 inhabitants. Exclusive of Sydney there are but six towns in the whole colony of New South Wales

which have a population over 2,000, and of these four, Newcastle, Maitland, Paramatta, and Bathurst have a population varying from 5,000 to 7,500. In all these towns,—even in places with less than 500 souls,—there is a bank. In most of them there are two or three banks. In all these there is a church;—in most of them there are churches. The hotels are more numerous even than the banks and churches, and,—though I heard them abused as inns are always abused in all countries,—I found them fairly comfortable and very much better than I had expected from the sparseness of the population over so wide a district. Almost all inns in Australia, however small, have a bath-room,—though it may be of rude construction. I wish I could convey this information to hotel-keepers in England. I found, too, that the shops were better than they looked, and that the means of comfortable life were to be found in towns which were not attractive in their appearance.

In England it is sometimes very difficult to discover the raison d'être of a community called a town. One cannot understand why that especial lot of human beings have formed themselves together and determined to live in that particular place. It seems that the tailor lives on the butcher, the butcher on the baker, the baker on the publican, and so on. In many of our towns, probably in all the greater cities, there is some particular industry,—but in others, especially in the South and East, there is no such cause. I never could understand why Wincanton or Ilminster should continue to exist, or Chelmsford or Bury St. Edmunds. There were causes when the towns were new, and in new countries the causes are still to be recognised. In New South Wales many of the towns have been absolutely created by the gold-fields, and are still being created. Some of the gold-

field towns are already in a state of decay, and are almost passing away. Still something of life remains, but of all the sad places I ever saw they are the most melancholy. They are "bush" towns. Readers who desire to understand anything of Australian life should become acquainted with the technical meaning of the word "bush." The bush is the gum-tree forest, with which so great a part of Australia is covered, that folk who follow a country life are invariably said to live in the bush. Squatters who look after their own runs always live in the bush, even though their sheep are pastured on plains. Instead of a town mouse and a country mouse in Australia, there would be a town mouse and a bush mouse,—but mice living in the small country towns would still be bush mice. A young lady when she becomes engaged to a gentleman whose avocations call upon him to live far inland always declares that she prefers "bush life." The mining towns are comprised of the sudden erections which sprung from the finding of gold in the neighbourhood, and are generally surrounded by thick forest. But in their immediate vicinity the trees have been cut down either for firewood or for use under ground;—but have not been altogether cleared away, so that the hideous stumps remain above the surface. Around on all sides the ground has been stirred in the search for gold, and ugly bare heaps of clay are left. The road to and from such a place will meander causelessly between yawning holes, in each of which some desponding miner has probably buried his high hopes,—and which he has then abandoned. One wonders that every child in the neighbourhood does not perish by falling into them. At different points around the centre which have once been supposed to be auriferous, there are the skeleton remains of wooden habitations, with here and

there the tawdry sign-boards of deserted shops from which high profits were once expected. In some few of these skeleton habitations there are still inhabitants,—men and women who having a house have been unwilling to leave it, even when the dreadful fact that gold is not to be found in paying quantities has been acknowledged. In the centre there is still the town, though day by day its right to the name is passing from it. There are still the publicans, and still the churches,—though the services become rare and still more rare,—and there is the bank holding its position as long as an ounce of gold is to be extracted from the unwilling soil. Here congregate Chinese in gangs, who are content to re-wash the ground which has already been perhaps twice washed by European or Australian Christians, and who, with the patient industry which is peculiar to them, will earn perhaps each 1*s.* 6*d.* a day by the process. I will name no such town, because by doing so I might offend the susceptibilities of some still hopeful denizens of the place specified, but they are easy to find by those who travel in New South Wales. There are, however, other mining towns in the colony full of life. Men are still crowding to them; and at these habitations cannot be put up fast enough to cover the eager seekers after wealth, nor shops opened quick enough to supply their wants. Of them I will say a few words in another chapter.

Other towns, and they probably the best and most enduring of the country towns of New South Wales, have been built in the wheat districts,—in those parts of the colony which have been found most fitted for cereal produce. Among these are Maitland, Bathurst, Goulbourn, Armidale, Albury,—and Wagga Wagga, celebrated for ever in the annals of the colony as having been once the residence of the great Tichborne claimant. Maitland

and Goulbourn I did not visit,—of Bathurst I cannot speak otherwise than kindly because of the kindness I received there. It stands in a fertile plain, just across that range of Blue Mountains which in the early days of the colony were so cruelly inaccessible to the first settlers. When at last their energies prevailed they got down upon the happy wheat-bearing land through which the Macquarie runs, where the town of Bathurst now stands with its broad streets and numerous churches. Bathurst has 5,030 inhabitants. There must surely be room there for treble the number,—so spacious is it, and so great are the distances. Truth compels me to state that the mud in their streets can be very deep in wet weather.

Newcastle, in population and importance, is second to Sydney. It is essentially a city of coal. As I must speak again of the coal of the colony, I need do no more here than mention the name. It remains that I should say a word in honour of Paramatta, the city of oranges, and the scene of some of the greatest efforts made by the early settlers to obtain subsistence from the ungrateful soil of the districts adjacent to Sydney. The Paramatta River,—called by the natives by that or by some similar name,—runs down into Sydney Harbour, and on this river, about fifteen miles above the city, now stands the pleasant and almost old-fashioned little town. It is quite unlike any other colonial place of the same size, having been established before the new order of things had commenced,—when men were struggling for existence rather than thinking of sanitary arrangements and future grandeur. The early colonists tried to grow wheat here and failed. Those who have come since have planted oranges and have made money. Now Paramatta is known far and wide for its fruit,—so that

no man or woman is supposed to have seen Sydney aright who has not visited Mr. Pye's orange groves, and shaken hands with Mrs. Pye, who in the matter of conserved oranges stands far above all competitors in any country. Either the soil or the climate, or both together, contain the requisites, whatever they may be, for this peculiar growth, so that neither Jamaica or the South of Spain, not Malta or the Havanna, can beat Paramatta in this especial article of produce. And as a consequence the consumption of oranges is very great throughout all the colonies. December and January are the months in which they culminate, but they are picked ripe throughout the entire year. On the 1st of July, in the very middle of winter, I ate fresh-picked oranges in Sydney which were ripe and perfectly sweet, and at the same period of the year they are exported in great numbers. At Paramatta I found an hotel so like an old English country inn,—that when there I could hardly believe that I was in the colony. But Paramatta, like Sydney, is not a mushroom, as are other colonial towns; but has an old history and savours of the last century. Steamers ply to it up the Paramatta River, and it lies also on the Sydney and Bathurst Railway,—so that it may almost be regarded as a suburb of the city.

In New South Wales there are three lines of railway nearly equal in length, comprising altogether 394 miles. The amount does not seem much for so great a country; —but it must be remembered that the very distances create the difficulty. The population is scattered so far and wide that the towns to be connected are too small to pay for railway traffic. The Great Northern starts from Newcastle, and runs up through the coal district to Maitland, Singleton, and Musclebrook. The average cost per mile of this line was £13,000, and it is carried

over 124 miles. The Great Western and the Great Southern,—it is of course necessary that the English pattern should be followed and that all railways shall be Great,—are one and the same from Sydney as far as Paramatta. This morsel of railway, 14 miles in length, the first opened in the colony, cost no less than £50,000 a mile to construct it, the total sum expended on it being six times the amount originally subscribed by a private company to make the entire railway to Goulbourn, a distance of 135 miles! At Paramatta the lines diverge, the Southern branch going to Goulbourn, and the Western across the Blue Mountains to Bathurst. The latter crosses the Nepean River at Penrith, and immediately ascends the hills. It is taken up by a zigzag ascent, and after running 60 miles through the mountains, by the only passable track which they afford even for foot travellers, it is brought down again by another zigzag. On the ascent from the Nepean the steepest gradient is 1 in 30;—on the descent towards Bathurst it is 1 in 42. The whole work is said to be, and appears to be, a wonderful feat of engineering enterprise,—and is not the less so certainly because it cost £25,000 a mile; whereas the portion of the line between Sydney and Paramatta, which cost double the money, runs through a perfectly flat country. The scenery through the Blue Mountain ranges is so grand, that the traveller should not content himself with looking at it from a railway carriage. There are three or four points on the line at which he should stay a few hours, and explore the defiles around him. The ranges which are so passed run all the length of the eastern side of Australia, dividing a narrow strip of land along the sea-shore from the huge plains of the interior. From Paramatta the Southern line branches to Goulbourn, also passing the ranges,—but doing so at a spot

in which the ascent is comparatively insignificant. But in this work also the gradients for three consecutive miles are 1 in 30. The line to Goulbourn from Paramatta cost £13,000 a mile.

The total cost of the railways in New South Wales up to the end of 1871 had been £6,532,184, and in that year the receipts taken on the 394 miles open were £365,322. The working expenses were £197,065, and the net profit on the sum expended £158,257, giving an interest on the capital invested of 2.42 per cent. These railways are exclusively in the hands of the government, are made with public money, and are managed by a minister of state,—as are the post-office and electric telegraph with us. The greater portion of the debt of the colony has been borrowed for the purpose, and has been so expended. As 7½ per cent. may perhaps be named as the present normal rate of interest in the colony, it cannot be said that the business is directly remunerative as a speculation. The railways are still being extended, and it may probably be long before any material increase in the rate of direct profit will be realised; — but that adequate profit of an indirect nature is realised, amply sufficient to justify the outlay, no one I think can doubt.

Nevertheless, these railways are open to an objection which strikes an Englishman very forcibly. With a few exceptions as to short lines for local traffic, all the Australian railways have been made by the Australian government, and have necessarily been made under the authority of centralized officials. When it is determined to spend a million on railways, some individual has to determine whether the money shall be expended for the advantage of this or that district. No doubt the proposition must be sanctioned by parliament, but we all know what is

the power of a man "in power;" and we know also how prone such men are to use their power, perhaps unconsciously, towards the promotion of their own parliamentary interest. They who do not know it would soon be taught the lesson by a visit to the Australian colonies. When a change of government is effected, and a new set of men obtains possession of the treasury bench, the happy localities by whom the new ministers are sent to parliament immediately become assured that roads and bridges will be showered upon them, and they become loudly expectant of railways. But these benefits are to be procured by money subscribed by the colony at large, which should therefore be expended on behalf of the colony at large. When the member for Wonga-jonga becomes the honourable secretary for public works, it is a matter of course that the inhabitants of the Wonga-jonga district should expect great things; and it is almost equally a matter of course that the secretary for public works should do, if not great things, at least little things. He will do probably as little as may suffice to secure his popularity; but he will hardly be able to forget altogether his own interests in his public duty, and he certainly will not be encouraged to forget his own interests by the general feeling which prevails around him.

Nor would it be possible for any minister, let his sense of duty be ever so strong, to adjust the expenditure of public money on local objects so as to deal fairly with all by whom the money is subscribed. Consequently there is a continued outcry that money is unfairly spent. None of the railways of New South Wales confer any appreciable benefit on the inhabitants of the great Riverinan district, or on the district of Illawarra, which lies south from Sydney along the coast; but Riverina and

Illawarra pay as much towards the Bathurst and Goulbourn railways as do the localities benefited. Consequently a certain amount of suspicion and distrust is the necessary consequence of the system adopted.

The ordinary roads of New South Wales would probably more thoroughly astonish an Englishman hitherto altogether ignorant of the condition of the colonies than any other phenomenon that he would meet. The extreme length of the colony along the sea-board is 900 miles, and its mean breadth about 500 miles. It is about three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and larger than any state in Europe except Russia. Throughout the whole of this enormous country there are but 604 miles of metalled roads, by far the majority of which are closely adjacent to the towns. In the island of Ceylon, which has not been in our possession longer than New South Wales, and which is smaller than Ireland, there are 2,606 miles of principal roads, all of which are metalled and completed. Ceylon is a Crown colony, in which everything is done by almost despotic rule, whereas New South Wales enjoys the privilege of representative government.

I trust it may not be thought that I make this comparison as tending to show that a Crown colony is in a more blessed state than one under representative government, or that the native races of Ceylon are in a happier condition generally than the people of New South Wales. In Ceylon the labourers on the roads receive, I am told, about *1s. 2d.* a day, and they live upon rice. Roads may therefore be made cheaply. In New South Wales the road-makers eat meat three times a day, and are paid certainly not less than *4s.* a day. Roads, therefore, are costly. The contrast, however, will serve to show how very small a portion of the free colony has

received an accommodation which we at home regard as one of the primary requisites of civilised life.

In addition to the 604 miles of completed road, there are 1,255 other miles in different states of incompletion, of which the majority, in the summer of 1872, had been simply cleared. The lines had been surveyed, and the forest-trees had been cut down. As a consequence of this condition of things, journeys are made over forest-tracks, and are made so constantly, and with such a fair amount of average punctuality, that the traveller is at last driven to ask himself whether, after all that has been said on the subject, roads are a necessity.

This travelling through the endless forest of gum-trees is very peculiar, and at first attractive. After awhile it becomes monotonous in the extreme. There is a great absence of animal life. One may go all day through a pastoral country without seeing a sheep or a kangaroo. Now and again one hears the melancholy note of the magpie, or the unmelodious but cheerful gobble of the laughing jackass, and sometimes the scream of a cockatoo; but even birds are not common. Travellers one meets occasionally,—a man on horseback, with his swag before him on his saddle, or a line of drays drawn by bullocks, or perhaps a squatter in his buggy,—but they are few and far between. The road, such as it is, consists of various tracks, running hither and thither, and very puzzling at first to a "new chum"—till he learns that all these tracks in the bush are only deviations of one road. When the bullock-drays have so cut up a certain passage that the ruts are big enough and deep enough to swallow up a buggy or to overset the stage-coach, the buggies and the stage-coach make another passage, from which they move again when the inevitable bullock-drays have followed them. The government shows its

first care on these roads in making bridges over the streams, but even bridges are not absolutely essential. With some rough contrivance, when any contrivance is absolutely necessary, the vehicles descend and ascend the banks, though the wheels be down to the nave in mud. Over many of these bush roads, Cobb's coaches travel day and night, passing in and out through the trees, up and down across the creeks, sticking here and there in the mud, in a rough, uneasy, but apparently not very insecure fashion. Now and then one hears that a coach has been upset, and that the passengers have been out in the bush all night; but one very rarely hears that any one has been hurt, unless it be the coachman. The average pace of the travelling in New South Wales is about six miles an hour.

But more go in their own buggies than by coach, and perhaps more on horseback than in buggies. In Australia every one keeps horses;—every squatter keeps horses by the dozen; and a buggy is as necessary a part of his establishment as a dinner-table. These vehicles are either American, or are built on the American plan, and are admirably adapted for bush work. They are very light, and go over huge logs and across unfathomable ruts almost without feeling them. To upset them seems to be an impossibility. They are constantly being broken,—hopelessly broken to the mind of an ignorant stranger; but they go on apparently as well without a pole as with one, and are indifferent to bent axles and injured wheels. There are always yards of rope at hand, and supplementary timber can be cut from the next tree. Many scores of miles through the bush I have travelled in these buggies,—and have sometimes felt the hours to pass by very slowly; but though there have been no roads,—nothing that in England would be called a

road,—I have encountered no injury, nor have I been aware of any danger.

But the pleasantest mode of bush travelling is on horseback. It is open to this objection,—that you can carry nothing with you but what can be strapped on to your saddle before you. Two changes of linen, a night-shirt, 'a pair of trousers, with hair-brushes, tooth-brush, and a pair of slippers, is about as much as can be taken. But, on the other hand, bush-life requires but little in the way of dress, and a man travelling on horse-back is held to be exempt from rules which he should observe if he travelled in a buggy. The squatter travelling alone through the country generally takes two horses, leading one and riding the other and in this way makes very long journeys. The work which Australian horses will do when immediately taken off the grass is very surprising. I have ridden forty, fifty, and even as much as sixty-four miles a day,—the whole weight on the animal's back being over seventeen stone, and have come to the end of the day's work without tiring the horse. According to the distance to be done, and the number of consecutive days during which you require your steed to travel, will be your pace. The fastest which I ever did from morning to evening was eight miles an hour throughout, resting two hours and journeying eight; but six miles an hour will perhaps be the average rate. The stories, however, that we hear are very wonderful,—for in matters of horseflesh, gentlemen in Australia do not hide their lights under bushels. I have heard men boast of doing ten miles an hour for ten hours running; and one very enterprising horseman assured me that he had ridden seventy-five miles in four hours. The bush horses are, generally, not shod,—though I would always recommend shoeing

for a long journey,—and are very rarely stabled. They are expected,—to use a bush phrase,—to cut their own bread and butter, or, in other words, to feed themselves by foraging. The two paces which are commonly adopted by horsemen in the bush are walking and cantering. Men seldom trot, and consequently many horses altogether lose, or never acquire, the habit of trotting. I have been assured that Australian horses will get over the ground at a fast pace with greater ease to themselves by a continual canter than by changing that pace for a trot. That such a theory is altogether wrong, I have not the slightest doubt. I have found in Australia, as all horsemen know in England, that horses carrying heavy weights will make much longer journeys if made to trot than they can do if required to canter hour after hour. The canter is the easier pace to the man, and therefore it has been adopted. Not uncommonly a horse will knock up with his rider on the road. On such occasions the rider turns into the nearest squatter's station, and borrows another. The fact that everybody's horses, and everybody's saddles and bridles, are always at somebody else's house and never at the owner's, is one of the most remarkable and perhaps not least pleasing phases of Australian life. Nevertheless, it tends to some confusion.

CHAPTER XVII.

Land.

