CHAPTER LIX.

THE NATIVITY AND NON-AGE OF MELBOURNE JOURNALISM (CONTINUED.)

SYNOPSIS:—George Arden.—William Kerr.—Thomas Hamilton Osborne.—Editorial Thrashings.—Byrne punches Greeves’ Head.—Kelly cudgels Kerr.—Kerr’s Arrest for carrying Arms.—Robinson assaults Cavenagh.—McNamara assaults Kerr.—Kerr assails Cavenagh.—Davis assails Cavenagh.—“The Recording Angel.”—Mr. Joseph Byrne.—Mr. William Corp.—Mr. G. D. Boursiquot.—Mr. John Davies.—Mr. George Finn.—Mr. John Curtis.—Fawkner and Finn.—Reporting Reminiscences.—The First Civic Dinner.—Curtis and the “Scotch Fiddle.”—Curtis and the Missionary Doctor.—Finn and the Amateur Politician.

THE OLD EDITORS.

George Arden, the Co-Proprietor and Editor of the Gazette, was an accomplished and florid writer, not only as a journalist, but as a pamphleteer. The literary power of which he was capable was unballasted by experience, and there was no mental brake to keep him within bounds. He had for a time the sole newspaper at his command; but he was absorbed by an inordinate self-sufficiency, and lacked perseverance. When newspapers were small, and their success mainly depended on the active personal supervision of the editor, Arden, who understood little of, and cared less for, journalistic minutiae, was satisfied when he supplied an elaborate “leader.” He was also much given to libelling, and falling into trouble thereby. In 1839, he was convicted and fined; in 1841, he was committed for trial, but the prosecution was abandoned; in 1843, he was again convicted of libel in connection with the first Corporation selections, and his brilliant and splenetic tirades against the first Resident Judge (Willis), though powerful agents in the ultimate un-benching of the official, proved the ruin of the writer. The sentences of fine and imprisonment passed on Arden involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, from which he never rallied. His partner (Strode) took an early opportunity of “cutting the painter,” leaving Arden on board the tottering Gazette, from the wreck of which he was forced by the pressure of creditors, and he never after recovered himself. He found means sufficient to enable him to return to England; but in 1844, he re-emigrated and endeavoured to settle at Sydney. After two years of precarious struggle, and encumbered with a wife, he revisited Melbourne in 1846, but he found no eligible permanent opening, and was content to do hack work per column or article. He made a final effort to establish himself at Geelong, but failed, and poor Arden for the last two or three years of his life drank deeply from the cup of bitter disappointment.

William Kerr.—Much has been written of this gentleman in other chapters, for he appeared in a variety of characters on the stage of our early colonial life as Editor, Politician, Alderman, Councillor, etc. He was imported from Sydney by Mr. George Cavenagh to edit the Herald, but there was an incompatibility of temper as regarded the two men, which rendered it impossible that they could long agree. So Kerr took an early opportunity of shaking the dust of the Herald Office from his boots, bidding his early patron a curt good-bye, and passing over to the rival journal, the Patriot. Cavenagh regretted such a “bad bargain” as Kerr turned out for him, and his lamentations in the matter were both loud and frequent. Kerr was a softish, fattish-looking Scot, with a big head, and features to match. His left arm was affected by chronic gout or rheumatism, but he never went abroad without a formidable cudgel in his right hand, a weapon of defence he was glad to resort to, when, as more than once happened, he was assaulted in the public streets. Though a shrewd, long-headed individual in some respects, he had not much newspaper ability. His masterpiece was a half-column “leader.”
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of stinging personal abuse, every line bristling with nastiness, or a nipping paragraph, every word of which was intended to blister the victim of the writer’s dislike. He never minced his words, for he was the most outspoken writer that ever dipped into an inkstand. There were no two ways about him, and he was consequently never out of trouble, for he made more public enemies than any man in Port Phillip. Yet he was not without friends, and good ones too; not the plausible profilers of mere lip-service, but men who unbuttoned their pockets, and helped him therefrom over and over again, until they found it was little use doing so. Financial tribulation of some kind or other rarely ever left him, and public subscriptions were made three or four times to give him fresh starts in the world of newspaper speculation.

There is now (1885) living at St. Kilda an esteemed Scottish gentleman who knew much of Kerr’s pecuniary difficulties, and often gave him a helping hand. In the course of my hunting up materials for the CHRONICLES, I addressed a communication to the gentleman in question relative to some of Mr. Kerr’s undertakings, and from the kind and courteous reply received I made the following extract:—”I regret my inability to supply you with the exact information you require relative to the early history of poor Kerr’s papers, although I had something to do with the starting of most of them, as the hat was always carried round by someone on these occasions, so regularly indeed that his staunch friend, Peter Young, of ‘The Sugar Loaf,’ once said to him in my hearing, ‘You’re just like a d——d bad Geneva watch. You cost mair siller to keep you going than you’s a’ worth.' Unlike the general run of his countrymen, Kerr was thoughtless and thriftless far beyond his means, which were at times not to be despised. Financial tribulation of some kind or other rarely ever left him, and public subscriptions were made three or four times to give him fresh starts in the world of newspaper speculation.

THOMAS HAMILTON OSBORNE was a Presbyterian minister, who abandoned the cassock for the editor’s desk. He was a tall, sallow-faced man, with jaws of what may be styled the lanthorn order, and with a North of Ireland drawl or brogue, diluted in the Scottish burr, far from unpleasant to listen to. He was as intensely Irish as if born on one of the hills of Tipperary, and I never heard a better hand at a convivial Irish speech. Yet, strange to relate, his pulpit utterances were rather given to boredom, and his leading articles were often so very heavy that when printed in “leaded” type, they were such tiresome reading as to obtain for him the nickname of “prosy Osborne.” He was a remarkable figure when flitting through the streets—his slightly stooped person garbed in a white bell-topper, green or black swallow-tail coat, and drab trousers. He remained for some years in Melbourne in connection with the Herald and Times, married a Geelong lass, departed westward, and established the Belfast Gazette. In after years he represented the united constituency, Belfast and Warrnambool, for a short time in the first Legislative Council, and died soon after.
of passwords and tylers, and then there would arise an altercation, but little consonant to the grand old principle of Truth, Charity, and Brotherly-Love upon which Masonry is traditionally supposed to have been founded. If a notice appeared in one paper reflecting upon any of the adherents of another, every effort was resorted to in revenge, and very bad blood often engendered thereby. The editors were also fond of calling each other names. Arden never knew his early competitor by any designation other than “the man Fawkner,” and was in turn styled “the stuck-up brat.” Kerr was christened “Noodle” (a misnomer) by Cavenagh, who was paid off as “the Big Drum,” because his father was a Commissioned Officer in the British army, in which the son took much pride. Osborne used at times to imbibe rather too much, and on his way home traversed the streets in a serpentine fashion, through which he obtained the alias of “the Teetotum;” but the best hit made in the way of nick-naming was by Kerr, in respect to Boursiquot. At the period when the latter arrived in the province, Home ships were not victualled in the luxurious manner they are now, and somehow or other it got to be insinuated that Boursiquot, and some companions, made rather too free with a ham from the steward’s larder. When Kerr heard this rumour he tinned the preserve for further use, and the first newspaper quarrel between him and Boursiquot, the object of his wrath was proclaimed a “Westphalian,” a compliment considered so equivocal by its recipient that he cut up terribly over it, which only established its efficacy as a caustic, and caused others besides Kerr to apply it whenever they had an account to square. M’Combie was known as “the Donkey,” against which he neither kicked nor brayed much, for there was little liveliness in him; but whenever Cavenagh was “big-drummed” it was like beating a tattoo on his tympanum, which drove him nearly wild. Boursiquot also named him “Buggins,” which was a sticking-plaster he never could shake off. In fact, between the pounding of the “Big Drum” and the reiteration of “Buggins,” Cavenagh was made miserable, and the epithets stuck to him like wax. A glance through the old files give innumerable instances of the spiteful pettishness with which they were conducted. If an editor happened to be “dunned” for an account inconvenient to pay, or was sued for the recovery of a debt, he was unmercifully pilloried as if a public enemy, or some diabolical conspirator against the safety of Church and State. This disreputable warfare was also enforced against the reporters, and the attacks on some of them, actually written by editors, were most cowardly and disreputable. Notwithstanding all this the Press, as a whole, was cherished by the public as one of its great safeguards; the new papers were for the time well supported, and where one of them collapsed, it was more through its own fault than anything else.

EDITORIAL THRASHERS.

BYRNE AND GREEVES.—The first instance happened on the 13th February, 1843, and the victim on this occasion was about the man connected with our early journalism who least merited an embrocation of physical force, for Dr. Greeves was always suave and gentlemanly, as inoffensive in the newspaper under his control as in the political arena, where he played no undistinguished rôle. However, as the Fates would have it, he was provisionally captaining the Gazette at this period when an ex-reporter named Joseph Byrne obtained the appointment of Corporation Rate Collector. The choice did not meet with general approval, and a paragraph in the Gazette emphatically asserted as much, whereupon Byrne waxed indignant, and waylaying Greeves in Collins Street not only punched his head, but threatened to murder him. The Doctor trotted off to the Police Court, and suing out a warrant had his assailant arrested. At the hearing the complainant magnanimously forbore pressing the charge, and the defendant tendered an ample apology. Nevertheless he was judged to enter into recognizances, himself in £80 and two sureties of £40, to keep the peace for twelve months.

KELLY AND KERR.—In 1843 there was in Melbourne a Mr. Daniel Kelly, of much respectability and intelligence, a lawyer’s clerk by profession, and the holder of a confidential position in the office of Meek and Clark, conveyancers, who kept shop in an old two-storey brick rookery at the western side of an open area off Little Collins Street, now the crowded legal thoroughfare known as Bank Place. Kelly was rather of a pleasant and jovial turn of mind, and the companions with
whom he consorted called him “Darby.” The Civic Ward Elections stirred up considerable interest, and Kelly took a prominent part, but always against the nominee of Mr. William Kerr. Kerr accordingly lost no time in paragraphing Kelly, and one morning Kelly was paraded as “Dirty Darby” before the readers of the *Patriot*. Kelly read and grinned (an ugly grinner he was) and bore; but he assured those in his confidence that the next time the unsavoury alliteration was repeated he would make it a warning for Kerr. The *Patriot* happened to have amongst its retainers a clever satiric poetaster named Hammond, also an Attorney’s Scrivener, between whom and Kelly there was no love lost. It was the time of a contested election, when small local partisanship was at a white heat, and again the offending *Patriot* made its appearance with a Hammond effusion of a low, nasty and vulgar type, thus commencing—

“My name is Dirty Darby, and I came from sweet Erin,
The land of potatoes, buttermilk and brogue;
And I grew from my cradle so purty a bairn
That the neighbours all called me an ugly young rogue.”

When Kelly read this he gasped with rage. His first impulse was to seek Hammond, but a little reflection suggested to his legal mind that, after all, there was no evidence beyond suspicion that his fellow-clerk was actually the offender. Though Hammond was, therefore, spared from prudential motives, Kerr, the editor, was not; and Kelly forthwith prepared for the punishment of that “burly miscreant,” as Darby once eloquently designated him. The intending flagellator lost no time in hunting up a formidable cudgel, with which he posted himself, like a sentry, at the north-west corner of Queen and Collins Streets, an intersection traversed by Kerr *en route* to his office every forenoon from a cottage in Lonsdale Street, where he resided. Kelly soon beheld his man cumbrously waddling down Queen Street, and moved under the Collins Street cover of a high paling—the enclosure of the Wesleyan Chapel, then occupying what was a Church Reserve. Here he waited with the club in both hands drawn back over his shoulders, ready for a smash, and just as Kerr, who wore big spectacles, was on the turn, Kelly let fly, but instead of the blow, as intended, scattering Kerr’s brains about the footpath the aim missed so far as to strike Kerr on the left arm—already lamed by gout. The limb was much contused, and Kerr, who was game to the last, after a loud grunt of mingled pain and indignation, closed with his assailant, and after a short tussle both wrestlers came to the ground, when they were dragged apart by the crowd which hastily collected. Kerr was borne off to the next druggist’s shop, kept by a Mr. Wilson, where his wound was dressed and a restorative imbibed, whilst Kelly, with an unscathed skin, was surrounded by a body-guard of admirers, who regarded him as a conquering hero, and each rapturously drank his health at an adjacent tavern. Kerr, when brought to and able to move, hobbled away to the Police Office, surrounded by a howling rabble, who assailed him with execrations and questions of “How he liked what he got?” and promises “That it shouldn’t be the last drubbing in store for him.” At the hearing of the charge, a fine of only 20s. was inflicted, with costs. Kerr, in a loud, blustering tone, protested that as he could not obtain adequate protection from the Court he should take measures for his own safety, even to the shedding of blood. The amount of the judgment was immediately subscribed in Court. Kerr was tumultuously hooted to the door of the *Patriot* office, whilst Kelly was cheeringly serenaded.

ROBINSON AND CAVENAGH.—In the same year there was a Mr. Thomas A. Robinson, a well-known resident, who married the widow of a wealthy brewer, and had a good deal of time on his hands, with a liberal allowance of pocket-money to get through. Being much about town, he got embroiled in occasional squabbles, and took it into his head to “hammer” a man with whom he had an altercation. For this amusement he was not only fined, but shown up by the *Herald* in a stinging paragraph, for the paper and Robinson did not stand on the best of terms towards each other. Robinson forthwith determined to “hide” Mr. George Cavenagh, the *Herald* editor; and disdaining the employment of any other than a natural weapon, in the forenoon of the 23rd September, flat in hand, confronted his enemy in Little Collins Street, and committed an assault by suddenly turning round, taking Cavenagh from
behind, and hitting him twice on the head. Cavenagh was a tall, strong man, and never travelled unaccompanied by a riding-whip, stout cane or stick, so grasping his assailant with the left hand he leathered him unmercifully with the right. Closing with each other a fierce struggle ensued, in which Robinson made a furious dash at Cavenagh's face, where he left the indents of his claws, Cavenagh taking him over the eye with his cane and drawing blood. Robinson, who had Cavenagh gripped by the throat, was obliged to relax his hold, but in so doing brought away as a trophy the whole breast or front of a snowy shirt, for Cavenagh was rather fastidious as to the quality and laundry of his linen. Some bystanders parted the belligerents, when the assailed hastened for redress to the Police Office, and the other to a chemist's shop to get patched up there. Before this plastering process was effected Robinson was in the clutches of the police, but bailed to appear at Court next day; and when he did so three-fourths of his head and face were strapped over with sticking-plaster. After the Magistrates patiently heard the pro and the con of the "set-to," they let off Robinson with a 25s. fine, the smallness of the penalty being measured by the profusion of blood which Robinson declared he had been depleted.

MCNAMARA AND KERR.—In 1845 Mr. William Kerr was piloting his Courier through very troubled waters, and a wayward bad-tempered skiff it was. As a newspaper it was the quintessence of acridity, a crust filled with a vitriolic-vinegar compound. There lived in Queen Street a peppery-tempered tailor named Michael M'Namara, who took a special pleasure in thwarting Mr. Kerr, whenever they met in personal dispute, threatening, in a slang peculiar to him, to "knock Kerr into the middle of next week"; "spread him like bags upon an ass;" or some other equally dreadful alternative. An election was on the eve of coming off, and "Johnny" Fawkner, who had some notion of offering as a candidate, formed a coalition with M'Namara, though they detested each other as heartily as a certain unnameable black gentleman is said to loathe holy water. Kerr and Fawkner, who were fast friends until the former was ejected from the Patriot, were now implacable foes, and Kerr did everything in his power to checkmate the other. Getting an inkling of Fawkner's movements, the Courier one morning spoke out in this fashion:—"Mr. John Pascoe Fawkner is manoeuvring to get himself placed in nomination, and is to have Misthur Michael M'Namara, and a whole host of other half-hanged customers in attendance, to hold up their dirty paws in his favour." When "Mac" read this he foamed with wrath and prayed that "he may be hanged, quartered, and disembowled," (a favourite Irish historical imprecation of his), if he failed killing Kerr the first time he came within arm's length of him. This occurred on the 19th September, and there was an election nomination the same day, which Kerr would unfailingly attend. M'Namara being something of a pugilist, relying on the strength of his "bunch of fives," dogged Kerr from the hustings at the Court-house to Lonsdale Street, and as they neared Queen Street, he was on him like a flash of lightning. Rushing before him and shaking a fist in his face, he yelled out, "Kerr, you villain, why did you blackguard me in your filthy rag of a newspaper?" Kerr, who was, as already mentioned, virtually a one-handed man, always carried a whopping stick in his right hand. This weapon he raised, and aimed a tremendous blow at "Mac," which was skilfully dodged by the other, who dealt Kerr a smashing on the bridge of the nose which splintered his spectacles and sent him reeling against a shop window. Kerr, recovering, essayed again to raise his stick, but his antagonist rushing in, seized him around the body, and hugged him so violently as to compel him to drop the stick in order to keep upon his feet. Kerr then made several attempts to kick the squeezer about the shins and abdomen, when M'Namara, clenching him by his long hair with his left hand, planted a stunning blow on the right temple and felled him. Kerr was bleeding freely, and after a struggle managed to get upon his knees, when M'Namara stooping, asked him fiercely between his teeth: "Kerr, you out-and-out of a scoundrel, will you ever put me in your blackguard paper again?" and the kneeling figure, besmeared with blood, slowly but emphatically gasped out, "I will, I will." "Mac," then drawing back, delivered a parting blow between the eyes and passed on. The most extraordinary feature in the fracas was that Kerr, when assaulted, was in the company of two supposed friends, named M'Donald and Hamilton, and they were
so far from interfering that the first-named coolly and cowardly stood by as if enjoying what passed before him, whilst the other philosophically marched off about his business. Mr. Kerr obtained a summons against M'Namara. The case was heard at the Police Court, when the defendant was represented by Mr. Sidney Stephen, the Barrister. Kerr was dictatorial and something like impertinent to the Magistrates (Messrs. W. Hull, H. Condell, J. Smith, and E. Westby); he lost his temper into the bargain. He declined to admit his editorship of the Courier, but in a loud insolent tone admitted, "that if to write of M'Namara was provocation, he had given it, for he knew him to be a most notorious blackguard." This uncalled-for remark so shocked the Bench that one of its members (Hull) declared it was too much for him, and withdrew from his place, whilst the remaining Justices dismissed the complaint. Kerr left in high dudgeon, muttering threats of vengeance against the Court, whilst "Mac" was hailed with loud acclamations, and there was a notion of "chairing" him, but such a vehicle was not convenient. Some days after Kerr applied for a new trial, on the plea that the case had not been decided upon its merits. Rather inconsistently, a fresh summons was granted, a re-hearing took place, and the defendant was fined 30s., with 3s. 6d. costs. The amount was subscribed on the spot. Kerr subsequently blustered much of an intention to bring an action in the Supreme Court for assault and battery; but fresh troubles were in store for him, for early next year he was insolvent, and the Courier a thing of the past.

Kentish and Cavenagh.—Mr. Nathaniel L. Kentish, devoted much of his time and intelligence to efforts to provide the Melbournians with salt (or rather brackish) water-baths on the south bank of the Yarra—in fact he was as watery in the brain region as the modern and late Mr. Hugh M'Coll, of canaling celebrity, though riding his hobby in a different style. The Herald never took kindly to the Kentish speculations, and for this and other reasons the propounder of the bathing scheme and the conductor of the newspaper never got on well. On the 24th August, 1849, there appeared in the Herald a notice reflecting on Kentish, and annoying him so much that armed with a whip, and meeting Cavenagh in Elizabeth Street, he laid on to him. A warrant was issued against Kentish, to which he surrendered and was bailed. The case was set down for hearing on the 27th, and as Cavenagh was standing near the Police Court door, waiting his turn to be called, Kentish came up and repeated the assault. This time, however, Cavenagh showed good fight by knocking down the other, who was picked up by some constables, and detained in custody until the trial. The Mayor (Mr. W. M. Bell), and Mr. E. Westby constituted the Bench, and the defendant was heavily mulcted, viz., for the first assault, to pay £4 fine, with £1 costs, or two months' imprisonment; and for the second, a fine of £5, or another two months'; and further, to enter into recognizances to keep the peace for 6 months, himself in £50 and two sureties of £25 each.

Davis and Cavenagh.—Mr. Peter Davis, a prosperous Knight of the Hammer, did a good knocking-down business in Melbourne, and realized a full purse thereby. Davis and Cavenagh of the Herald, never "cottoned" to each other, possibly because the auctioneer did not advertise as liberally in the newspaper as its master wished. However, they were always in a mutually hostile mood, for Davis could well nurse a dislike, and Cavenagh was as good a hater as Dr. Johnson. The ruling desire of Davis was to be elected a member of the City Council, and the unalterable determination of Cavenagh that it should not be if he could prevent it. I have not the correct date, but it would be probably in 1854, when there was a Civic contest in Latrobe Ward, and Davis had early taken the field. Cavenagh was at once on the side of the Opposition candidate, and the struggle grew exciting. There was then on the Herald a literary factotum, a sort of right-hand man of Cavenagh, who could do everything from a "leader" to a shipping notice, and they generally worked well together, for they found themselves, as time and circumstances were, necessary to each other. The employé was the Mr. Finn referred to in other places, as well known as the Post Office, and as active an electioneer as his chief. One day during the election excitement the arides ambi had a row (a rare occurrence) in the Herald office, and Finn felt that Cavenagh had dealt him an injustice (not at all unlikely); and after Cavenagh had
jauntily left the scene of altercation, Finn was quizzed by some of the office hands, one of whom scoffingly asked, "Well, I suppose you will be thinking of cutting George now?" "Certainly not," replied the other, "it does not suit my cards to 'cut' Master George just now, at all events; but ere a week is over I will get another to 'cut' him in a style of which neither you nor he has the slightest notion." There was a general laugh, and the conversation ended. Next day Cavenagh and Finn met, and were seemingly on the best of terms with each other. They spoke about the coming election, and Cavenagh rubbed his hands in high glee, for the other told him, from what he could gather amongst Ward voters, Peter Davis did not stand even the ghost of a chance. "I have just left him," continued Finn, "surrounded by a pack of his supporters, by the Mechanics' Institute. He was abusing you fearfully, calling you a 'long wretch,' a 'gobemouch,' and 'Buggins,' and declaring before he was quite done with you, he'd beat the big drum on your head." The quoted epithets were well-known nicknames from time to time tacked on to Cavenagh, and the application of any of them always riled him. Cavanagh turned white with rage, bit his lip, and vowed he would make it warm for Davis. "Look here," he said to his satellite, "You go at once and write something that will touch the scoundrel on the raw; and give it to him in style about the Sydney affair. You understand." Mr. Finn lost no time in executing his commission. The "Sydney affair" was a passage in the past life of Peter Davis, of which no colonist need be ashamed, though he felt a morbid sensitiveness about any allusion to it. On Cavenagh returning to his editorial sanctum in the afternoon, the Davis epistle was ready for his perusal; he read and re-read it, gloated over and pronounced it to be the very thing wanted, and passed it on to the printing office. Next morning at breakfast Peter Davis had the Herald before him, and it was breakfast enough for him. Though he could not stomach it, he had no appetite for anything else. There appeared before him over a nom de plume in itself sufficient to unsettle a greater Stoic, in very readable type, accentuated by many italicised expressions, a communication of a very pungent and personal description, holding him forth in terms of rancorous reprobation as a character from whom the citizens should run rather than elect, and well seasoned with innuendoes which stung like a scorpion. Swallowing a cup of strong coffee as a "pick-me-up," and snatching the newspaper, he sallied forth, procured a horsewhip, and sought the earliest opportunity of giving Cavenagh a taste of it. The latter resided in Little Flinders Street East, and as he was proceeding to his office about eleven o'clock, Davis met him, and with one well-dealt blow knocked him down, looked at the writhing prostrate figure, and passed on. Cavenagh, though wounded, was not killed, and was assisted to a neighbouring chemist's. He then, by the aid of a stick, marched on to the office, and when he entered, there was Finn before him, busily engaged in the pretension of doing something. On beholding Cavenagh with a very long face and disfigured headgear, the blood trickling through the lint stuck on over one of his ears, Finn jumped up, affected much surprise, and exclaimed, "Good heavens! Mr. Cavenagh, what has happened?" "You may well inquire," loudly growled the other, "It is all your doing, you confounded little scoundrel; see what you have got me through that blackguard letter you wrote about Davis. There, the fellow has gone and half killed me I believe." "Mr. Cavenagh," responded the other, "you have only yourself to blame, certainly not me. You asked me to write the letter, and you approved and published it." So saying Finn took up his hat and papers and departed, telling Cavenagh as he passed, that he had to run up to the Insolvent Court, at which was jerked out an exclamation more curt than polite, "That he might go to the devil." And this is the novel manner in which the promise "to cut Long George" was accomplished. Davis was subsequently proceeded against at the Police Court, and fined £5 for the assault. The same Mr. Peter Davis, despite of the Herald influence, attained the so much coveted seat at the City Council table, and was Mayor of Melbourne in 1856-7. He died a few years ago.