I FEAR I shall have to repeat very often the fact that, at the commencement of colonization in Australia, all land was the property of the Crown,—and that on the transfer in each colony of the power of government from the Crown to representative institutions, the land became

the property of that colony, except in regard to such comparatively small tracts as had been already alienated to individuals. In other words, the land from the beginning has been held in trust, to be administered for the benefit of those who have ventured to go to it and to look to it for their future means of subsistence. Great difference of opinion has existed among men as to the way in which this trust should be administered, and undoubtedly many mistakes have been made. Equally without doubt, I fear, the trust has been occasionally betrayed by grants of land which there has been nothing to justify. Sales, too, have been made with partiality,—so that land has been transferred to the favoured for sums much less than it was worth in the open market. And political influences have been brought to bear upon the disposition of land, concessions having been made to the supporters of one interest at the expense of those who have been regarded as opponents. These differences of opinion have been so wide, the mistakes made have been so serious, the breaches of trust have been felt to be so obvious by men who have not themselves been favoured, and the political jobbing has been a thorn so sharp in the side of those who have considered themselves to be injured, that the matter in the colonies is discussed on all sides as though the only principle on which it was possible to act,—that of the land being in truth the property of colonists who would go and use it,—had been forgotten, thrown over, and abandoned. But the principle has never been forgotten and has never been abandoned. The adherence to it has perhaps been as close as has been compatible with the customary infirmities of human administrators. Under the old despotic governors, and under the government as since carried on by parliamentary ministers, there has ever

been an attempt at a system, founded on this principle. Mr. Wakefield's idea that the land should be sold for a price, and not given away, has been fully adopted. The idea of those who generally agreed with him, that the money so obtained should be expended on emigration, has been partially tried, but has fallen to the ground. The price paid for the land has become a part of the revenue of the colony, and has in this way been used for the benefit of those who paid it. It is now a fixed rule in all the Australian colonies that the public lands shall be sold to those who desire to buy them, in accordance with certain laws,—and that these laws shall settle the price, the area that may be bought, the way in which it shall be selected, the amount of credit that shall be given, and the terms as to residence and cultivation, by a compliance with which the purchase may at last be completed. These laws have been made with the expressed object of dealing fairly not only with the would-be purchasers of the land, but also with the interests of a set of men who, by their capital and energy, have gradually become the ascendant class or aristocracy of Australia. It must be remembered always that the would-be purchasers have rarely, if ever, proposed to settle themselves on lands altogether unoccupied. There have been settlers before them who have used the land, but who while using it were under no necessity to possess it. These were patriarch squatters,—owners of sheep who drove their flocks on the public pastures, and "squatted" on the land, conscious that it was not their own, but conscious also that by taking such temporary occupation they were making themselves the pioneers of civilisation, and were legitimately carrying on the true purposes of colonization. It is not too much to say, that all the early success of Australia was due to the squatters

of New South Wales, who followed the steps of Captain Macarthur, the man who introduced merino sheep into Australia. At first the sheep of the squatters ran free,—but it was soon recognised as a fact that as the foraging of sheep was profitable, the graziers should pay some rent for the land,—the land so used being still the property of the colony, and not the property of the graziers. Then it became necessary not only that a rental should be fixed, but also terms arranged as to the continuance of the lease. I have not heard that in New South Wales there has been much heart-burning as to the price demanded;—but there has been much as to the continuance of the squatter's holding. The squatter's pastoral run has been made fairly his own, as against other squatters, but it has been opened by law to the choice of the free-selecter. Any would-be farmer may take a bit here or a bit there, may choose the choice water-holes of the run without which the sheep cannot be pastured, may make his own of any portion of the squatter's holding. And ten, twenty, forty free-selecters may make their own of as many portions of it till they absolutely take his pastures from him. And perhaps this is not the worst aspect of the squatter's case. The man who comes and calls himself a free-selecter may at heart, and in very deed, be no farmer at all,—but a professional thief intent on living on his neighbour's goods. Or he may be joint farmer and thief,—growing perhaps a little maize and a few pumpkins, but still having an eye to the squatter's sheep or the squatter's oxen. That there is very much of such theft in New South Wales is certain, and also that it is very difficult to punish the offender. The flocks are so numerous and the spaces so vast, that it is often long before the stolen animals are missed, and often impossible to bring evidence against the thief, al-

though the squatter knows well where his beef and mutton have gone. And there is another evil-minded free-selecter who is very odious to the squatter. This man purchases his tract of land, something between 40 and 320 acres, simply in order that he may be bought out. He knows that he can be so disagreeable as a neighbour, that his neighbour will be fain to buy him out. He also succeeds, too often, to the great grief of the squatter. The squatters urge that they had leases or promises of leases which should have preserved them for a term of years, and that their rights were ignored by new laws. I found the question to be very intricate in New South Wales, and I do not know that I can do any service by expressing an opinion one way or the other. Land ministers in New South Wales have been confident in proving to me that no existing rights were ever infringed by the operation of a new land law. Squatters have been equally confident in proving to me that their rights were altogether ignored, and that the terms made with them were infringed. I have endeavoured to believe both when listening to them, and do not doubt that they all were proclaiming truths undoubted to themselves. In speaking of Victoria I shall be obliged to return to this subject,—for in Victoria I think that the squatter's rights, as confirmed by one law, were taken from them by a subsequent law. I mention the matter in regard to New South Wales in order that the reader may understand some of the difficulties with which the distribution of the public lands has been surrounded. The professed object of the land laws has been so to adjust the disposal of the public lands as to attract small purchasers without injustice to the great squatters, and I believe that this object has been truly sought by those who have framed these laws in New South Wales.

When I was first at Sydney, a new land law was in the hands of the government,—which had then come hot from the brain of the indefatigable Mr. Robertson. It contained eighty-four clauses, and each clause required study for its comprehension,—so complicated is the subject. I was told that I could not hope to understand the bill unless I mastered all the details of the existing land law. I did my best, believing that the new bill would become a good law. But when I returned to Sydney, Mr. Robertson and Sir James Martin had fallen, and the new land bill with its eighty-four clauses had been shoved aside into pigeon-holes. It is melancholy to think how much futile work,—work that never comes to anything, —is done by statesmen and politicians. When we remember the bills that are drawn out, with numberless laboured clauses, the tedious toil of long days and long nights, and how often all this is done with no result, we ought to feel kindly to these ill-used patriots. Men do it from year to year, hoping only that each year's work may form, in some sort, an unacknowledged stepping-stone to the object in view. There were Mr. Berkeley's annual bills about the ballot! The ballot has come, but Mr. Berkeley is dead. I hope it may not be so with Mr. Robertson. I took the liberty of condoling with him about his bill, but he did not seem to require consolation. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the baffled statesman has some shield of proof of which ordinary mortals know nothing.

Under the existing law any would-be purchaser may select in New South Wales not less than 40, or more than 320 acres,—the price being 20*s.* an acre. Of this sum he pays down one-fourth,—£25 we will say for 100 acres. He then enters in upon possession, and no further claim for payment is made upon him for three

years. At the end of that time he may pay the other three-fourths, as to which no interest is charged against him for those three years. If he does so, and can satisfy the officials of the land office by certain declarations that he has complied with expressed stipulations as to residence and expenditure of money on improvements, the fee-simple of the land is made over to him. But this the free-selecter need not do,—and very rarely does. He may pay the outstanding 75 per cent. of his purchase-money and get his title-deeds, but he need not do so. Instead of that he may pay 5 per cent. interest on the debt for an indefinite term of years, having the while the undisturbed use of his land; and as his money is worth to him more than 5 per cent., this is what he does do. The farmer, therefore, in New South Wales with 100 acres of land will have paid £25 down, will have had the use of his land without further payment for three years, and will then pay a rental of £3 15*s*. a year,—which obligation he can terminate at any time by paying down a further sum of £75.

The terms seem to be very easy, but yet, as far as I could learn, the free-selecters in New South Wales are not so prosperous a class as one would wish to find them. It must be remembered in the first place that they enter in upon their land in its rough state, unfenced, and probably with heavy timber on it. They then become almost invariably subject to, I will not say ill-usage, but hostility from their richer neighbours. No doubt they can retaliate,—and can injure the squatter much more materially than the squatter can injure them. They can steal, and if provoked can set fire to fences. They can sell grog, either with or without a licence; and a grog-shop in the vicinity of his station is regarded by the squatter as one of the most grievous injuries which can

be inflicted on him. But the state of hostility which is thus engendered cannot tend to the man's comfort or to his material advantage. The climate, however, is the most severe enemy which the free-selecter has to encounter in New South Wales. Land capable of producing cereals he can obtain, but through the uncertainty of the climate he cannot be secure of his crop. Once in three years his crop is good,—but twice in three years it will hardly pay the price of production. In the year ending 31st March, 1870, there were in New South Wales 189,452 acres under wheat, and the crop amounted to nearly 17 bushels an acre. That was a good year. Nevertheless the area under wheat sunk in the next year to 147,997 acres, and the produce did not amount to 7 bushels an acre. That was a very bad year. Wages are so high,—averaging never less than 24*s.* a week, including the cost of board, when labour is hired only for a short time,—that unless a farmer can do his work with his own family, he will be worse off than his own labourer. And then his markets are probably far from home, and the roads to them are very bad. The condition in which the free-selecter of New South Wales seemed to thrive the best was that in which the farmer, who is his own master and perhaps the employer of labour during a part of the year, condescends to be the paid servant of a master during another portion, and to take the squatter's wages for work done in the wool-shed, or at the washpool. I should have added, when stating the terms on which the free-selecter obtains his land, that he is entitled by his initiated purchase to certain grazing rights. He has such privilege under the existing law;—but this arrangement has been found to work so prejudicially both to the selecter and to the squatter,—adding a fresh ground of contention between the two,—

that by the new bill to which I have alluded, that privilege would have been abandoned, under the conviction that it had done more harm than good.

I am far, however, from expressing an opinion that the cause of the free-selecters should be given up in New South Wales, or that efforts made to attract such a class should not be continued. It is by the influx of such men that the labour market of the colony must be maintained, and the body and life of the colony be supported. The condition of the free-selecter,—that of ownership of a piece of land to be tilled by the owner,—is the one which the best class of immigrants desire. It is the hope of attaining this condition which tempts men to come, such as all colonies are desirous of possessing. It is impossible not to sympathize with the efforts of colonial law-makers to assist the growth of such bone and blood in the body of the colony with which they have to deal. As time goes on the sheep-stealing and the cattle-stealing, which are less rife than they were ten years since, will become exceptional as they are with us. And as time goes on the gradual improvement of the climate which follows occupation, and the creation of roads, and increased skill in farming, will all tell in favour of the free-selecter. In describing the present condition of this most interesting of all colonists I have endeavoured to paint the picture as I saw it.

When telling the manner in which the public lands are alienated by the colonist on behalf of the colony, I should also state the terms under which the runs of the squatters are let to them. Leases are now granted for terms of five years, which are renewable. The tenure under these leases is in fact so good that a squatter buys or sells the right to pasture on a run without fear

of interference or loss of his grazing ground at the expiration of the term. But the lease affords no protection to the squatter against free-selecters. The rent demanded from him is calculated after a complicated and no doubt most sagacious fashion which I cannot explain, as I have failed to understand it. Practically he pays about *2d.* a sheep. In the assessment of his rent 200 head of cattle are supposed to be equal to 1,000 sheep. The payment demanded by the government from the squatter in New South Wales is not above a fourth of that exacted in Victoria.

The squatter himself is almost invariably a free-selecter, as he buys the ground on which his homestead stands, and his water frontage, and horse paddock, and wool-shed, to save them from other free-selecters. Not unfrequently he goes much further than this, and by calling in the aid of friends and dependents makes large purchases, which are entirely opposed to the spirit of the act. For the land laws here, as in all these colonies, have been framed with the view of preventing,—though they have never succeeded in preventing,—the accumulation of large domains in the hands of territorial magnates. I have, I think, explained elsewhere the system of dummying, by which this intention of the laws has been evaded. I must add here that there are large landowners in the colony whose title-deeds are more ancient than any of the laws which now regulate the sale of lands. In the early days of New South Wales vast grants of land were made to early colonists who undertook the charge of convicts,—were made, too, sometimes under other circumstances not always with strict impartiality. These grantees, or more frequently their descendants, still own the estates thus conferred, and are exempt from rent, and exempt also from selecters. There are

others, too, who have purchased large properties. But the bulk of the land of the colony is still the property of the colony. At the close of 1870, 8,437,638 acres had been alienated in the colony,—but there were still left 104,618,436 acres unsold.

In 1872 there were no fewer than 3,495 pastoral holdings, or runs held under the Crown, in New South Wales. It should, however, be explained that one squatter generally holds two or three of these runs, and not unfrequently one squatter or one firm of squatters will hold eight or ten. In Queensland there were in the same year 2,310. In Victoria only 973,—the comparative smallness of the number being due to the fact that the greater part of the pastoral land in that colony has been already purchased. In South Australia there are 778 runs. The small number is there due, as far as I could learn, to the fact that the land has been taken up in larger tracts than in the other colonies.

At the end of this volume (App. No. 2, vol. i.) will be found a digest of the present land laws of New South Wales, as far as they refer to free-selection. This is taken from MacPhaile's Australian Squatting Directory, published at Melbourne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Meat.

By the latest returns which I could get before leaving the colonies, I found that there were in Australia 4,340,638 horned cattle, and 41,366,263 sheep. In these numbers the cattle and sheep of New Zealand are not included. In Great Britain and Ireland, at the beginning of 1872, there were 9,346,216, horned cattle, and 31,403,500 sheep. The population of Australia then

amounted, in round numbers, to 1,700,000. That of Great Britain and Ireland to 32,000,000. There was therefore for every 100 of the population in Australia over 250 cattle, and over 2,400 sheep, and for every 100 at home less than 30 head of cattle, and less than 100 sheep. In other words, every Australian has 2½ head of horned cattle and 24 sheep to his or her own share, whereas every Briton staying at home has but a third of a bullock and one sheep. The price of meat ranges from 2d. to 4d. a pound in Australia, ranging perhaps from 8d. to 1s. in England. At the same time the wages of a labouring man in Australia are about double the wages of his brother at home. Consequently the labouring man, let his labour be what it may, eats meat three times a day in the colonies, and very generally goes without it altogether at home. That is a plain and, I think, a true statement of the case. In regard to almost all other necessaries of life such great inequality of price and consumption is prevented by the easy transport of the article produced. The price of wheat nearly equalises itself in all the great cities of the world. Tea, sugar, clothing, spirits, and tobacco are carried about so readily, that any difference in their prices is due rather to the fiscal necessities of the country importing them, than to the cost or difficulty of carrying them. But meat has hitherto been an exception to this rule,—from a cause that is manifest to every one. It becomes decomposed, and is destroyed by contact with the air. Hence has arisen the very important question,—important equally to the countries which have too much meat, and to those which have not enough,—whether the skill of man cannot devise some plan by which meat can be carried as securely, and at the same time as cheaply, as other commodities.

The glut of meat, or rather of meat-giving animals, in the colonies, has been so great, that for many years past flocks and herds have been boiled down to produce simply tallow,—because tallow can be easily exported. In 1870 there were, in the one colony of New South Wales, 48 boiling-down establishments, at which in the previous year 290,550 sheep and 246 bullocks were converted into 67,175 cwt. of tallow. The carcases of all these animals, for any other purpose than that of giving tallow, were absolutely wasted, while we at home were paying 11*s.* or 12*s.* for a leg of mutton, or going without the mutton because we could not afford to pay for it.

In circumstances such as these, the wit of man has, of course, been set to work to devise plans by which the meat might be taken to the market. Hence have arisen various meat-preserving companies, some of which I visited in Queensland, and have spoken of them in my account of that colony. The difficulty of sending meat home that shall be eatable has been easily overcome. The sheep and oxen are slaughtered. The meat is cut roughly from the bones, and is cooked in closed tins. During the cooking the tins have a vent, which is closed when the cooking is done, and the meat comes out of the tins in England in a condition fit for use. But it does not come out in a condition pleasant to the eye,—nor, as regard flavour and nutrition, can it be said to be equal to fresh meat. The prices in England have latterly ranged from 4½*d.* to 6*d.* a pound,—and the pound of meat so bought is without bone. There can, I think, be no doubt that these preserved meats, even as they have hitherto reached the English markets, have been of great value to both countries. They have caused a marked rise in the price of sheep, for which, in regard

to meat, there was almost no market at all in many parts of the colonies previous to the opening of these establishments; and they have added, at any rate, something to the very limited diet of the poorer classes at home. All the meat which could be exported from Australia, even were it as easy to export meat as flour, would not, at present, go far towards feeding the people of England. But the pastures of Australia are unlimited, and if the trade were fully established, the Australian flocks and herds would be multiplied for the supply of the markets across the water. Australia is not a corn-producing country. Her capabilities, at any rate, do not lie especially in that direction. But she is especially a grazing country. European animals have not only been acclimatized in the colonies with the greatest ease, but have proved themselves to be much more quickly procreative there than in the countries from which they or their ancestors lately came. Horses have bred so freely, that in many places they roam wild through the bush, and are a scourge to the squatters, whose grass they eat, and whose fences they destroy. Oxen also, whose sires and dams have escaped from the herds of the grazier, roam wild and unowned through the distant bush. Sheep are more valuable than horses and oxen, because wool is the staple produce of the country, but sheep have multiplied so quickly, that there are at present in the colonies about twenty-four sheep for every man, woman, and child inhabiting them. In Great Britain and Ireland there is not much above a sheep apiece for each individual. If meat can be brought home in a condition to meet the requirements of the British purchasers, the Australian pastures will go as far towards supplying England with meat as do the prairies of the United States with corn;—and they will do so with the ad-

vantage of being a part of the empire which they supply.

The one great fault found with the meats hitherto sent to England is that they are over-cooked. Those which I saw and ate before I left England were almost tasteless on account of this fault. They come out, too, from these tins in a guise which creates a prejudice against them, which I have found to be very strong in the minds of poor people. I have heard them say that if they can't have English meat, they will do without Australian meat. Servants are averse to it, thinking that they are ill-used if asked to eat it. I have found the managers of meat-preserving companies in the colonies quite aware of this, and have thought that they were disposed rather to think that these prejudices should be made to sink before the undoubted superiority of over-cooked meat to no meat at all, than to express a hope that they could remedy the evil by sending the meat to England at the same time secure and with the ordinary juices in it. If the evil be inseparable from the enterprise, of course they are right. The meats, ugly as they are, unappetising, and either dry or greasy, are wholesome, nutritious, and cheap. But if anything better can be done, of course that better will be very welcome.

When I was at Sydney I was asked to lunch on preserved meats by a gentleman who was managing a Queensland meat-preserving company, of which that distinguished and well-known old colonist, Sir Charles Nicholson, is chairman. My attention was especially called to some roast beef which had been preserved by "Jones' Patent." What may be the specialities of Jones' patent I did not learn, but as to that special joint, I protest that I never eat better cold roast beef in my life.

It was not over-cooked, and judging from its colour, appearance, and flavour, it might have been cooked and put into the larder on the previous day. Whether it can be made to travel to England in the same condition, I cannot say. Our host assured me that it would do so, —but he told us at the same time that it could not be sold for less than *8d.* a pound. Let the meat be as good as it may, any meat that finds its way ready-cooked to England will encounter a certain amount of prejudice, and I fear that the price of *8d.* a pound will be too high to stand against this dislike.

But the enterprise which promises most in regard to the exportation of meats from Australia is that at which Mr. Thomas Mort of Sydney has been at work now for many years. No man is better known in New South Wales,—perhaps no one is so highly regarded,—for commercial enterprise, joined to science and ingenuity, as the gentleman I have named. In Sydney Mr. Mort is as well known as are the most familiar objects of the streets, and all who know New South Wales well are ready to declare that no inhabitant of the colony deserves better from her than Mr. Mort. He has set on foot a scheme for sending meat home in ice,—or, to speak more correctly, a scheme for sending meat home in a chamber the temperature of which shall be always kept below the freezing point by the use of ice. As the quantity to be sent home must be very great, in order that the meat may be sold cheap, and still at a remunerative price, the ice for the purpose cannot be carried with the meat, but must be daily fabricated on the journey by chemical appliances. The difficulty is not in regard to the meat, but in regard to the ice. That ice can be made in any quantity by a process which I will not attempt to describe, but in which ammonia is the

principal ingredient, admits of no doubt; but unless it can be made at a low expense, the speculation will not be remunerative. For years Mr. Mort has been working at this matter, and has spent very large sums of money on the attempt. He thinks that he has now been successful, and in June, 1872, spoke of sending his first cargo of fresh meat to London early in 1873.

Should this be done, the meat will reach England, not cooked, nor cut into junks,—but in the shape of joints, as we at home are accustomed to buy them in the butchers' shops. I ate at Mr. Mort's house a portion of a leg of mutton,—which had been frozen I know not for how long,—as to which it would have been impossible for any one to know that it had been treated otherwise than in the ordinary way. Mr. Mort imagines that meat thus prepared may be sold in England for 6*d*. per pound. The meat when received will simply want thawing before it is cooked,—as is often necessary with home-grown meat in winter. If this plan can be carried out, there is no reason why all the carcases in Australia, not required for the food of the people there, should not make their way to the English market, and that in a form which will not render them unfit even for the most fastidious.

CHAPTER XIX.

Metals.

I WAS in New South Wales in October, November, and December, 1871, and again in June and July, 1872. During my former visit very little was said in Sydney about gold or other metals. The tone of the public mind on the subject of mining was very different from that prevailing in Melbourne and Victoria generally.

Indeed there seemed to be a feeling, in which I sympathized, that though gold-fields when found should of course be worked, the finding and working them could hardly be regarded as an unmixed good to a community. Such operations led to gambling, disturbed the ways of legitimate commerce, excited men's minds unduly, and were dangerous. Victoria was very keen about gold, believed in gold, was willing to trust to gold for her greatness and population. Victoria prided herself on being a gold colony. Let it be so. New South Wales was conscious of a pride in better things. That perhaps may be taken as an expression of the general mind as I read it. When I returned after an interval of six months all this was changed. No one in Sydney would talk about anything but mining shares. It was not only gold, nor, as I think, chiefly gold, that was in men's mouths. Copper had been found in the west,—in the district between Bathurst and Orange,—and tin in the north,—in New England. It seemed that all they who had been so sober before were now as mad after mining shares as the gentlemen who congregate under the verandah in Melbourne. Everybody had shares in copper, and almost everybody shares in tin. Gentlemen went about with specimens in their pockets, and seemed to think that any conversation diverging from the one important subject, was frivolous and unneeded. "You find us a little changed; don't you?" one old friend of the last year said to me. When I acknowledged that I had recognised an altered tone, he assured me that Sydney had now shaken herself and had ceased to be dull. Copper and tin were at the moment in the ascendant; but gold, too, was very "lively." The glories of Hill End, and of Hawkin's Hill in the Tambaroora district had culminated since I had before been in the colony,

and Tambaroora itself had come to be talked about as perhaps the future greatest gold-field of Australia. I was asked whether "I had visited Tambaroora?" I replied that I had not, and now could not do so. Then I was told that I had then missed the one place in all that eastern world which more than any other would make Australia wealthy, happy, and great.

Though I did not visit Tambaroora or Hill End, I did go to other gold-fields in the colony. Gold, as I have said, was very "quiet" when I was first in New South Wales;—but it is not therefore to be inferred that there were no gold-seekers in the colony, or that the business was not being carried on with individual enterprise at this or that happy, or less happy, "rush." The quiescence described was that of the colony at large, as evinced by the feeling in the metropolis,—as was also subsequently the reverse of quiescence. Since the days of Hargreaves, the reputed discoverer of gold in New South Wales, there has never been a time when the search for gold has been abandoned in New South Wales, or in which large quantities have not been extracted from the earth. Whether the gold-seekers have or have not prospered as a body, it is impossible for any one now to say with accuracy. A statement sufficiently true of the value which has been got from the soil can no doubt be made. Such statements are published from year to year with all the correctness usual to statistical records. We know that in 1862 New South Wales produced gold to the value of £2,212,534, which amount in 1870 had gradually fallen down to £763,655. But we do not know, and never can know, all the money expended, and the value of the time expended, not only in extracting the gold when the site of it was found, but in seeking for the sites in which it

might perchance be hidden. The search has ever been going on, and there has usually been some new "rush" to which miners could hurry themselves with renewed energy and hopes still green.

To the stranger personally uninterested in the search, it seems that the known presence of gold beneath the earth begets a fury in the minds of men compelling them to search for it, let the risk, the danger, the misery, the probable losses, be what they may. That a thing in itself so rich, so capable of immediately producing all that men most desire, should lie buried in the dirt beneath their feet, loose among the worthless pebbles of the rivers, mixed at haphazard with the deep clumsy lumbering rocks, overcomes the imagination of the unconscious thinker, and takes possession of his heart and brain. For a while he makes no estimate as to the cost of his labours as contrasted with the value of his chance of success. It is gold that is there, — gold that is customarily treasured, gold that is kept within bars and dealt out in tiny morsels as the recognised reward of the sweat of many hours, gold that is thought about, talked about, dreamed about, gold that is longed for, worked for, gambled for, and sinned for; and this gold may be got by the handful, if only the lucky sod of earth be turned. There is a feeling almost impersonal in the would-be miner's breast, as he feels it to be a shame that the dirty earth should hold, and hold without in any way using, the treasure of all treasures that is sweetest to the heart of man. "Cogere humanos in usus," should certainly be the motto of the gold-seeker.

When I was leaving Sydney in October, 1871, with the intention of travelling westward into the colony, the rush to Gullgong was the rush of the day, and to Gull-

gong I went in company with the gold commissioners of the district. I have already given some description of Gympie, in Queensland, but Gympie when I was there was an old-established place, and the rush thither was a thing quite of the past. The rush to Gullgong was recent. The great attraction proposed to one visiting a rush seemed to consist in the sight of a congregating together of a great many men, without any of the ordinary comforts of life, and with but few of those appliances which are generally regarded as necessaries. I was told there were 12,000 people at Gullgong, all of whom had collected themselves thither within a few months. The place had begun to be a place about a month since,—but the real rush had only lately commenced. I confess that I felt an interest in seeing a town without streets, and people collected together with houses made of canvas and rough boards,—an interest akin to that which induces others to see a criminal hung. Our journey thither was one of three days from Bathurst, and was performed in the commissioner's buggy. As we went we saw parties of men, generally ten or twelve in number, either leisurely tramping along the road with their swags on their back, or taking their mid-day siesta under the gum-trees. The man who travels on foot in Australia, whether he be miner, shepherd, shearer, or simply beggar, always carries his "swag" with him,—which consists of his personal properties rolled up in a blanket. The blanket is an essential necessity, because the man sleeps out in the bush beside a fire. And he carries also a pannikin and a "billy." The latter is an open pot in which he boils his water and makes his tea,—for the bushman will always have a bag of tea within his swag. The billy is as essential as the blankets. A bushman of any refine-

ment has the pannikin for drinking; but the rough old chum will dispense with it as a useless luxury, and will drink his tea out of his billy.

And these men were making a rush! They seemed to me to rush very leisurely. I hardly know what I had expected,—whether to see each miner galloping on his steed, or running continually towards his gold-field at the rate of eight miles an hour. Though the influx of the men to such a place as Gullgong is a "rush," and when very numerous may be described as a stampede, the men themselves are orderly and slow. They have probably done it before, and know, if not the tale of the hare and the tortoise, at any rate the moral of the tale. But the men I saw were journeying some one way and some the other. Backs were turned upon Gullgong as well as faces towards it. Then I learned that such was the case with almost all rushes. Men would try their luck for a month, or perhaps for a fortnight, and if they failed, or did not meet success to satisfy them, would pack up their swags and would betake themselves elsewhere. In this way the population at a rush is very precarious, falling as quickly as it rises, receiving or losing a thousand in a few days, as the place gives or refuses to give its treasures. And, as a matter of course, the trade by which the place is supplied with meat and bread, with tea, sugar and sweetmeats,—the articles of food on which miners chiefly live,—must be equally precarious.

On our route we passed the little town of Sofala, which was in point of time the second established gold-field in New South Wales, Ophir having been the first. Sofala is now a poor little town, containing 644 inhabitants, of whom a considerable portion are Chinese. It is built on a river, the channel of which contained

the gold which created the town. The hills rise abruptly on each side of the stream, and give to the place a quaint picturesque appearance,—as though it were altogether out of the world. Here we found about a dozen Chinamen "fossicking" after gold amidst the dirt of the river, which had already been washed by the first gold-seekers. These men "washed up" while we were looking on, and we saw them reduce the dirt collected during the day to a few dim specks of the precious metal. They then told us that they estimated their earnings for that day at *1s.* each. They seemed to think that this was bad, but were not at all demonstrative in their disappointment.

Two days' travelling from Sofala took us to Gullgong; we stayed a night on the way at Mudgee, a clean little town, celebrated for the special breed of sheep produced in its neighbourhood. At Mudgee I was taken to visit the Mechanics' Institute, at which place I found a great number of well-thumbed novels. There were other books certainly; but the Mudgee shepherds certainly prefer novels. All these small towns have public libraries by one name or another. Mudgee boasts no more than 1,786 inhabitants, but seemed to be very much better off in the way of churches, hotels, institutes, and schools than towns of more than double the size in England.

Gullgong was certainly a rough place when I visited it, but not quite so rough as I had expected. There was an hotel there, at which I got a bedroom to myself, though but a small one, and made only of slabs. But a gorgeously grand edifice was being built over our heads at the time, the old inn being still kept on while the new inn was being built on the same site. The inhabited part of the town consisted of two streets at right angles

to each other, in each of which every habitation and shop had probably required but a few days for its erection. The fronts of the shops were covered with large advertisements,—the names and praises of the traders,—as is customary now with all new-fangled marts; but the place looked more like a fair than a town,—perhaps like one of those fairs which used to be temporary towns and to be continued for weeks,—such as some of us have seen at Amsterdam and at Leipsic. But with this difference,—that in the cities named the old houses are seen at the back of the new booths, whereas at a gold rush there is nothing behind. Everything needful, however, seemed to be at hand. There were bakers, butchers, grocers, and dealers in soft goods. There were public-houses and banks in abundance. There was an auctioneer's establishment, at which I attended the sale of horses and carts. There was a photographer, and there was a theatre, at which I saw the "Colleen Bawn" acted with a great deal of spirit, and a considerable amount of histrionic talent. After the theatre a munificent banker of the town gave us an oyster supper, at a supper-room. It may be inferred, therefore, that the comforts of life have not been altogether neglected at Gullgong. In the middle of the day there had been a public dinner or lunch, at which there was much speaking. I cannot say that the Gullgong oratory was as good as the Gullgong acting, or the Gullgong oysters.

I think that the town of Gullgong, including its general inhabitants and mode of life, was more interesting to me even than the mines. I was charmed to hear that a few nights before there had been a most successful public ball. But I was distressed to find that there had been some heart-burning. Where was the line to be drawn in reference to the ladies? The postmistress would not attend

the ball unless barmaids were excluded. The barmaids, —I think very properly,—were admitted, and the post-mistress, who enjoyed the reputation of being the beauty of Gullgong, remained at home.

Of course, having come to Gullgong, I had to see the mines, and I went down the shaft of one, 150 feet deep, with my foot in the noose of a rope. Having offered to descend, I did not like to go back from my word when the moment came; but as the light of the day faded from my descending eyes, and as I remembered that I was being lowered by the operations of a horse who might take it into his brutish head to lower me at any rate he pleased,—or not to lower me at all, but to keep me suspended in that dark abyss,—I own that my heart gave way, and that I wished I had been less courageous. But I went down, and I came up again;—and I found six or seven men working at the bottom of the hole. I afterwards saw the alluvial dirt brought up from some other hole, puddled and washed and the gold extracted. When extracted it was carried away in a tin pannikin,—which I thought detracted much from the splendour of the result.

Of the men around me some were miners working for wages, and some were shareholders, each probably with a large stake in the concern. I could not in the least tell which was which. They were all dressed alike, and there was nothing of the master and the man in the tone of their conversation. Among those present at the washing up, there were two Italians, an American, a German, and a Scotchman, who I learned were partners in the property. The important task of conducting the last wash, of throwing away for ever the stones and dirt from which the gold had sunk, was on this occasion confided to the hands of the American. The gold was car-

ried away in a pannikin by the German. Why should he not have put in his fingers and appropriated an ounce of the fragments to his own use? I know it is mean to suspect; but among us in England checks are necessary. No doubt the German to whom the pannikin was confided was respected far and wide for his honesty. Of the courtesy of all these men it is impossible to speak too highly, or of the civility of the miners generally; and in saying this I do not allude to the demeanour of the men to myself or to other chance visitors, but to their ordinary mode of conducting themselves. The Australian miner when he is in work never drinks,—and seems to feel a pride in his courtesy. It must be understood that his is not a submissive deportment, prone to the touching of hats and a silent reverence of his betters,—but a manly bearing, which enables him to express himself freely, but which never verges on distasteful familiarity.

I found that miners working for wages at Gullgong were earning from £2 10*s*. to £3 a week;—but I found also that many were there who could not get such work to do. No doubt a glut of labour would soon tend to lower the wages,—but the population did not seem to be fixed enough to have produced that result. Men came, and tried their fortune on little speculations of their own, and failed. Then, if they could not at once get wages to their mind, they took up their swags and departed to some other rush. I found also that many men were employed on the most singular and easiest task that I ever met in my travels. When a mining speculator had taken out his claim to a piece of land, the law required him to occupy it. If he did not at once work it, he must hold it by his own bodily presence or by that of some deputy for at least two hours a day. I think I was told that this minimum of occupation for two hours must be

before noon, either from nine to eleven or from ten to twelve. This duty was called "shepherding,"—and the wages of a man to shepherd a claim were 25*s.* a week. But these mining shepherds are not miners. I asked a miner whether it would not suit him to earn 25*s.* a week by shepherding, and then to take a day's work, or a part of a day's work, at his own enterprise. But he gave me to understand that shepherding a claim was dishonourable for a miner.

It seemed to me, when I was at Gullgong, that the rush was not regarded as a success. The population was decreasing; and though much gold had been extracted, much useless labour had been expended on "duffers." A shaft sunk without any produce from it is a duffer. Looking around, an inexperienced stranger would think that gold about Gullgong was ubiquitous. There were holes everywhere, and the ugly masses of upturned clay which always mark the gold-seeker's presence. But of these excavations the majority were duffers. It is the duffering part of the business which makes it all so sad. So much work is done from which there is positively no return!

I came away from Gullgong with a feeling that I had hardly seen the rush in its most characteristic phase. The rush had been rushed before I reached it. The place had become to a degree settled,—and people were going out at any rate as fast as they were coming in. But there was another rush to a place about 150 miles from Gullgong,—a place called Currajong, which was described to me as being quite new, and I went there also. It was new, and a more wretched spot I never saw in my life. I was told by one inhabitant that there were over 2,000 people;—by another that there were not above 500. Of the number I could not at all judge myself,

either by the concourse of people or of habitations. There were a few public-houses roughly constructed of timber, and a shop or two for the sale of general articles. The miners and their followers were living in tents scattered here and there among the holes they were digging. When gold was "struck" at any of these holes,—when enough had been found to be regarded as a probable forerunner of commercial success,—a red flag was hoisted. Here and there I saw the red flag,—but the holes and adjacent heaps at which there were no red flags were as legion to the distinguished few.

At Gullgong I had found satisfied miners,—men who said that they were doing well; at Currajong everybody seemed to be disappointed, unhappy, and hopeless. The rush, it was found, was going to turn out a "duffer" altogether. The street of the place, if it can be said to have had a street, consisted of a bush road, wider and more trodden than usual, with the trees standing close around, though the undergrowth and shrubs had been burned or otherwise used and the trees themselves mutilated. Everywhere through the bush there were little tents, and holes and heaps. I visited one spot at which three men were working, one below filling a bucket, and two above drawing the bucket up. This they had been doing for a fortnight, and had found nothing. They did it for three weeks longer, and still finding no gold, had then gone away. One of them was the son of an English gentleman, who had thought that Australian gold-mining might probably be a road to easy wealth. He got his experience at Currajong, but he got nothing else. I can fancy no more heart-breaking occupation than the work of trundling dirt up out of a hole eight hours a day without results. There were drunken people about Currajong,—which I had not seen elsewhere,—and a

rowdy aspect which made me think ill of the prospects of the place. I was told subsequently that for a while it was not a success, and that many left it in disgust; but that afterwards gold-bearing quartz was found in large quantities, and that they who stuck to the place through its early misfortunes did well there. Currajong, when I saw it, seemed to be the most hopelessly disappointing place I had visited in the colonies.