THE "RECORDING ANGELS."

JOSEPH BYRNE, joined the Herald, and very soon came into open collision with the judicial despots known to ancient history as Judge Willis and Major St. John. Byrne had two or three rare
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A more brow-beating bully never sat on the Bench, and if he only heard a reporter speaking above his breath, he would coarsely order him to "shut up" or he would have him turned out. Byrne in consequence was resolved to have it out with him even in his own Court, if ever he had the chance, and a chance came sooner and easier than expected. One day the Major's temper was sorely tried through a dissatisfied suitor questioning the justice of a decision, whereat St. John, with an oath, swore if he uttered another tittle he would have him rammed into the watch-house. Byrne, who was by, waited until the Police Magistrate had retired, and then obtained from another Justice a summons against St. John for swearing in Court. The Major was fined 5s., and never forgave his prosecutor. It was surmised that through his influence Byrne lost his billet soon after. Possessed, however, of certain friendly influences, he soon managed to procure the appointment of Corporation Rate-collector, much to the disgust of the Herald, in which it was denounced as a gross job. Byrne, finally bolted, leaving two townspeople, who were so good-naturedly foolish as to become security for him, to square up the deficiency with the Corporation. He was subsequently heard of in distant parts, and in one of the "fifties" returned for a short time incog, to the colony, when he finally disappeared and was never afterwards heard of. There are now in Victoria several families of position matrimonially connected with this long-forgotten runaway.

WILLIAM CORP was employed on the Patriot at a very early date. He was well-disposed to do a good day's work, but did not much fancy knocking about. Plant him in the Supreme Court and he could grind like a writing-mill for twelve or fifteen hours, turning out the most legible MS. by the quire, and then he would jog home to his hotel (he always lodged at one), pack away a "meat tea" that would serve another for days, absorb a more than liberal allowance of "half-an-half"—then tuck himself in the blankets, and be "as happy as a king" until morning. He was connected off and on with various papers for several years, but as the years accumulated so his thirst increased. His sprees were more frequent, and at length no dependence could be placed on him. After the gold discoveries he was obliged to quit Melbourne, and he lived, or rather existed, by odd jobs on some provincial journal, shepherding, or hut-keeping, but mostly on that most precarious of walks in colonial life conventionally termed "the wallaby track." Twice every year he made his way to town, and called upon an old Press friend, who, on such occasions, usually presented him with half-a-sovereign, which poor Corp looked forward to with the certainty of an annuitant drawing a dividend of Government Stock. When the days of adversity fell upon Corp, Finn many a time helped the hand that befriended him many a long day before at the old forgotten Criminal Sessions, and the first time Corp arrived from the country he was told that every half-year trip he made there should be a half-sovereign ready for him, to eat it or drink it, or do what he liked with it. The annuitant so lived for some twenty years, and the benefactor, who is still alive, has often told the queer story.

G. D. BOURSQUIROT, referred to in the editorial group, made his first appearance as a journalist in the capacity of reporter for the Herald. He was a spruce, stylish-looking fellow, who paid more attention to fashion of his shirt collar, the tie of his cravat, and the sit of his vest, than his fellows. He was never without a bell-topper, and a ring or two on his fingers, and prided himself on his reputation as a lady-killer. His forte on a newspaper was light, airy sketching, and smartly got up police paragraphs, though when he passed to the higher grade he carried heavier metal. He was an amateur actor, and performed occasionally on the boards of the "Pavilion," the first theatre in Melbourne. A propensity for what is in play-going parlance known as "gagging," which he usually overdid, sometimes got him into a scrape, and once when this kind of interpolation drifted into the region of indecency, he and Cavenagh had a row over it, and the Herald knew him no more. Bourquisquot was very partial to any attractive young lady connected with the early theatricals, and his attention to some of them was of a decidedly pronounced character. After leaving the Herald
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be passed over to the Gazette, and thence his motto was "Excelsior" until he left the colony the reputed possessor of a handsome competence.

JOHN DAVIES, one of "The Children of Israel," prior to coming to Melbourne filled the office of Chief-Constable in New South Wales. A chubby, red-cheeked, dark-haired, unmistakably Jewish-visaged personage, he had a whole foundry of "brass" in his face, and was not only self-assertive, but cheeky. Though comparatively illiterate, he owned other gifts to make up the deficiency, could scrape together readable paragraphs, and as a collector of news scraps was invaluable. It would be hard to find a better general intelligence forager, and at a time when the few officials in Melbourne were insolent and overbearing, no man knew better how to overawe them with his bluster. He was employed on the Patriot and Gazette, and having a turn for the stage, was much mixed up with the first and second theatres, established in Bourke and Queen Streets. There was one queer sensation piece—a great favourite with the habitués of the "Pavilion"—in which the most grotesquely horrible impersonation was a resurrectionist, or "body-snatcher," and in this Davies was unapproachable; so lively, or rather deadly, did he go through the disgusting ordeal of grave-opening, coffin-breaking, and tugging up the corpse effigy by the head. The "house" used to be brought down; and as there would be loud calls for an encore, Davies would turn round, "grin horribly a ghastly smile" at the gaping and clapping audience, and roar out "Don’t you wish you may get it." He was a deft hand at securing theatrical benefits for himself, and so well able to beat up for such an occasion, that he never failed to have a bumper. There was an unexpected greatness stored up in375(869,754),(993,769) in the future for Davies, for after a lengthened sojourn in Melbourne he transferred himself to Tasmania, and soon grew into a man of mark in Hobart Town, where he entered the political arena, was elected to the Colonial Parliament, and established the newspaper known as the Mercury. Though not a genius in himself, Mr. Davies had the knack of knowing well how to select the most suitable implements, human or mechanical, to work with; and to the judgment manifested by him in this way, may be attributed the success with which his new venture was attended. Davies died several years ago, leaving behind a journal, now one of the leading organs of public opinion in the City of Hobart.

G—N F——N was a slow-going Scot, and during several years reported for the Herald. Plodding, prosy, and painstaking, he contracted an unbreakable habit of indulging in lengthy, involved, and inexplicably confused sentences—a chaos of clauses without head or tail. It was only the exigency of the times, and the difficulty of obtaining any person capable of doing anything in the newspaper line, that rendered it possible for such a person to retain the position in which he was. Kerr, wishing to pay off a grudge, would cowardly publish a paragraph about F——n's periodical weakness for strong drinks, and he nick-named him "Little Sobriety;" so whenever he felt disposed to start his enemy on the loose, all he had to do was to side-head a paragraph with the sobriquet. The pitcher, however, was carried to the well once too often. He contrived to get established in a retail business, abjured alcoholism, and did fairly well. In a few years he started two small periodicals, which did not live long, and he was at one time a Corporation Inspector. He has long since gone the way of all flesh, but members of his family survive. To those who knew him, he seemed an upright, conscientious, and well-intentioned man. On the Press, at the time written of, he was out of his element, but as a private citizen, was all that could reasonably be desired.

EDMUND FINN had the longest connection of any of his contemporaries with the early Press, and continued during his journalistic career, on one newspaper, the Herald, to which he was attached more than thirteen years, and left only to fill an appointment on the clerical staff of the Legislative Council Department. Arriving in the colony in his teens, and fresh from school, crammed brimful of Greek and Latin classics, but little else, he amused himself by dashing into the excitement of the Civic and Legislative elections, wrote some squibs in prose and verse for the Herald, was spotted by Cavenagh, and appointed the successor of F——n. The Herald, therefore, though deprived of one "Finn," secured the other "Finn," the new comer taking to the newspaper as a fish does to water, and was soon quite at home in a congenial element. A contemporary
some years ago thus wrote of him:—"Mr. Finn I verily believe knew every inhabitant of Melbourne of any importance, and knew nearly everything that was going on. He was especially distinguished for his intimate acquaintance with civic and social matters, and as a gatherer of news was expert and indefatigable. He was as well known as 'Johnny Fawkner.' He was short, and very short-sighted, and had a remarkably big head with plenty in it. He was the most diminutive of all his countrymen; but he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for them, for, as he never intended to leave the Herald, he should never beg a billet from any of them. Sarcastic aliases were bestowed on him in abundance, but he paid back in the same coin. Kerr dubbed him "Blarney Boru," and "The Herald Monkey," and as return compliments he called Kerr the "Orang-outang," the "Ogre," and the "Cyclops." Boursiquot designated him "Classical Neddy," and once, when he roasted, in a speech at St. Patrick's Hall, the first proprietor of The Argus, for a wholesale slandering of some Irish orphan girls shipped to the colony, Mr. Edward Wilson had it formally registered in The Argus archives that Finn should never, on any account or under any circumstances, be employed on that journal. There was never any need to enforce this magnanimous record. The wars and the truces waged and ratified between Finn and Fawkner were so many and amusing as to deserve treatment in a separate notice. Cavenagh and he always pulled well together—a circumstance the more surprising that they were both unblessed with the best of tempers, and at times could be hasty and petulant enough; but the reason for this was once briefly and satisfactorily thus explained. A mutual friend (a colonist who once bore a titled name) one day said to Cavenagh, "How in the world does it happen that you and Finn agree so well?" "It is easily accounted for," was the response. "We are both hot-tempered fellows, but we are essential to each other. He wishes to retain his berth, and I wish to retain him. We, therefore, both make it a point to so keep ourselves in restraint, that we rarely have a flare-up; and thus it is that we get along capitally." Finn soon mastered all the details of the office, and was able to do, and did, everything but "set up." Instances occurred where, with the exception of the shipping, commercial, and advertising branches, he wrote the entire paper from title to imprint. He came to be regarded as one of the chattels of the establishment, something like an old metal writing-stand, which was never parted with, and was always placed on the editor's table; and when, as in after years occurred, the concern more than once changed hands, the two chattels were taken over in the inventory, for no new proprietor would think of parting with either of them, the one for his usefulness, and the other for luck's sake. Once, however, a new editor kicked aside the old pen-and-ink apparatus, which Finn picked up, and to this day retains it as a souvenir of long ago, a battered, shabby-looking old friend, whom he has often declared he would not barter for one of gold. This happened some years after the gold discoveries, and with the old castaway vanished the early prestige and influence by which the journal was surrounded. As an universal newsmonger Finn was unrivalled, for his continuance upon one paper without a day's intermission brought to him a general knowledge of the men and things of the then small Melbourne. He remained on the Herald from 1845 to 1858, when the long tenure was changed by Mr. (subsequently Sir J.) O'Shanassy offering him the appointment he held in the Legislative Council until the year 1886.

JOHN CURTIS.—But unquestionably the most extraordinary man ever on the Melbourne Press was Mr. John Curtis, a near connexion of a once well-known London banker of that name. He took to such a sowing of "wild oats" at Home that his friends expatriated him, and on the voyage to New South Wales...
be managed to get entangled in a crime. The case, which quickly brought him to grief in Sydney. An arrangement was made with the injured husband which conditioned that Curtis should “make tracks” to Van Diemen’s Land, and he lost no time in doing so. After a brief sojourn there, he arrived in Melbourne, and had no difficulty in finding suitable employment in the counting-house of Messrs. Turnbull, Orr and Co., an old mercantile firm which had for many years been an unsuccessful candidate for the Town Treasurership. He finally took to the Press, and during his career was on every newspaper in Melbourne. If Curtis had been steady, and settled down contentedly to his work, he would have been an invaluable ally to any journal, for, though like all the other early reporters, he was practically unskilled in any system of phonography, he attended an important evening meeting, and wrote out, single-handed, between five and six ordinary columns of brevier for the next morning’s publication. Curtis was much given to spirituous and fermented enjoyment, yet his imagination was never more active, or his pen more lively, than when he was “three sheets in the wind.” Though the converse of an Israelite, there was so much of the Caucasian in his appearance that the first time Sir C. G. Duffy beheld him he was startled at what he believed, for a moment, to be the ghost of the great English statesman afterwards ennobled as Lord Beaconsfield. It was often said of Curtis by one who knew him well “That he would sell you for sixpence, and spend a shilling on you.” And so it was. Poor Jack was the gayest and jolliest fellow that could be found. Wherever he went he carried an atmosphere of fun and dare-devilry about with him, and as a boon companion he had no rival near the throne, for he was the boy to “keep the table in a roar.” He was always in difficulties of some kind—in fact, was never out of a scrape. Ultimately his increasing dissipation drove him off the Melbourne journals, and he had to take refuge on some of the weak suburban saplings then beginning to sprout at Collingwood, Richmond, and other localities. At length there was an end to his tether, and he died very suddenly over twenty years ago.

Fawkner and Finn.—No two of the old newspaper identities were oftener in enmity or amity than “Johnny” and “Neddy,” as they were universally termed; indeed, they were hardly ever spoken of but as “Johnny Fawkner” and “Neddy Finn.” Though Fawkner had retired from the Patriot, and was never pecuniarily interested in any other journal, you might as well expect an uncaged bird to keep away from a greenwood tree, as “Johnny” to abstain from scribbling. If ever a man was incurably afflicted with the cacoethes scribendi et loquendi it was he; and whenever the spouting season was slack, there was no stump to mount, there he was rasping away in the correspondence branch of one of the journals, always ungrammatical, often illogical, but invariably personal and offensive. If he sustained a defeat at one of the many Ward or other meetings, which were common, the next morning beheld an abusive rhodomontade from his pen, and he was usually a verbose writer. The badness of quality was only equalled by the quantity, thereby doubling or trebling the infliction. Fawkner was as irregular in his moods and tenses as the most complicated Greek verb; as changeable as a chameleon, and as perverse as the most spoiled child. 

“Everything by turns, and nothing long.”

He turned his coat as many times as there are weeks in the year. Originally one of the Scotch-Kerr clique in the Town Council, he shifted to the other side, and on one occasion owed his re-election to a coaxing of the Irish vote. For a time he was a true-blue Orangeman, but transferred his hero-worship from William the Third to St. Patrick, whose green banner he soon deserted through some fresh whim. For a time he would select the Herald, as his speaking-trumpet, then fly to the Gazette, make the round of the Daily News, and so on. About a dozen times in every twelve months he subscribed to, and resigned, each of the various journals; and so he went on, a human whirligig—so eccentric in its motions that no person could possibly guess its next gyration. From politics “Johnny” would make a running leap into polemics, and the Papacy and all its imputed fallacies would be overhauled. He would fawn upon and flatter the Irish one month, and the next his clumsily executed blarney would be transfused into gall. In many of such controversies
Finn would be into him hot and strong, when Fawkner would retort and the other rejoin, generally having the last word, a conquest no other person could gain over Fawkner. He would stigmatize Finn as the “Papist pigmy,” the “Milesian mite,” and the “little brat,” though in height “Johnny” could boast of only about an inch or so over the other.

Like Achilles, though not in the heel, there was one point in which Fawkner was vulnerable—one blot in the Fawknerian system—a grinning skeleton in the Fawknerian family closet, which though only to be approached by dexterous innuendo, never failed to hit the mark. Nevertheless, they would be “in” and “out” with each other, for Fawkner was a forgiving soul, and the other was forgetful of injury, and good-natured. Fawkner was always the first to make a peace-offering. The treaty, however, would be of short duration, for perhaps in a week after Fawkner would write or say something disgustingly offensive about the Pope, Convents, the Irish, or the Herald; and when in his tantrums, would usually, when he passed, snarlingly greet the other with, “Well, my little Papist Neddy, how do you shape to-day?” To which the other would sneeringly reply, “Quite well Johnny Capricorn, I hope I see you frisky.” And thus getting a gentle touch of the harpoon, the other would whisk away with a passionate exclamation of “Ho! ho!” not venturing a rejoinder. When “out” they always addressed each other as “Neddy” and “Capricorn,” and when “in” as “Edmondus” and “John Pascoe.” Fawkner’s mother’s name was Anne Pascoe, and there was a charm in the sound which no doubt stirred up the old filial tenderness, for he was a fond and dutiful son; and though his mother and sister returned to England a few years after the expatriation of the father, “Johnny” clung affectionately to the old man, and all praise be to his memory for having done so. To Pascoe Vale, a suburban land section, purchased by him, some seven miles from Melbourne, on what was then known as the Moonee Ponds Road, he gave a maternal designation. Here he was comfortably nested for a considerable time, and grew some of the first and best grapes in the province, baskets of which, and bunches of flowers he often left at Finn’s house during the frequent intervals when amicable relations subsisted between them. In most of the early party squabbles engendered by the Corporation and Legislative elections, Fawkner and Finn took different sides. Fawkner and O’Shanassy used to have stiff onslaughts, but “Johnny” was no match for “Jack,” and generally ran away like a whipped hound, for some of such scenes would occur in the open streets. O’Shanassy was the acknowledged General of the Irish Battalions, and Finn a sort of aide-de-camp in his suite. They were very intimate friends, and very often together, so that wherever the one was visible the other was not far off. “Johnny” Fawkner would sometimes call Finn “Big Jack’s Jackal.” O’Shanassy was, when he liked, a long-stepped walker, and, compared with the other, was as if indubitable in the seven-league boots of the giant of nursery fable; and when in such pedestrian humour, the little fellow trotted haud paribus equis by his side, often to cause much amusement, for the one was tall as the other was short. Finn, through his familiarity with O’Shanassy, and position on the Herald, a quasi-Irish organ, acquired a popularity with his countrymen second only to that of the Generalissimo, and to engage with him during a heated election was sometimes a rather risky undertaking, as he was well backed by devoted myrmidons. Fawkner and he met one day in Elizabeth Street. They were both in company with canvassing staffs of rival candidates, and rather excited with the work. Fawkner let off a wholesale volley of abuse of everything. Popish, from Rome to Father Geoghegan, and everything Irish from “Big Jack” to “Papist Neddy.” The Irish detachment was more numerous than the other; Finn was in command, and his Sergeant-major was a wild Celtic cordwainer named Pat Kennedy, who at once called upon his adherents to “give the miserable crawler Fawkner a running volley of groans.”

When the bi-cameral system of government was instituted in 1856, Fawkner was elected by the Central Province as one of its representatives in the Legislative Council, where he continued until his death. Finn, he fanatically believed to have been brought into official relation with the upper branch of the Parliament for ulterior designs—to serve as a sort of spy, or plain-clothes policeman—a mouchard who would be ever working in the dark, taking notes and making observations, all for the special information and enlightenment of the prime Popish emissary, O’Shanassy. He talked of it...
amongst members, prated about it to messengers, and whenever he met his bete noir in a lobby or a committee-room he rated him, and threatened all sorts of exposure. He even went so far as to express an intention of tabling a motion in the Council on the subject. The annoyance at length became so persistent and petulant, that Finn determined upon seeing it out with Fawkner at the first favourable opportunity. This occurred, for when they met one day at the intersection of Victoria Parade and Nicholson Street, Finn, before the other had time to say something nasty, thus accosted him: "Look here, my ancient friend, 'Old Capricornus,' I was anxious to meet you away from all Parliamentary precincts for fear of committing a breach of privilege upon the individual now known as the 'Honourable Johnny.' I have simply to say to you that the next time I hear any more of your goings on about me, I shall get an upholsterer to manufacture an effigy of you. This I shall get done with a pair of horns sprouting from the head, and the name branded on the breast, in true Port Arthur style; and I'll have it hung from that tree (pointing to one of which the trunk still remains (1888), and all the last Irishmen in Melbourne dancing about it. I never made you a promise before that I did not keep; and so sure as you are Johnny Fawkner, the son of his father (you know what I mean by that), I'll keep this. So au revoir." Fawkner passed on without a word, and the shadow of the dreaded simulacrum kept him tongue-tied for more than four years—a marvellous taciturnity for him. At length there came a fierce explosion about 1863, when Fawkner took it into his head that Finn had something to do with the Victorian, a Roman Catholic journal then in existence; and there was another newspaper campaign, short and sharp, but doomed to be the last. The same year an extraordinary and un-Parliamentary burst-up was near occurring in the Council Chamber. Finn was temporarily promoted to the Assistant Clerkship, and consequently had to take his place wigged and gowned at the table of the House; whilst Fawkner, through his delicacy of health, habitually wore a small velvet cap, which he never doffed during the proceedings. On the first occasion of Finn's robed appearance in the chamber, before the President (Sir J. Palmer) took the Chair, Fawkner ambled over to the new comer, and commenced to monodise jeeringly in something sounding like, "Don't we look well in our wig! Don't we look well in our wig." Finn turning on him quietly said, "Johnny Capricorn, let me change my wig for your nightcap, and we'll be the two champion beauties of the world; but before I do so the nightcap must be fumigated." With that Fawkner danced like a mad dervish about the table, and protested that the moment the Chair was taken he would report the insult to the President. The Honourables Captain Cole and W. Hull interposed their good offices to still the storm so inauspiciously brewing, and after much persuasion they prevailed upon Fawkner to be quiet.

Fawkner and Finn never after quarrelled, owing most likely to the former's advancing years, and his increase of bodily ailments. The political turn assumed by public events had also something to do with it, for Fawkner was now an ultra-Conservative, and the other, though since he took office he did not show it, was the reverse of a red-hot Democrat. Fawkner at last ventured one day to Finn's room, and by the presentation of No. 2 of his old foolscap newspaper, a book, a photograph, and a paper of buns coaxed the other to forgive and forget, and so they mutually agreed to wipe out all the old scores chalked up as outstanding arrears, to mentally sign a joint acquittance, and ever more, be friends. This compact so singular, all circumstances considered, was faithfully kept, and the depreciatory terms of "Johnny Capricorn" and "Papist Neddy" were sunk in the waters of oblivion, from the bottom of which they never emerged; and "Edmondus" and "John Pascoe" grew into recognized "standing orders," never to be suspended.

On one point, however, Fawkner took his stand, viz., he would have nothing in return for what he bestowed. He liked to be placing Finn under small obligations, and he was humoured accordingly. The only way in which any reciprocation of favours ever occurred was in the case of Fawkner accepting from his beneficiaire photographs of himself and Father Geoghegan, the first Roman Catholic Priest in Port Phillip, between whom and Fawkner there never was anything approaching an entente cordiale. Destiny or chance had also provided for the transfer of O'Shanassy from the Assembly to the Council, and "Johnny" dropped down to the condition of a Parliamentary
henchman to his *quondam*, "Big Jack"; but, though they fought side by side in some Legislative struggles, Fawkner never took so kindly to him as he did to his "Edmondus." Respecting the Convent question, Finn succeeded in converting Fawkner so far to his views, that they had arranged to pay a visit together to the Convent of Mercy, in Nicholson Street, an intention which would have certainly been carried out but for Fawkner's demise.