New South Wales contains coal as well as gold, and has coal-mines which are worked successfully. In this respect she is blessed above any other of these colonies. Coal is heard of and talked about in, I think, every province of Australia,—and specimens are shown in proof of its existence; but coal is worked successfully in New South Wales, and as yet in New South Wales only. Newcastle, as the head-quarters of Australian coal is properly called, has become the second city of the colony. Coal is the mineral product of New South Wales next in value to gold, but is so at a very great distance. The value of the gold raised in 1862 and 1870 was for the former year £2,212,534, and for the latter £763,655. That of the coal produced in the same years was, in 1862, £476,522, and for 1870, £316,385. As regards both there had been a falling off in value,—that of the gold being by about two-thirds. That in the coal is small, and does not at all indicate the amount produced, but only the price of the article. In 1862 thirty-three coal-mines in New South Wales produced 342,067 tons of coals,—and in 1870 thirty-two mines produced 868,564 tons. It seems that the increase in produce has gone on almost steadily, whereas the price has fluctuated considerably. In 1862 the coals at the pit's mouth were worth very nearly 13*s.* a ton, whereas in 1870 they were not worth 8*s.* At the end of 1871, when I visited Newcastle, they

were still somewhat lower. The shareholders of coal-mines doubtless regard this falling-off in price as a great calamity, but the consumers of coal in Sydney and Melbourne and the owners of steam-ships plying to and from the colonies probably regard the matter in a different light.

In England we are accustomed to think that the possession of coal is the greatest blessing which Providence has bestowed upon us, and to believe that we owe to it our wealth, our population, and our greatness. I doubt whether there is a man of business in Great Britain who would wish to exchange our coal-mines for gold-fields. When the idea is presented to our minds we at once feel that the really productive powers of coal must be much more fertile in producing actual wealth than any amount of a metal, the value of which is in truth little more than nominal. No increase in the production of coal would at all diminish the real value of the article; but were the production of gold to be increased suddenly, violently, and to a great extent, the value of the metal would fall away in a quickly increasing ratio in accordance with the increase of production. Its value depends on its comparative rarity;—and, therefore, when we are told of some probable future development of Australian gold-fields at a hitherto unprecedented rate; when we are assured that Australian gold is as yet in its infancy,—as I have been assured very often;—we feel that even should it be so, the expected wealth will not follow the new discoveries. Should it come very quickly, the dislocation of prices, which is now being effected slowly by the gradual increase in the amount, and therefore gradual decline in the value of gold, would become rapid,—and therefore ruinous to many. In such a case the wealth of the world would

be increased only as far as gold is required,—not as wealth,—but as a symbol of wealth. Whereas every additional ton of coal that we get will contain as much power as every ton of coal that was got before it. Therefore, although the coal of Newcastle and Wollongong, in the present price paid for it, falls very far behind the gold of New South Wales, I regard coal as being the more important produce of the two. Had there been no coal found in New South Wales almost every source of wealth in Australia would have been stunted. Steamers could not have plied, nor railways have been worked, unless at prices which would have made them inaccessible to the community. All machinery for mines and other works must have been procured from Europe. The copper must have been sent home unsmelted, and therefore at treble the freight now paid for it. It is useless to expatiate on this,—as who is there that does not know that a country without coal is poor and miserable, and that a country with coal ought to be rich and blessed?

The most extensive coal region of Australia is that in the valley of the Hunter River, which empties itself into the sea at Newcastle, about 75 miles north of Sydney. The collieries are found for many miles up the river,—indeed along its whole length up to the base of the mountain ranges—and are worked within three or four miles of Newcastle. They rejoice in the old well-known North of England colliers' names,—such as Wallsend, Lampton, Hexham, Alnwick, and the like. I should probably be thought guilty of exaggeration if I were to say that they are inexhaustible. After the disputes which have latterly taken place at home as to the growth, production, and consumption of coal, a plain man hardly dares to have an opinion on the matter. But there is a

world of coal around Newcastle,—which looks as though it would suffice for the wants of the South-eastern people to the end of time.

About 40 miles south of Sydney there is another coal-field, in the Illawarra district, for which Wollongong is the seaport. I did not visit Wollongong, but I learned that there were five different mines worked there, from which about 90,000 tons of coal were extracted in 1870. To the west of Sydney, there have also lately been opened coal-mines at Hartley,—which are as yet young, but which in 1870 produced 2,600 tons of coal. The Hartley coal is, I believe, used only for the production of gas; but shale is found there, and also at American Creek, near Wollongong, from which kerosene is made. It is boasted on behalf of the shale oil of New South Wales that it is better than the American,—the advantage in favour of the Australian oil being that it will not ignite at a temperature ten degrees higher than that at which the purest American oil breaks into fire. I give this statement merely as I got it from the pages of the Report of the International Exhibition at Sydney, to which I have before referred,—and not as the result of any experiments made by myself into the qualities of kerosene.

I have said above that when I returned to Sydney I found all my formerly quiet-going friends in that city very much disturbed, and many of them considerably elated in regard to copper and tin. I can say nothing, from my own observation, on the resources of the colony as far as these metals were concerned. Copper-mines had previously been worked in the Orange district, and also near Lake George in the Goulbourn district, but not to such an extent as to have become a source of great public interest. Iron also has been found and

worked at Nattai in the south, but never as yet with any profit to the proprietors. That there is iron in New South Wales is a matter beyond doubt. Silver also has been found at Bronleo and Murrurundi, and cinnabar at Rylstone. There were also diamond-mines on the Cudgegong River, near to Rylstone, which some time since were worked by an Australian Diamond Mining Company;—but the expenses exceeded the returns, and the work has been abandoned.

It was believed of Australia, when Great Britain first planted her colonies there, that she would prove to be a country almost blank and barren in regard to minerals. It seems, however, now that few countries on the earth are richer in ores than she is. If iron can be found on her hills, and worked, she will probably become as populous and as rich as the United States.

In the meantime the lately awakened but now energetic speculators of New South Wales are all making fortunes out of tin and copper.

CHAPTER XX.

Country Life in the Bush.

When in New South Wales I spent a month at a small squatter's station in the distant bush, and as the difference between bush life in Australia and country life in England is more marked than I think any other difference between the two countries, I propose to describe the thing as I found it. I had already stayed at various sheep-stations in Queensland, but only for a few days at each; and these had been generally large places, where perhaps from one to two hundred thousand sheep were shorn,—and into which consequently the comforts and luxuries of civilised life had been imported. These

were hardly typical bush residences. At that to which I now went, a young squatter beginning life owned not much more than ten thousand sheep, and was living quite "in the rough." The number of sheep at these stations will generally indicate with fair accuracy the mode of life at the head station. A hundred thousand sheep and upwards require a professed man-cook and a butler to look after them; forty thousand sheep cannot be shorn without a piano; twenty thousand is the lowest number that renders napkins at dinner imperative. Ten thousand require absolute plenty, meat in plenty, tea in plenty, brandy and water and colonial wine in plenty, but do not expect champagne, sherry, or made dishes, and are supposed to be content with continued mutton or continued beef,—as the squatter may at the time be in the way of killing sheep or oxen. During this month we killed mutton. After six months I returned to the same station, and beef was the provision of the day. Wool had gone up, and sheep had become valuable, and the squatter could not be persuaded to kill a sheep for love or money. He bought cattle as he wanted them, and found that his beef cost him 1½*d.* a pound.

The station I visited, and which I will call M——, was about 250 miles west of Sydney, and was decidedly in the bush. I have already endeavoured to explain that nearly every place beyond the influences of the big towns is called "bush,"—even though there should not be a tree to be seen around;—but in reaching this place I journeyed for three days after leaving the railway through continuous woodland, doing about forty miles a day in a buggy. The house stood on a small creek,—hardly to be called a rivulet, because the water does not continually run, and in dry weather lies only in a succession of water-holes,—and was surrounded by inter-

minable forest. Close around it was the home-paddock, railed in, and containing about 50 acres. Such an enclosure about a gentleman's house in England is an appendage of great value, and constitutes with some who are ambitious almost a little park. In the bush it is little more thought of than as so much waste ground round the house. Two or three cows may run in it, or a horse or two for immediate use. It is generally found convenient to have a horse near the house for the sake of "running in" other horses. One horse in the stable to catch two horses in the home-paddock wherewith four horses when wanted may be run in from the horse-paddock, make together a combination which in the bush is considered to be economical and convenient. At M—— the home-paddock was partially cleared of timber, and was pretty enough. Outside it, meeting the creek both before and behind, was the horse-paddock, containing about 250 acres. This was supposed to be the domain appropriated to the horses of the establishment needed for the working of it. At that time there were about twenty, and I believe that there was not one too many. My young friend also had his rams here during a portion of the year, but hardly expected more from so small an enclosure than food for the animals required for use. A public road, such as bush roads are, ran through the horse-paddock,—very inconvenient in that it caused the gates to be left open, and brought travellers that way whose presence was hardly desirable, but not without compensation, as a postman with the mails passed each way twice a week. The postman was a great blessing. If he wanted food for himself or his horse, he got it; and in return he complied with all requests made to him, conveying letters, telegrams, and messages with wondrous accuracy. A mailman coming

by,—they are mailmen and not postmen in the bush,—is a great addition to the comforts of bush life. At the back of the horse-paddock was the wool-shed paddock, containing about 1,200 acres, with the wool-shed at one corner of it, distant about a mile from the house. For many reasons the wool-shed should not be close. The squatter does not want to have his shearers always in his kitchen, nor to hear their voices close to his verandah. But as it is well for his superintendent to be there constantly during the shearing, and for himself to be there often, any great distance is inconvenient. As my young friend sorted his own wool himself, he was generally in the wool-shed before the shearers, and did not leave it till long after they had "knocked off" work. The wool-shed was a wooden edifice, made of rough timber, roofed with bark, divided into pens, with room for eleven men to shear, and with outside pens for the shorn sheep as they leave the men's hands,—a pen for each shearer. It was constructed to hold about 300 sheep,—and that number would be put into it over-night, so that, even should rain come, there might be so many ready for the shearers in the morning,—for sheep cannot be shorn when wet. The form of the shed was that of the letter L, the base, however, being considerably larger than the upstroke. Along the base the shearers worked. At the corner were the sorting-table, and divided cribs for the different fleeces. In the upper part of the letter the wool was packed, and pressed, and stored, till the drays should come to take it away. My friend acknowledged that he did not think much of his own house, though he had built it himself,—but he was proud of his wool-shed, which was also the creation of his own ingenuity. About a quarter of a mile from the wool-shed was the shearers' hut, in which the men slept, and

ate, and smoked their pipes. They had their own cook, who on this occasion was a Chinaman,—and, as is always the case with shearers, they gave their cook enough to do. He was generally to be seen outside the door of the hut chopping up onions. The cook had *25s.* a week and his rations,—the shearers were earning on an average about *7s. 6d.* a day, which was considered bad work. There was rain, and the weather was against the men. The shearers bought their own food from the head station, paying at the rate of *7s. 6d.* a week each for it.

There were three other paddocks on the run,—one containing 12,000 acres, and the others 7,000 acres each. The greater part of the fencing necessary for these domains had been put up by my friend since his occupation at an average cost of £25 a mile. There were over forty miles of fencing on the run, made either with logs laid at length on short round blocks,—called in the bush chock and log,—or of bushes laid lengthways and staked down with forked timber. This fencing suffices for sheep, but would be of no use at all on a run intended for cattle. When a run is not fenced, each flock of sheep requires a shepherd, and the sheep are brought up at night to an enclosure close to the shepherd's hut. When a run is "paddocked," shepherds are not required; —but boundary-riders are employed, each of whom is supplied with two horses, and these men are responsible not only for the sheep but for the fences. They should see every portion of their fences at any rate three times a week, and repair the breaches. A bush fence is easily broken down, but is as easily put up again.

The natural grasses of the bush in the locality of which I am speaking would carry in ordinary weather a sheep to three acres. When the weather was damp and

warm it would do much more; when there was either frost or drought, it would not do so much. At M—— there was back ground outside the paddocks as extensive as the fenced area, and it was computed that the run might carry safely about 16,000 sheep.

The house was built at right angles to the creek, to the edge of which the little garden ran. It was of course only of one story. A squatter rarely builds a two-storied house till he be a very large squatter indeed, and then his habitation loses most of the characteristics of the bush. It was of one story and contained but three rooms,—a sitting-room in the middle and a bedroom on each side;—but along the front there ran a verandah twelve feet wide, in which everybody lived,—using the sitting-room simply for meals. Life in the bush would be nothing without a verandah. The men of course spend their days mostly out of doors,—but in the evenings the verandahs are delightful. Here are congregated lounging chairs, generally very rough, but always comfortable,—with tables, sofas, and feminine nicknacks, if there be ladies, till the place has the appearance of a room open to the heavens. A verandah to be perfect should be curtained against the sun, and should be sheltered also from the heat by creepers. Behind the house, about thirty yards distant from it, was the kitchen, with a servants' room attached to it,—and behind that again another edifice called the cottage, consisting of two rooms, in which slept the young men who were about the place;—for it must be remembered that there always are young men about a squatter's station. Then there were other buildings,—forming a quadrangle, which however was never as neat as such homestead quadrangle should be. There was a rough stable, and a rougher coach-house,—and that indispensable accessory the store-

room. The place was altogether rough, and certainly not well kept; but it was comfortable and picturesque, and easily susceptible of improvement when increasing flocks and high prices for wool would justify the expenditure.

Almost all these pastoral homesteads are thus made up of various cottages,—till sometimes the place assumes the appearance of a village. When the station is large there will often be a church and a school, and a separate house for strangers, and a shop for the stores, and an office. At M—— no such grandeur had as yet displayed itself. But there was a garden,—in which the opossums would eat the vegetables,—and an orchard had been commenced.

There was one house at a distance of only three miles which was a great drawback to my friend's happiness,—for it was inhabited by a free-selecter and a publican. I rather liked the publican, as he got up a kangaroo hunt for me,—but the vicinity of grog was looked upon as a serious evil by the squatter. And yet the men never drank when they were at work,—would work for weeks without anything stronger than tea. But if, on an occasion, any one of the station hands did take to drink, he would stay and drink till he was turned out of the house on the plea that he had consumed all his money. This public-house was a blistering thorn in the side of my friend. A gold-field town, whence the letters came, was twelve miles distant, but this was visited as rarely as possible, and was regarded as almost obtrusive in having caused itself to be built in a pastoral district. The nearest neighbours for any social purpose was another squatter, twenty-five miles off.

Of social gatherings, such as we know them, there are none in the bush. Squatters do not go out to dine,

or ask each other to dinner. As a rule, I think, they rarely invite each other for country visiting. But they make the freest use of each other's houses,—so that society of a certain kind is created. They do not make visits exclusively of pleasure,—but when business calls them from home they make no scruple of riding up to each other's doors, and demanding hospitality. A bush house is never considered to be full. If there be not rooms apiece for the guests, the men are put together and the women together. If there be not bedsteads, beds are made up on the floors. If room be still lacking, the young men wrap themselves in blankets and stretch themselves in the verandah. It is a point of honour that the house shall never be full,—unless some one very odious comes the way. But even for those who are odious shelter and food are provided in some outside hut or barrack.

I was at M—— during washing and shearing. I speak of course of the washing of sheep. It was the busiest time of the year, and the squatter himself was always out soon after five, and rarely back at the house in time for dinner at eight. He had two assistants, one of whom was his permanent first lieutenant on the run, and the other was borrowed for the occasion. The three, who were all young, certainly worked much harder than any other men about the place, and seemed to have more on hand than a British prime minister in June. I rode about at my ease,—from the washpool to the wool-shed, and from the wool-shed to the kangaroos,—giving now and then a fantastic opinion as to the doing of the work, criticising the roughness of the mode in which the poor brutes were hauled into the water, or the cruelty with which they were wounded by the shearers. But my friends were terribly in earnest. Now

and again a man would misbehave, and squatters' law had to be exercised with prompt decision. If a man would not work, or worked amiss, he was sent away with very curt warning,—for the deed of agreement which is always drawn up, gives the squatter the power of judging as to the man's deficiency, and of punishing him for being deficient. The sheep were always being washed, and always being shorn,—but if the rain should come between the two operations all would be spoilt. Rain did come,—but not thorough rain, and all was not spoilt. And then the "yarding" of sheep by hundreds at a time, —getting them through one set of pens before washing, and through another set before shearing,—having them ready for the morning's work, and finished off before the dark night came,—weighing out tea and sugar and flour for the men, killing and preparing meat for them, sorting and packing the wool, pressing and labelling the bales, —all seemed to demand more than Herculean energy. At large stations all this is done easily, because the greater number admit of divided labour. It seemed to me that the care of ten thousand sheep was the most difficult task that a man could have imposed upon him.

Those rides through the forest either when I was alone, or when I could get my host to go with me,— which was rarely, unless on a Sunday afternoon,—were very pleasant. The melancholy note of the magpie was almost the only sound that was heard. Occasionally kangaroos would be seen,—two or three staring about them after a half-tame fashion, as though they had not as yet made up their mind whether it would be necessary for them to run. When approached they would move,—always in a line, and with apparent leisure till pursued. Then they would bound away, one here and one there, at a pace which made it impossible for a single

horseman to get near them in a thickly timbered country. It was all wood. There arose at last a feeling that go where one might through the forest, one was never going anywhere. It was all picturesque,—for there was rocky ground here and there, and hills in the distance, and the trees were not too close for the making of pretty vistas through them;—but it was all the same. One might ride on, to the right or to the left, or might turn back, and there was ever the same view. And there were no objects to reach, unless it was the paddock fence. And when the paddock fence was jumped, then it was the same thing again. Looking around, one could tell by no outward sign whether one was inside or outside the boundary,—whether one was two miles or ten miles from the station.

Perhaps the most astonishing phenomenon on these runs is the apparent paucity of sheep. As a fact, there are thousands all around;—but unless looked for they are never seen; and even when looked for by inexperienced eyes are often missed. If the reader will bear in mind that an enclosure of 12,000 acres contains more than eighteen square miles, he will understand how unlike to anything in England must be even the enclosed country in Australia. One seems to ride for ever and to come to nothing, and to relinquish at last the very idea of an object. Nevertheless, it was very pleasant. Of all places that I was ever in this place seemed to be the fittest for contemplation. There was no record of the hours but by the light. When it was night work would be over. The men would cease as the sun was setting, —but the masters would continue till the darkness had come upon them.

There were four or five meals in the day. There was an early breakfast in the cottage for the young men,

—there was another breakfast at nine for those who were idle,—for the ladies who were there and for myself. There was lunch at about two, to which one or two from the wool-shed might or might not rush in as things were going with them,—and there was dinner at about eight o'clock. My wife had brought a cook with her from England who was invaluable,—or would have been had she not found a husband for herself when she had been about a month in the bush. But in spite of her love, and her engagement to a man who was considerably above her in position, she was true to us while she remained at M——, and did her best to make us all comfortable. She was a good-looking, strong woman, of excellent temper, who could do anything she put her hand to, from hairdressing and confectionery up to making butter and brewing beer. I saw her six months afterwards,—"quite the lady," but ready for any kind of work that might come in her way. When I think of her, I feel that no woman of that kind ought, as regards herself, to stay in England if she can take herself or get herself taken to the colonies. I mention our cook because her assistance certainly tended very greatly to our increased comfort. The viands provided were mutton, bread, vegetables, and tea. Potatoes were purchased as an ordinary part of the station stores, and the opossums had left us lettuce, tomatoes, and a few cabbages. Dinner was always dignified with soup and salad,—which must not, however, be regarded as being within the ordinary bush dietary. In other respects the meals were all alike. There was mutton in every shape, and there was always tea. Tea at a squatter's table,—at the table of a squatter who has not yet advanced himself to a man-cook or butler and a two-storied house,—is absolutely indispensable. At this squatter's table there was colonial wine

and there was brandy,—produced chiefly to supply my wants; but there was always tea. The young men when they came in, hot and fagged with their day's work, would take a glass of brandy and water standing, as a working man with us takes his glass of beer at a bar. But when they sat down with their dinners before them, the tea-cup did for them what the wine-glass does for us. The practice is so invariable that any shepherd whose hut you may visit will show his courtesy by asking you to take a pannikin of tea. In supplying stores to men, tea and sugar, flour and meat, are the four things which are included as matters of course. The tea is always bought by the chest, and was sold by the merchant at the rate of *1s. 6d.* a pound. There was but one class of tea at the station, which I found to be preferable to very much that I am called upon to drink in England.

The recreations of the evening consisted chiefly of tobacco in the verandah. I did endeavour to institute a whist table, but I found that my friends, who were wonderfully good in regard to the age and points of a sheep, and who could tell to the fraction of a penny what the wool of each was worth by the pound, never could be got to remember the highest card of the suit. I should not have minded that had they not so manifestly despised me for regarding such knowledge as important. They were right, no doubt, as the points of a sheep are of more importance than the pips of a card, and the human mind will hardly admit of the two together. Whist is a jealous mistress;—and so is a sheep-station.

I have been at very many bush houses,—at over thirty different stations in the different colonies,—but at

not one, as I think, in which I have not found a fair provision of books. It is universally recognised among squatters that a man who settles down in the bush without books is preparing for himself a miserable future life. That the books are always used when they are there I will not say. That they are used less frequently than they should be used I do not doubt. When men come in from physical work, hungry, tired,—with the feeling that they have earned an hour or two of ease by many hours of labour,—they are apt to claim the right to allow their minds to rest as well as their limbs. Who does not know how very much this is the case at home, even among young men and women in our towns, who cannot plead the same excuse of real bodily fatigue? That it should be so is a pity of pities,—not on the score chiefly of information lost or of ignorance perpetuated; but because the power of doing that which should be the one recreation and great solace of our declining years perishes from desuetude, and cannot be renewed when age has come upon us. But I think that this folly is hardly more general in the Australian bush than in English cities. There are books to be read,—and the young squatter, when the evening comes upon him, has no other recreation to entice him. He has no club, no billiard table, no public-house which he can frequent. Balls and festivities are very rare. He probably marries early, and lives the life of a young patriarch, lord of everything around him, and master of every man he meets on his day's ride. Of course there are many who have risen to this from lower things,—who have become squatters without any early education, who have been butchers, drovers, or perhaps shepherds themselves. That they should not be acquainted with books is a matter of course. They have lacked the practice in

youth of which I have just spoken. But among those who have had the advantage of early nurture, and have been taught to handle books familiarly when young, I think that reading is at least as customary as it is with young men in London. The authors I found most popular were certainly Shakespeare, Dickens, and Macaulay. I would back the chance of finding Macaulay's Essays at a station against that of any book in the language except Shakespeare. To have a Shakespeare is a point of honour with every man who owns a book at all,—whether he reads it or leaves it unread.

I have said that squatters marry early. The reasons for doing so are very strong; and those reasons for not doing so, which are terribly familiar to us at home, hardly exist in the bush. The man is alone, and can have at any rate no female companionship unless he marry. In ordinary life, as we know it, the unmarried man enjoys as many comforts,—unfortunately, perhaps, more luxuries,—than do they who take to themselves wives. But in the bush the unmarried man is very desolate, and will probably soon become forlorn and wretched in his mode of life. He will hardly get a woman who will cook for him decently, or who will sew a button on his shirt when it is wanted. And he will soon care nothing how his dinner is cooked, and whether his shirt be with or without a button. On the other hand, the cost of his household when he is married will hardly be more than when he is single. If his wife know how to keep a bush house, her presence will almost be a saving to him. At home, in England, the young man when he marries has to migrate from his lodgings to a house, he must make up an establishment, buy furniture, hire servants, and enter altogether upon a new phase of life. He must have ready money in his pocket

to begin with, and a future income probably very much in advance of that he has hitherto been expected to expend. But on a station there is nothing of the kind. There is the house, in which it may be necessary to put a few additional comforts. There is the establishment, —already on so large a scale in consequence of the necessity of supplying men with rations that no recognised increase is created. When children come, and education is needed, expenses of course will grow;—but at first the thing is so easy that the young squatter simply goes out in his buggy and brings home the daughter of some other squatter,—after a little ceremony performed in the nearest church.

As a consequence of this, life in the bush is decent and moral. The bulk of the labour is performed by a nomad tribe, who wander in quest of their work, and are hired only for a time. This is of course the case in regard to washing sheep and shearing them. It is equally so when fences are to be made, or ground to be cleared, or trees to be "rung." The ringing of trees consists of cutting the bark through all round, so that the tree cease to suck up the strength of the earth for its nutrition, and shall die. For all these operations temporary work is of course required, and the squatter seldom knows whether the men he employs be married or single. They come and go, and are known by queer nicknames or are known by no names at all. They probably have their wives elsewhere, and return to them for a season. They are rough to look at, dirty in appearance, shaggy, with long hair, men who, when they are in the bush, live in huts, and hardly know what a bed is. But they work hard, and are both honest and civil. Theft among them is almost unknown. Men are constantly hired without any character but that which

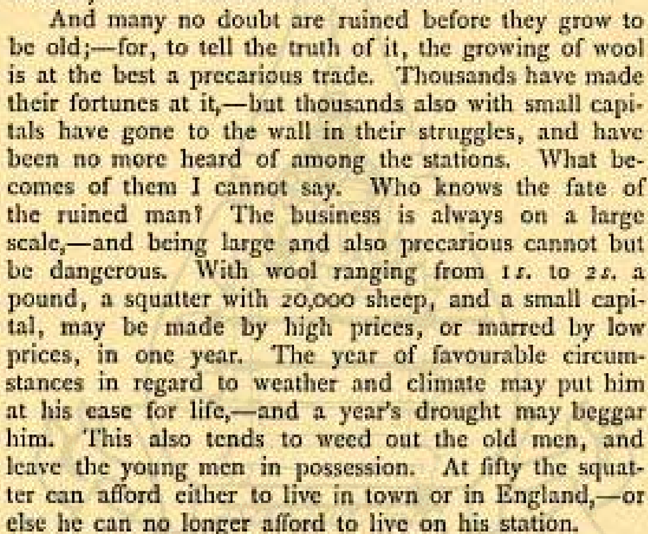
they give themselves; and the squatters find from experience that the men are able to do that which they declare themselves capable of performing. There will be exceptions, but such is the rule. Their one great fault is drunkenness,—and yet they are sober to a marvel. As I have said before, they will work for months without touching spirits,—but their very abstinence creates a craving desire which, when it is satisfied, will satisfy itself with nothing short of brutal excess. Among the masters of these men,—among squatters with their superintendents and overseers,—drinking is not a common fault. I have seen a squatter drunk. I have seen a squatter very drunk. But he was a jovial exception.

Squatters, I think, do not as a rule go very frequently to church. Churches are not near to them, and as they are always either driving in buggies or riding on horseback in pursuance of their ordinary occupations, on Sundays they are not ready to add perhaps thirty miles, perhaps forty, to their week's work in quest of a sermon. I have spoken of stations which possessed churches of their own. When that is the case, the squatter is generally the parson for three Sundays,—being relieved by a real, but itinerant, clergyman on the fourth. I am, however, bound to acknowledge that Sabbath-day observances are laxly kept in the bush.

The resident squatter is generally a young man,—one at least not past the prime of life. For this state of things there are sundry causes. The squatter who succeeds in life, as he grows old does not cease to be a squatter. He sticks to his wool as closely as the lawyer does to his wig, or the banker to his ledger. He knows well every shilling that is spent and made. But he becomes an absentee squatter,—having a son, or a junior partner, or perhaps a manager, to manage the run and to send

him the accounts. The money comes into his hand readily, as the produce of a sheep-station is never sold on the spot. London is almost always the rich squatter's market. Then again the work to be done is hardly fitted for an old man. All that an old man can do, he can do away from the station. He has become tired of buggies and bucking horses, perhaps tired of tea and mutton; and he makes himself comfortable in a town.

And many no doubt are ruined before they grow to be old;—for, to tell the truth of it, the growing of wool is at the best a precarious trade. Thousands have made their fortunes at it,—but thousands also with small capitals have gone to the wall in their struggles, and have been no more heard of among the stations. What becomes of them I cannot say. Who knows the fate of the ruined man? The business is always on a large scale,—and being large and also precarious cannot but be dangerous. With wool ranging from 1*s.* to 2*s.* a pound, a squatter with 20,000 sheep, and a small capital, may be made by high prices, or marred by low prices, in one year. The year of favourable circumstances in regard to weather and climate may put him at his ease for life,—and a year's drought may beggar him. This also tends to weed out the old men, and leave the young men in possession. At fifty the squatter can afford either to live in town or in England,—or else he can no longer afford to live on his station.



CHAPTER XXI.

Scenery in New South Wales.

I HAVE said in the preceding chapter that the scenery of the bush is monotonous. It is the complaint that has been made generally of all Australian landscape, — so generally as to have reached England, and to constitute one of the few facts that are supposed to be known about the country. The "everlasting gum-tree" has become proverbial. Consequently no one visits Australia to see its scenery, and comparatively few of those who go there in pursuit of business, or to see men and women, make a search after the beauties of nature a part of their programme. The same feeling prevails with permanent settlers and with natives. It is taken for granted that Australia is ugly, and that the touring in quest of the picturesque, which forms so great a part of the delight of an Englishman's holiday, would be altogether time wasted and money misapplied if attempted at the Antipodes. Nevertheless, there is grand scenery in, I believe, all the Australian colonies. It is certainly to be found in Queensland and Victoria. Tasmania is one of the prettiest countries I ever visited. And in New South Wales I came across wonders almost as magnificent and charms as lovely as any that I have seen in Europe. As yet the localities are unknown, as yet the means of communication are unfrequent and uncertain, as yet popular taste has not settled herself in the direction of scenery, directing people to go here or to go there,—and by her potency providing the means of encouraging them, feeding them, and amusing them. But the time will come in which Australian men and women will find that they need not go to Europe to delight themselves with mountains and rivers.

Of the extreme beauty of Sydney Harbour I have already spoken, and will only say of it further that its extent is so great as to require days for its examination. It is not a sheet of water which can be seen from one spot,—and then be ticked off from the list of sights as a thing completed, and numbered among the lions which have been killed. That lion will demand four or five days before it can be killed to satisfaction, and will then bear to be rekilled by those who really take delight in natural loveliness.

The Australian Alps, whence springs the river Murray, or Hume,—for the upper part of this river was called the Hume in the early days after the explorer of that name,—stand on the south-eastern corner of New South Wales, forming a part of the great range which divides the narrow eastern strip of the continent from the vast bulk of the interior. Of the beauty of these mountains I can only speak by hearsay, having seen no more than their snowy tops at the distance of forty miles. Mount Kosciusko stands just on the borders of New South Wales and Victoria, and is 7,300 feet high. It is the monarch of Australian mountains as Mount Blanc is of those of Europe. From what was told to me, I was very anxious to visit the district, and made plans with that purpose. But I found that Australia was too big and my time too limited to enable me to see everything; and as the life of the men and women around me was more essential to my object than scenery, I was obliged to leave Kosciusko unseen. The district is difficult of access, and must be visited either on horseback, or, by those who are strong enough, with much greater facility on foot. The starting-point should, I am told, be from the little town of Tumberumba, from whence the mountains are distant about forty miles. From the description

I have heard of them, I imagine the country to be wild and fine, but I doubt whether the summits ever rise in sharp inaccessible peaks. I feel bound to apologise to my readers for attempting even so far to describe a region I did not see;—but on the other hand, an apology more humiliating would have been due to Mount Kosciusko, had I written a book about Australia and not mentioned him.

The railway from Sydney to Bathurst passes through the Blue Mountains, which form a portion of the same dividing range. They presented a cruel, awful barrier to the earlier settlers, and for a long time debarred them from the land beyond, which they hoped to find flowing with all the requisites for milk and honey. The eastern strip, where Sydney is built and Paramatta, was singularly barren, though a little farther to the north and west there were river valleys, the soil of which was as singularly rich. It was felt by all the settlers that the Blue Mountains hemmed them in, making, as it were, a prison for them on the shores of Port Jackson. With infinite suffering and indefatigable energy, a way was at last found through the dark defiles of the hills, and the colonists made their way down to those plains, which are now called the Plains of Bathurst. Now a railway passes up and down through the wildest parts of the mountains, crossing their very summit, and passengers go from Sydney to Bathurst, thinking nothing of the struggles of their forefathers,—and thinking very little of the wonders around them.

Close to the highest part of the range, with a fall to it so slight as to be hardly more than perceptible, and at a distance of about two miles from the railway, there is a ravine called Govat's Leap. Mr. Govat was, I believe, simply a government surveyor, who never made

any leap into the place at all. Had he done so, it would certainly have been effectual for putting an end to his earthly sorrows. I had hoped, when I heard the name, to find that some interesting but murderous bush-ranger had on that spot baffled his pursuers and braved eternity;—but I was informed that a government surveyor had visited the spot, had named it, and had gone home again. No one seeing it could fail to expect better things from such a spot and such a name.

It consists of a ravine probably more than a mile wide. I had no means of ascertaining the distances or heights of the place,—but the whole was on so gigantic a scale as to deceive the eye greatly at the first sight. The only approach to it from the railway leads the visitor to the head of the ravine, at which he is stopped by a precipitous wall of rock, which runs round, in various huge curves, till on each side it loses itself in the distance. As you stand there, looking down, you see a world below you,—a valley, but certainly not a happy valley, dark, awful, and inaccessible. Nowhere round these curves and lines of the rock can the eye find a spot at which it would be possible to descend. It is as though the ocean were below, and you were standing on the edge of a lofty cliff;—but in lieu of the ocean there is this black valley, densely filled with forest timber, filled so densely that you see nothing but the continuous tops of the black foliage, which, though the wind is blowing hard above, never seemed to move. In looking down from cliffs upon the sea, one is conscious that the foot of the rocks may be reached. A boat, at any rate, will place you there, if the weather be fair. But here the mind becomes aware of no mode of entering the abyss. On reaching the edge it seems as though you had come upon a spot of earth which defied you

to touch it, and which forbad the possibility of escape should you succeed in doing so. The idea is common to us when we look up at snowy peaks,—and is not the less common because we know that men have learned the way to climb them. But to look down on a place which cannot be reached,—into a valley full of trees, through which a stream runs, a green, dark, crowded valley,—and to feel that you are debarred from reaching it by a sheer descent of four or five hundred feet of cliff all round, is uncommon. I would say double that descent only that I do not quite believe in their entirety some accounts of the place that I have heard. I never saw before so vast a gaping hole on the earth's surface.

At about half a mile to the right, as you reach the edge, a stream of water very much like the Staubbach, near Lauterbrunnen, in Switzerland, falls precipitously over the rock. I was there in winter, after rain, and there was water in plenty. I heard different altitudes named for the fall, ranging up to very high figures indeed. I believe it to be about 900 feet. From the spot whence it is seen it appears that the water is broken nowhere by striking against the rocks, and that therefore the descent is perpendicular; but this, no doubt, is a fallacy of the eye, caused by the distance. As we lay on the rock gazing at it, the wind would every now and then catch the long silver thread and sweep it away into the bend of the curve, so that it would disappear from sight. The forest trees above were wild with the wind, but the interminable thickets below were never stirred. I have said that we could not descend. There was not a spot at which we could think of making the attempt; —but there was an easy track down to a jutting rock, about 200 feet below the top, and this we found to be

the proper spot from whence to look down upon the awful grandeur of the scene below us.

As I have already said the place is to be reached by railway from Sydney, from whence it is between four and five miles distant. The nearest station, or stopping place, is Blackheath,—at which the trains are pulled up if there be passengers. But there is no inn at this place. We,—the young squatter of whom I spoke in the last chapter and myself,—left the train at Mount Victoria, a station four miles distant from Blackheath, where we found very good accommodation at the house of one Mrs. Perry,—whom we knocked up at two o'clock in the morning, and who took our somewhat noisy intrusion in perfect good humour. I would advise any stranger who finds himself at Sydney to make a visit to Govat's Leap, and to stop at the inn at Mount Victoria when doing so.

Govat's Leap astonished me very much,—but not, I think, so much as the scenery of the Hawkesbury River. A great portion of this is within forty miles of the town of Sydney, and might be as easily reached and much more quickly and cheaply seen than the Rhine,—if only people knew of it, so that an hotel or two might be built on its banks, and a steamer built to ply upon it. A trip of two days from Sydney, at a cost of 30*s.* a head, might make the river known to every pleasure-seeker in Sydney,—and if the expedition were customary, the Hawkesbury would soon be as much to Sydney as the mouth of the Clyde and the Kyles of Bute are to Glasgow. And yet who has heard of the Hawkesbury? As it is altogether unknown in Sydney, it is hardly surprising that the river should not have been much talked about in England. Had it been known in Sydney, it would have been talked about in England. I must own that when I was invited to join a party to

visit the scenery of the river, I myself had never heard of the Hawkesbury, except as one of the first named rivers on the Australian continent,—so called many years ago when Lord Liverpool was young.