In August, 1869, Fawkner was conversing with some of his fellow-lawmakers. The group were soon joined by Mr. O'Shanassy with whom Fawkner shook hands. The members then proceeded to the House, and in the corridor Fawkner and Finn met and "Johnny" held forth his hand, which the other jocularly refused to take, "Ha, ha, man" was the exclamation, "What has gone wrong with you, my fine fellow." "Simply this," replied the other, "I saw you just now shake hands with the Irish giant outside there, and I don't mean to shake yours, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." "Why," asked Fawkner, "have you had a shindy with 'Big Jack'? I thought you and he were thick friends." "All right," laughingly replied the other, "*Johanna Pascoevenni absulvo te.* "Come," shouted "Johnny," "don't you go bothering me with your dog-Latin. Though you are Irish, I have often known to my cost that you can speak English well. So out with what you have to say in our mother-tongue." "All right," was the response. The translation is, "John Pascoe, I give you absolution, which, in the Roman Catholic faith, means, that when a sinner repents and promises to sin no more, he is forgiven; but the penance on you is this, that you must not repeat the transgression." "Oh, I understand all now," replied "Johnny"; "But there's old Palmer commencing his Lord's Prayer, I must be off. Good-bye." They shook hands, Fawkner went his way, and this was the last time they ever spoke to each other. The next morning Fawkner was stricken down by a fatal affliction; he was never seen in public again, and he died on the 4th September, 1869.

**REPORTING REMINISCENCES.**

The modern newspaper pen-drivers are much better remunerated than their predecessors were in the age of which I am writing, when the highest "screw" was £3 per week, and occasionally not so much. Neither were the payments so punctually made as they are now; for when one of the ancient journals got into what is slangily known as "Queen Street," the employes, literary and mechanical, had often to go for weeks without any "tin," and were never squared up with until the end of the quarter, when the accounts owing would come in. In some instances quarter-day failed even to bring this comfort. The *Herald* was an exception to this inconvenient, though occasionally imperative practice, for one thing Cavenagh always punctually did, i.e., pay off every farthing of salaries and wages on the Saturday. However he contrived it, the rhino was there, and so far employment on the *Herald* possessed the material advantage that the labourer was not only deemed worthy of, but regularly received his hire. Nor had the olden reporters the modern chance of squeezing some perquisites out of what are termed weekly expenses, for no such item was known amongst them. The circuit of their operations was restricted, for practically before the gold discoveries there were no suburbs except Collingwood. There were no evening papers to be rushed out, no Eastern or Western Districts to be "done," no interviewing of Ministers, nor touting about Departments. The Supreme Court, with its one-man machine of a Judge, Commissioner Barry's Court of Requests, "Little-Go," the Town Council, the Police Court, the Coroner, and occasional meetings only had to be looked after. Railways and omnibusses were entombed in futurity, and cabs were few and dear. The reporters, therefore, performed their duties as an infantry corps, except on rare and special occasions, when they might have to travel to Brighton, Williamstown, or some other place out of town, and then they were horsed. The only regular cavalry amongst them were the shipping reporters, who, when incoming vessels were signalled of an evening from the Flagstaff, were permitted to ride to the beach (whence they boarded the vessel by boat), and back again. After a few years, the newspaper proprietors started boats at Williamstown, and in emergencies, the shipping reporters used to ride up from Sandridge, though rarely they had to travel by the
overland route from Williamstown, and some narrow escapes from drowning happened, when the punt did not work, and the horses had to be swum over the Saltwater River.

But the old reporters had, in their way, certain rights and immunities, which, I dare say, some members of their posterity would be only too glad to inherit, and of these I shall specify three, viz.—No reckoning was ever taken from them at public-houses, where they could personally order what they liked, and drink it free, gratis; they were never supposed to “stand treat” for anyone, but on the contrary, swallow as many nobblers or pints as were offered, to which, indeed, there was seldom any stint; and thirdly, no constable was supposed to lock up one of them, he he as drunk as Bacchus, and as uproarious as a lunatic in a refractory ward. These usages, originating in a remote antiquity, were legalized by prescription, and consolidated by time into a species of Common Law more observed than most of the statutes.

The old reporters were on more convivially fraternal terms with the public than their successors, and the promiscuous treating of them was more general. There were never more than three at a time on the Press, and, as they were to be seen everywhere, the people got to know them well, became familiarized with them, and on the whole liked them much better than the editors, who were always mixed up with small bitter cabals or cliques. Such an occurrence as the knocking down of a reporter was unknown; a fellow for a scurrilous paragraph of which he was morally known to be the writer, though previous threats or some other equally probable reason, might get a shaking or a black eye, casualties nearly always cured without Police Court intervention, by a bout of drinking, an apology, or something more substantial. But events of this kind were of very rare occurrence.

Stenography was unknown for many years, though by practice the Pressmen acquired a mode of abbreviating long hand, which, with quick writing, retentive memories and a knowledge of the few subjects that would be debated, enabled them to turn out reports several columns in length, where speeches read much better than they were delivered, and the speakers were not only often satisfied but thankful. Besides, some of the more prominent public men supplied their own addresses to the Press—Drs. Lang, Palmer and Greeves, Messrs. E. Curr, A. Cunningham, W. Westgarth and others always did so; Judges Willis, Therry and A’Beckett were equally accommodating, but Judge Jeffcott never would do so.

In 1845, one day Corp, Davies and Finn were reporting in the Supreme Court; Mr. Justice Therry delivered a judgment, and the MS. was handed by the Associate (Mr. R. W. Shadforth) to Corp who sat nearest to the Bench, soon, of course, the well-known implied understanding that the Press representatives would make the usual arrangement, Davies whispered to Finn, “The Patriot comes out in the morning, and it would be a good lark to do it out of the judgment.” “All right,” responded the other; “you’ll be a smart fellow if you succeed, but do so if you can.” “You’ll see; my word, if I don’t,” was Davies’ rejoinder, and the subject for the time dropped. Towards the afternoon Davies told Corp he wished to make a brief abstract of the paper as the Gazette would not print it in full, and for this purpose Davies obtained the judgment, saying he would get what he required from it in the Insolvent Court, and would be sure to speedily return it. “Here it is then,” replied Corp handing it over, “and be sure you lose no time in giving it back, as I wish to send it with other copy to the office.” “All right,” answered Davies, “I’ll let you have it in a brace of shakes.” Off he dashed ostentatiously for the Insolvent Court, then held in a room of the Court building; but in reality he hastened to the Gazette office, and showed no more at Court that day. Corp, as the evening advanced without any Davies, got into a towering passion, and swore vehemently that “the boot would give the other what he would not relish when he met him.” On the adjournment of the Court he set forth in search of the absentee, and not finding him at the Gazette, hunted him up at home in Collingwood, where he regularly thrashed him, and recovered the judgment MS. Davies, though rather fond of troubling the Police Court on less feeling provocation, did not do so this time. Next day he laughed the matter off, and declared that instead of Corp having given him a hiding, “the boot was on the other leg;” but no one, knowing the two men, believed a word of it.

On the occasion of the departure of Mr. Justice Jeffcott in 1845, he was honoured with a farewell prandial celebration at the Royal Hotel, in Collins Street. There was a large fashionable
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

THE FIRST CIVIC LINNER.

In 1854, Mr. John Hodgson, then Mayor of Melbourne, gave a grand civic entertainment at the Criterion (nee the Royal Hotel), Collins Street, Sam Moss, proprietor, in honour of the recently arrived Governor, Sir Charles Hotham. The large room was filled by all the city notabilities, and a capital feed and plenty to drink produced general good humour, for it was one of the three wild years of the olden time; and as an entertainment of the sort, would cost from three to four guineas per head, many of those who went there were resolved to have the money's worth, no matter whether it was the Mayor's cash or not. The following is the menu carte:

**SOUPE.**
- A la Reine ; Jullienne
- Mock Turtle ; à l'Anglaise Sherry

**FINI.**
- Buffle, à la Dentonique ; Stewed, à la Royale
- Ditto, au Marchal

**ENTREMETS AND ROY.-**
- Roast Turkey, au Prince of Wales
- Ditto, ditto, à la Henry VIII
- Ditto, ditto, Wellington
- Roast Goose, au Naturel
- Ditto, ditto, à la Native
- Roast Fowl, au Monument
- Ditto, ditto, à la Cannonnade
- Saddle of Mutton, au John Bull
- Vol au Vent, à la Financièr

**DESSERT.**
- Pudding au Royale ; Plum ditto à l'Anglaise
- Blanc Mange, House Reconciliations
- Ditto, ditto, April Smiles
- Jelly, Golden Age
- Ditto, "Lead On," Hock, Sherry, and Madeira

**FRUITS.**
- Apples, Oranges, Almonds, Raisins, Figs, &c.
- Port, Claret, and Sherry ; Coffee.
About 9 o'clock more than half of the diners gave unmistakable evidence of their "dining out," and as they dawdled over the work, rather slow progress was made through a lengthy list of toasts. Three "gentlemen of the Press" were sitting together, Messrs. Charles Carr and T. Warner, of The Argus, and Finn, of the Herald. Amongst the most prominent of the magnates grouped right and left of the Chairman, was Dr. Palmer, then Speaker of the Legislative Council, and when his turn arrived proposed a toast. Amongst others he had tabular returns compiled to demonstrate the present stability and future greatness of Victoria, when Mr. Carr, the reporter, jumped up from his seat somewhere in the centre of the feast, and facing the speaker, loudly called him to order. Some confusion followed this unseemly interruption, and during a temporary calm, the intruder vehemently protested against the introduction of statistics upon such an occasion. "Figures (exclaimed he) were excellent things when trotted out in proper time and place, but they were altogether out of season and utterly indigestible at such a celebration, from which all such extraneous nonsense should be excluded." As for Sir Charles Hotham, he looked as if he would like to have the offender on board a man-of-war, whilst Dr. Palmer was so disgusted that he cut short his oratorical swim and brought up much sooner than he intended.

One of the most laughable melees imaginable occurred at a house-warming once given at a hostelry known as the Commercial Inn, situated where Rocke and Co.'s large furnishing establishment now stands in East Collins Street. The host was a Mr. Phillip Anderson, a red-faced, bluff-looking, blunt, good-natured Caledonian. The place had recently undergone considerable improvements, the principal being the addition of a large room, and to duly inaugurate the auspicious event, "Phil" summoned a gathering of the clans to a free dinner, the liquors to be paid for. The invitation was freely responded to, so the place was crowded. Amongst the guests were the then three reporters, Messrs. Corp, Curtis, and Finn for the Patriot, Gazette, and Herald, not for the purpose of enlightening the world with any account of the festivities, but to enjoy themselves as private individuals. After the cloth was removed, the drinking was carried on in such style as almost to put to the blush the great Scotch carousing festival known as the Hogmanay. None of your modern mixtures, no gripping "half-and-half," or "two ales," none of the sickening wines then known as "black strap," or "gooseberry," but whisky, brandy, and rum, either "neat," or sparingly attempered with Yarra water. By 10 o'clock the place was a roaring intoxicated Bedlam, talking and shouting, and disputing, and amongst those in the most advanced stage of elevation was Curtis. Curiosity as to what was to come enforced a temporary silence, when Curtis, with a most insinuating smile, and with the graceful and gentlemanly manner which he could, when he so wished, assume, informed the Chairman that he was so intensely charmed by the hospitality with which he had been treated by his Scottish fellow colonists on that very pleasant night, he would, if permitted, endeavour to contribute to their enjoyment by treating them to a highly fashionable dance which had caused quite a furore in London just before he had left, and had never, so far as he was aware, been danced in the colonies. But in order that all may have an opportunity of beholding the peculiar movements, it would be necessary for him to ascend a table for the purpose. The proclamation of a Curtis dance was such an unexpected novelty that the assemblage broke out into thunders of applause, and one of the tables was rapidly cleared of its glassware. Curtis, stripping off his boots, was up in a jiffey, when the applause was renewed with increased vigour, the débutant, if not blushing, indulging in the most profound obeisances and genuflexions. The dance in which he was going to exhibit was a Caledonian strathspey, and the instrument he would play on was a Scotch fiddle. He immediately commenced to cut the most grotesque capers, jumping and kicking, and posturing in a manner unknown to any phase of the Terpsichorean Art, all the time grinding on the "Scotch Fiddle," which was simply working the index finger of the right hand like a fiddle-bow. The excited Scotchmen stared with open mouths and blank amazement, not clearly comprehending the drift of what was going on, many of them dimly fancying that a madman was playing antics before them. At length Curtis' feet and violin both came suddenly to a full stop, when he burst into a wild fit of horse-laughter, and roared at the highest pitch of voice he could command, "You Scotch loons, you drunken sweeps, down on your marrow-bones, and pray, 'God bless the Duke of Argyle.'"
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

To persons not versed in slang it may be necessary, to enable them to estimate the unpardonable offence committed, to explain that the phrase, "Scotch Fiddle," had a supposed reference to a vulgar insinuation originating at a period when England and Scotland were engaged in internecine feuds, that an unchanged oatmeal diet so cutaneously affected those who dwelt north of the Tweed as to require the finger-friction of the "Scotch Fiddle" to alleviate some of the symptoms. The appeal on behalf of the Duke of Argyle is connected with the same tradition, as a member of that noble house once had erected a number of iron posts in Glasgow to indicate the boundaries of his property, which uprights were made a "double debt to pay," by the poorer classes of the townfolk using them as auxiliaries of the "Scotch Fiddle," i.e., scratching against them. The Scotchmen were so astounded at the audacity that for a minute or so they did not well know how to act. The point of the grossly offensive joke was impervious to many of them, but it soon went the round of the circle, and there were loud shouts of "Kick Curtis out." The spectacle at length was so irresistibly ludicrous that a loud involuntary expression of laughter ensued, and half-a-dozen lubberly fellows were meditating a rush upon the offender, when the Chairman and a few others good-humouredly interposed, and the result was that Curtis was to be forgiven if he made an unqualified and humble apology. He consented to the terms of compromise, and as a tipsy orator I never knew but one (a certain modern Member of Parliament) to even approach him. He was a capital extemporary speaker, the drunkard (provided he could only keep on his feet) the better, and he now burst forth in a really eloquent and even pathetic strain. He lauded the land of the Thistle and everything belonging to it to the skies, declared that like Byron, he was a half-blooded Scotian himself, and there was no land under heaven whose sons, both at home and abroad, had ever so distinguished themselves in art and science, law and literature, peace and war, by their genius, acquirements, erudition, diplomacy, and bravery; and as pioneers of a new country like Port Phillip, their industry, honesty, and thrift sent them far ahead of all other colonists. The three greatest personages know to him in ancient or modern history, whose memory he carried round him in a halo of hero-worship, were Rob Roy, Robbie Burns, and John Barleycorn. As for the last-named individual, he invented a beverage, beside which the so much poetised Ambrosia of Olympus tasted but as ditch-water, and though the bequeather of such a legacy might be forgotten in the rush of years, so long as a shred of civilization remained, whisky would continue to be one of the chief solacers of the great family of mankind. As to the fantasia he had executed on the "Scotch fiddle," it was meant as a good-natured joke, for he had no dearer or more esteemed friends on earth than the proprietors of some of the jolly faces he saw around him. If they wished for an apology where no affront was intended, they might have it a thousandfold, and his best wishes thrown in as a tilly.

Cavenagh, the proprietor of the Herald, always detested Curtis, and would never have anything to do with him, so though he had been connected at some time, more or less, with every other journal, he never figured on the Herald until after the gold discoveries. Even then it was with much reluctance Cavenagh would engage him, and only did so after the persistent representations of Finn, who was only too glad to put in a good word for an old friend, by this time given up by the other papers, and driven to his wits' end to make both ends meet, especially as he had taken it into his head to get married, and had more than himself to look out for. At last it approached the crisis and Cavenagh saith: "But Curtis is such a consummate scamp and confounded liar that I cannot consent to employ him on the Herald. Besides, see how the fellow in past times used to blackguard me in the Courier, the Albion, and the Daily News. How can you expect a mortal man to forget all that?" Curtis was installed on the Herald, through Finn's intercession, and so remained for several years, until he grew so outrageously unmanageable that Mr. F. B. Franklyn, who succeeded Cavenagh, was compelled to discharge him.

CURTIS AND THE MISSIONARY DOCTOR.

The first City Missionary in Melbourne was a nondescript looking old worthy, who flourished in the early years of the gold mania. He had an inside breast pocket to his coat, in which
there was as much storage as a moderate-sized carpet bag, and here he had put away as travelling baggage a small copy of the New Testament, a well-thumbed Prayer Book, a number of tracts, and odds and ends, with an assortment of pills, which in his belief excelled the Egyptian miracles of Cagliostro. Between his fingers he usually paraded a card inscribed "The Reverend John L. Milton," but he soon got to be universally known as "the Doctor." I never could learn in what University or College he took his degree, or whether he was a D.D., M.D., L.L.D., or Mus. D.; but that he was "Doctor Milton" with the public, the publicans and sinners, the Magistrates, the Police, and the reporters was an accomplished fact. He was an almost constant visitor at the watchhouses, where he had the entrée every hour of the twenty-four, waged open war upon the public-houses, and professed himself a reclamer of fallen women. In the latter respect he went so far as to open a Refuge in a cottage in Spring Street, a few doors southward of the White Hart Hotel, where he soon got together half-a-dozen "rescued lambs," a small flock out of which he netted considerable capital, for he made the establishment pay also. Occasional scandalous whisperings flew abroad in connection with this "Asylum," but in this respect I believe they were utterly groundless. With Finn, of the Herald, he was on the most cordial terms; but Curtis, of the Daily News, and he were often at drawn daggers, and sometimes in the public streets there would be a stiff scolding encounter between them. The Doctor on cold water was never an equal for Curtis on rum and no water. Milton would shake his head, uplift his hands, and protest that the other was a child of Belial, a man of sin, a lost soul, a vessel of unrighteousness—while Curtis would retort on him as a villainous old impostor, a hoary fraud, a thundering hypocrite, whose grey beard would yet descend in sorrow to the grave. In 1856, the Doctor, at much trouble and some outlay, got up a temperance demonstration at the Mechanics' Institute. Placards and advertisements were not spared, and through brisk beating up there was an assemblage of some hundreds. The newspapers were rather sick of the great temperance missionary, and the reporters attending the meetings had each instructions to cut down the affair to short paragraphs. There were three of them there, including Curtis, in anything but a temperate condition. Prior to the commencement of business, Milton, approaching the Press table, expressed a hope that as the meeting would undoubtedly be a marked success, a lengthy report would be published the next morning, and if favoured so far this time, he should never forget it. Curtis led Milton to believe that each newspaper would give a four-column report of the proceedings, and the reporters would consequently be engaged the greater part of the night in writing out their reports. If they were supplied with suitable refreshments the published reports would be considerably the better for it, and if the doctor would cash out for such a good purpose the great cause he had so much at heart would be immensely the gainer. The plausibility of the Curtis "gammoning" so worked upon Milton that he actually slipped Curtis three sovereigns—one each for the fellows who were to do such wonders. When the conference concluded Curtis rejoined his friends, and requested that whenever Milton looked towards them during the proceedings to pretend to be working zealously with their pencil-scratching, for a reason he would afterwards detail to them. Returning from the meeting, Curtis informed his colleagues of what has been related, who, hastening with their paragraphs to their respective offices, gave them in, and then repaired to a favourite tavern where they had a sumptuous supper and made a night of it, at the Doctor's expense, in more than one sense of the phrase. When Milton, next day, eagerly consulted the newspapers, he could not believe his eyes, for in lieu of four columns, there was something like a four-line notice in each. He had been completely bitten, but he saw that, under the circumstances, to bear in silence was his best course; and he afterwards spoke bitterly whenever the "do" was jokingly referred to. He protested over and over that it was the most fraudulent and disgraceful transaction his experience had ever known in a world of sin and crime.

FINN AND THE AMATEUR POLITICIAN.

Previous to each Annual Licensing Session some of the reporters would gather in some gleanings; for a person applying for a new license, or the keeper of a tavern marked by the police,
would retain the services of a newspaper man to prepare a memorial to the Bench. In 1855 an individual, whose cognomen commenced with a "P," wealthy and well known, with more bank-notes than brains, conceived an ardent longing to secure a seat in the first Legislature of the colony. He meditated a raid upon a Western constituency, and believed that if he could get up a rousing speech, and deliver it well at meetings to be held throughout the district, he would carry the election. He conferred with Mr. Finn, of the Herald, and was frankly told not to make a fool of himself. The would-be senator indignantly replied that his mind was made up, and start he would, sink or swim, regardless of consequences; but I wish you to write me a speech, and show me how to speak it properly, and I will pay you well for it. "Very well, P,—," was the practical rejoinder, "My figure, and I have no second price, will be fifteen guineas for a speech, and five guineas for lessons in elocution, which latter mean showing you how to deliver it. But you are distinctly to understand that beyond supplying the speech, and doing all I can to try and make you master it, I have no further responsibility; and our bargain gives no claim whatever for any kind of puffing or support in the Herald. As to the result of the election, of which I entertain no manner of doubt, you must blame nobody but yourself." The terms were accepted, and an appointment made for the second day after, when the oration was to be out of the workman's hands, and a hint was dropped that as the debt was more one of honour than a legal contract, and might not be as easily recoverable as tailors' wages, the only handsome and proper way of doing the thing would be for the embryo legislator to bring the cash with him; and this was likewise agreed to. Both parties were up to time. The speech was ready, and P was so delighted with the long-rounded periods, though understanding little of their meaning, as to protest that he was as sure of his election as that chalk is not cheese. The consideration was produced, and found its way into a strange pocket. But now an amusing hitch occurred. This P's education was so limited that he could barely manage to sign a cheque, and read only large print. As to deciphering even large copper-plate writing, he could no more accomplish it than fly to the moon. The difficulty was then how could the speech be committed to memory if the orator was unable to read writing? The perplexity was at length resolved by Finn suggesting that it be printed confidentially at the Herald office. The other demurred, through an apprehension that it might get wind, when he should be the laughing-stock of the town; but he was pacified by the assurance that the other would personally see that the typography would be done in the most secret manner, that three copies only should be struck off, and the type would be then distributed. The copies were accordingly printed in the largest long primer that could be got, and when submitted to the candidate, it was ascertained that he could master all except the polysyllables, with which it was copiously interlarded, and these he climbed over by spelling. The rehearsals, which came off at Finn's house, were the most comically absurd exhibitions conceivable. The recruit was placed at one end of a room opposite a large mirror, and the work commenced. "Now," saith the drill-sergeant, "stand up straight, throw back your head, advance your breast as much as possible, press the floor as hard as you can with your heels, and by that attitude you will acquire an air of independence, and nothing tells better than that. Take this paper in your left hand, and hold it as far off as you can read; and though you cannot be considered a far-sighted individual, you are blessed with good optics, and can see well. Whenever you meet with a big word, roar it out as loud as you can, pat on a half grin, clench your right fist, and let fly just as if you were in a prize fight, hitting out from the shoulder. Whenever you come to a full stop, flourish your right hand over your head, stamp with your left foot, and bow. Now, as you have never addressed an election meeting, I must supply you with some presence of mind, a confidence in yourself, or otherwise the jeering, and laughing, and shouting, and hissing, will put you off your chump, and then the game is up, for the only way to battle against election rowdiness is to keep your temper. Whatever may be said to you, mind you are not to get vexed. No telling a fellow ' he's a liar,' sending him to——, or promising to punch his head. Therefore, I shall laugh at and make fun of you, whilst you are getting through your speech, and you must not
be vexed or offended, for I am only accustoming you to what is in store for you just as they break in troopers' horses to stand fire by discharging pistols at their ears." This absurd burlesque was continued for half-a-dozen times; and beyond tripping over the sesquipedalia verba, the political novice was tolerably well able to read aloud, and by continuous stewing, had portions of the oration by heart. One of the long primer slips he had sewed up as a reserve inside the lining of his coat. The triplicate I have before me as I write. At length he arrived at his destination, and the first meeting he addressed, though there was not a complete breakdown, he so distorted the language put into his mouth, and treated his hearers to such a version of their Mother-tongue, that he was almost unanimously adjudged to be non compos mentis. All the words over two syllables he murdered. Instead of "developing the resources" he promised to "envelop the discourses" of the colony. For "propelling the colony onward to her destined pinnacle of prosperity" he would "dispel her to a hastened clinicle of diversity." When treating of "the vast mineral treasures all nearly, as yet, reposing quietly in their undisturbed abodes," his rendering was "the fast general measures yearly disposing nightly in sequestrated lodes," and so on throughout. But the climax occurred when the rhetorician declared he would "discriminate" (assimilate) Victoria to the new world of Columbus." Some unmannerly listener asked him to spell "Columbus," whereat the candidate roared with rage, and promised when the meeting "germinated" (terminated) he would give the fellow such a "bussing" as would swell him to the size of an omnibus. However, the candidature was at an end, for Mr. P—was laughed out of the field.

As the General Election of 1856 approached, the Legislational rabies bit him again, and he would be a candidate for a constituency a few miles from Melbourne, where he said his merits were well-known, and would be appreciated accordingly. Once more he appeared before his political "coach," with an intimation that as he this time intended to be his own trainer, all he should require was a slashing preliminary address to the electors, the best article that could be manufactured, and he was prepared to pay a good price. There were then two members of the Bar, who have been since Knighted, Sir W. F. Stawell and Sir A. Michie, upon whom he had what is colonially termed a mortal "down." Why he abhorred Mr. Stawell I could never elicit from him, unless, perhaps, it was because he was Attorney-General; but his grudge against Mr. Michie arose from the fact of that gentleman once appearing against him in some Supreme Court cause to which he was a party, when he had a taste of the learned gentleman's bitterly sarcastic tongue. At all events he was now absorbed by two desires, viz., that his address should be better than Stawell's; and that he might live to see the day he could be able to meet Michie on the "floor of the Houses," and then and there have it out with him. These two yearnings satisfied, he would be almost willing to lie down and die contentedly. He was again told he was befooling himself, and there was no chance of his election; but the answer was he knew better; that was his business, and if he could not obtain the required commodity—for which he was prepared to pay a high figure—he should go elsewhere, and could no doubt be suited. He preferred, however, to deal with his old friend if he was ready to undertake the job. He liked his style of work, and made him the first offer. The result was that a bargain was clinched between them, and for £20 Mr. P—was to obtain an election address of the Al brand, but beyond supplying it and getting paid, the writer washed his hands of all further responsibility. By the end of the week the document appeared in the Melbourne newspapers, subscribed by the illiterate aspirant. It was read and laughed at, but no one was found to assert that it was not well done. It was a right thing perched over a wrong name, an anomaly which caused infinite diversion. But the best of the joke was that when Stawell's address to the electors of Melbourne appeared, the Age, in overhauling it, actually expressed regret that the Attorney-General had not sought the literary assistance of the scribe by whom the P—manifesto had been prepared. This intensely delighted Mr. P—, and the address-maker was very much tickled by the Age unconsciously testifying to the fulfilment of the stipulation originally suggested by his customer.
CHAPTER LX.

POLITICAL AND PROFESSIONAL PENCIL-LINGS.


THE EARLY POLITICIANS.

ANTECEDENT to the birth of the Colony of Victoria, the political agitation in Port Phillip was threefold, viz., Separation, Anti-transportation, and the Land Question, of which Emigration and the Equitable Appropriation of the Land Sales Fund constituted sub-branches. But the great question of questions was the Separation movement. For once let the Province only be redeemed from the thraldom of New South Wales (the Middle District it was called) and armed with the power of self-government it would very speedily extricate itself from the constantly threatened abomination of convictism, and its territorial revenue would be expended for the sole advantage of the country from which it was drawn. Port Phillip stood forth as one man in the assertion of its right to have the management of its own affairs, and from 1840 to its attainment there was not a single hand publicly lifted against the so ardently-wished-for separation. As regarded the establishment of a penal settlement south of the Murray nine-tenths of the public were vehement in their opposition, the residue being the squatters, who hungered for cheap labour, and with whom "pocket" and "patriotism" were esteemed convertible terms. As to the justice and vital necessity for financial fair play, and a copious stream of untainted colonization, there was no second opinion. These subjects are treated with some fulness in other chapters, and this subdivision of the present one is devoted to some personal reminiscences, and a few other incidents in connection with a generation of public men now almost extinct, who, in their time, rendered good and faithful service to the young and promising land wherein they had resolved to woo the smiles or bear the frowns of Fortune.

Like unto a traveller after a long journey standing on a high hill-top looking back over the expanse of country through which he has passed, I fancy myself taking a retrospective glance over the devious thoroughfare of Time, and scanning through the field-glass of memory, the far-away starting-point now partly obscured by the continuously augmenting mists of years.

EDWARD CURR was the principal figure in the political firmament I am endeavouring to describe. In 1836 he arrived in Van Diemen's Land, and for years was Manager to the V.D.L. Company at Circular Head. In August, 1839, he first visited Melbourne, bringing with him for sale some thoroughbred English cattle. Shortly after he settled in Port Phillip, turned his attention to squatting pursuits, and took up his residence on the Yarra in a nook of the area now occupied as the Abbotsford Convent, but called by him "St. Helliers," a name that should never have been abandoned. Mr. Curr, a man of cultured intellect, and considerable ability, was soon immersed in the public affairs of the Province. As the movement to attain Separation was initiated before his permanent residence in Port Phillip, the designation of "Father of Separation" subsequently conferred on him, cannot be regarded a correct one; yet the ardour with which he threw himself
into the struggle, and the unflagging manner in which he maintained his place in the front of the long and tedious battle, fairly ranked him as a leader second to none, though whatever laurels were his due for the vast services rendered in a cause which so materially affected the interests of the whole community, might be fairly shared by the Rev. Dr. Lang, in whom Curr had a coadjutor as able and willing, and as persevering as himself. Yet, strangely enough, these two men, though they helped so bravely a common cause, never worked in the same team, and if yoked together, would have kicked, or bitten, or torn each other to death. Curr was an English Roman Catholic of extreme views, though tolerant enough in a certain fashion, whilst Lang was a most intolerant Presbyterian minister, who so abhorred Papistry, that if he only had the power, he had the will to clear out of the colony every man, woman, and child of that abhorred sect. A feud was generated between Curr and Lang at the Legislative Council Election in 1843, and though Curr was certainly the first aggressor, he would never be a party to healing the quarrel, and when Lang afterwards obtained something akin to a general absolution for past transgressions in consequence of his eminent public services in the Colonial Legislature, Curr alone amongst the most prominent men of the time stood aloof, and refused to extend the hand of reconciliation.

As a speaker Edward Curr was calm, methodical, and unimpassioned, unless when "riled" by some interruption, when he would warm up, and hit out. He never ascended to eloquence, but his deliverances were to the point, undiscursive, logical, and exhaustive. No man was better posted up in provincial affairs, and more than one memorial prepared by him on the Separation Question, was so complete as to be irrefutable. In addition to the platform, he contributed elaborate essays to the newspapers, and was ever indefatigable in advocating with tongue and pen what he believed to be conducive to the common weal. His result of this was that the Van Diemen's Land Company were the real introducers of the highest caste of merino sheep into Port Phillip, and their numerous flocks having spread throughout the colonies, many of the principal merino breed trace their origin to this fact. Wherever Mr. Curr went 'society' gave him a name. In Tasmania he was generally known as the 'Potentate of the North.' The Governor of that country used to speak of him as 'Baron Grim of Cape Grim,' such being the name of a point on the Company's principal sheep-station. After he had lived some time in Victoria, he was called the 'Father of Separation.' Mr. Curr arrived in Van Diemen's Land in 1826, and left the Company in 1841. He was the author of one of the earliest works on that colony, entitled "An Account of the Colony of Van Diemen's Land," published in London in 1824; and was member of the Legislative Council thereof."
CHARLES HOTSON EBDEN was the second son of J. B. Ebden, senior, non-official member of the Cape of Good Hope Legislature. At an early age he directed his attention to Australia, and made several trips between the Cape and the New Continent, settling in 1832, to commercial pursuits in Sydney. In 1835 he abandoned the counting-house desk for the stock-breeders' vocation, and transferred whatever capital he possessed to pastoral operations. The occupation of Port Phillip, and the interest excited by its supposed boundless pasturages, acted like a magnet in attracting the attention of the neighbouring colonies, and amongst some of the earliest overlanders from Sydney was Ebden, who in September, 1836, took up a station on the Murray, and was the first to strike a crossing-place over the river at Albury. Coming further South in the beginning of 1837, in company with Mr. Charles Bonney, they discovered the splendid country so well-known as Carlsruhe, which Ebden named as a memento of his Germanic associations, and occupied it for several years. It was stocked with 9000 sheep, the first quadrupeds of the kind driven overland from Sydney. Ebden was a solemn-faced portly man, and judging from his cast of countenance one would not take him to be addicted to certain frivolities freely attributed to him. Becoming a land speculator in 1839, when a mania for that sort of investment set in, he realized large prices for allotments purchased at a low figure a couple of years before, and subsequently sub-divided and re-sold. He was a shining light of the Melbourne Club, and from an early period mingled freely in every political movement, and election struggle, sympathizing with the squatting element, but usually standing well and popular with the people. He represented Port Phillip more than once in the Legislature of New South Wales, and if it be admitted that he was a respectable mediocrity in the capacity nothing more can be fairly claimed for him. As a Separationist and Anti-transportationist he did his duty, and he was a liberal supporter of every charitable project initiated. When Port Phillip obtained its Independence in 1851, Ebden was appointed to the office of Auditor-General, and as such his friends asserted on his behalf the possession of special qualifications. No doubt he had picked up a general smattering of figures in the mercantile calling in which he had originally embarked in Sydney, but that he was anything of a thorough master of finance is fairly questionable. However, he played no unimportant part in the after political history of the colony, having held office in several Ministries, and sat for years in the Legislative Assembly, and at his death was very generally regretted.

ALEXANDER THOMSON was one of our earliest imported politicians, for he was an attaché of the Batman party, and arrived with his family from Van Diemen's Land in Melbourne during March, 1836. According to an ancient biographical notice of him, he was a born Scotshman, educated under Dr. Todd of Tichfield, thence passed to the University of Aberdeen, and finished under Sir Everard Home. He circumnavigated the globe five times, and in 1828 was instrumental in the introduction of the first English steamer to the Australian colonies. In 1828 he went to Van Diemen's Land, and was a good deal in the confidence of the members of the co-partnery for which Batman purchased Port Phillip from the eight Aboriginal chiefmen. After all of life seen by Dr. Thomson it was dull enough for him to have to quamby with his wife in a wattle-and-daub hovel in the vicinage of the wharf, for this was where he was for a while domiciled. But he was a useful, good-natured, though near-sighted gentleman, and rendered many kind offices to the very limited community in which fate had cast him. He did not long remain in Melbourne, for he
conceived an affection for Geelong which never left him until his dying hour, and by 1837 had migrated there, purchased at some of its earliest land sales, and remained one, though very prominent, of the Geelongese. As an evidence of the unexpected things to which an energetic settler in a new colony will have to put his hand, it may be mentioned that Dr. Thomson was the first to accomplish the perilous undertaking of driving a bullock team between Geelong and Melbourne. His regular whip fearing that he might be eaten by the blacks, who were reported as very carnivorous on the Werribee, struck work after the journey had been commenced, and left the master to either return or go on if he liked without him. Dr. Thomson went on, and reached his journey's end without the slightest Aboriginal molestation. In politics Thomson was an ultra-Radical, or rather sided with an extreme Scotch party then existent, and who, though in pretty general accord with public opinion, occasionally urged a redress of grievances in language more uncompromising than prudent. He invariably fought under the banner of Dr. Lang; but no question was ever raised as to the sincerity and disinterestedness of his motives. He was the first Mayor of Geelong, and its representative in the Legislature, and should the chronicles of Corio be ever written, Alexander Thomson ought to hold an honoured place as one of its public benefactors.

J. F. LESLIE FOSTER was the son of an Irish Judge, and nephew of Mr. Speaker Foster, of the Irish House of Commons before the Union. He was an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin. Arriving in Port Phillip about 1840, he soon appeared in the arena of public men, and took an active part in every political movement of the time. Of considerable ability and largely read, he might have acquired considerable influence, but there was a shiftiness and insincerity about his public conduct, which, added to the absence of personal liking, for he never much courted popularity, somehow or other he never escaped a certain amount of distrust. He was mixed up with every underhand move of the squatters for the procuring of cheap labour, and no public man not thoroughly sound on the Anti-transportation question could ever hope to be taken into general favour. Whilst he sat as a Provincial Representative in the New South Wales Legislature, he performed his duties with creditable assiduity and intelligence, if not with universal satisfaction; and at the Separation era he disappeared from the colonial stage by a visit to England, with a view, as was reported, of working a lucrative Victorian appointment from the Home Government. Whether rumour was correct or not Foster succeeded, for he turned up with the Colonial Secretarieship in his pocket in August, 1853, when he succeeded Captain Lonsdale, the first holder of that office. During the brief interregnum between the departure of ex-Governor Latrobe and the arrival of Governor Sir C. Hotham in 1854, Foster officiated as Administrator of the Government. The Hotham reign was short and troublous in consequence of the disturbed and almost revolutionary state of the goldfields. Both Governor and Secretary were objects of extreme unpopularity, and succumbing to the exceptional circumstances, and in some measure to allay the daily increasing discontent, Foster tendered his resignation, and was succeeded by Mr. W. C. Haines. There is little doubt but Foster was sacrificed. It was realizing the familiar phrase of throwing a tub to a whale, the greater vessel (the Governor) was in danger, and to save it the chief officer was pitched overboard. If Foster had continued in harness until 1856 he would have been entitled to a pension on being ousted by any change under responsible Government. But now that he had cast himself prematurely adrift, he forfeited this prospective retiring allowance, which in process of time passed into Haines' pocket. There can be no doubt that Foster felt assured of receiving adequate compensation, but his subsequent applications to Parliament were rejected. It is difficult for any unbiased lover of fair play to favour any other conclusion than that Foster received shabbily and ungenerous treatment. Under the new constitution he was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly, and in March, 1857, accepted office as Treasurer in the first O'Shanassy administration, which lived only some six weeks. He subsequently quit public life, and left the colony, and has not since reappeared on the political horizon.

JOHN DENIS E. LANG, though connected with New South Wales, made himself so essentially a Port Phillipian politician, and so pre-eminently distinguished himself in the advocacy of Separation, that he is well-entitled to a place in this notice. A Scotchman every inch, and born at
Greenock, 25th August, 1799, he graduated at the Glasgow University, and attained a D.D. in 1825. In 1822 he was ordained by the Irvine Presbytery a minister for the Scots' National Church in Sydney, where he arrived in 1823. His chequered career in New South Wales and the religious and political troubles in which he was embroiled there, do not come within the scope of this narrative. His openly avowed rancorous hostility to anything Papistical, more especially the Irish Roman Catholic, caused him to be regarded with much disfavour by no inconsiderable section of the population of this province when he visited Melbourne in 1843, seeking election to the New South Wales Legislature. He dashed into the contest with the pluck for which he was proverbial, and the opposition to him was of the fiercest and most embittered kind. It was his presence in Melbourne that gave impulse to a few embers of Orangeism recently imported from the North of Ireland, longing for some Lucifer to fire the feeble train, and this Dr. Lang brought with him.

Mr. Edward Curr, an English Roman Catholic of strong Conservative opinions, was candidate for Melbourne, and he lost his head so far as to declare that if Lang were elected for the district he would not sit for Melbourne. This ill-timed dictate was an overt act of aggression, opportunely presented to the Langites, which they were only too ready to use. And well they did so, for they evoked the worst passions of human nature, stirred up the dregs of Orangeism, and a wild cry of fanaticism, rang for a while throughout the length and breadth of the land. Still in a certain way Lang placed the province under deep indebtedness to him for the unceasing energy with which he fought the battle of its Independence both in and out of the New South Wales Legislature, as well as during one or two trips he took to England. His Victorian vicissitudes, if fully described, would form in themselves an amusing chapter, and afford a striking illustration of the mutability of public opinion, and the extraordinary reverses to which a well-intentioned but perverse individual may be subjected without any great fault of his own. As for Dr. Lang, by even some of the Port Phillipians he was loathed as a demi-demon, whilst others hailed him as something not much short of a demi-god; and curiously enough he drifted from the verge of assassination to the confines of an apotheosis, he was the honoured guest at a grand Separation demonstration, and the occupant of a cell in the Melbourne Gaol. He made various visits to Port Phillip, and one of these occasions, in 1845, afforded his admirers an opportunity of according him a special ovation in the form of a public breakfast, for which extensive preparations were made. A section of the Melbourne ladies had taken quite a liking to him, and to impart eclat to the proceedings, the presentation of a gown from them was to constitute a special feature.

The Doctor arrived, after some disappointment, per steamer, from Sydney, and on the 4th of March the public welcome was offered. The Mayor (Mr. H. Moor) presided, and the orators were the Mayor, Messrs. J. A. Marsden, Alderman Kerr, Councillors Greeves and Fawkner and Dr. F. M'Arthur. Mr. H. W. Mortimer, in a few brief, stilted but suitable observations, officiated as the proxy of the ladies, and presented the guest with a minister's elaborately finished gown, as their friendship's offering. The Doctor seemed much pleased with the compliment, spoke pleasantly, as he could well do when he liked, and was profuse in his acknowledgments. The gown was put on, was a capital fit; it well became the man of peace and war, and the event terminated in general gratulation.

Dr. Lang had been in England in 1849, and to give him his due, was not idle there in urging the public claims of Port Phillip upon the Downing Street magnates; and as the colonists were in the main never ungrateful for services rendered, a public meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute on the 16th February, 1850, to testify the public regard for the valuable labours of Dr. Lang whilst in the Home country. Mr. L. McKinnon officiated as Chairman, and addresses were delivered by him, Messrs. Wm. Westgarth, Wm. Hull, J. W. Bell, J. C. King, Wm. Kerr, and others. The outcome of the proceedings was two-fold, viz., the giving of a public dinner and a purse of sovereigns to the reverend gentleman. The entertainment came off on the 22nd February at the Protestant Hall. The Mayor of Melbourne (Dr. Greeves), presided, with the Mayor of Geelong as Vice, but the Press were not admitted.

But great trouble was brewing for the Doctor at the very time those festivities were on foot, and a squall burst upon him soon after which sadly put out both himself and his friends. It came
about in this wise:—Whilst in England he organized a scheme of supplying Australia with a number of young missionaries, which ended in an abortion. Whilst arranging for his departure per the "Clifton," Mr. Robert Wilson, an intending fellow-passenger, placed £700 in the Doctor's hands, under an arrangement to receive £719 on arrival in Port Phillip. The "Clifton" anchored in Hobson's Bay on 12th February, 1850, but the promised reimbursement of the deposit or loan was not forthcoming, and legal proceedings were, after some procrastination, instituted for its recovery. On the 10th May, Dr. Lang, who was in Melbourne, was arrested under a false pretence whilst dining at the residence of Mr. William Kerr, in West Lonsdale Street. An unsuccessful application was made to the Supreme Court to quash the proceeding, and great was the consternation reigning amongst the Langites. On the 14th they mustered at the Mechanics' Institute to consider the best means to be taken for raising the amount for non-payment of which the Doctor was under duress, and the chair was taken by Dr. P. M'Arthur, of Heidelberg. The attendance did not exceed a couple of dozen, and the principal speakers were the Rev. A. M. Ramsay and Mr. W. Kerr. It was stated that £300 had been subscribed, and the further management of the movement was confided to a Committee consisting of the Chairman, Rev. Mr. Ramsay, Messrs. Milne, W. Willoughby, J. C. King, Thorpe, Fleming, M. Farlane, Campbell, J. Ballingall, G. Finlayson, G. Annand and M'Gregor. The Doctor was not released until 21st May, a compromise having been effected, its terms being, according to a newspaper of the time, £200 cash, and acceptances for the balance. The Doctor's popularity was now on the wane, and little more was heard of him in Melbourne, but in 1872, the Parliament of Victoria, not ungrateful of past services, voted him £1,000. Dr. Lang was a voluminous writer, a somewhat ponderous, though at times, a racy speaker, never at rest, but always doing something, and possibly no man ever worked so unceasingly for the new country to which he had transferred his allegiance. No person capable of expressing an unbiased opinion can fairly impugn the general accuracy of Dr. Lang's attributes as summarised in Blair's *Cyclopaedia of Australia*, viz., "a man of indomitable energy, of liberal views, of considerable ability, of great public spirit, and utterly careless about pecuniary advantage." Add to these a proneness to literary pugnacity, and an intolerance of a certain religious denomination, which only needed the power to burst into a persecution, and the portraiture is complete. Dr. Lang died in 1878, the owner of one of the most historic names in the early annals of Australia.

JOHN O'SHANASSY, though the last in this connection by no means the least, was a South Irish Tipperary man, for in that far-famed, but much-maligned county, he first appeared in the world, anno 1818. Arriving in Hobson's Bay in November, 1839, and the possessor of a sound commercial education, he owned little or none of those acquirements so essential to the coming statesman; but he was gifted with an inordinate appetite for reading, without the slightest tendency to literary dyspepsia, and so he "read, learned, and inwardly digested;" and by the aid of a memory so retentive that it did not permit a crumb to escape, he was soon well posted in every public question ventilated in newspaper or at meeting. Had he undergone the same process of mental training as his great countryman Daniel O'Connell, and, like him, called to the Bar, John would have proved a sort of counterpart of Dan, for there was a corporeal and intellectual resemblance in the two. Their style of oratory was not unlike in several respects—rough, impetuous, uncontrollable, as a mountain torrent. O'Connell the more disciplined, logical and humorous, and both of them, when much put out, subject to violent gusts of invective. O'Shanassy had the good sense not to jump into the political ring at once. He felt his way, bided his time, and when the hour came the man was ready to move to the front, take his place, and keep it amongst the foremost publicists of the colony. It was several years before he took an active part in public affairs, and though quietly remaining in the background, an universal impression prevailed that there was a good deal in him, and that he would show it. By degrees he began to make himself felt by the part he took in the Separation and Anti-Transportation agitations. In 1851 he was elected one of the members for Melbourne in the First Legislative Council of Victoria, and he was the only one of the thirty composing that body who, on the prorogation in 1853, occupied a seat in our
SIR JOHN O'SHANASSY.
Parliament. He died in the May of that year. On three several occasions he was Chief Secretary and Premier, and in 1874 was Knighted in recognition of his many and distinguished public services. Whenever the history of Victoria shall be written, merit will not have its meed if the name of John O'Shanassy be not inscribed top-most on the roll-call of the now nearly extinct band of patriots who, in times of peril and difficulty, served their country with an ability, devotion and loyalty that may be equalled, but not excelled.

WILLIAM WESTGARTH.—There could be no more indefatigable yet unobtrusive man than William Westgarth, who, though an indifferent speaker, always thought out his subject, as to be perfect master of it. He was a voluminous contributor to the newspapers and the recognized statistic of the old times. Though never pushing himself forward he was always in the van, and his services were such that on the 15th January 1847, on the eve of a visit to the old country, he was entertained at a numerously-attended public breakfast in the Prince of Wales Hotel, but at his urgent request the projectors unwillingly acquiesced in making it a private demonstration. In England he rendered valuable services to the colony, in return for which he was successively elected to the Legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria. For many years he has devoted himself to commercial pursuits in London, and is second to none as an authority on Colonial Finance.

WILLIAM H. HULL.—Refined and gentlemanly, chivalrous and uncompromising, Mr. Hull was a vast acquisition to any movement he joined. With an impulsiveness which when thwarted inclined to a slight eccentricity, he would sometimes give an amusing turn to a matter of sombre seriousness; but whether on the Police Bench or public platform, no one could reasonably question the sincerity of his motives or the straightforwardness with which he enunciated his views. He would not accept a seat in the City Council, though for several years he served the colony well and conscientiously in the Upper branch of the Victorian Parliament.