The party which I was kindly invited to join was a very august party, consisting of nearly all the cabinet ministers, and a very considerable minority of the House of Assembly. The Premier was at the head of it, and no man fitter for such an occasion ever held absolute dominion over hampers. It was by no means a partisan party; for I observed on my return to Sydney six months afterwards, when that premier had, alas, succumbed to the fate of premiers, and another head of the government reigned in his stead, that two of the most lively of our politicians on the Hawkesbury trip were sitting on the treasury bench. And we had been all so friendly then! I must confess that when I saw those two gentlemen on that bench, and saw that former premier opposite, turned out into the cold, partly, no doubt, by their efforts, I could not but say to myself that there could be ingratitude in New South Wales as deep as among the older nations of the earth.

We went by railway to the little town of Windsor, to which a branch line runs from the Sydney and Bathurst line;—a quaint little place, inhabited by old settlers who came to this district as being singularly fertile. Very fertile it is; no land in the Australian colonies is perhaps more so; hardly any soil in any country is perhaps more so. But for this great gift it has to pay a proportionate penalty. Every now and then, perhaps once in six or seven years, it is so absolutely flooded by the Hawkesbury and its tributaries, that the farmers are forced to fly for their lives. And there have been floods so sudden and so high that all the farmers have not

been able to fly with their lives. Windsor is built upon the Hawkesbury,—here so called; but up above this it has another name and is called the Nepēan;—for it is the fashion in New South Wales to divide what with us at home would be the last syllable. From Windsor we went five miles down the river in open boats, and there found a steamer waiting for us. I must confess that during the first part of our journey I was disposed to think that I had been enticed away by false representations. Immediately below Windsor the river is not beautiful. It passes through a rich country, which gradually becomes narrower as the hills are approached;—but for an hour or two the fertility of the land and the specialities, such as they might be, of its productiveness were the chief attractions. But gradually as we reached the bluffs and high banks of the lower reaches, the scene was changed, and as the afternoon wore itself away we steamed down among river scenery as lovely as any which I ever beheld.

There can I think be no doubt that among rivers the Rhine has the highest character for sustained beauty. There may be special points on other streams which have endeared themselves to the world,—such especially as the Falls of Niagara,—such as the Inn at Innspruck, or the Rhone at Geneva,—or the Upper Lake at Killarney, which is, in truth, a river. But for continued scenery the Rhine stands first. There is a river, or rather a portion of a river, known to very few tourists, which I think beats the Rhine. This is the Upper Mississippi, for about 150 miles below St. Paul. It is not my business here to describe the Mississippi,—but I mention it with the object of saying that in my opinion the Hawkesbury beats the Mississippi. I should not make the contrast unless there were many features in the two

which are similar. At all of them the beauty consists in the breaking of the land on the very margin of the river, and is not carried far back into the interior. At all of them the banks rise suddenly, sometimes covered with timber and sometimes bald, — sometimes sloping and sometimes precipitous,—but at all of them the banks are broken here and there into lateral valleys, which give to the imagination the idea that the glory of the scene is far spread, and would repay pursuit. Unless it can convey this vague feeling of distant, unapproachable, and almost mysterious delight, scenery loses half its charms. On the Rhine, on the Mississippi, and on the Hawkesbury alike, there is created an idea that if the traveller would only leave the boat and wander inland, he would be repaid by the revelation of marvellous beauties of Nature,—beauties which have perhaps never yet met the eyes of man. The Rhine has its castles and its islands,—and it has, too, in its favour the bright colour of its waters. The Upper Mississippi has no castles, nor are its waters bright; but it has islands, and innumerable bluffs and headlands and varied valleys, and park-like timber, and its own fast-running rush of waters,—which are to me more than compensation for the castles and the colour. The Hawkesbury has neither castles nor islands, nor has it bright clear water like the Rhine. But the headlands are higher and the bluffs are bolder, and the turns and manœuvres of the course which the waters have made for themselves are grander, and to me more enchanting, than those of either the European or American river.

It took us two days to descend the Hawkesbury to Broken Bay, and during the night our steamer lay at a bend in the river called Wiseman's Ferry,—where there is a large dilapidated and unused church, showing how

soon ruins may be instituted in a new country. Along the banks, at intervals from each other of a few miles, whenever a bit of alluvial soil gave an opportunity for cultivation, settlers had placed themselves, and lived by growing maize, potatoes, and fruit. These people, or their fathers, were among the earliest colonists of New South Wales,—as the banks of the Hawkesbury had been soon reached. But civilisation had passed by them and gone beyond them,—and they were left now much in the condition in which their fathers were sixty or seventy years ago. A great portion of the banks are not approached by any road, and are accessible only by water. Small luggers from Sydney ply up and down the stream, taking the produce of the settlers to market, and bringing them back flour and tea in return. There can be but little intercourse even between families at ten miles' distance from each other,—as a river is, after all, but a poor road for the purposes of familiar intercourse. Life there must be very solitary and cheerless,—but at the same time independent and plentiful. We saw children about, amidst the garden patches,—but I fear that they were often out of reach of any school.

The lower part of the river, that between Wiseman's Ferry and Pitt Water,—which is a large inlet of the sea, running southward from Broken Bay,—is very much finer than the upper reaches. There are various spots, especially at Mangora Creek, Berowa Creek, and Mullet Creek, at which the expanse of water assumes the appearance of a lake, and from which the stream escapes under banks almost perpendicular, and, as we calculated, from four to six hundred feet high. At Broken Bay, after having steamed up to the head of Pitt Water, we got out into the sea, and within an hour and a half were in Sydney harbour.

Up along the river banks there were numberless sites fit for private houses or for hotels,—all of which might be reached within a few hours from Sydney. We saw but one house of any pretence,—which, I was told, was occasionally inhabited by a gentleman's family. But residence here, except to a cockatoo farmer, or to a hermit, is at present impossible. Though the place be no more than forty miles from Sydney, it is altogether beyond reach,—as many parts of the highlands of Scotland were some few years ago. In another space of a few years there will probably be daily means of getting to the Hawkesbury; and there will be villas dotted on its banks, and hotels of all descriptions for the accommodation of Australian tourists.

As of Australian scenery, so also is it generally said of Australian country houses, that they are without the charms and prettiness which are thought so much of at home by our squires and their wives and families. I do not know that I had many preconceived opinions as to country life in the colonies,—but I certainly did think that the surroundings of it would be ugly. It is a matter of course that finished beauty at a homestead cannot be achieved to order by any given time. The surroundings of a house want years for the full creation of their charms. In England many an old ruined house is lovely, but who has ever succeeded in making a new country mansion pleasing to the eye? On this account landscape beauty of the domestic kind must be less frequent in a new than in an old country, and is, of course, less frequent in Australia than in Europe. But, nevertheless, it is to be found,—and I saw the preparations for it frequent in many of the colonies. I think that Coombing Park, in New South Wales,—the property of Mr. Icely, one of the oldest settlers, and now the residence of his

son,—is as pretty a combination of hills, river, and woodland as ever I saw round a gentleman's house in any country. The house itself is but of one story,—as a squatter's house should be,—straggling, with a long verandah and varied appurtenances here and there, over much ground. But it was covered with flowers, as I never saw a house covered before, and the garden was a wilderness of loveliness. The herbage on the cleared ground about the place was richer than any other herbage; and the hills, timbered up to their summits, formed an amphitheatre round the back, which at home would have made the site invaluable.

I beg my reader, therefore, to believe that in spite of the everlasting gum-tree there is scenery in Australia which would repay a visit. That of which I have spoken in this chapter is the scenery of New South Wales alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Riverina.

As in the old European countries so in the colonies, different districts have acquired different names which have much significance in men's minds and are understood with sufficient clearness, though they have no recognised municipal or political standing. Certain Yorkshiremen live in Craven, others in Richmond, others again in Holderness, but neither of these so-named localities has any defined legal position. In New South Wales a northern part of the colony is called New England; a district lying on the seaboard south of Sydney is called Illawarra; and to the west, in the midst of the great rivers of the continent, is the Riverina, or Mesopotamia of New South Wales. The Riverina has charac-

teristics of its own so marked and so important that they demand recognition from any one who desires to understand the position of the Australian colonies generally. It is bounded throughout on the south by the river Murray,—having in that direction a certain limit, as the Murray is the northern frontier of Victoria. But it has no other certain boundary,—unless it be the one hundred and forty-first line of east longitude on its western frontier, which line is the proclaimed division of South Australia and New South Wales. To the north it runs away into undefined space. To the east there is no recognised limitation by which it is divided from the remainder of the colony. The one hundred and forty-eighth line of longitude may perhaps be taken as the best demarcation that can be expressed; though this would be by no means correct throughout, as the squatters on the Boyne and the Macquarie rivers to the north, who are to the west of that line, certainly do not consider themselves as belonging to the Riverina. But in fact the Riverina consists of that part of the colony of New South Wales which finds that Melbourne or Adelaide are markets easier of approach than Sydney the capital of their own colony. The geographical facts which have brought about this result, give to the people of the Riverina their distinctive interests, and force upon them a feeling opposed in politics to that which is general through the more thickly populated eastern half of the colony.

The Riverina, in area, comprises perhaps a full moiety of New South Wales, though in population it contains but little more than a twentieth part of the whole. The population of the colony in round numbers is half a million; that of the Riverina about 28,000. As the limits of the district cannot be defined with certainty,

neither, of course, can the population be stated with accuracy. It lies, as the name implies, among the rivers, —among the only well known great rivers of the continent. These rivers, with many tributaries, are the Murray, the Murrumbidgee running into the Murray, the Lachlan running into the Murrumbidgee, and the Darling running into the Murray below the Murrumbidgee. I fear that my readers may become weary of these rivers, —but I can hardly make the subject plain here without repeating their names. The Murray, carrying down the waters of an immense portion of the great Australian plains, finds its way into the sea at last by so poor an aperture as to forbid internal navigation on a scale greater than that which in other countries is achieved by canals. And the navigation afforded by these natural waters is only spasmodic. During a portion of the year it is interrupted by drought. At uncertain seasons in some years it is stopped by floods. Consequently large towns have not arisen on the river banks. And again nearly the whole of this country is unfit for agriculture. Though the soil in many parts of it is rich, the climate will not allow the soil to produce wheat. The average rainfall is not above fourteen inches in the year,—and the summer heats are very intense. Nevertheless, in the southern parts of the district, and on the frontages of the rivers, free-selecters are numerous,—to the great and, as I think, irrational displeasure of the squatters, for the free-selecter if he cannot live on his land must work for the squatter's wages. To the south-east, around Albury and Wagga Wagga,—if on behalf of the Riverina we may venture to say that those towns are within its limits —wheat is grown. The rainfall here is greater and the heat less intense. But even in the localities named it seems to be a question whether cereals can be produced

with sufficient constancy to repay the farmer. Nor is the Riverina a gold-producing district,—nor has it coal or copper. Gold has, I believe, been found within the limits above-named, but not in sufficient quantities to attract a mining population. The Riverina is essentially a pastoral district, in which the squatters are patriarchs owning many flocks. But of all strictly pastoral districts of the world it is perhaps the best. As a wool-growing district I have no doubt as to its being the best in Australia. It consists of vast plains, a great part of which is completely without trees, and the whole of which is without hills or even rising ground. Where there is timber, the timber is light. And there is no stone,—not a particle of what the road-makers call metal,—in the country among the rivers. The houses are made of wood or brick. The roads are altogether unmade, and consist of tracks through the mud or dust. When anything is done towards the making of a road in or near the towns, clay is burned for the purpose into brickbats, or wooden blocks are used. The dust of Riverina I have never seen, but its mud is the most tenacious I ever encountered.

The secret of the wealth of the country for pastoral purposes lies in the salt which the soil possesses. A great proportion of the Riverina used to produce salt-bush,—a shrub about three feet high, pale in colour, and ugly to look at when it covers a whole plain, on which the sheep feed willingly and which can stand great heat and great drought. I was told that the salt-bush was disappearing on runs which had carried sheep for many years, and that it certainly receded as the squatters advanced. But, though the salt-bush may go, the salt remains. Australian squatters who differ so widely among themselves on many pastoral questions,—

who will dispute as to what breed of sheep is best, whether wool should be washed or shorn in the grease, whether, if washed, warm water should be used, whether sheep should be shorn early or late, whether wool should be sold in London or in the colonies,—are all agreed that a salt country is the best for sheep. In a salt country, though it seems to be as bare as a board, sheep will keep their condition,—and on a fat sheep wool will grow long and thick, while on a thin sheep the wool also will be thin. And, on a plain country, sheep can be managed with very much less expense than among hills and valleys, and rock and thick timber. The knowledge that it is so comes upon the observer by degrees amidst infinite regrets. The plains of the Riverina are not lovely to look at. The observing stranger, placing himself for a while, as every observing stranger will do, in the shoes of the observed, declares to himself at first that he will squat and lead his sheep afield amidst the rocks and gullies and widely-spreading forest trees. He will know nothing at that time of the difficulty of mustering sheep in the midst of such picturesque impediments; he will not as yet understand how dingoes, or wild dogs, are harboured by them; he will hardly calculate how much farther afield sheep must travel for their food where trees are plentiful and grass is scarce, than on the open prairies where the whole strength of the soil is devoted to the production of the herbage; nor will he probably know that the unromantic animals find the food sweeter on which the sun shines openly, than that which they find beneath the forest foliage. But the squatter who has been at work for a year or two amidst timber and hills, sighs for the salt plains, and dismisses his aptitudes for the picturesque to the winds.

Such is the Riverina;—a wide, open, ugly pastoral

district on which squatters prosper and grow rich. Of its settled towns it cannot boast much. The two largest in the area which I have attempted to define as belonging to the Riverina are, Albury and Wagga Wagga, nearly equal in size, and containing each something under 2,000 inhabitants. But Albury and Wagga Wagga are all but outside the district and do not especially partake of its idiosyncrasies. Deniliquin is the capital of the Riverina, and Deniliquin, according to the census of 1871, only boasts of 1,118 inhabitants. And I was told in its neighbourhood that the boast was hardly true of the town,—as, in the making up of that number, a large adjacent section of country had been included for municipal purposes. Nevertheless were Riverina a separate colony, divided off from the parent province as has been done with Victoria and Queensland, Deniliquin would probably be the chosen capital.

I should hardly have ventured to write a separate chapter on the Riverina district had not such a project of separation been entertained. I may as well say that as far as my own opinion goes,—which necessarily must be crude,—I think that the project will be renewed and consummated. I think also that this consummation, if effected, will be for the advantage of the district itself, and for that of the adjacent colonies,—including New South Wales, of which it at present forms a part. In order to explain the question as well as I may be able to do, and in giving a reason for my opinion, I must say a few more words on the terribly complicated and, I fear, rather tedious subject of the border-duties;—for the Riverina district, and almost that alone, is affected by them.

The government of Victoria have made a railway running north from Melbourne across the colony to

Echuca, a little town on the Murray. They are making, and soon will have accomplished, a second line running north-east from Melbourne to Woodonga, another small town higher up on the Murray, on the direct road to Sydney, and just opposite to Albury,—one of the towns I have mentioned as belonging to the Riverina. By the former of these railways, the wool and the sheep of the district,—in which the wealth of the district altogether consists,—are sent to Melbourne, and the stores required for the use of the squatters are brought back from that city. The second railway when completed will of course make the intercourse more close,—though the line to Echuca must always be the one on which the material prosperity of the Riverina must depend. The communication between this district and Sydney is by a succession of coaches till the New South Wales railway is reached at Goulbourn. Deniliquin is nearly 500 miles distant from Sydney, of which distance all but 130 miles must be travelled by coach. The roads are not made, and the average pace is about six miles an hour. But Deniliquin is reached by coach in six hours from Echuca. The cost and labour of passenger traffic are by no means the chief obstacles to close connection between the western and eastern parts of the colony; but they indicate the difficulty of other traffic. If a four-horse coach cannot get from Deniliquin to Goulbourn in less than eighty hours, a dray laden with wool dragged throughout by the one team of horses or bullocks will be nearly ten times as long. Hence has arisen the fact that for all commercial purposes the Riverina depends on Melbourne and not on Sydney. In Melbourne it is often said that the money which has populated the plains of the Riverina with sheep is Victorian money, and that the squatting interests of the district have all been created

by Victorian energy. The boast seems to me to be absurd. It might as well be said, on the other hand, that Victorian prosperity has arisen from Tasmanian energy because many of the most prosperous graziers and wool-growers of Victoria found their way over to Port Phillip from Tasmania. The cluster of colonies is not only too small in population to admit of such divisions, but is too closely united by language, by nationality, by mutual dependence and loyalty to Great Britain, to allow of any real diversity of interests. Individual men may foster petty jealousies in their hearts, and politicians may fancy that they see an opening for their ambition in short-lived ascendancy of this or the other colony; but the interest of one of these colonies is in truth the interest of them all; and to all Australia Melbourne and Sydney are as Manchester and Liverpool, or as Nottingham and Norwich, are to England. It should matter nothing whether the Riverina send her wool to Port Jackson or to Port Phillip,—whether she buy her tea at Sydney or at Melbourne,—except to the individual tradesmen and merchants concerned. What does matter is this,—that the Riverina itself should be allowed to prosper if she have the means of prosperity within her borders; that she should at any rate be hindered by no quarrelling among outside parties.

But she is terribly hindered. At the present moment, as I write, every article carried across the Murray is subject to the interference of the custom-house,—as things used to be subject, and perhaps will again become subject, between Dover and Calais. The Riverina and Victoria, instead of being to each other as are Lancashire and Yorkshire, or as are New York and New Jersey, are in reference to their custom-house laws as are France and Germany. That a real cordon of custom-

house officers should be maintained along a line over 500 miles in length, on each side, by two provinces whose joint population is a million and a quarter, is, of course, out of the question. But the hostile arrangement is carried on at the points which permit of the greatest amount of injury and inconvenience, at Albury and at Echuca. Elsewhere also along the line,—but especially at those places,—duties are collected. Passengers, as far as I am aware, are allowed to take their luggage over unexamined. No custom-house officer troubled himself with mine either at the one place or at the other. Nor do the custom-house officers do so at many of the European barriers. The trouble would find no results to pay for itself, and the nuisance would be intolerable. But articles brought down for purposes of commerce are treated as though they were going from one country into another.