In addition to those already enumerated, there was a large and useful phalanx whose names figure in the early records as participants in the various efforts undertaken for the redress of grievances, or the promotion of the welfare of the community; but the space at my disposal precludes more than the noting of those who should at least be mentioned in a sketch of this kind, viz., Captain G. W. Cole, Drs. P. M'Arthur and F. M'Crae, Thomas Wills, J. B. and George Gere, William Houston, William Stawell, Samuel Raymond, Lyon Campbell, Wm. Verner, A. F. and A. T. Mollison, A. M'Killop, Joseph and John Hawdon, G. S. Brodie, C. J. Griffiths, A. R. Cruikshank, A. H. Hart, John Bear, senior, J. A. Marsden, Michael Cashmore, and Colin Campbell.

BARRISTERS-AT-LAW.

Prior to the establishment of a branch of the Supreme Court in Melbourne there was no such Institution as a Port Phillip Bar; and according to Kerr's Directory for 1841, at the close of 1840 there were only three Barristers in the Province, who are thus specified—James Croke, Esq., Crown Prosecutor and Legal Adviser to His Honor the Superintendent; Edward Jones Brewer, Esq., A.B., Chairman of QuarterSessions and Commissioner of the Court of Requests; and Redmond Barry, Esq., A.B. In April, 1841, Judge Willis had his judicial machinery in motion, and the following Barrister admissions are recorded during the year, viz.,—12th April—Messrs. James Croke, Redmond Barry, R. W. Pohlman, E. J. Brewer and Archibald Canninghame; 15th October—James E. Murray. On 15th March, 1842, William Houston was admitted; Edward Eyre Williams, and March; and Charles J. Baker, 15th April. In 1843 there was a further accession in the persons of Messrs. William Stawell and Samuel Raymond, and in 1844 Mr. Sidney Stephen. There was no new blood for several years, and two of those, named Houston and Baker, did not go into practice. The number was further reduced by the subsequent retirement of Brewer, Murray, Raymond and Canninghame; and in 1847 there were only Croke, Barry, Pohlman, Williams, Stawell and Stephen.
And so it continued up to 1851, when Mr. John Barker was admitted, but did not practice. Croke, the Law Adviser, and Pohlman, the Commissioner of Insolvency, rarely appeared in the Nisi Prius Court, which was therefore appropriated by Barry, Williams and Stawell, chiefly the last two named, who were almost invariably pitted against each other.

E. J. BREWSTER was the First Barrister to arrive in the colony. He came from Sydney in 1839 with the appointment of Chairman of Quarter Sessions, the first Court with a criminal jurisdiction to try uncapital felonies and misdemeanours, established in 1839, which continued until the opening of the Supreme Court in 1841. He was also the first Commissioner of the Court of Requests (a small debts tribunal) opened in 1840, which he resigned in 1841, to be succeeded by Barry. Brewster was a member of the Irish Bar, of moderate ability, but remarkable for his severe Quarter Session sentences. He practised for some time before Judge Willis, who viewed him with an aversion he did not care to mask, and the result was that Brewster retired from business, took to land speculating and mortgage investments, at which he did better than he would have done at the Bar. He represented Port Phillip for some time in the New South Wales Legislature, where he displayed a sound, practical ability, which was duly appreciated, for he was held in good esteem until his departure from the colony, to which he never returned. In 1885 he was alive and prosperous in his native land.

JAMES CROKE, also of the Irish Bar, was the second to put in an appearance. He also arrived via Sydney in 1839, accredited as Clerk of the Crown, Official Prosecutor, and Law Adviser. He was a queerish-looking, cross-grained, red-gilled customer, reputedly stuffed with a musty lore known as “black-letter” law; and if he was possessed of anything like genuine ability, he was consummately skilful in concealing it. No functionary was better known to all ancient colonists than “Old Croke.” No misnomer was given to him, for he was as veritable a “croaker” as could possibly be picked up. Eccentric in his brusqueness, and excessively ill-tempered when engaged in Court, his collisions with Bench, Bar, Attorneys, Suitors, Officials—and, in fact, everybody—were so frequent that he was a favourite with nobody. As an Advocate or a cross-examiner, it would be a perversion of fact to designate him other than the veriest muff; and it was an infliction to listen to his long, drawling, lugubrious, irritable addresses to Judge or Jury, particular passages of which he used to emphasize by a vicious push at his wig or a spiteful clutching of his gown collar, as if he wished to twist the whole garment over his shoulders. With Willis, the first Judge, he never could get on, and the “scenes” between them, when they would grin at and caterwaul each other like a pair of fighting tom-eats, were rich beyond description. Willis would snarl, and bounce, and scream; Croke would grimace, howl, and defy in return. Willis would seem as if disposed to jump from the Bench and scratch the eyes out of the other, whilst Croke to all appearances would be not unlike a person preparing to spring on the table, storm the Judgment-seat, and throttle his plaguer. But though they hissed, grinned, and showed their teeth at each other, it never came to blows, though two or three times it was not far off. With the other Judges Croke got on better, though he often sorely tested their patience and forbearance. Still “Old Croke” in his public capacity never lost the general confidence of the public. His legal advice to the Government was on the whole sound, and as Crown Prosecutor as a rule he performed his duties in a reasonably conscientious manner. The position he held as such was one of much responsibility, needing good judgment; for, like the Attorney-General of the present time, he was the Grand Jury of the province, but, unlike now, had no legal deputies to whom he could delegate any portion of his functions. In a limited community, and with an ever-carping Press, he would have been more than human had he pleased everyone; and though he was not free from mistakes, for he made two or three remarkable ones, no one ever attributed his shortcomings to any corrupt or unworthy motives, but assigned them to a misconception of what he thoroughly believed to be his strict and sworn duty. At the approach of Separation Croke entertained not only expectations, but had, as he conceived, strong claims to the Attorney-Generalship of the new colony of Victoria. In 1851 Mr. Stawell, his professional junior, but facilis principi, his professional superior, cut him out, when “Old Jenny” got into a terrible fit of sulks; but upon an appeal to the Home Government he was, after some procrastination, appointed Solicitor-General. After sitting as a
sort of nominee cypher on the Benches of the first Legislative Council, he finally retired on a pension, left the colony, and died in Ireland some years after.

Redmond Barry, whose name was destined to be written on one of the brightest pages of Victorian history, inherited Norman and Cymbrian blood filtered through an Hibernian pedigree, for he was descended from William De Barry, who married Angharad, grand-daughter of Rhys Ap-Griffiths, Prince of Wales. His father was a Major-General Barry, who resided near Glanworth, in the County Cork, and here the baby Corkonian made his first acquaintance with the Emerald Isle, in 1818, the year of his birth. Young Barry was intended for his father's profession, and to qualify him for such, was despatched at an early age to a military school, near Bexley, in Kent. Some delay occurred in obtaining his commission, and such proved the turning-point of his life, for it shunted him on to a different line, and arma cedant toga—was his future watchword. Returning to Ireland and entering Trinity College he obtained an A.B. degree in 1833, was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, and arrived in Sydney the following year. Coming to Melbourne towards the end of 1839, he determined upon remaining there. In 1840 there was little legal business to be done in Port Phillip beyond advising upon titles, and, the young Barrister had only the Quarter Sessions and Police Courts in which to air his eloquence. At the former place his appearance was rare, but his name is reported in connection with several important cases at the Police Office during 1840 and '41. On Brewster's resignation of the Commissionership of the Court of Requests in 1841, Barry was appointed to the post at an annual salary of £100, and was soon after nominated Standing Counsel for the Aborigines. On the opening of the Supreme Court, he was necessarily engaged in almost every case, and for a time got on so well with the judicial oddity (Willis) that on one occasion his Honor condescended to compliment him as "an eloquent young Advocate." But they soon swam out of the smooth water, and no Barrister of the period had so many nasty tiffs with the irascible Judge, who was however, invariably "bested" by Barry's dignified deportment and invincible politeness. As the Bar enlarged and business increased, Barry's practice did not do so in proportion, for he was never a favourite with the Attornies, and his solemn starchness and profuse punctiliousness overpowered them. Whilst Murray, Raymond, Williams, and Stawell could be got, Barry would hardly be thought of, and when he was under such circumstances retained, it was either at the special request of a client, or because of the valuable forensic services expected from him. A profound lawyer he was not; but in addressing a jury he was unexcelled by any of his contemporaries, and some of his Court speeches in the early libel cases are rare specimens of ornate and impassioned oratory. To the promotion of every early literary, social, or charitable movement, he contributed no ordinary assistance, and though he was too grandiose and stand-offish for the multitude, who half admired and half feared the primishness of his "get up," and the mannerism of his movements, he was, nevertheless, always held in high respect.

On the inauguration of Victoria as a colony in 1851, Mr. Barry was appointed its first Solicitor-General; and in 1853 when the Justiciary was enlarged, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, where he officiated more than once as Acting Chief Justice. In the founding of the Melbourne University he took so prominent a part that at its birth in 1855 the Chancellorship was conferred on him, and he retained it until his death, a quarter of a century after. Of the Public Library he might be designated one of its chief projectors. In 1875, during the simultaneous absence from the colony of the Governor and Chief Justice, he performed the duties of Administrator of the Government for a short time. A Knighthood of the Order of St. Michael and St. George was, in 1876, bestowed as a royal recognition of his distinguished public services. On the 23rd November, 1880, Sir Redmond Barry died somewhat unexpectedly, and his remains were consigned to their last earthly resting-place amidst a regret as genuine as it was universal.

Robert Williams Pohllan, a Londoner, born in 1811, and in 1839 called to the English Bar, arrived in Melbourne anno 1840, and thenceforth cast in his lot with the fortunes of the infant settlement. He never made much, or indeed any noise, professionally or personally, for he floated along the current of life a respectable nonentity, esteemed by many and disliked by none. His legal practice was never of much account, and mostly confined to the Equity branch. He was too undemonstrative for the worldly turmoil of
legal wrangling, and when one listened to his unenergetic lisping before judge or jury, a feeling of some surprise arose, how it ever came to pass that he selected the Bar as a vocation. He was the second Commissioner of Insolvency in Port Phillip, and the first Master in Equity and County Court Judge in Victoria; and on two occasions he acted as the locum tenens Judge of the Supreme Court. In his judicial capacity he rendered much satisfaction, for, though his legal abilities belonged to the moderate order, he was gifted with a plodding, painstaking faculty of application, and an unflagging honesty of purpose, which enabled him to dispense justice of a quantity and quality which could not be outdone by a man of quicker perception, or more intellectual parts. For years he acted as Chairman of the Board of Denominational Education; he did much to promote purposes of charity, and was for years one of the most dutiful children of the Church Episcopal.

Archibald Cunninghame originally an Advocate in the Scottish Courts, performed the difficult feat, if not of unlearning the legal lore he had first acquired, at least of substituting for it, or overloading it with the studies required for the English Bar, to which he was called in 1834. Coming to Melbourne in 1841, he was soon enrolled amongst the legal acolytes of the Court of Judge Willis, and between them they contrived to improvise some stirring episodes, for Willis, who was always fiery, would be met by a trenchness on the part of Cunninghame, which was far from agreeing with his Honor's brimstone temperament. They soon, however, drifted into a better understanding, and Cunninghame, without opposition from the Judge, managed to get appointed Official Assignee in some protracted insolvent estate cases, which brought acceptable grist to the mill. Cunninghame's line in law was Equity, his style as befitted such a branch was prolix, dry, and tedious, his personnel was peculiar, and his voice harsh. When addressing the Court he did so with a stoop, and the conformation of his face was such, and his nose so beakish, that a listener with any force of imagination, would fancy that she saw before him a huge crow cawing away at something like a jackdaw perched aloft before him. But, there were occasions when the monotonous Barrister could shake himself up and show there was an extra judicial vivacity in him; for when divested of the cumbersome trapping of wig and gown, and on his legs at public meeting or public dinner, he would hit out with a verve, and declaim with a pathetic eloquence, enough to cause a person to doubt whether the lithe, lively, and rhetorical orator before him, could possibly be the horse-haired, sabled talking automaton of the Supreme Court.

James Erskine Murray, an English Barrister of standing, dated 1831, was son of the Scotch Lord Elibank, and so be the prefix “Honourable,” then rare, but since grown common in the Colony. He was a '41 arrival, and for a brief period mixed actively in the vitality of the district, enjoying alike the solemnity of the Supreme Court and the conviviality of a public dinner, the recklessness of the racecourse and the rowdiness of a Corporation election meeting. As a lawyer he was superficial, and his style of address showy, shallow and insinuating. He bid high for the applause of the many, in which he succeeded, by the combined influence of a bonhomie almost Hibernian, and ancestralic blue blood, considerations which invariably act with an almost resistless power in captivating the populace. But, Judge Willis could not bear him, and they were soon not only at drawn daggers with each other, but willing enough to wound if it only could be done with impunity. In his altercations with Murray, Willis particularly delighted in derisively accentuating the term “honourable,” such as “Oh, the honourable Mr. Murray, I beg your pardon. Ah, honourable is it? I suppose it will not be polite, though it may be the correct thing to say dis—honourable; I beg your pardon, &c.” Whereat Mr. Murray would writhe in his wig and scowl at his tormentor, almost wishing himself an anthropophagus, and that he had Willis, cooked or raw, for a meal before him. There was once a row at an early race meeting, where Mr. Oliver Gartley, a fast merchant, obstructed the police in the arrest of a peace disturber. The police turning on him, he was overpowered and handcuffed. Murray, who was an intimate friend of the second prisoner, did something towards inciting to a rescue, and narrowly escaped a locking up in the watchhouse; but his rank turned the scale, and he escaped the indignity. The land mania of the period was too much for the uncanny Scotchman, who plunge into transactions so risky and long-winded, that in instances he gave bills running for five years. At length he slipped so far out of his depth that, to save himself from being carried out to
Edward Eyre Williams was born in 1813, and called to the Inner Temple in 1833. In 1841 he married Miss Jessie Gibbon, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibbon, of Lonmay, Aberdeenshire, and was the only member of the original Port Phillip Bar who came provided with a wife to the new settlement. Admitted here in April, 1842, he had a taste of Judge Willis; but there never occurred anything like a shindy between the two—a circumstance difficult to be accounted for, because Williams was about the last man to patiently submit to a brow-beating. Possibly chance interposed on his behalf, for, curiously enough, Williams never held a brief on behalf of any individual upon whom Willis had a "down," though in almost every case of importance that came before him, the Judge exercised none nor best of a predilection, or the reverse. Williams was given to a spasmodic style of address—something of a melodious bark, largely tinctured with bounce, and so loud lunged that a poetaster once, in a local squib designated him as:—"The Boanerges of the Melbourne Bar." Williams was thorough master of every matter he took in hand, and the care and completeness with which he placed his case before the Court went far to make up for any forensic deficiencies beyond his control; so the Attornies took to him. But Williams, so far from isolating himself in his profession, was not indifferent to the world as it wagged outside the Supreme Court, for his portly figure was frequently to be seen, with a stout shoulder to the wheel, whenever any question vitally affecting the public welfare required a strong helping push. His proclivities were more anti than pro squatting, and no man of the time was more uncompromisingly denunciatory of the attempts periodically made to turn the district into a cesspool of convict iniquity. For years he was a member of the District Council of Bourke, a Corporate body armed with almost despotic power, wisely kept in abeyance until the abortion died out without an effort to do either good or harm. In July, 1851, he succeeded Barry as Commissioner of the Court of Requests, but was neither as painstaking nor popular as his predecessor. In January, 1852, he was appointed Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and in the succeeding April was again in Barry's track; for on the latter vacating the Solicitor-Generalship, Williams stepped into the abandoned official's shoes. This promotion brought with it a nominee seat in the first Legislative Council; but here he did not abide long, for fate was beckoning him upward, and in the lapse of some time he was nominated as the third Judge of Victoria. He continued on the Bench until the early part of 1874, when he retired on a well-earned pension, and returned to England. Four years afterwards the honour of Knighthood was conferred on him, a distinction he did not long enjoy, for he died a year or so after. The colony has been hitherto specially fortunate in its Supreme Court Judges, for with the exception of the first (Willis) the members of the Judiciary taken generally have not been excelled by any Bench out of England; but without disparagement to any of them, it may be truthfully written that as an all-round Judge, Williams was held in most esteem by the Legal Profession. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the three best Common Law-pleaders of the Victorian bar, Williams, Fellows, and Williams secundus, were all exalted to the Bench; and equally remarkable that the Judge Williams of 1888 occupies the seat so worthily filled by his father, who was succeeded by Mr. Justice Stephen.
Judge Willis, so he escaped the unpleasantness of any disedifying Court scenes with the eccentric ex-functionary. Mr. Stawell was a smart, wiry, determined-looking young man, who lost no time in setting to work; leading, however, the reverse of the Anchorite's life. The Horatian motto of *dues est desipere in loco* was not displeasing to him; and though a study of sheepskin converted into parchment was not neglected, the Templar was often more at home anchored in a pigskin, astride a spirited quadruped, the livelier and wickeder the better, for though sometimes the rider would come, if not to grief, to the ground, it took a consummate "buck-jumper" to execute a deed of separation between man and horse.

The first time I saw Stawell was not many months after his arrival, and he was residing in a small brick cottage in Little Lonsdale Street West. I went from a newspaper office to make some inquiry about a Supreme Court case in which he was retained. My knock was answered by a thoughtful-looking young man, loosely garbed in a blue serge short overshirt then much worn in the bush. Not personally knowing Mr. Stawell, I asked for him, and was rather taken aback by an answer informing me that the individual wanted stood before me. I fancied he noticed my surprise, for he smiled, made himself agreeable enough, and gave me what I came about. I was then a more Irish stripling, but even at school had acquired some reputation as a face reader amongst my companions. On my way back to the office, pondering over what I had seen, my thoughts, if put in words, would run almost literally in this strain, "Well, if that be the new arrival about whom I have been hearing so much, he seems a careless, fair and easyish sort of fellow; but still there is something about the lines of his mouth, an earnestness in his eyes, and an unmistakableness perched on the top of his nose, from which I should be disposed to think that he will make his mark in Melbourne, and I shall hear a good deal about him before I die." The events of the forty years that have flown by Mr. Stawell's public career, as a lawyer and politician, and his present exalted position more than vindicate the accuracy of my *impromptu* soothsaying.

The Bar was so numerically limited that a man like Stawell had not much way to make in coming to the van, and this he did almost at a step. He was a painstaking Advocate, with an immense capacity for work, and a sound knowledge of law. Though not a brilliant speaker, the soundness of his arguments and his seriousness of purpose always caused him to be listened to with attention. Without the eloquence of Barry, or the technical knowledge of Williams, he was a better general man, and the Attorneys soon learned the importance of taking sure of his services. As a rule he and Williams were in every case *pro* and *contra*, and in many of the actions of the time, juniors, from their non-existence, had to be dispensed with. Barry's practice was injured through his being the senior of Williams and Stawell. Raymond's stay in the province was short, and Stephen, after he joined, was not much in leading business. Stawell's energy and tact at cross-examination obtained him briefs in the most important criminal cases, and his mode of handling a jury was a combination of skill and a knowledge of human nature. In most of the sports and pastimes, and some of the more questionable amusements of the age, he was by no means loth to take a hand. Tradition accords him the distinction of being the first amateur whip to sport a four-in-hand drag at the Flemington racecourse, and his feats of equestrianism in bush ridings after hounds and cross-country formed portion of the common town-talk for many a day. In managing that cross-grained incarnation of treachery colonially known as a "buck-jumper" he had few equals, and an amusing story is told of his occasional interviews with one of this tribe, for which the unsparing lawyer seemed to entertain a sort of attachment. On a station some fifty miles from Melbourne was a stock-horse named "Sholty," as viciously perverse a brute as ever was foaled. He was a caution not only to the station hands but acquired more than a local ill-repute for his kicking and bucking propensities. With a strong-handed, well-seated rider "Sholty" was an excellent worker; but the great difficulty was in mounting, for the horse was inaccessible by the ordinary modes of ascent, and no one could get aboard directly from the ground, at either side or head or tail. When "Sholty" was to be jockeyed, the process could only be effected by the stratagem of holding the animal under the projecting bough of an old tree near the homestead, and the adventurous rider had to swing himself from this, and, dropping into the saddle, hold on by hands and knees and feet like grim death, during the preliminary
pirouetting of the over-reached nag, whose displeasure would be vented in a four-hoofed breakdown, sure to dislodge any but a rider of well-tried coolness, pluck and experience. Stawell occasionally visited the "Sholty" head-quarters, went through the "up-a-tree" trick to perfection, performing the "drop" scene with a methodical firmness and precision, and picking up the bridle and settling himself on the horse's back with a skill and rapidity from which the horse instinctively learned that resistance was useless, as the rider was master of the situation. But a time was to come when the Stawell mind would be purged of all such worldly impurities as tree-mounting, Flemington drag-driving, the hunting-field, Platonic saunterings along the ti-tree enclosed banks of the Yarra; and even the Sabbatarian idiosyncrasy set in, and was soon complete. The "William Stawell" of the previous year could hardly be said to exist, so great was the transformation, so assured the alteration; and that such was really the case was soon publicly notified by the appearance of the erst blitheful barrister in the role of a lecturer on the Reformation. The event was received with mixed feelings by a community in which the lecturer was held in the highest esteem; but he was free to take his own course, and the public confidence in him underwent no variation. He was actively connected with all the early charitable institutions, and though at one time directly interested in pastoral pursuits, on the Anti-transportation Question he would listen to no compromises, for in the hard-fought struggle to avert the contaminations of a penal colony from Port Phillip, Stawell was always as true as steel. On the inauguration of the new colony in 1851, he was appointed to the office of first Attorney-General, and as senior member of the Executive was the Government leader in the Legislative Council, a position which he held with consummate ability and untiring energy for several years. In October, 1856, when the bicameral system of legislation was initiated, he was selected as one of the three members returned in February, 1857, he was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, vacated by the retirement of Sir William A'Beckett. He was soon after Knighted, and on three several occasions it has fallen to his lot to fill the office of Administrator of the Government.

SAMUEL RAYMOND, LL.D., an Irish Barrister, and son of the Postmaster-General of New South Wales, arrived in Melbourne in 1841, with the appointment of Deputy-Sheriff, which he held until the close of 1842, when he was superseded to make way for an appointee sent out by the Colonial Office. He then went to the Bar, and obtained some practice until the close of 1844, when he was elected by the Magistrates of New South Wales to the office of Chairman of Quarter Sessions, on his acceptance of which he bade good-bye to Port Phillip. Mr. Raymond was a quiet, gentlemanly, well-liked individual, of pleasing and unassuming manner, of moderate ability, and wanting the "go" of Barry, Williams, and Stawell.

SIDNEY STEPHEN, a member of an English family remarkable for having supplied the legal profession with both Barristers and Attorneys in abundance, joined the Bar here in 1844, with the appointment of Deputy-Sheriff, which he held until the close of 1842, when he was superseded to make way for an appointee sent out by the Colonial Office. He then went to the Bar, and obtained some practice until the close of 1844, when he was elected by the Magistrates of New South Wales to the office of Chairman of Quarter Sessions, on his acceptance of which he bade good-bye to Port Phillip. Mr. Raymond was a quiet, gentlemanly, well-liked individual, of pleasing and unassuming manner, of moderate ability, and wanting the "go" of Barry, Williams, and Stawell.
JOHN BARKER (one of three brothers well known amongst the old colonists), is a native of Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire. Articled to Mr. Thomas Tindal, Clerk of the Peace for Buckinghamshire, he subsequently engaged himself at Lincoln’s Inn. In 1840, arriving in Port Phillip, he took up a squattting station at Cape Schanck, of which he is still a co-proprietor. Returning to England he was called to the Bar in 1843, and marrying, he re-emigrated to the colony in 1844. In 1849 he was appointed one of the several Commissioners under what was known as the Disputed Boundaries Act, and had assigned to him a portion of the then large Western District. On the establishment of the new colony in 1851, Mr. Barker had conferred upon him the Clerkship of the first Legislative Council, and in November, 1856, when the two branches of Parliament were initiated he became Clerk of the new Legislative Assembly, a position which he retained until the beginning of 1882 when he was transferred to the Clerkships of the Legislative Council and of the Parliament, a joint office vacated by the retirement of Mr. G. W. Rusden. On terminating his long connection with the Assembly, his valuable services were commemorated by a special resolution of thanks, and the presentation of an unique and costly silver service, subscribed for by the Members. Mr. Barker was not admitted to the Port Phillip Bar until November, 1851, and as his services were then retained for State purposes, he did not go into practice. In all branches of the law and usages of Parliament, Mr. Barker is, in the fullest sense, a specialist, and many a difficulty has been smoothed over by the aid of his rare experience.