I will name an instance or two to show the effect. If a lady in the Riverina wants a piano, she purchases one at Melbourne, which the Melbourne dealer has imported from London. The Melbourne dealer has paid the duty on its entrance into Victoria; but the Riverina lady has to pay a second duty on its crossing the river Murray and entering New South Wales. It is urged by the supporters of the border duties in the Sydney Assembly, that the Riverina can supply itself by purchasing its goods in bond at the port of Melbourne. No doubt, if Deniliquin had 100,000 inhabitants instead of 1,000 it might avail itself of this permission;—and get a store of pianos for itself. As it is the lady does, in fact, pay the two duties,—or go without her piano. It is argued in the Sydney parliament, on behalf of the border duties, that it can matter nothing to the people of the Riverina whether the duties on the articles they consume are col-

lected at Melbourne or on the Murray frontier, and that goods made subject to duty on the Murray are passed through Victoria in bond. The traders of Deniliquin, a town with 1,118 inhabitants, can no doubt get their tea and sugar in this way, if their dealings are large enough to admit of it. But the squatters of the Riverina, who send their wool to Melbourne, buy their tea and sugar in Melbourne, and must do so. The agents who dispose of their wool purchase for them their stores. Indeed, had not the matter been argued so stoutly, though at the same time so vainly, in Sydney, it would seem to be quite unnecessary to put forward reasons to show that the construction of a custom-house barrier between a rural district and its emporium must be regarded, not only as a political folly, but as a prodigy among political follies.

This folly will probably be soon abandoned. A bill having this object and brought in with the intention of enabling the two colonies to revert to the payment of a lump sum from the one to the other, was passed by the Legislative Assembly at Sydney, in 1872, but was thrown out by a narrow majority in the Legislative Council. Such a bill may probably be passed. But in that case one folly will have been abandoned by means of another folly, by no means so irritating as the first, but as irrational. The one colony will again pay to the other a lump sum as the balance of exchange on behalf of these border duties. Victoria will pocket the duties collected on goods sent to the Riverina, and will pay £60,000 per annum to New South Wales. Goods will then be allowed to pass each way free,—in direct contravention of the terms of the constitution, which constitution in each colony gives to it its legal status, and is, in fact, so much British law equally binding on the

colonies and on the mother country. By these terms Great Britain forbids her colonies to send their produce from one to another, except on payment of such duties as are levied on the same articles when imported from foreign countries. On the New South Wales side of the Murray wine is grown which finds its market in Melbourne. On the Hunter River also, in the northern portion of New South Wales, wine is grown which would find its market in Melbourne,—but that it is subjected to duty on entering Victoria by sea, as it must do if it enter Victoria at all. Under the arrangement, as it did exist, and as it will probably exist again, by which a lump sum is paid as balance by Victoria to New South Wales, the Murray wine will go free, in opposition to the British law; but the Hunter wine will be taxed, in obedience to the British law. The custom-house cordon will be maintained by sea, because it will not be absolutely unbearable;—but it will be abandoned by land, as constituting an infliction too irritating for men to endure.

I have endeavoured to make the matter plain,—not chiefly on account of these Murray border duties, which will probably be made to vanish, and which can hardly be of much interest to ordinary readers,—but because I would endeavour to make clear the fatal injury which the colonies endure by the collection of any custom duties between themselves. The greatest present want of Australia generally is unity with itself. That the colonies should have been divided for purposes of local government was indispensable to their success. The different interests of the different parts were too divergent to allow of their being duly considered at one centre;—and the distances were far too great for parliamentary legislation to embrace the whole from one capital. Further separation will probably take place, and will take place

to the advantage of the colonies. But the divisions already made, and any new divisions which may be made, are not incompatible with national unity, and certainly need not be accompanied by the all but hostile feeling, by the unloving and unbrotherly condition, which is inseparable from custom-houses between the one and the other. The Australians are surely as closely knit together as are the Swiss in their several cantons, or as were the Germans of different kingdoms, who in spite of various nationalities and dynastic jealousies consented to trade with each other under the Zollverein. But the strongest example of their position, or that which is in every respect the most like to them, is to be found in the United States. They speak the one language, are subject, in regard to their foreign relations, to one central head, are the home of a spreading people determined to rule themselves, and have each their separate legislature for the purpose of doing so;—but they do not declare war against each other by border tariffs.

Downing Street will answer to this that the war is not perpetuated there. Downing Street is very fond of free trade,—as indeed are all English streets and English people,—and does not at all prohibit the colonies from the free interchange of commodities among themselves, if only they will take them free from other countries. Downing Street also goes much farther than this, and will admit of a customs union between the colonies or between any two of them,—although such customs union would, in the opinion of Downing Street, inflict a grievous blow on free trade in the colonies by allowing them to import each other's goods while charging duties on foreign goods. And Downing Street now has gone still farther, and has said, under pressure, that if the colonies be imperious in their demands, she will permit them to import

this or that article free, at their discretion,—adding, however, that any use of this permission in a direction hostile to free trade will have a tendency to loosen the bonds between the colonies and the mother country. Downing Street has all but given way in this matter,—and would give way altogether but that she fears to compromise herself by an apparent defalcation in regard to free trade. But there is no fairer ground for question of free trade in the matter than there would be between Middlesex and Surrey if the English parliament were to put a customs duty on some article of French produce, but which was produced also in one of those counties and carried thence into the other. The nationality between the Australian colonies is too close to admit of the doctrine of free trade having any bearing upon intercolonial commerce.

As the matter stands at present, Downing Street has simply notified her assent to a customs union between the colonies, should the colonies desire it. Two or three of them have agreed in principle to the arrangement, Tasmania having gallantly taken the lead. But the question has become so complicated among them by small diverse interests,— the jam-makers of Victoria, for instance, objecting to the free introduction of Tasmanian jam,—that no efforts made by some among themselves can, I fear, be successful. But if it were initiated from Downing Street,—if Downing Street would arrange the measure, and fashion the clauses, and give her earnest influence towards carrying it out,—it would be done. Victoria might not at first agree to it,—or Queensland,—or possibly New South Wales. But it would not require the agreement of all. Tasmania, South Australia, and New Zealand would agree. It is probable that the others would do so also, if the pro-

posal were fairly made to them by the imperial government. But if three were combined,—if only two were combined,—not only with sanction from home, but also with British encouragement,—the union would soon grow till it included the whole.

In returning to the Riverina, I am bound to acknowledge that there has been proposed by many who are interested in her fate a remedy for the evil of border duties and for other evils, which is declared by them to be altogether effectual. But there must first be said a word as to those other evils. It has been explained that the Riverina is very far distant from Sydney; and it is thought by the people of the district that on this account she is greatly neglected by the Sydney parliament. She returns four members to a House of Assembly consisting of seventy-two members, having indeed her fair proportion according to her population;—but what are four among so many? She cannot even "log-roll." If there be a proposition for spending public money in the north, or in the south, she is not strong enough to do aught by making her assent conditional on the spending of money also in the south-west. It must be remembered that very much is done in the colonies by public money which is with us accomplished either by private enterprise or by local contributions. Railways, bridges, and in a great measure roads also, are made out of taxes appropriated to that purpose by vote of the Assembly,—and are made under the superintendence, and are subject to the patronage, of a cabinet minister. How can any assembly be moved by four members; or what influence on a cabinet minister can be brought to bear by those forlorn ones? Consequently there are no roads, and no bridges, and not a mile of railway in the Riverina. But the Riverina pays taxes as do the other

districts. When I was at Deniliquin an election was in progress for a member for the Murray district, and I heard the speeches. There were three candidates, and the man for the Murray,—which is the most centrically Riverinan of the constituencies of the Riverina,—was he who would give the loudest promise as to a certain bridge. The bridge ought to have been made years ago, connecting Victoria with New South Wales,—and the money had actually been borrowed for the Riverinan half of it. But not a pile had been driven, and now it was shrewdly guessed that an economical chancellor of the exchequer,—or treasurer as he is called in the colonies,—was going to swallow the money. I had not the slightest doubt in my own mind but that the money would be swallowed. But this or that gentleman, if returned, would hurry up to Sydney,—probably to arrive too late because of the mud and the distance,—and would take that treasurer by the throat, if only he could get so far before the process of swallowing was completed. But it was manifest that not one man in the room expected the bridge, although the money had been voted,—and borrowed for the express purpose. What did Sydney want of a bridge over the Murray? Did not every one know that Sydney was more anxious to increase than to curtail the distance between herself and Melbourne? Candidates must say something, and it was as easy to promise a bridge as anything else. The feeling was general that nothing was to be expected from a Sydney parliament. Why should not the Riverina be annexed to Victoria?

The question was not asked at that meeting, as with the majority of those there assembled it would have been unpopular, but I heard it asked very often outside. In Victoria I have heard it put as though there could be

but one answer to it. The genuine Victorian thinks that annexation to Victoria would be a road to fame, and fortune for any colony or any nation. The inhabitants of Port Phillip, having separated themselves from New South Wales, would annex their parent to-morrow without compunction. But they will first annex Tasmania and Riverina. The Riverinans, however,—as also the Tasmanians, of whom I will speak hereafter,—do not seem to be in love with Victorian practices. Their deputies would be lost in the Victorian Assembly,—quite as much as those from the Riverina are now lost at Sydney; and after a while, lawyers from Melbourne would represent them, receiving £300 per annum for their labour in doing so. And the Victorian land laws, which have made themselves peculiarly odious to Victorian squatters,—are not at all to the liking of the Riverinan squatters. The Victorian Assembly might no doubt make promises as to pastoral leases, might declare that the sauce with which the goose to the south of the Murray had been cooked and eaten, should never be warmed up again on behalf of the gander in the Riverina; —but it is hard to bind a parliament by a promise, or to obtain obligations from a nation. There is a class of spiritual beings among whom, if you must be troubled by such an attendant, it is generally thought better to have an old friend than a stranger. The Riverinans do not much regard Sydney,—but they prefer Sydney to Melbourne.

It is well that it should be so, as it cannot be for the interests of Australia at large that the colony which is at present the most populous and the most important should be made greater and more important by annexing her sisters. It is for the advantage of England and of Englishmen,—for England will continue to feed

Australia with Englishmen,—and of Australia and Australians, not that Victoria should be ascendant, but that Australia should be well governed and prosperous. That good government and prosperity would be promoted by a federation of the colonies, no one, I think, denies,—though there are various opinions as to the period at which such federation should, or can, be accomplished. As to the results which may be expected from federation, I will venture to speak elsewhere;—but among the measures which will tend to produce it, none will probably be so efficacious as the division of those colonies which are now too large in area for government from a central parliament in itself too weak in its elements to spread its arms afar; and among those which might retard federation none certainly would be so fatally strong as the increased preponderance of any one colony over the others. The preponderance of Victoria is at present the drawback most to be dreaded;—and to that a most injurious addition would be made,—not only as regards population, but in pride also,—were another colony or a section of one to add itself to the Victorian borders.

The only other remedy for the Riverina is Separation;—or, in other words, a setting up for herself among the colonies. That argument which I have attempted to use against customs duties would undoubtedly be a strong argument against further separation, if the continuance of such a barrier between cognate colonies were a necessity. Who would willingly multiply such barriers, and accumulate the sure means of intercolonial irritation? But if we look forward to a grouping of these Australian colonies under some form of government which may be combined in regard to external matters, but be separate as to local matters,—such as is

the form of government adopted in the United States,—then the arguments against a small colony, or a poor colony, or a colony sparsely inhabited, fall to the ground. In saying this I trust that I may not be considered as specially advocating what we at home call "American institutions." Of those institutions this is not the place to speak. But the institutions necessary for the combined colonies would be no inch nearer to American institutions, and would be no inch farther removed from British institutions, than those which are at present used. Indeed I know not that any institution would be changed,—that any single "Palladium of British liberty" would be altered by the clipping of a hair. But I name the union of the American States as giving the best example which modern history affords us of a secure federation of self-governing communities.

There are, no doubt, objections which can be urged against such separation as that proposed, not only plausibly, but rationally;—objections which would perhaps be fatal, if the system of government in the Australian colonies, as at present administered, admitted of no change. The population of the Riverina is but 28,000, and it would seem to be absurd to saddle so small a body of people with all the expenses of a government house and a parliament, at the scale now adopted in the Australian colonies. It might be alleged, in answer to this, that when the separation of Queensland from New South Wales was sanctioned, the population of Queensland was under 18,000, and that in 1861, two years after its separation, it had only reached 30,000;—but it must be acknowledged, in behalf of Queensland, that her external circumstances gave better promise of a quickly increasing population than do those of the Riverina. The population of Queensland is now 125,000,

and she supports what, for the sake of distinction, I will call a full-fledged government and a full-fledged parliamentary establishment. She is a bold, pushing colony, and will herself, probably, soon endure further separation. The progress of the Riverina will necessarily be slower,—but it may perhaps be well to accept such an opportunity as she would offer for ascertaining whether a separate colonial state may not be set on foot, with advantage to herself and to the group to which she belongs, on a more moderate footing. An attempt to define the details of such an establishment would be beyond my purpose here, and certainly would be beyond my capacity;—but hereafter I shall have to speak of Western Australia, with only 25,000 inhabitants,—as to which colony it may be said, that the slowness of her progress has been due rather to the evil nature than to the small number of her population;—for Western Australia has received over 10,000 convicts.

If it be allowed that a federation of the colonies would be for the advantage of the colonies, it will also, I think, be allowed that a federation of small states and of many states will be more easily constructed than one consisting of few and large states. That there should be equality of size between them is out of the question, —and with inequality of size there will of course be inequality of influence. Rhode Island and Delaware do not loom so large among the United States as do New York and Pennsylvania. But Rhode Island and Delaware hold their own, govern themselves, and assist in forming a great nationality. Victoria and New South Wales may probably feel a mitigated jealousy in giving some coordinate power in a confederation to so small a people as that of the Riverina, when they remember that Virginia, New York, and Pennsylvania united themselves

with Rhode Island and Delaware, on a basis which gave two senators each to small and to great states alike.

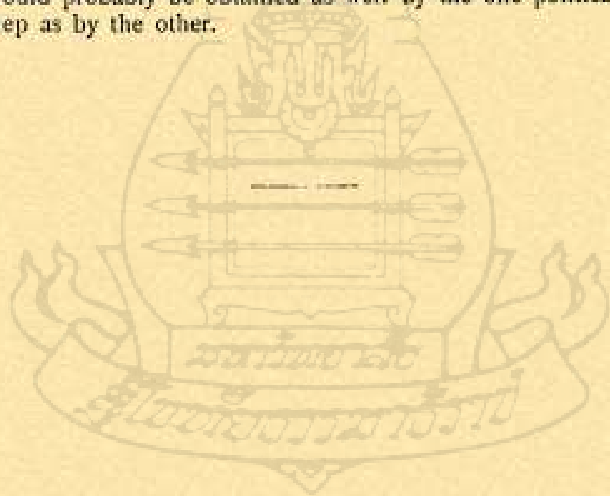
It is urged also, as a reason against such a measure, that the Riverina has no sea-board;—nor has Bohemia, as all readers of Shakespeare are taught to remember; nor have any of the Swiss cantons; nor had a dozen German nationalities; nor have half the states of the American Union. If a separate nationality, with custom duties and the like, be required for each political division of Australia, then sea-board may be essential. But if any unity be desired for Australia,—if the Australians of next century are to be one great people, instead of being denizens of a dozen little provinces,—then we may allow this question of sea-board to be passed as answered. It is not to be expected that another Melbourne will grow up in the Riverina,—nor that a Liverpool will establish itself in Oxfordshire. But Oxfordshire can hold its own among the counties by other influences than those to be derived from a great sea-port.

In all these colonies the government is entirely centralized, and it is perhaps necessary that it should be so in new countries. When a small community is first established on some shore far distant from its parent country, the power of ruling must for a time rest in the hands of a few. Without such rule, there would be turmoil, anarchy, and destruction. But the effect of such centralized power is not, after awhile, beneficial to those who have wandered to a distance from the centre. They are not only disregarded, but they are taxed for the benefit of those who by their greater numbers are enabled to help themselves. It was the feeling of this unavoidable injustice which produced the various separations which have already taken place among the Australian

colonies, and which will produce further separation. The Riverina would soon have roads and bridges,—would soon have a railway from Deniliquin to Echuca, if she stood so far alone as to have the management of her own internal finances for her own internal purposes.

In February, 1864, a petition on this subject from "The inhabitants of the pastoral districts and others interested in that part of the colony of New South Wales known as the Riverina district," was presented to the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, and a great debate was held on the moving of certain resolutions, the first of which proposed that the western district of New South Wales,—within certain bounds then defined,—should "be declared a province, to be called the Riverina province, with provision for separate local administration," and the third resolution proposed that, after providing the fair quota of the cost of such public institutions as courts of law, the post office, &c., "the balance of the revenue of the Riverina province should be expended therein upon public works, under the supervision of local boards." Here it will be seen that a partial separation was proposed,—but a separation which would enable the new province to spend its own money. There were other resolutions, with which I will not trouble my reader, the chief object of which was so to alter the land law within the bounds of the province, as to suit the views of the Riverinan squatters. The matter was debated at great length, and the resolution was lost by a majority of 27 to 11. The number which voted for the proposition in an Assembly held at Sydney, five or six hundred miles from the centre of the district interested in the discussion, may be taken as indicating a strong feeling as to its justice. Whether the province should be separated entirely from New South Wales, or

become only semi-self-acting as proposed in the resolutions of 1864, may admit of discussion. Looking forward to a federation of the different colonies, with some system of central Australian government, I myself would wish to see the separation complete. I believe that the creation of smaller colonies on the Australian continent, —if colonies is the proper name by which to call them, —will conduce more quickly than any other step to this result. I believe that a community of many states would at once produce at any rate a customs union, and would put an end to the internecine absurdity of border duties. But as regards the Riverina itself, and its desire to make its own roads and put up its own bridges,—that object would probably be obtained as well by the one political step as by the other.



APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

Appendix No. I. page 176.

Regulations under which free-selections of Land can be effected in Queensland, taken from a digest of the Queensland Crown Lands Alienation Act of 1868.

Conditional Purchases.

This portion of the Act contains some of the most important provisions, and embodies novel principles, both in the legislation of Queensland and the other colonies. In the first place, land can be purchased on easier terms of payment, both as regards price and time for payment, than under previous Acts. Larger areas can also be secured, by which means both agricultural and pastoral farming may be combined in one selection. Secondly, the land is classified, and the rate of purchase money proportioned to its value, in connection with its capabilities.

The foregoing are the main features in the Act relating to conditional purchases, with the exception of certain conditions which the selector has to comply with, and which have been introduced into the Act in order to prevent undue monopoly of land, or selection solely with a view to speculative purposes. These conditions impart to the measure a practical character; as, with the encouragement afforded to purchase land on liberal terms, provision is made for its being turned to useful account, and a certain expenditure made on it.

The lands open to settlement are—

Firstly.—The Crown lands in the settled districts not under lease or license.

Secondly.—The lands on the resumed halves of runs, inclusive of the railway reserves, which extend three miles on each side of the railway lines throughout their entire length.

Thirdly.—The lands in large township reserves, not less than two miles in a direct line from the nearest town lot.

The following will show the lands open to selection on the 31st December, 1870, in the several districts.

	Acres.
Moreton	1,994,160
Darling Downs	650,000
Wide Bay and Burnett	2,796,979
Port Curtis	3,545,000
Kennedy	4,178,020
Cook and North Cook	18,368,000
Burke	4,740,000
Total	36,188,708

These lands constitute the area available for selection under the Act.

The areas allowed to be selected by any one person, and the rates of purchase money per acre, are as follows:—

Agricultural land, not less than 40, nor more than 640, at 15s. per acre.
First-class pastoral land, not less than 80, nor more than 2,560, at 10s. per acre.
Second-class pastoral land, not less than 80, nor more than 7,680, at 5s. per acre.

It is not permitted to exceed the maximum areas prescribed for each class of land. The selection may be in one or not more than three blocks—one of each class being allowed; and provision is made for adjacent lands being selected by the occupant, provided the boundaries are conterminous and the maximum area of each class is not exceeded. In township and railway reserves the land cannot be classed lower than first-class pastoral.

The mode of taking up land is in this way:—The applicant attends at a land agent's office, and having ascertained that the land which he wishes to select is available, he lodges an application in triplicate, accompanied with the amount of the first year's rent and survey fee. This application sufficiently explains itself. It contains a declaration that the applicant lives in Queensland, is above the age of twenty-one years, and that he applies for the land in his own behalf and use, and not as agent or trustee for any other person. He further declares that he intends to use the same, and that he has not entered into any agreement to sell, demise, or mortgage it. These declarations are required by the Act. The application should also contain a clear description of the boundaries, with reference to some known feature or previous survey. The area and the particulars of the first year's rent, being one-tenth of the whole purchase-money, whether in cash or land orders, are also to be furnished. With respect to the area, it may be remarked that each class of land may be included in one application. For example:—

	Acres.	*At per acre.*	*First year's rent.*
		s. d.	*£ s. d.*
Agricultural land . . .	50	1 6	3 15 0
First-class pastoral land . .	100	1 0	5 0 0
Second-class pastoral land .	200	0 6	5 0 0
Total . .	350	Annual Rent	£13 15 0

The applicant in the first instance puts his own class upon the land applied for. On receipt by the land agent of this application, an entry is made in a book, called the "Application Book," which the applicant signs. This entry governs the priority of the selection at the time the Commissioner deals with it, as hereafter described; and on the land agent giving the applicant a receipt for his rent, no further proceedings are to be taken until the next Commissioner's Court Sitting, which occurs about once a fortnight, at which the applicant or his agent must attend, when the acceptance or the rejection of the application is publicly declared. After such declaration, the deposits of rent previously paid on rejected applications are then refunded to the applicants by the Commissioner, and, in the case of those provisionally approved, instructions are sent to a surveyor to effect a survey of the selection. At the time the survey is being carried out, means are taken to verify the classification put upon the land by the selector; and if the Commissioner, through the surveyor, or a competent witness, or his own personal knowledge, considers that the land should be classified at a higher rate, he is empowered to call upon the selector to pay a sufficient sum to cover the balance due on such higher classification; and if the demand be not attended to within three months, the land becomes forfeited. After the boundaries are surveyed and the rents adjusted, the Government will issue a so-called lease for ten years, at a

yearly rent of one-tenth of the purchase-money. This lease will contain certain provisions, of which the following are the principal ones:—

1. The lease shall date from the nearest first day of January or July to date of application.
2. The annual rent reserved for every acre, or fraction of an acre, shall be, except in the case of second payments:—

   Agricultural land, 1s. 6d. per acre.
   First-class pastoral, 1s.
   Second-class pastoral, 6d.

   to be paid in cash to the land agent of the district in which the selection is situated, on or before the 31st day of March in each year.

   The second payment on all selections under the Act, shall be made on or before the 31st day of March following the date of selection: and the said payment, together with the twelve months' rent paid at time of selection, shall cover the period from such selection to the next succeeding 31st day of March. The second payment in each case will, therefore, be proportionate to the number of clear months intervening between the expiration of the twelve months from date of selection and the following 31st day of March.

   As this second payment covers a broken period, the last payment under the lease (the eleventh) will be the balance of the full year's rent, which is not demanded on the 31st day of March following the date of selection. The second and the eleventh payments will, therefore, together amount to a full year's rent. All the other annual payments will be as above stated.
3. The lessee shall within six months from completion of survey erect substantial boundary posts along the measured boundaries of the land, at distances not exceeding five chains apart, or shall erect a good and substantial fence along such boundary. If the posts fall into decay, the Commissioner of the district can require the lessee to replace them, and if this is not done may inflict a fine for the neglect.
4. During the currency of such lease the Governor, or any person authorised in that behalf, may make entry to dig and remove gold or other metals, &c., provided that any damage done to the lessee shall be made good to him, the amount to be determined by arbitration.
5. Residence in person, or by bailiff, is necessary during the currency of the lease.
6. In the case of pastoral land,—if the lessee shall prove within three years from date of selection, by two credible witnesses, to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, that he has resided in person, or by bailiff, on the said land for a period of two years, and that a sum at the rate of not less than ten shillings per acre for first-class pastoral land, and five shillings an acre for second-class pastoral land, has been expended in substantial improvements, or that he has fenced in the said land with a substantial fence, then the Commissioner shall issue a certificate that the conditions aforesaid have been duly performed, and the lessee shall be entitled to a deed of grant in fee-simple on the payment of the balance of the ten years' rent.
7. In the case of agricultural land,—if the lessee shall similarly prove, within three years from date of selection, that he has resided in person, or by bailiff, for a period of not less than two years, and that he has expended a sum equal to ten shillings per acre, or that he has fenced in the land with a substantial fence, he shall be entitled to a certificate from the Commissioner that the conditions have been performed, and to a grant of the land on payment of the balance of the ten years' rent; but if at any time during the currency of the lease he

shall prove that one-tenth part of the land has been cultivated, he shall be absolved from the conditions of residence, and a grant shall issue on payment of the balance of rent as aforesaid.

8. No transfer or assignment of any lease can be allowed until the lessee has obtained a certificate, as above described, from the Commissioner; but after the issue of such certificate, transfer may proceed, with the sanction of the Government, on payment of ten shillings for the registration thereof.
9. After the certificate is obtained, balance of purchase-money may be paid up in one sum in cash.
10. The Government reserves a right to resume land for road purposes during ten years, on payment of twice the amount which should have been paid as rent or purchase-money on such land, and when the land is enclosed, the Government will be required to fence off the road from adjacent land.

The above are the conditions on which the leases are issued. They are given in detail in order that the principle of the Act relating to conditional purchases may be clearly understood. It may be remembered, that a failure to comply with the conditions referred to in sections six and seven, as above, within three years, will deprive the lessee of the right to transfer his interest or to purchase the fee-simple of the land during the currency of the lease.

The general rules applicable to conditional purchases include certain restrictions respecting the shape of the selections, and the proportion of frontage allowed on rivers or roads; also, with respect to monopoly of water or other privileges, which it is not necessary to enter upon, further than to state that they are required for the protection of the public interests. It may, however, be added, that conditional purchasers are restricted, under a penalty, from depasturing more than twenty head of cattle, or fifty sheep, for every hundred acres of land, until their selections are securely fenced. This provision is rendered necessary, as the pastoral lessee is entitled to a license to depasture stock, under certain limitations, on the resumed half of the run, and, therefore, his interest has to be protected. With this view, the cattle and sheep of the conditional purchasers and pastoral licensees must have a distinctive brand, to be registered at the Commissioner's Office.

Homesteads.

The introduction of the clauses referring to homesteads in the Act, is one of its distinctive features. The idea was mainly derived from American legislation, which is universally acknowledged to have proved successful in promoting settlement on the land. It has also worked well in this colony, so far as can be judged. Since the Act came into operation, 1,661 homesteads have been taken up; and as some further particulars respecting this class of selections will probably prove interesting, a return of the number in each of the settled districts is given.

District.	*Homesteads.*
Moreton	1,239
Darling Downs	162
Wide Bay and Burnett	144
Port Curtis	67
Kennedy	49
Total	1,661

With the view of setting clearly before the public, the fullest information respecting homesteads, the following compilation, embracing every particular in connection with the provisions of the Act relating to that class of selections,

has been inserted. The mode of application is similar to that for conditional purchases.

Persons entitled to select homesteads.

1. Any person being a natural born or naturalised subject of Her Majesty, who is the head of a family, or is twenty-one or more years of age, is entitled to select a homestead; or any person owning and residing on land, may enter other land lying contiguous to said land, which shall not with the land already owned and occupied exceed 160 acres.

Persons not entitled to select homesteads.

2. No married woman, who has not obtained a decree for judicial separation, or an order binding in Queensland, protecting her separate property, is entitled to select a homestead.

Assisted Immigrants entitled after three years' residence in the Colony.

3. Any person arriving hereafter in the colony, either wholly or in part, at the public expense, will not be entitled to select a homestead until he has lived three years continuously in the colony.

Land available for selections.

4. Selectors of homesteads are entitled to select any land proclaimed or otherwise open to general selection by lease.

Areas of homesteads.

5. Selections by homestead leases must be in one block, and are not to exceed 80 acres of agricultural, or 160 acres of pastoral lands.

Roads and permanent water.

6. Applications will be subject to regulations concerning survey, roads, and prevention of monopoly of permanent water.

Applications may include two classes of land.

7. Selectors of homesteads may include the two classes of agricultural and pastoral land in their applications, provided the area of each does not exceed the proportionate equivalent of the gross acreage allowable for each class under the Act.

Improvements must be paid for.

8. Where there are improvements on the land selected as a homestead, the selector must state in his application the nature of them, and his estimate of their value, and at the same time pay the amount to the land agent. If, on valuation, any further sum is awarded, it must be paid within one month after date of award.

Rent payable on homestead selections.

9. The rent payable on homestead selections, is 9*d*. per acre on agricultural land, and 6*d*. per acre on first and second class pastoral land, paid yearly in advance for five years from date of entry.

Payment of rent, and penalty for default.

10. The first year's rent on homestead selections must be paid either in cash or land orders at the time of making the application. The second and all subsequent annual rents must be paid to the land agent, in cash, on or before the 31st March in each year; in default of such payment the lease will be forfeited, and the land selected, and all improvements on it, will revert to the Crown. The second payments on all homesteads are computed in the same

way as in the case of conditional purchases, the amount being proportionate to the number of clear months intervening between date of selection and 31st day of March following.

Forfeiture may be defeated.

11. The lessee may defeat forfeiture for non-payment of rent by paying to the land agent in cash, within 90 days of the day on which the rent has fallen due, a sum equal to the annual rent, with one-fourth added as a penalty. But if the rent and penalty be not paid within such ninety days, the lease will be absolutely forfeited, and the lessee, or any person claiming under him, will be deemed a trespasser upon Crown lands, and liable to be removed therefrom.

Conditions to be fulfilled before Crown grant is issued.

12. The lessee or his family must have resided five years continuously on the land, and cultivated one-tenth part of it: or in addition to residence as aforesaid, he must have fenced in the land with a good and substantial fence, during the time of five years immediately succeeding the date of his application to enter on such land. At the expiration of five years, or at any time within two years thereafter, upon proving to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of the district, by two credible witnesses, that the above conditions have been complied with, and making an affidavit that no part of said land has been alienated, the lessee will be entitled to a Crown grant.*

May purchase at upset price.

13. The lessee may at any time after two years, and before the expiration of five years, obtain a Crown grant, by paying the upset price for the quantity of land taken up, and giving proof as before-mentioned of residence and cultivation of one-tenth part.

Lessee dying before obtaining Crown grant.

14. If the lessee die before obtaining the Crown grant, his widow, or, in case of her death, his heirs, or devisees, or in case of a widow being the lessee, her heirs or devisees, on proving the fulfilment of the conditions as above, may obtain the Crown grant.

Parents dying and leaving an infant or children under twenty-one years of age.

15. If both father and mother die, leaving an infant child or children under twenty-one years of age, such child or children shall have a right to the land, and the executors, administrators, or guardians may at any time after the death of the surviving parent, sell said lands for the benefit of said infants, but for no other purpose, and the purchaser shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase, and be entitled to the Crown grant on payment of the deed fees.

Homesteads not liable for debt.

16. Homesteads acquired under the Act of 1868 are not in any case liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the Crown grant thereof.

Mode of proceeding to obtain a homestead.

17. Having selected a site for a homestead within the limits appointed by the Government as open for selection, make application to the land agent of the district, and fill in the under-mentioned form in triplicate, which must then

* It will be observed that in the case of a homestead the residence must be *personal*—in the case of an ordinary selection it may be by *agent*.

be declared before a magistrate, and pay the first year's rent in land orders or cash, and the survey fee in cash.

[Then follow certain forms which, as they can only be wanted in the colony, need not be reprinted here.]

Appendix No. II., p. 262.

Regulations under which free-selections of Land can be made in New South Wales, taken from MacPhail's Australian Squatting Directory.

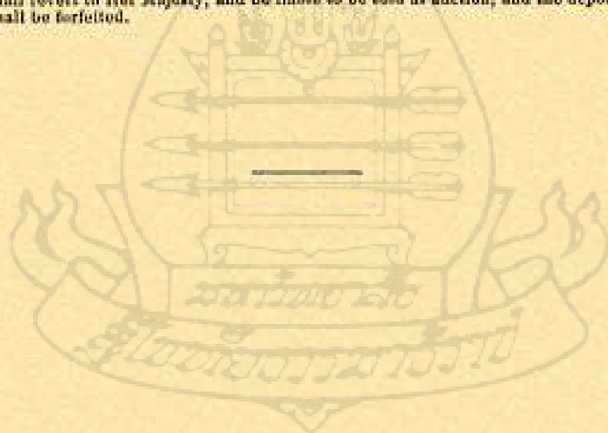
Crown lands, other than town or suburban lands, and not being within a gold-field, nor under lease for mining purposes to any person other than the applicant for purchase, and not being within ten miles from the outside boundary of any city or town containing according to the last census 10,000 inhabitants, or five miles from a town of 5,000 inhabitants, or three miles from a town of 1,000 inhabitants, or two miles from a town or village of 100 inhabitants, and not reserved for any public purpose, and not containing improvements, shall be open for conditional sale by selection, the selector tendering at the Land Office a written application for the conditional purchase of not less than 40 and not more than 320 acres at 20s. per acre, and paying a deposit of 25 per cent., and in case there be more than one application at the same time for the same land or any part thereof, the application shall be decided by lot; and Crown lands within gold-fields, not within areas excluded by proclamation, and not occupied for gold-mining purposes, shall be open for sale in like manner, provided that properly authorised persons may, at any time, be at liberty to dig and search for gold within the land selected, and that, should such land be found to contain auriferous deposits, it shall be within the power of the Governor in Council to annul the sale, but the conditional purchaser shall be entitled to compensation by appraisement of the value other than auriferous.

If at the time of purchase such land shall not have been surveyed by the Government, temporary boundaries shall be determined by the conditional purchaser, who shall within one month after such time of purchase occupy the land. And any dispute respecting such boundaries shall be settled by arbitration: Provided that if such land shall not be surveyed by the Government within twelve months from the date of application, it shall be lawful for the purchaser to withdraw his application, and demand and recover back any deposit paid by him, or the purchaser shall have the option of having the land surveyed by a duly qualified licensed surveyor, and the expense of such survey shall be allowed to such purchaser as part payment of his purchase money, such expense to be allowed in accordance with the scale of charges fixed or to be fixed by the Surveyor-General.

Crown lands conditionally purchased under this Act shall, if measured by the authority of the Government previously to such purchase, be taken in portions as measured, if not exceeding 320 acres, and, if unmeasured, and having frontage to any river, creek, road, or intended road, shall, if within the first-class settled districts, have a depth of not less than twenty chains, and otherwise shall have a depth of not less than sixty chains, and shall have their boundaries, other than the frontages, directed to the cardinal points by compass, and if having no frontages as aforesaid, shall be measured in square blocks, and with boundaries directed to such cardinal points: Provided that should it seem to the Minister to be expedient, the boundaries of portions having frontages may be made approximately, at right angles with the frontage, and otherwise modified, and the boundaries of portions having no frontages

may be modified, and necessary roadways and water reserves excluded from such measurement.

At the expiration of three years from the date of conditional purchase of any such land as aforesaid, or within three months thereafter, the balance of the purchase money shall be tendered at the office of the Colonial Treasurer, together with a declaration by the conditional purchaser or his alienee, or some other person in the opinion of the Minister competent in that behalf, under the Act 9 Victoria No. 9, to the effect that improvements as hereinbefore defined have been made upon such land, specifying the nature, extent, and value of such improvements, and that such land has been, from the date of occupation, the *bonâ fide* residence, either continuously of the original purchaser, or of some alienee or successive alienees of his whole estate and interest therein, and that no such alienation has been made by any holder thereof until after the *bonâ fide* residence thereon of such holder for one whole year at the least. And upon the Minister being satisfied by such declaration, and the certificate of the Land Agent of the district, or other proper officer, of the facts aforesaid, the Colonial Treasurer shall receive and acknowledge the remaining purchase-money, and a grant of the fee-simple, but with reservation of any minerals which the land may contain, shall be made to the then rightful owner: Provided that should such lands have been occupied and improved as aforesaid, and should interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on the balance of the purchase-money be paid within the said three months to the Colonial Treasurer, the payment of such balance may be deferred to a period within three months after the 1st of January then next ensuing; and may be so deferred from year to year by payment of such interest during the first quarter of each year. But in default of the above requirements, the land shall revert to Her Majesty, and be liable to be sold at auction, and the deposit shall be forfeited.



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