Such is a cursory “brief” of the members of the Port Phillip Bar, known as such in the Province from 1841 to 1851, and of the number, so far as I am aware, there are now (1888) only three of them in the land of the living, viz., Brewster, Stawell, and Barker.

ATTORNEYS.

The first parchments executed here were prepared by Gellibrand, an Attorney-General of Van Diemen’s Land, who was an unit of the memorable Batman Copartnership, and when Batman came over in 1835 to negotiate a purchase of the country from the Aborigines, he fore-armed himself with what he believed to be valid legal transfers, cut and dry in his pocket. In this he was disappointed, for the bargain was annulled with scant ceremony by the Home Government. It is strange that in the versions of those memorable conveyances which I have seen printed in books on the colony, I have met with no absolutely correct one. The originals are in the Melbourne Public Library, the Trustees of which Institution were induced by Sir W. Mitchell to purchase them some years ago, and in another chapter of these CHRONICLES appears a revised and genuine copy.

The conveyancing branch then, as now, was the most lucrative, for Melbourne was not six months old when the game of mortgaging commenced, and during 1838 there was lent on town lands alone no less than £17,260, covered by sixteen mortgages, an enormous encumbrance considering the first coast of town lots, the limited extent of the town, and the very circumscribed population. In 1839 country lands were first so operated upon to the tune of £39,595, and the total mortgages upon town and country swelled to no, covering £77,463. As there was no local Supreme Court jurisdiction in Port Phillip until April, 1841, all the important legal business prior to that period was transacted in Sydney through Melbourne agencies. In 1843, the year of greatest financial depression felt in the colony, the mortgaging of town and country lands covered £113,262, which increased to £276,413 the year after. This year saw the commencement of borrowing by liens on wool, and mortgages on live stock, which in a few years assumed enormous proportions.

WILLIAM MEER was the first Attorney to arrive in Melbourne in September, 1838. He was not long alone in his glory, for a Quarter Sessions was established in 1839, and the hawks commenced their flight thither from Sydney, and before the year’s close they were even on the wing from the old country. He was the Adam of “the brigade,” and so lively on his “pins” that his activity in exploring the un-macadamised streets of early Melbourne occasionally got him into difficulties in which he stuck hopelessly until extricated by some timely aid. In 1840, within a space of six months,
he three several times broke a leg, and whilst confined to barracks by the third casualty, he advertised in the newspapers “that during his illness he had retained Mr. Barry, the Barrister, to advise generally on titles of property and peruse drafts on matters connected with conveyancing.” Some time afterwards, entering into partnership with Thomas Clark, they carried on business for several years. Clark was a full-faced comfortable-looking man, and was known as “lame Tom,” through a deformity of one of his feet, which reduced his locomotion to a ponderous sort of half-hop, effected by the aid of a huge stick. Meek was married and Clark was not, but they were alike light-hearted, jovial individuals. Meek died in a few years, whilst the extraordinary fate was reserved for “Tom” of falling into a religious mania, resulting in his detention in a Queensland lunatic asylum, where he remained for many years, immersed in a living tomb, as utterly forgotten in Melbourne as if he never had existence there, and not taking his exit from the world until 1882.

H. N. CARRINGTON, a diminutive, sallowish-faced Manxman, came from Sydney in 1839, as Clerk of the Crown to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and for some months conducted the criminal prosecutions tried there in a manner that gave only mixed satisfaction. He was about the most bumptious and bouncyable of talking animals, and used to “now” the Police Court Magistrates in a style worth listening to. When the Supreme Court got into working order he joined a business with F. L. Clay, a partner of much more conscience and moderation, but they did not get on long together. Carrington, had he minded himself, had the ball before him, and, with reasonable skill and caution, he might have kicked it to the goal of a large fortune. But he was reputed to be professionally most unscrupulous, and given to land and bill-discounting speculations. Complications more than professional were alleged to have arisen between him and some of his clients, from which extrication was not easy. He was never out of trouble with Judge Willis, who always thought that Carrington was preparing for some iniquity whenever his name appeared to any case in Court. Willis more than once denounced him as a filer of sham pleas, and not only attacked but struck him off the Court Roll of Practitioners. Still there was a deal of game in him, and he bravely fought the brow-beating Judge inch by inch until he conquered him on an appeal to the Full Court at Sydney.

In 1842, Carrington made an effort to get returned for Bourke Ward at the first Town Council Election; but pecuniary embarrassments were so besetting that he was compelled to withdraw from the contest, though nominated as a candidate. In February, 1843, he had no alternative than to throw up the sponge, for the Philistines were so close on him, that nothing could save him unless showing them his heels. He was in the Rules (a limited area of West Melbourne proclaimed as a Debtors’ prison) at the time, and breaking through their boundaries, donned lady’s apparel, and got away from town in the mail-cart which carried the mail overland to Sydney. When twenty miles from Melbourne, he resumed his proper manly attire, and effected a safe retreat. The actual detaining creditors had only recovered for a small amount, and this was said to have been paid by the bolter’s sureties. In the course of 1844, long after his unrelenting foe (Willis) had left the colony, Carrington returned to Melbourne, ultimately going back to Sydney, and he died at Windsor, New South Wales, on the 16th May, 1845, at the early age of thirty-nine years.

QUARRY AND ROSS were for a time in partnership. Similar, so far as both being tall men, they presented many opposites, for Quarry was a lanky, pale-faced, black-haired Irishman; and Ross a red-visaged, stern-looking, dark-haired Scot. Quarry hailed from a town in the County of Cork, named Mallow, so proverbial for its “Rakes,” who are immortalized in a well-known Irish song; and, so far, he did not belie his place of paternity, for there was a strong dash of rakishness in his disposition. He dressed in tip-top style, a shining bell-topper, swallow-tailed, gilt-buttoned blue cloth coat, long white vest, and black cloth or white drilled trousers, strapped under high-heeled, well-polished Wellington boots. His tie and shirt fronts were only equalled by those sported by Barry, the Barrister. Partial to riding astride on an undersized nag with his toes nearly touching the ground, “Long Quarry” used to be one of the most remarkable ambling sights of Collins Street. He married a pretty girl, but on her part the alliance was no love match, and poor Quarry’s conunphial
existence was anything but blissful. Ross was a much better man of business than his partner, and after dissolving with Quarry he joined a Mr. John Clark, and they constituted a legal house which had for several years a lucrative run of business. Ross, for a short period, sat as a Government non-official nominee in the first Legislature of Victoria.

Edward Sewell was a dashing member of the second branch of the law. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Redmond Barry, and mixed up with more than one of the early duelling farces in Melbourne.*

Robert Deane, arrived from England in 1839, and immediately plunged into cold water, by taking an active part in the establishment of the first Temperance Society in Melbourne. His devotion to totalism was not of long continuance, for by 1842 he had sunk into such an intense worship of alcoholism that Judge Willis was more than once obliged to rebuke his unsteady appearance in Court. Deane commenced partnership with Mr. Richard Ocock, and the firm was for a while in a fair business, but Deane's irregularities precipitated a dissolution. It was said that he was driven to intemperance by an attachment contracted prior to emigrating, and that the lady of his love had promised to come to Melbourne as soon as her fiancé had settled down in his new home; but with her, absence did not make the heart grow fonder. Another wooer came, and Deane and Port Phillip were speedily forgotten. He was not the same man after the receipt of this intelligence. Some forty years ago he was rid of the cares of life, and at an age of twice that period, Ocock was alive at Ballan, the oldest surviving Attorney in Victoria until 1883, when he made his exit from the world.

Charles Sladen, arrived in Port Phillip in 1841, was admitted in 1842, and selected (with others) Geelong as the field in which he would labour. Here he worked hard until 1854, when he retired from the profession, was no longer known as "an Attorney, Solicitor, and Proctor," but blossomed into the "Politician." He sat in the first Legislature, the Assembly, and the now Upper House; served his country as Treasurer and Chief-Secretary, was deservedly Knighted in consideration of what he had done, and in 1852 retired from the political arena, taking with him into private life a profusion of good wishes such as never before were borne away by public man in the colony. Sir Charles Sladen will occupy a high and honoured niche in the history of Victoria; for no man ever laboured with more sterling honesty and unremitting devotion for her welfare. He may fairly be accounted her political Bayard, for he served her like a true Knight, sans peur et sans reproche.

Thomas T. A'Beckett was not admitted until February, 1851, and is therefore the name with which I close my enumeration. He was brother of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the famous London comic writer; of Sir W. A'Beckett, the well-known and highly-esteemed Victorian Judge; and of Dr. A'Beckett, a physician of eminence, who followed his profession for several years in Sydney. Like all the family, Mr. T. A'Beckett had a mind above professional drudgery, and was gifted with literary attainments of no mean order. He was lucky in getting into partnership with Moor, after Chambers had seceded therefrom, and that of Moor and A'Beckett was once known as one of the leading law firms in Melbourne. A'Beckett is a brilliant lecturer when he likes, and a clever pamphleteer; and though he won a respectable position as a politician, his displays in public speaking were inferior to his written discourses. For twenty years he represented the Central Province in the Legislative Council with marked ability, and once held office as Commissioner of Customs. He was, until recently (1888), Registrar of the Church of England, and to no two lay members of that denomination is the Anglican Church in Victoria more indebted than to him and Sir W. F. Stawell.

H. F. Gurner was the senior by priority of admission, for he was the first enrolled. He arrived from Sydney with Judge Willis in the temporary capacity of Deputy-Registrar, in which he was succeeded by Mr. J. D. Finrock. Montgomery was the first Crown Solicitor, but not pulling over well with the Judge, he resigned, to be replaced by Mr. Gurner, who continued in the office until 1878. Montgomery joined McCrae in partnership, enjoying for years considerable practice, and the former was the first

* An amusing episode in Mr. Sewell's professional career will be found in Chapter VII, pp. 70, 71-72.
Honorary Secretary of the Melbourne Hospital. Hinton was, for a short time, in partnership with Mr. John Doordin who soon got quit of him, and, associated with a Mr. John Trenchard, commanded a long run of profitable business. The batch of Attorneys who attended the Police Court were a very mixed lot, and there were some queerish worthies amongst them, the most prominent being Robert Scott, J. W. Thurlow, and John Plaistow. Scott was a tall, strapping fellow, with unmistakable beer indications about the nose and eyes. In his sober mood he was fluent in address, and was reputedly the master of extensive legal knowledge. I have seen him, and one or two others, in such a state of inebriety as to be scarcely able to address the Bench. They would be sometimes peremptorily ordered to sit down, or leave the place; and more than once cases were postponed to give the practitioner time to partially recover himself. Of the more modern Attorneys of the olden time, Messrs. J. M. Smith, F. Stephen, and H. J. Chambers are the most mentionable, and they are all still alive (1888.)

In re Joseph W. Belcher,
I have been favoured by a surviving relative with this memo:—"He came from Dublin in the first voyage of the 'Eagle,' in 1842. He had erected a neat villa, which he named after the Irish 'Tinehinch' in the bend of the Yarra, at the end of Simpson's Road, on the left hand from Melbourne. Following his profession in Melbourne until July, 1846, he removed to Geelong, where he built a residence known as 'Sunville,' which was afterwards sold by his son to the once well-known Dean Hayes, and is now the Geelong Roman Catholic Convent. Returning to Ireland in 1853, he died at Rostrevor, in his 84th year, on the 14th December, 1865." Two sons remained after him in Victoria, both of them colonists held in high esteem, viz.—Mr. W. R. Belcher, the most efficient clerk the Melbourne Police Court ever had, who died a Police Magistrate, at Port Albert, 8th October, 1873; and the other the Hon. G. F. Belcher for many years connected with the Treasury at Melbourne and Geelong, and member of the Legislative Council. Mr. G. S. W. Home, whose brother was a Supreme Court Judge in Tasmania, did a fairly well-paying business for some years. He even found his way into the Legislative Assembly, and once filled the office of Commissioner of Public Works.

**CROSSING THE GARDEN WALL.**

It was the fortune (or misfortune) of two or three of the wedded Attorneys to be blessed (or otherwise) with winsome wives, and these Graces were occasionally the conscious cause of bringing trouble to the domestic hearth. In one notable instance, which formed an item of the common gossip of the time, circumstances were evolved which nearly eventuated in a terrible tragedy, and did eventuate in the summary punishment of the wrong man. A fast young lawyer contracted an intimacy with the wife of an Attorney residing in a cottage villa, near the terminus of one of Melbourne's principal streets, then sparsely occupied, but now one of the busiest spots of metropolitan commerce. The attachment at length became so confirmed that little doubt existed of its progress beyond the line where the proprieties end and their opposites commence. Though, as often happens in such cases, the husband was one of the last persons to hear of what had long passed the bounds of flirtation. He woke, at length, to a consciousness of the existence of a state of things which should be discontinued; but his marital remonstrances were scornfully disregarded, and the errant lady showed no disposition of amendment. At length, the indiscretions were hastening to a crisis, and circumstances had come to the knowledge of the husband which induced him to take measures to stop the goings on. There was no such absolute evidence as would sustain an appeal for legal redress, and as to a duel, there were strong reasons, personal and otherwise, to prevent such an open appeal to arms. On the villa grounds was a cozy brick-walled garden, one side of which abutted on the street, and the surmounting of this enclosure was as nothing to the supple limbs and lithe form of the Don Juan, by no means "a youth of sixteen." Nestled against the trunk of a large fruit tree in the garden's centre was a small summer-house, and here, at appointed hours on certain nights, long after sunset, the darker the night the better, the Donna Julia and her admirer used to hold assignations, a fact of which the husband was made aware, whether through the treachery of an Abigail, or how else, was a secret, and so he resolved upon sure and deadly vengeance. Though adverse to the duello, he was a capital shot, and securing the
presence of a trusty friend, it was arranged that on the occasion of the next stolen interview they should
devour to so disable the audacious fencer as to render his capture an easy conquest. The day and the
hour came round, the two friends were to all appearance fully enjoying themselves, and whilst intently
engaged over a rubber of whist, the lady contrived to noiselessly slip out and make her way to the
garden. Both men as quickly followed, and posted themselves at the end of a back verandah, from which any
attempt to scale the garden wall could be observed. They were armed each with a rifle well primed with
slugs, and the husband, with his at full cock, watched with a cool head and steady hand, expecting every
moment to see some object mounting the barricade. A quarter of an hour had elapsed when some
moving form was observed to climb the enclosure—first the head, then the body—and when it got astride,
the report of a gunshot was heard, followed by an inward somersault by the intruder, and a howling and
wailing from the garden, an emotional duet, unequalled for reality, by any operatic performance in
Melbourne since. Donna Julia was certain that her Juan had been immolated, she heard the shot and the
exclamations from under the garden fence—but instead of going into hysterics, she had the good sense to
go in for a good cry, and as she left the garden, she was passed at its entrance by the watchers, eager to
pounce upon and bag their game. Rushing towards the quarter from which the yelling still proceeded,
and absolutely certain that the right man had come to grief, their astonishment and disappointment may
be imagined, when they found, not a wounded lion of a lawyer at bay, but a scurvy hound of a night-hawk,
who had ventured on a raid of apple-stealing, and got paid-off in a manner he little expected.
Fortunately, no vital part was injured, though a slug embedded in the flesh in the region of the extremities,
caused the poor wretch to writhe and roar in such a fashion that it was difficult to know on the instant
whether to give him over to the police or not, for as to a public hospital, there was none such in existence.
A little reflection soon brought about a decided line of action. The affair had now assumed
such a ludicrous aspect, the tragedy had dropped with such a screaming farce, and would be such a
windfall as was never dreamed of for the newspapers and general scandal-mongers of Melbourne, that
the desirability of keeping it from the public ear was so obvious, that steps were at once taken to do so.
The services of a trusty servant were procured, and the wounded man, well gagged with a woollen comforter
to keep his tongue in check, and wrapped up in a rug, was borne away by the three persons through a back
gate, and taken to a boarding-house in the vicinity, where a liberal payment acted as a lock-jaw upon
injudicious curiosity. Dr. O'Mullane, a leading physician of the time, was called in, and in the course of a
few weeks, when the patient became thoroughly convalescent, a substantial doceur induced him to effect a
clear out of Melbourne, and so, what at the commencement promised much more than mere unpleasantness,
ended much better than could have been expected. The affair, of course, afterwards came out, but
in too stale and desultory a manner to be available for the newspapers. Besides, it was a dangerous
toy for journalists to play with, as it was only based on rumour, and the position and profession of the
individuals mainly implicated, induced such a fear of a libel action as could not be lightly disregarded.
I may say, as exaggerated and erroneous versions of this episode have been given to the public, that
the one now printed, I had from the lips of the gentleman who acted as the husband's side man on the
memorable night. He also informed me that if the apple-stealer had not opportunely appeared on the
scene, the other would in all probability have been shot, for he arrived on the ground after the apple
man had commenced the ascent, and was transfixed with rage and jealousy, naturally thinking there was
"another Richmond in the field," but the report of the shot awoke him to a sense of his own perilous
position, so he beat a hasty retreat, and like a wise man, kept his own counsel. Never did an unconscious
scapegoat do more good, for if the real Simon Pure had been shot that night, whether killed or wounded,
the matter could not possibly have been hushed up as it was, and a public exposure, and probably a public
prosecution, would have produced consequences of a character the extent of which it would be difficult
to estimate. The occurrence had the effect of a salutary warning to the two principal personages.
Donna Julia was more strict in her allegiance to her husband, and Don Juan thenceforth was a good boy.
The Don and the Donna are still in the land of the living, the gentleman so far reclaimed
from his early Godless ways as to be now a solemn-faced, liard-featured, God-fearing veteran. He
may be even classified as being amongst the extreme neo gend, and so impressed in all he does with
such an absorbing conscientiousness that he generally acts under the influence of a pocket Bible,
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

which he carries about with him, as a caution symbol, like a green lamp on a railway line. The lady, when last heard of, was residing in a European city, a faded and forgotten beauty, but a recognized authority in everything appertaining to cosmetics, and especially posted up in the latest improvements in the fabrication and setting of counterfeit teeth, and the concoction of dentrifices. I have since discovered that this lady was the only one in Melbourne the possessor of artificial masticators.

But the lawyers did not always restrict their poaching to legal preserves. They would occasionally go forth in quest of game amongst the general public, and one of them got well pummelled under the following circumstances:—He was a tall strapping fellow, and though not an Adonis, took into his head that he was an accomplished lady-killer. In his absurd self-sufficiency he considered he had only to look at her, and no lady could resist the fascination of his "sheep's-eye." Meeting a married couple who were one evening at a public ball in Melbourne, and the wife having politely acknowledged some conventional courtesies, the man of law took it for granted that he had made a conquest, and fatuously went further, for a few days after the lady received through post from the Attorney, a packet containing a set of costly diamond earrings, and a "lawyer's letter," couched in very unprofessional and incautious language, soliciting the favour of a moonlight meeting northwardly of the now Old Cemetery, where the Meat Market is now established. However, the lawyer was cleverly outwitted, for the lady quietly handed the billet-doux and the enclosure to her husband, and at his request, replied, accepting the present and agreeing to the tryst. The gay Lothario hastened to the appointed spot, and there met—not a faithless wife—but an enraged husband, and a brother-in-law, who, to his astonishment, produced the fatal note, and (without waiting for apologies) proceeded to "lamb him down" with a horse-whip—so effectually that he went home with aching bones. There never was such a nonsuit in the legal world, and the bill of costs, mercilessly exacted by two stout-handed "taxing-masters," taught him a rough wholesome lesson, which he never after forgot. The story of the summary jurisdiction so promptly set in motion was too good to remain long a secret, and so it soon leaked out, and the "shocking example" so made, exercised a beneficial effect in counselling the fast bachelor-hood of Melbourne to be on their good behaviour, so as to avoid a dose of the like unpleasant application.

For the seven years commencing with 1840, the condition of society presented anomalies which time gradually removed; the limited population, the disparity of the sexes, and the ratio of Bachelors as against Benedicts being active contributories towards connubial and other complications, which generally ended with consequences less serious than might be, under the circumstances, imagined. The lawyers (both branches), as a rule, plunged into the excitement of passing events, the convivialism, the speculations, the movement in furtherance of a charitable purpose or a public good, in fact, the good and the bad without much discrimination. Some of them descended to premature graves; others clandestinely cleared out of the district; some realized fortunes to spend them in either Victoria or England; and two sank into the worst pauperism of all—the seedy, unwashed, hungry-faced dipsomaniac—creeping about the streets, ready to beg, borrow or steal the price of a glass of rum, and willing to sell themselves, soul and body, for a pint of beer.
CHAPTER LI.

THE DISCIPLES OF ASCULAPIUS.

SYNOPSIS:—The First Medical Board in New South Wales. —The First Roll of Practitioners in Port Phillip.—Death of Sir Astley Cooper. —The First Medical Board in Port Phillip. —"A Board of Honour."—Dr. Alexander Thomson.—Dr. Barry Cotter.—Dr. Patrick Cussen, the First Public Vaccinator.—Dr. David Patrick and Dr. David E. Wilkie.—Dr. Farquhar M'Crae.—Dr. Arthur O'Mullane.—Dr. R. C. Hobson.—Dr. W. F. P. Wilmot.—Dr. David John Thomas.—Dr. J. B. Clutterbuck.—Dr. William Henry Campbell.—Dr. F. T. Ford.—Dr. John Sprout.—Dr. Thomas Black.—Dr. C. J. Sanford.—Dr. John Patterson.—Dr. John Dibley.—Dr. John T. Falcon.—Dr. A. R. A. Gregory.—Dr. W. J. Hume.—Dr. Edward Barker.—Dr. C. Wallis.—Dr. Alexander Houston.—Early Surgical Operations.—The First Medical Association. —A Board of Honour! —Dr. Alexander Thomson. —Dr. Barry Cotter. —Dr. Patrick Cussen. —Dr. Michael David Patrick. —Dr. David E. Wilkie. —Dr. Farquhar M'Crae. —Dr. Arthur O'Mullane.—Dr. R. C. Hobson.—Dr. W. F. P. Wilmot.—Dr. David John Thomas.—Dr. J. B. Clutterbuck.—Dr. William Henry Campbell.—Dr. F. T. Ford.—Dr. John Sprout.—Dr. Thomas Black.—Dr. C. J. Sanford.—Dr. John Patterson.—Dr. John Dibley.—Dr. John T. Falcon.—Dr. A. R. A. Gregory.—Dr. W. J. Hume.—Dr. Edward Barker.—Dr. C. Wallis.—Dr. Alexander Houston. —Early Surgical Operations. —The First Medical Association. —Architects, Surveyors, and Engineers. —Ecclesiastical: Rev. Robert Kitchin.
In addition to the above there were eleven Doctors and ten Surgeons who had not thought proper to comply with the law, but they did so afterwards.

In 1841 intelligence was received in Melbourne of the death of Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent London surgeon, and the members of the profession in Melbourne signified their respect for his memory by going into mourning from the 25th June to the 8th July.

It is also a fact worth noting that in 1841 the profession in Melbourne numbered 9 Physicians and 9 Surgeons, and of these 18, there was not a single survivor in the year 1885.

In 1845 the Provincial Superintendent (Latrobe) procured the appointment of the first Medical Board in Port Phillip, and it consisted of four M.D.s, viz., P. Cussen (President), Godfrey Howitt, W. B. Wilmot, and E. C. Hobson. By this time the number of the profession had considerably increased, and in 1848 the community were blessed, or otherwise, with forty-seven "legally qualified" Physicians and Surgeons, progressing, diagnosing, prescribing, and operating amongst them.

Towards the middle of 1846 it was announced that the Institution was formally started with Dr. Cussen as President, and its objects were declared to be the promotion of the general interest of the profession, the encouragement of friendly intercourse, and the founding of a "Board of Honour" to adjudicate upon any minor difference that may arise. The birth of the infant Society obtained the imprimatur of a public dinner at the Prince of Wales Hotel, on the 29th July, wherein a profusion of promises was volunteered and confident anticipations indulged in, not soon to be realized. Amongst the "caskeys in the air" was a Medical Library, for which it was said the nucleus of a fund had been already contributed. But the project, like others of those days, was premature, and speedily collapsed. Three years passed without further effort, and in 1849 a resuscitation, or rather new organization, sprang into life under the designation of the "Melbourne Medical Society," of which the following were the original members, viz.:—Drs. Wilkie, Barker, Howitt, Motherwell, Thomas, Turnbull, Sullivan, Playne, Wilmot T. Black, and Surgeon J. F. Palmer. Of these eleven only Dr. Black is alive in 1888, and the Association itself was the first to make its exit from the stage of mundane existence.

I propose to serve up in a general way a few reminiscences of the profession, mostly personal recollections, but in some particulars supplemented by information obtained from reliable sources. I do not propose to treat of every individual member, or to particularize the Universities or Colleges whence they obtained degrees or diplomas. From the heap lying before me I select any remarkable specimen that comes first to hand, and as every practitioner, whether belonging to the first or second branch, is by public acceptation dubbed a "Doctor," for convenience sake I claim the same privilege, whether the person referred to is professionally a Physician or a Surgeon.

Dr. A. Thomson was the "Batman Physico." He did not remain long in Melbourne, when he moved westward, and established himself in Geelong, becoming so identified with the fortunes of that town that for many years Thomson and Geelong were almost synonyms. In the early days he was even better known as a politician than as a prescriptionist, and always took an active part in provincial agitation.

Dr. Barry Cotter, Melbourne's first public practitioner, who, like Thomson, passed over Bass's Straits, quickly dropped into business. He occupied a small cobweb-like, brick-nogged, and wattle-and-daub surgery, at the north-east corner of Queen and Collins Streets, though in reality it was nothing more than a huckster's stall where pills and lotions, powders and embrocations, were mixed up with a miscellaneous stock of all sorts. In the Port Phillip Gazette of January, 1839, Barry Cotter, Surgeon and Druggist, promulgates an elaborate manifesto, its gist being, "that he is in active business, and offers for sale a variety of delicacies, from sago to turpentine, from arrowroot to spirits of tar, with candied lemon and bluestone, lemon syrup, corrosive sublimate, and manifold etceteras set forth at much length and minuteness. But though Barry Cotter had the place virtually to himself for a start, he did not do much out of the amalgamated businesses, and after a time, in a manner mixing up cause with effect, he took to tavern-keeping by proxy, when
the result was that, in striving to overdo, he ended in doing nothing, decamped to Adelaide, in the course of years returning to Melbourne, and dying obscurely in a remote corner of the colony.*

DR. P. CUSSEN, the first appointed Government Medical Officer in Melbourne, was familiarly known as "Old Cussen," a painstaking, indefatigable official, though in reality there was much more fuss than real work in him. Like all his successors, he had a wearisome, worrying time of it, yet he clung to his scantily-paid billot from 1837 to 1849, when he died, and was succeeded by Dr. Sullivan (since dead).

In the course of 1842 a controversy was raised in the Melbourne Press as to who was the first Public Vaccinator in the colony. A certain medical gentleman claimed to be so, but on very erroneous grounds, for there can be no question that Dr. Cussen was such. The first official notice on the subject is a communication signed "E. Deas Thomson," the Colonial Secretary of New South Wales, dated "Colonial Secretary's Office, Sydney, 29th July, 1839," and published in the Government Gazette of the period. It thus commences:—"In order to avert the calamities which must necessarily follow if the small-pox be introduced into the colony, and to keep up a constant supply of vaccine lymph, His Excellency the Governor directs it to be notified that children will receive vaccination gratis if taken to any of the public hospitals, or colonial surgeons throughout the colony, every Tuesday, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon," &c., &c. No other deduction can reasonably be drawn from this extract than that the performance of public vaccination was amongst the duties assigned to colonial surgeons. It was so performed without any question for many years by the class of officers referred to, until subsequent special legislation made provision for public vaccinators.

There were two medical "Davids," staunch pillars of the Presbyterian Church, in 1840, Dr. David Patrick was an elder, and Dr. David E. Wilkie one of the managers. Patrick combined the worldly offices of a grower of wool and a curer of men, accomplishing the former at a place called Cathkin, on the Goulburn River, and attending to the latter in a surgery in Russell Street; but his colonial career was not a long one, and his death was much regretted. Wilkie was one of the best-known practitioners, and had perhaps the largest run of lucrative business of any of them. In other respects he was a useful citizen, and went into political life some years later, representing the Eastern Province in the Legislative Council, of which he was once Chairman of Committees. But his status as a politician never approached that of the physician; and the one grand mistake of his life was his donning the robe of a Soothsayer, and predicting as positively as did Dr. Cumming the early approach of the Millennium, that the Yan Yean as a means of a water supply for Melbourne would be an utter failure. Both the doctors survived the futility of their confident predictions. Dr. Wilkie lived for many a long year amongst us, and no doubt, on a hot-wind day, enjoyed the filtered beverage of Yan Yean as much as any other thirsty person. He died in Paris, April, 1885, during a visit to Europe.

Dr. F. McCrae was another squatting doctor, with a good professional prospect, but he dabbled a good deal in stations and politics, ultimately transferring himself to Sydney, where he died (20th April, 1856), at the comparatively early age of 43.

Dr. Arthur O'Mullane, after a short partnership with Barry Cotter, started for himself, and for some time had only a moderate practice; but he was a quiet, mildly-mannered man, who patiently bided his time, and the time came when no practice in Melbourne exceeded his. He was the first physician to the Jews, thereby securing an advantage of no small account; and on he went upward, until, professionally, there was not much further for him to go. He was a general favourite with his patients.
through his suavity and skill, and few men were so fortunate as to number more private friends than he. When he died, many years ago, he was widely regretted; and some of the old colonists of the present day, when his name is mentioned, have always a good word for his memory.

Dr. E. C. Hobson was a native of Parramatta, in New South Wales. He rapidly got into practice amongst the most respectable of the community, and when he died, in his thirty-fourth year, Anno 1848, a public subscription was raised to erect a handsome monument over his remains. He and Dr. Godfrey Howitt (many years dead) held foremost rank in their branch of the profession, and Hobson’s death was regarded as little short of a public loss.

Dr. W. B. Wilmot, the first Coroner of the County of Bourke, including the town of Melbourne, was a portly, middle-aged individual, of cultivated manner, and a smooth imperturbable placidity of temper which made it almost an impossibility to get up a row with him. In manner and style of march through the streets, he was a counter-part of Pohlman the Barrister, except that he was more sprucely got up, dressed better, and most decidedly wore a superior conditioned hat. Wilmot first lived in Little Flinders Street, afterwards moving to Brighton, and as there was not for years a metalled road between the sea-side location and town, inconvenience would be sometimes caused in wet weather, for the highway would be water-logged, and if a sudden death happened in or about town, the necessary inquisition would have to wait upon the convenience and dry travelling of the Coroner. Practical jokes would sometimes be played off on him by leaving false alarms of unexpected deaths at his office, and his being “sold” in this waggish way was always productive of merriment at his expense. But he took such trifling in good part, or if he ruffled at the trickery he did not show it. One fine morning a sailor was found dead drunk in some scrub near the Doctor’s place at Brighton, and it was reported to Wilmot that there was a subject for an inquest. Without waiting for any police intervention the Doctor directed his servant to get a jury together as soon as possible; and, as to moving the body there was no necessity, for the inquest could be held at his house, and it was only twenty or thirty yards to go and “view the corpse.” The flunkey mounted the Doctor’s cob, beat up some neighbouring houses, and in a couple of hours had the required levy of jurymen in attendance. After the opening formalities and swearing in had been gone through, the Coroner blandly informed the gentlemen of the jury that he would accompany them to where the corpse was lying, and away they went on their melancholy duty. On arriving at the locality and forcing a passage through a dense clustering of scrub they found the object of their search sitting bolt upright before them, lively enough, too, at least in the tongue. Wilmot when reminded of this faux pas, said that the “detested topic” completely upset him.

Here is another amusing incident, the memory of which exists to this day amongst the skeleton traditions of the dead-house of the Melbourne Hospital. Before Wilmot parted with his Coronership, it was a rule in that Institution, that if within twelve months after sustaining an accident a patient died there, an inquest was to be held. A man did die once there and the Resident Surgeon, after making a post mortem, was satisfied that no inquiry was necessary, and the corpse was buried. This fact was not reported to the Coroner, who heard of the death, and away went Wilmot, puffing and blowing, having previously ordered his constable to forthwith summon a jury. This was done, the jurors were empannelled, and when they went in search of the body, nothing of the kind was to be found. The matter was explained to the Coroner, who worked himself into a gentle excitement, and for a time rejected all overtures of placation. At length, as if stricken by a sudden bright thought, he turned to the Resident Surgeon, and crookily said, “But, Mr. ——, it does not so much matter about the particular body; if there is any other body at present in the Hospital, it will serve just as well.” But there was no “body” just then available, and the jury dispersed, enjoying the fun.

Years after Melbourne had attained to the position of a City, a separate Coroner was appointed for the district, and Wilmot retained possession of the Metropolis for a considerable time, and close to the period of his death. Professionally and privately, he was much esteemed, and the interest he
manifested in the foundation of early charitable and educational movements, established him as true and loyal to the colony in which he lived and laboured so long.

Dr. David John Thomas, a Welshman, in some measure addicted to stimulants, was the most skilful surgeon and queerest fellow of his time. In Chirurgery he reputedly outstripped his contemporaries, and it is undeniable that he could hold his own in competition with any of the Victorian surgeons of to-day. As a general medical adviser he secured much confidence, and, in cases of a critical nature, where a consultation was deemed advisable, he was usually named by other practitioners. There was a waywardness of disposition about him outside his practice, unaccountable upon any other theory than that his system was charged with frequently intermittent gushes of humorous impulse—gases, which if not vented in what would seem little short of absurd pranksiness, would end in spontaneous explosion. Like others of his brethren, he was a frequenter of the Melbourne Club, then the focus of every nocturnal kill-time that could be conceived, yet not satisfied with the co-enjoyments provided, he organized amusements on his own account, not very original, but they pleased him all the same. He would, single-handed, operate on door-knockers and bell-pulls, whilst a by-play of his was, by the aid of the powers of darkness, to affix to the door or window of the residence of some other medico, a board or large placard, painted or daubed with the significant indication—"Mangling done here."

Once he played a trick upon Mr. Edward Wilson, of The Argus, and though there was not much in it, it occasioned an immense quantity of cachinnation. Late one evening, Thomas had conveyed to an undertaker in Queen Street, an intimation that Wilson had unexpectedly departed this life in the course of the day, and for reasons needless to specify, he was to be buried at an early hour the next morning, when a coffin, hearse and mourning coaches were to be in waiting. The man of funerals should not have been easily gulled by so clumsy a ruse, yet he swallowed the order unsuspectingly, and was up to time with all his gloomy pharaphernalia. The vehicles paraded through Collins Street, and halting opposite The Argus office, one of the "gentlemen in black" entered, and politely intimated the purpose of his mission, but he had no sooner done so than he was astounded by the appearance on the scene of the living individual of whose corpse he was in quest. Wilson did not at all relish the notion of a premature interment, and cut up rather roughly in the beginning, but the joke quickly told on him, and readily entering into the spirit, he heartily joined in the general laugh, which was all the remuneration accorded to the undertaker for the expense and trouble incurred. It was said that Thomas was considerate enough to pay for the bespoke coffin, but whether he did or not, it was doubtless utilized to fit someone else.

Upon another occasion, after the doctor had dined, he indulged in a solitary pedestrian trip through the city. Cabs were then beginning to put in an appearance on the streets, and the wayfarer, either actually or seemingly inebriated, staggered up to a newly-installed cabby, when something like the following brief dialogue ensued:

Doctor: "I say, my good fellow, do you know Dr. Thomas?"
Cabby: "No Sir."
Doctor: "Well then, do you know Dr. Wilkie?"
Cabby: "No Sir."
Doctor: "What; do you really mean to say you do not know either of those two fellows? I fancied every stone and tree stump in Melbourne was acquainted with their personal appearance. By Jove, you must be a new chum, and no mistake."
Cabby: "Just so, your Honour; I only landed in Melbourne last week."
Doctor: "Well, then, look you here, I am Dr. Wilkie, and I have 'grogged' so much that, as you see, I am hardly able to stand. In this condition I am not game to face home to-night, so I shall sleep at Dr. Thomas's, and I want you to drive me to his house in Bourke Street. I will show you the place. At two o'clock to-morrow you will call at Dr. Wilkie's, in Swanston Street, when I will pay you double fare. Do you understand?"
Cabby: "Aye, aye, Sir. Right you are. Here, let me help you into the trap, and we'll be at Dr. Thomas's in quick sticks."
Thomas was forthwith assisted into the vehicle, and driven home accordingly. On the morrow, punctually at the appointed time, the cabman pulled up at Dr. Wilkie's door, and his knock was responded to by that gentleman personally. The double-fare was asked for and peremptorily refused. An explanation followed, when Wilkie's indignation was intense at the shamefully unprofessional manner in which he had been personated. Ultimately, the cabby was no loser, for Thomas, having had the full enjoyment of his joke, was too generous not to pay for it.

In connection with the subject of these remarks, I append an extract from one of the many communications for which I am indebted to Mr. Robert Russell, Melbourne's first Chief Survey Officer, by which it will be seen that Thomas had not long been in Port Philip before he got himself into trouble, though this time it was "cold" instead of the proverbial "hot" water with him:—

"The late Dr. David J. Thomas, when he arrived in the 'Louisa Campbell,' met with strange misfortune, and used to describe his first adventures in a most ludicrous manner. His boat had been swamped at Sandridge after leaving the ship, and he tramped up to our cottage on the Yarra bank at dead of night. The watch-dog seized him, and on hearing his cries, we, in no good humour, called out to him to take the boat, which he did, and went flying down the Falls, in the dark, bringing up opposite Fawkner's Pub., where, no doubt, his troubles ended."

But it was not always "cakes and ale" with the light-hearted Doctor, whose vagaries at times brought him into trouble. As an illustration, it may be mentioned, that he had a particular weakness for riding on the portions of the streets by a legal fiction then termed footways, and no remonstrances could cure him of this folly. The police were at last constrained to change their tactics from words to action, and as a consequence, the offending equestrian was several times fined for breaches of the law by the Police Court. Once he had a narrow escape from death by a muscular garotte, for on the night of the 7th May, 1847, he was waylaid by two soldiers of the 58th Regiment. The outrage was committed in William Street, and after knocking down their man, the scoundrels not only hallooed, but rifled him of his watch and all the cash in his pockets. Two of the military (John Stokes and Shepherd Oldham) were subsequently arrested and tried for the offence, but the former got off through insufficient identification, whilst his comrade was convicted and sentenced to a long term of transportation. This "sticking-up" was the more remarkable, because in the times of which I am writing, medical men, ministers of religion, and newspaper reporters were free to roam through Melbourne at any hour of day or night, without the slightest danger of personal violence from thieves or rogues, who knew them all well, and regarded them as privileged individuals. This immunity I can only account for on the supposition that the doctors and ministers, being about so much at night, frequently visiting haunts of vice to render gratuitous help, or religious consolation, such services inspired a feeling of gratitude towards the givers. As to the journalists, the whole corps would not at any time number more than half-a-dozen, and as they were all general utility men, the scribe of the Police Court to-day, scribbling in the Supreme Court on the morrow, the rascals who invariably attended these places in full force, had a wholesome dread of possible recognition if they ventured upon any nocturnal liberties. Furthermore, the reporters, when pay-day had passed, were, as a rule, so impecuniously situated, that a needle might be as easily found in a bundle of hay as a shilling with one of the tribe. Of this important fact, the town thieves had an instinctive suspicion, and they knowingly considered that in such a case of attempted blackmailing, the game "wasn't worth the candle." Dr. Thomas, after many years' extensive practice, visited Europe, and from his return to his death never recovered the position he temporarily abandoned.*

*An intimation has been conveyed to me that the publication of some incidents in my sketch of Dr. Thomas has given annoyance to a living relative of that gentleman. I am very much pained that such is the case, and if I have so offended in this way, I had not the remotest intention of doing so. A perusal of the notice will convey to the mind of a dispassionate reader, that Dr. Thomas was in fact the reverse of a reproduction of the "old identity" as he lived, and worked, and laughed amongst us in the days of yore. Every one seemed worthy, kindhearted citizen, and a staunch sterling friend.—24th November, 1885.—[THE AUTHOR].
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

Dr. J. B. CLUTTERBUCK was the nephew of a famous London practitioner, and his manner was as out of the way as his name. Not getting on as well as expected, he moved from Melbourne to Kilmore, and not a bad joke arose out of his departure from town to country. In advertising his meditated exit in the Herald, the township to which his allegiance was to be transferred was by some typographical fatality printed "Kill-more," a lapsus emphasized by a special paragraph, which was read with much amusement. That a Melbourne medico could by any possible wilfulness have the heart to kill anyone was too much for the common belief; but when the man himself, over his own sign manual, deliberately published his intention of going to "Kill-more," those who usually did not pay much attention to the capitalizing or punctuation of what they read, looked up from the newspaper, and could account for the mad announcement upon no other supposition than that the doctor was as "mad as a hatter." Clutterbuck was so mercilessly chaffed over the printer's accidental or designed mishap, that he rushed in rage to the Herald office, and had the editor been there before him, the doctor was in a fair way of correcting the erratum of Kill-more, by certainly either wholly or in part killing some one. The production of the MS., however, turned the tables in a manner not expected, for therein the name of the country town was spelt with a "double l," and in a handwriting too that left little doubt as to the authorship.

Dr. W. H. CAMPBELL.—Towards the end of 1841 there was a flutter of excitement in the then few fashionable dove coops of Melbourne, and the unwedded pigeons cooed with delight, for a young Esculapian had arrived, and was soon known by the flattering sobriquet of "the handsome doctor." This unassuming personage was Mr. William Henry Campbell, a youthful surgeon, who left England with high credentials, and selected Melbourne as his adopted home. He was until recently amongst us (1888), traversing the streets with the same upright figure, and firm, but less elastic instep, as of yore; and a person looking at him might well fancy what a fine specimen of manhood he was seven and forty years ago. The circle of whisker still surrounding his frank, honest face, now snow white, was then coal black, and there was superadded a luxuriant, well-pruned moustache, which in an age when hairy faces were deemed a relic of some remote barbarism, by its novelty added a piquancy to his appearance, which for a brief season rendered him the most observed and perhaps the most admired of the few presentable bachelors constituting the chief prizes in the great lottery of life presided over by Cupid and Hymen. Campbell pitched his tent in a cottage at the corner of Nicholson and Palmer Streets, Fitzroy, opposite the Convent; but the place was then a picturesque, bushy wilderness, on the outskirts of the suburbs of Newtown, where the most sanguine never dreamed a Sisterhood of Mercy would ever exist. Here he waited patiently for patients; but none came, a circumstance he could not well comprehend, until one day a medical friend communicated the astounding information that if he waited for business until doomsday he should be troubled with little or none until he put away the hirsute adornments with which he was physiognomically garnished. The Melbournians, he added, distrusted people, especially professionals, with other than closely-shaved faces. Whiskers of moderate dimensions might be tolerated, but as for any medical practitioner who sported a semi-circle of hair between his nose and upper lip to expect a call from any family of standing in "society," it was simply preposterous. A second though lesser obstacle was the fact of Campbell being a celibate, and the conclusion sought to be enforced was that he could never have a reasonable chance of making any perceptible way until he called in the services of a barber and a clergyman, and submitted himself to the tonsorial and connubial ordeals. This was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the young surgeon, then standing on the threshold of his career, and he took it much to heart. As to the second alternative—to marry a wife—that difficulty was not insurmountable, and it was an infliction he could survive; but to cast from him his moustache and whiskers, which he adored as a Mahommedan doth his beard, perish the thought! He would sooner pitch his scalpel and lancet to the winds than turn infidel to the hair-worship in which he so implicitly believed. A few days' reflection, however, soon reduced the temperature of his enthusiasm. The patients still shunned his door-bell. Other friends counseled him, and at length he half capitulated to the prejudices of
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

the age, so far that with some twinges of conscience he made up his mind to sacrifice the moustache; but to the artistically-cultivated whisker he resolved to cling irrespective of consequences to the last day of his existence. The razor was accordingly set to work, and mercilessly did it do its duty. Campbell and his moustache went through a sorrowful parting; and when he next appeared in the streets it was like a sunbeam shorn of half its brilliancy, and from a high premium he sank to par in the estimation of the ladies. However, professionally, the compromise was good-humouredly accepted by the public; his practice increased, and moving into Swanston Street the moustache deficit was supplied by a matrimonial alliance with a rose from the garland of historical spinster's, who accompanied their father, the first Episcopalian clergyman, on his migration to the cure of souls in Melbourne.

Dr. F. T. Ford was Campbell's partner, and Campbell and Ford constituted a well-known co-partnership, after the dissolution of which they separately enjoyed a fair business. On the death of Cussen, in 1849, Campbell had strong claims for, and a half promise of the Colonial Surgeoncy, but by some unexplained fluke he was jostled out of it. After the Colony of Victoria was established Campbell was appointed the first Coroner of the County of Bourke; but he was not a docile animal in Government harness, and once he so kicked over the traces that his voluntary or compulsory cashiering was inevitable. It was during the reign of Governor Sir Charles Hotham, in 1854, when everything official and non-official was in the state known as "sixes and sevens." A man took it into his head to die suddenly at the Rocky Water Holes (Donnybrook). Campbell held an inquest on the body, and an order for burial was given, for which the undertaker (being under no contract to the contrary) coolly charged £20. The excessive demand came before Hotham, who worried himself to death in vain endeavours to check financial trickery, and it drove him into a towering passion, the Coroner, in his opinion, being the prime offender for not having entered into some prior agreement. Campbell accordingly received an uncommonly sharp missive, asking for an explanation, to which he replied with a pungency little expected from a subordinate. The correspondence was prolonged until at length Campbell, worked to a high degree of exasperation, brought it to a close by declaring that he could not reasonably be supposed to know whether the charge of an undertaker was unreasonable or the reverse, as he had not been brought up to the business. After this it is no wonder that he never held another inquest as District Coroner.

Campbell was always held in high estimation, and had considerable ability, but he lacked the knack to push himself as others did. Though long in the colony, he was singularly deficient in the colonial characteristic known as "cheek," for otherwise he might have acquired much better filled pockets than he did. During late years he let everyone know he was alive by his annual appeals through the Press for funds to treat the paupers in our charitable institutions with a tobacco Christmas box. His begging letters in this respect are swathed with a philanthropic haziness which makes them somnolent reading, but as they are intended to end in smoke, this is perhaps an advantage. If Campbell had looked after his own interests with half the pertinacity with which he held out the hat for mendicities, there would be few wealthier men in the profession; but as one of his medical brethren once remarked to me, "Campbell was, in fact, too much of the gentleman for his business." Melbourne, through all its wondrous changes, has seen few better fellows than W. H. Campbell, surgeon, &c, and reckoning from the period of his commencement, he must be accounted Victoria's senior practitioner, the "Father" of the medical profession—numbering a rather numerous and mixed progeny, in age, condition, qualifications and reputations.

Dr. Ford is still in Melbourne, where he arrived in 1847, and for many years has acted as medical attendant to the police, who find him a very different person from the gentleman who medically ministered to their predecessors—a Dr. James Martin, under whose reign every sort of malingering was possible. Ford asserts his right to be recognized as the first public vaccinator. He is the first ex-officio appointed one, but as has been already conclusively shown, Cussen as Colonial Surgeon was the first ex-officio operator in that respect.

Dr. John Sproat, or as he was commonly called "The Old Sprat," was a tall gaunt grey-headed customer, who divided much of his affection between the chess-board and the tap-room. His constituents
were of the so-so rather than the select, and there was never much difficulty in working a sick certificate
out of him though at times he was cautious and equivocal, when he put pen to paper in this way: One
noticeable instance may be cited. A fashionable member of the demi-monde was once sued in the
Court of Requests for a long outstanding oyster account, which it was inconvenient for her either to
discharge, or to defend in person, as was then the rule. On the morning of the hearing she sent for
"Sprat" to ask a medical certificate from him, through which she expected a postponement of
the case. He found her in bed, helplessly intoxicated and unwilling to disoblige one of a lucrative
connection, he good-naturedly, scribbled out a professional formula in which he certified that
Miss—— was in such a condition of prostration as to be physically unable to attend the Court.
But the ruse did not take, for Commissioner Barry having some inkling of the reality, rejected the
tendered document, and gave a verdict against the indisposed lady, to the immense enjoyment of
an unwashed aggregation of "Little-Go" frequenters.

DR. THOMAS BLACK arrived from Sydney in 1843, with the appointment of Medical Officer to the
Military, received from Sir Maurice O'Connell, then Commander of the Forces in New South Wales.
Up to this time Cussen had charge of the soldiery, from which he was now released. Black was
also in private practice and continued so for several years after the separation of Port Phillip, rendering
the colony many valuable services outside his profession. He was one of a handful of gentlemen
who founded an Ornithological Society, which subsequently grew into a Zoological Society, and may be
fairly considered the basis upon which our present acclimatization system is constructed. He also
distinguished himself by his efforts towards the introduction of ostrich farming and the Angora goat;
and he was the originator of the Bank of Victoria.

DR. C. J. SANFORD was a young man somewhat of the Creole in aspect, and collaterally related to the
once well-known Captain G. W. Cole. After a brief business connexion with Dr. Campbell he
set up on his own hook, was well liked, and would, in all probability, have been a marked success,
only for taking it into his head to flit from the colony after a few years' sojourn in it.

From the date of its inception the Melbourne Corporation seemed to find favour with the
medical profession, for at the first election of Town Councillors in 1842, two Doctor "Johns"—
Patterson and Dickson—were returned amongst the maiden members, and subsequently Drs. Palmer,
Greeves, Campbell and Sanford, found seats at the Civic Board. But as Medical men they did not
attain to the position of others mentioned. Indeed Palmer, who in London had given much promise
as a surgeon, never seriously took to the profession here, for he started in colonial life as a concocter
of effervescing drinks suitable to a warm climate, and his début in this humble though useful line
is thus unpuffingly announced in the following advertisement, printed in the Melbourne newspapers
of July, 1841:—"Mr. Palmer has commenced the manufacture of soda-water, effervescing lemonade
and ginger beer, in Little Flinders Street." The ginger-beering did not turn out the paying spec.
extpected, and "Doctor" Palmer embarked in the wholesale wine and spirit trade, in which he did
better, and so continued for years. "Doctor" Greeves obtained a license for a publichouse known as
the Yarra Hotel, at the wharf, and though, unlike Barry Cotter, he superintended the bar in person
he shared much the same fate, for he and the concern soon parted company, and the ex-Boniface
betook himself to newspaper writing and prescribing. His medical practice could not be said to
be considerable, but his well-known public spirit, and activity in all questions of popular moment, so
kept him in the public eye that until his death he was never without a moderate run of business.

DR. WILLIAM J. DEASE, son of Oliver Dease, Army Surgeon, and descendant of the celebrated
Surgeon Dease, of Dublin, was born at Malta in 1819. Mr. Dease adopted the medical profession,
and became Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. In 1847 he arrived in Melbourne,
when he settled and rapidly acquired an extensive practice. Dr. Dease had, deservedly, the reputation
of being a clever and skilful practitioner. His general disposition and many excellent qualities both of
mind and heart could not, however, postpone the inevitable hour, and, deeply regretted by a wide
circle of friends, he died in 1855.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE. 887

Dr. Edward Barker arrived in Port Phillip in 1840. In 1864 he was appointed Lecturer on Surgery in the Melbourne University, and he retained the position for several years. As a remarkable instance of his physical powers of locomotion and endurance, it may be mentioned, that in May, 1841, accompanied by two friends, Messrs. Edward Hobson and Henry Broadribb, and four blackfellows, he walked from Melbourne to Port Albert, being the first overland expedition of the kind. Their regular start was from Lyall's station, now known as the Inlets, and for five days they had rather rough and hungry times of it, for their stock of provisions running out, they had nothing to eat, and (great fact for the teetotallers) for the five days actually lived on water! Dr. Barker died in June, 1885.

Dr. C. Watkins, M.R.C.S.E. and I.A.C.L., late of Shaldon, Devon, commenced business at 180 Bourke Street East, in May, 1851, and advertised himself as ready to work on the following annual scale:—A family, £10 10s.; one person, £5 5s. If in indifferent circumstances the charges would be reduced to one-half the amounts. Confinements were to be extras, and consultations from 9 to 11 a.m. daily.

Dr. Alexander Hunter.—About the same time appeared a notification which will recall to the recollection of many still living, an individual long gathered to his fathers, but, who in his day, attracted some attention and made a wonderful deal of noise in our city:—

NOTICE.—To the Poorer Classes of Melbourne and its Vicinity.—Dr. Hunter, Consulting and Operating Surgeon, has made arrangements to devote from 9 to 10 o'clock every morning, to giving advice free, to all those classes who are anxious to consult him, but who, from circumstances, are unable to pay for it.

162 Great Collins Street, Eastern Hill.

This Doctor Hunter was a tall, sallow-faced, black-haired, well-whiskered, and well-developed individual, admittedly a clever operating surgeon, but too fond of the steel, for his first impulse on seeing a patient was (like some of our present practitioners) to effect an operation of some kind if possible. He did not get on very fraternally with his contemporaries, as, though several of them were his professional superiors in every way, he regarded them with an amusing mixture of compassion and disdain, deeming them not abreast with the scientific requirements of the age. But it was as a stump orator, that Dr. Hunter appeared in the zenith of his fame, for he was the most bumptious talker and veriest political quack in creation. He once found his way into the Legislative Assembly as member for East Melbourne, where his parliamentary career was as fruitless as an immense soap-bubble.

EARLY SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Surgery in Melbourne performed its first recorded feat on the night of 4th April, 1839. It was the occasion of the visit of Lady Franklin, wife of the Governor of Van Diemen's Land. She was staying at Fawkner's Hotel, and amongst the Melburnians who turned out in the evening to give her a vociferous welcome, was one Isaac Smith, a carpenter by trade, who discharged a shaky blunderbuss in her honour; but the piece burst, and blew off one of the unfortunate fellow's hands. The sufferer was removed into a tavern, and the Colonial Surgeon (Dr. Cussen) amputated the limb from the elbow. The patient was not long in recovering, and a few pounds generously left by her Ladyship as a solatium, compensated for the mishap.

The first experiment with ether was made in Melbourne in July, 1847. Mr. James Egan, a settler on the Goulburn, was amusing himself one day on a shooting excursion, when the barrel of his gun burst and shattered his right arm. He was conveyed for more than a hundred miles to Melbourne, and placed under the care of Dr. Thomas, who decided on amputating the limb under the influence of ether. The operation was performed on 2nd August in the presence of Drs. Campbell, Groves, and Playne. The experiment was a success, and Egan was soon restored to health.

Ether was not long in the ascendant before it was partially superseded by chloroform, and the first Melbourne operation undertaken with its aid happened on the 27th May, 1848. A Mrs. Barr,
of Russell Street, laboured under an affection of the eyes, the result of a burn, which rendered necessary a critical surgical process. Chloroform was applied, and the operation successfully performed by Drs. Greeves, Campbell, and Wilkie. The patient was rid of her troubles, and both she and her eyes got on well together for many years after.

The First Medical Association.

A meeting of the medical profession, "for the purpose of organizing a Society for the promotion of medical knowledge and a more free professional intercourse," was held at the Prince of Wales Hotel on the 16th May, 1846, when there were present Drs. Cussen, Black, Campbell, Wilson, O'Mallane, Greeves, Griffin, Flemming, Thomas, Wilkie, and Keatinge.

Resolutions were adopted, originating an institution to be designated "The Port Phillip Medical Association."

The first office-bearers were—Dr. P. Cussen, President; Dr. D. E. Wilkie, Vice-President; Dr. Thomas Black, Treasurer; Mr. J. J. Keatinge, Secretary. Committee: Drs. W. H. Campbell, A. F. Greeves, and J. J. Thomas.

The first dinner came off on the 29th July, at the Prince of Wales Hotel.

On the 8th August, a meeting was held, and the library was placed under weigh by a £25 remittance to a Mr. Simmonds, of London, to invest it in books and periodicals.

Dr. Thomas Black, one of the most prominent members of this now defunct confraternity, has permitted me to inspect a minute-book recording the transactions of the short but useful life of the Society from 1846 to 1851. I am not now writing its biography, and shall therefore confine this sketch to a few notable incidents, which deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

The canons of physico-philosophy and etiquette were:

1. That as the dignity and influence of this Association essentially depend upon the friendly co-operation and harmony of its members, this Association strongly reprobates all hostile collisions and personal animosities.

2. That as differences of opinion of necessity arise in the treatment of diseases, this Association enjoins upon its members the exercise of honourable feelings and mutual forbearance in their professional intercourse.

3. That no member of this Association shall give any countenance whatever to disparaging reflections, or false reports affecting the professional character of other members.

4. That in all cases where one member is called in to attend for another, and in all consultations of members, the member called in shall neither say, look, nor insinuate such things as he knows will operate to the injury of the member in previous attendance, nor otherwise endeavour to supplant him in the estimation of his patient.

5. That any member who shall in any manner attempt to undermine, or otherwise injure, the professional reputations of other members shall, on proof of such offence, incur the highest censure of the Association.

6. That in the event of a difference of opinion in consultation, an additional medical man shall be called in, to be mutually agreed upon by those in attendance, but not without the consent of the patient or friends, the opinion of the majority to be final in the treatment of the case.

7. That when any member is called to attend any case in consequence of the unavoidable absence of another member, who is the regular medical attendant, he shall be entitled to the usual fee for such attendance, but not to the case, unless by the express desire of the patient or his friends.

8. That any member who shall attend a midwifery case in town or country for another member, shall be entitled to the whole fee for such attendance, but not to the case.

9. That when any member is in regular attendance on any patient for any illness, no other member shall consider himself at liberty to take such patient under his care until the patient or his friends have intimated to the former member their intention of dispensing with his attendance.
10. That in a case of emergency when the patient has no regular medical attendant, the first
member in attendance shall have the treatment of the case, unless otherwise determined by the
patient or his friends.
11. That no member shall knowingly meet in consultation any practitioner in medicine who
is not legally qualified.
12. That this Association will repudiate any attempt on the part of members, to practise on
other principles than those recognised by the medical profession.

TOWN VISITS.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>1st Class</th>
<th>2nd Class</th>
<th>3rd Class</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charge</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Single visit</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
<td>0 5 0</td>
<td>0 3 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>When only one visit is required</td>
<td>1 0 0</td>
<td>0 10 0</td>
<td>0 6 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Each visit from 9 p.m. to 7 a.m.</td>
<td>1 0 0</td>
<td>0 10 0</td>
<td>0 6 0</td>
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COUNTRY VISITS.

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<tr>
<td>Charge</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Any distance not exceeding one mile</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
<td>0 5 0</td>
<td>0 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, exceeding one mile for every additional mile</td>
<td>0 5 0</td>
<td>0 3 0</td>
<td>0 3 0</td>
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The above charges will be doubled from 9 p.m. to 7 a.m.

Consultations at home | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Detention—Every hour that the practitioner is detained after the first, either from
urgency of the case, or desire of patient or friends | 1 1 0 | 0 10 0 | 0 6 0 |

In chronic cases a discretionary deviation from the above charges may be made.

MIDWIFERY.

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<tr>
<td>Charge</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Attendance in ordinary cases</td>
<td>3 5 0</td>
<td>3 3 0</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
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CONSULTATIONS.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charge</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
<td>£ s. d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With Physician or Surgeon</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
<td>0 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fees by letter</td>
<td>2 2 0</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Certificate of health</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
<td>0 5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaccination</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
<td>0 5 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extracting teeth</td>
<td>0 10 6</td>
<td>0 5 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fractures and dislocations</td>
<td>3 3 0</td>
<td>2 2 0</td>
<td>1 1 0</td>
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In these cases the charge is made for the operation only. The subsequent visits will be an additional charge.

This tariff was subsequently amended in some particulars, and adopted; and a resolution
was passed, "That the members be held bound in honour to adhere as far as possible to the same,
and any member failing to do so, shall incur the censure of the Association."

The Society transmitted a petition to the House of Commons, concurring in a Medical
Registration Bill, introduced by Mr. Wakley, Member for Finsbury, praying "That the same
privileges and protection as therein proposed to be conferred on the members of the medical
profession in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, be extended to the members
of the medical profession in the Australian Colonies, who form in this part of Her Majesty’s dominions,
a numerous and respectable body of Her Majesty’s subjects."

Dr. Wilkie continued Secretary until 1850, when he was succeeded by Mr. Edward Barker.

The last minute meeting of the Association was held 20th November, 1851, and was
soon after dissolved, or rather died a natural death; the library was sold, the debts were paid,
and all was over. The old minute-book was affectionately retained by Dr. Black, the Society’s
Treasurer from first to last, and after it left my possession I was informed its destination would be
the Melbourne Public Library, where it would be provided with a quiet resting-place for all time.
It would seem that such intention was on further consideration abandoned, for the book
has passed into the guardianship of the present Medical Society of Victoria. A meeting of that
body was held on the 7th October, 1885, and from a precis of its proceedings as printed in the
Australian Medical Journal, I extract the following:—"The Hon. Secretary read the following
letter from Dr. Thomas Black:—"

14th September, 1885.
Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I am happy to say I am now in a position to offer for your acceptance the
minutes of the first Medical Society formed in Melbourne, by the late Dr. Wilkie and myself; also a list of the
legally qualified medical practitioners of the Colony of New South Wales, 1838—the first published list in any of the
Australian colonies.
I have good reason to believe that the only survivors of the late Port Phillip Medical Association and the
New South Wales list are Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., now residing in London; Dr. William Campbell, Russell Street,
Melbourne; and myself.
"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
THOMAS BLACK, M.D.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I am happy to say I am now in a position to offer for your acceptance the
minutes of the first Medical Society formed in Melbourne, by the late Dr. Wilkie and myself; also a list of the
legally qualified medical practitioners of the Colony of New South Wales, 1838—the first published list in any of the
Australian colonies.
I have good reason to believe that the only survivors of the late Port Phillip Medical Association and the
New South Wales list are Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., now residing in London; Dr. William Campbell, Russell Street,
Melbourne; and myself.
"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
THOMAS BLACK, M.D.

The President proposed that a vote of thanks be accorded to Dr. Black for his valuable
gifts, and further that he be created an Honorary Member of the Society.
"The motion was seconded by Dr. Allen and unanimously agreed to."

ARCHITECTS, SURVEYORS, AND ENGINEERS.
The first survey operations conducted in Port Phillip were those of the expedition despatched
from Sydney in November, 1802, in charge of Mr. Charles Grimes, the Acting Surveyor-General of New
South Wales. The party consisted (in addition to the gentlemen named), of Dr. M'Callum, a surgeon;
James Meenan, a surveyor; and James Flemming. The curious story of this expedition is told in
the journal kept by Flemming, and exhumed in 1877 by Mr. J. J. Shillinglaw, amongst piles of
musty State Papers in the office of the Colonial Secretary at Sydney. When Batman effected his
memorable officially repudiated bargain with the Aborigines, he had in his party Mr. Charles Wedge,
in the capacity of Surveyor, and this gentleman may be fairly recognized as the "father" of the
profession in the colony.
The first to announce himself as an architect in Port Phillip was Mr. Samuel Jackson, whose
brother, William, came from Van Diemen's Land with Fawkner's party of occupation in 1835. The
Jacksons afterwards took up some country on the Saltwater River, and Jackson's Creek near Sunbury
was named after William. Samuel settled in Melbourne, and followed the practice of his profession
for many years. Russell was more of an Architect than a Surveyor, for he first served articles in
an eminent Architect's office, and it was through an afterthought that he became a Surveyor.
Melbourne was not many years a proclaimed township when the Surveyors and Architects
began to pour in, and at the close of 1840, according to Kerr's Port Phillip Directory for 1841
the following were located in Port Phillip:—Land Surveyors—Messrs. Henry Douglass,
Henry B. Foot, S. P. Hawkins, Thomas H. Nutt, George Smyth, Thos. S. Townsend,
C. J. Tyers, James Williamson. Architects and Surveyors—Messrs. James Purves, Robert Russell,
and Alexander J. Skene. Mr. James Ballingall appears as a Surveyor of Shipping,
Mr. John Manton a Civil Engineer, and Messrs. Joseph W. Hooson and Peter Hurtlestone
simply as Engineers. To these may be added Mr. James Rattenbury, the Clerk of Works,
who claimed to be an an Architect, but whether so or not I cannot undertake to decide. It is
singular that there is no mention made of Mr. Robert Hoddle, the head of the then Government
Survey office, but he is given in the Directory for 1842, in which also appears the name
of Mr. Charles Laing. Gradually other names crept into the newspapers such as Messrs.
George Wharton, John Gill, Arthur Newson, James Blackburn, etc. For some unaccountable
reason Russell was never appreciated as his ability and integrity deserved.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

From the incorporation of Melbourne (1842), until after the end of these sketches, there were only three Town or City Surveyors, viz., Howe, Laing, and Blackburn. The first and second resigned the office, and the third died in harness. On Laing’s arrival, seeing what a small opening there was for architectural ability, he very prudently pocketed his profession for a while, and accepted the position of manager to a Butchering Company, which owned a small shop in Bourke Street, subsequently pulled down to make way for the Coffee Palace near the Theatre Royal. There were half-a-dozen professed Civil Engineers, and most of them had a pet hobby exercising their minds. Of the four most notable, J. A. Manton projected bridges never to be built; N. L. Kentish devised baths never to succeed; L. Rosson dreamed of a water-supply from the Yarra at Studley Park never to be utilized; and J. Blackburn’s name will be for all time associated with the Yan Yean Reservoir.

Rattenbury had been superseded at the Public Works Department by Mr. Henry Ginn, who, after Separation, held the office of Chief Architect. A meeting was held on the 12th May, 1851, at which was inaugurated the “Association of Architects.” A resolution was passed inviting the Superintendent (Mr. Latrobe) to accept the office of Patron, and Mr. Henry Ginn (the Colonial Architect), was elected the first President. But ere the year had been rung out the Architects had more important “fish to fry” amidst the astounding changes wrought by the gold discoveries.

Mr. A. J. Skene, for many years the official head of our Survey Department, arrived in Port Phillip as far back as 1839, and if I have been correctly informed, he obtained his first Government employment from Mr. Robert Russell. In 1842 he was located at Geelong, and in 1868, he was appointed Surveyor-General to Mr. C. W. Ligar, the successor of Mr. Robert Hoddle.

Mr. George Wharton arrived in Melbourne at the beginning of 1844, and he is still (1885) in business in Melbourne. Mr. Wharton soon found that there was little or no scope for the exercise of whatever abilities he possessed as an architect. The streets were unformed, the buildings mostly weatherboard cottages and shops. A three-storey building was looked upon as a giant. John Hodgson’s house, also in Flinders Street, where the Port Phillip Club Hotel now stands, though only a two-storey building, was nicknamed “Hodgson’s Folly.” Under these circumstances he gave up the idea of following his profession. He purchased an interest in a sheep-station where the town of Daylesford now stands. In the meantime the Melbourne Corporation began to form the streets, and appointed Mr. Charles Laing (an Architect known to Wharton in Manchester) as Town Surveyor. Laing was allowed to practice privately, and requested Wharton to assist him, which he did, and so was accidentally brought back to his proper avocation. The first building he was engaged upon was St. Peter’s Church, for which he made most of the drawings. About this time Mr. Wharton prepared a Plan of the City of Melbourne, showing all the houses then erected. This Plan should be in existence now in either Laing’s or the Corporation papers, and would be an object of much interest. He also prepared another Plan of Melbourne for the Mayor (Dr. Palmer) indicating the division into four Wards to carry out a scheme of the Mayor’s to let the Wards at a rental to milkmen to depasture their cows. He also completed Plans of a scheme to supply Melbourne with water, by connecting with pipes two bends of the river Yarra at Studley Park.

Wharton also assisted Laing in making designs for a new theatre and hotel built in 1845, in Queen Street (still in existence) for the late J. T. Smith. This was a great step in advance of the dingy, tumble-down old theatre close by the Bull and Mouth, in Bourke Street.

The late Samuel Ramsden came out in the same ship with Wharton as a stonemason, and his partners, Charles and Henry Brown, and the late James Webb.

One of the oldest of “Old Colonists” has favoured me with the following memo:—

“The first Land Surveyors to arrive in Port Phillip, doubtless were the Wedges. They were not Government Surveyors, but came on a special mission. Mr. John Helder Wedge prepared a plan, showing the land proposed to be purchased by the Van Diemen’s Land Company, from the natives, a copy of which is still in my library. This was, however, no survey, but simply a field sketch, which was all that was wanted. Mr. William Wedge Darke, a near relation of the Wedges, came down with Mr. Robert Russell in the Government service from Sydney in 1836; also Mr. Fred Robert Darcy, at which period the first survey was made by Russell, a copy of which—now very scarce—I am
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

aware you have. Private surveyors subsequently appeared. A Mr. Le Roux was the first; he also held office as Clerk of Works under Mr. Lewis, the Colonial Architect, of Sydney, and Mr. Russell held his billet for a short time after his death. His name appears to a very early subdivision of a Melbourne allotment in Mr. Le Roux’s possession.

The first Melbourne sub-division is dated 25th April, 1839, allot. C Block 2. It was surveyed by Russell for Mr. R. H. Browne (commonly called Heidelberg Browne), acting for Thos. Walker, of Sydney. Then came a tribe of private Surveyors. Williamson, M’Gregor, Thomson, Craig, Poole, Gibbins, Dr. Grady, Russell, &c, and of still later date (I find his name in 1851), Petrie Nixons. There were others doubtless whose names I have omitted, but not many. Of private surveys in and near Melbourne after Russell left the Government service, the lion’s share certainly fell to him. Russell was responsible for the first design of St. James’s Church, which was built under his superintendence, though for the simple spire of his design, the Building Committee substituted a heaven-directing “pepper-pot,” Dr. Palmer being, I fancy, the chief instigator. The first Custom House, Lyon Campbell’s house on the Yarra, the first bank of Australasia, &c, were also Russell’s work. Samuel Jackson designed the Hospital and Mr. Donellan’s house in Flinders Street, if I mistake not, and many other buildings. St. Patrick’s Cathedral was begun under his jurisdiction, as was also St. Patrick’s Hall. Mr. Blackburn designed the Anglican Bishop’s Palace. Charles Laing made his appearance and assisted Dr. Palmer in the “pepper-pot” perpetration.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The first minister of religion who placed a foot on Victorian soil, was the Rev. Robert Knopwood, A.M., Chaplain to the Collins “Convict Expedition,” at Sorrento in 1803. He was an Englishman, who entered the world in 1761, and left it in 1838. After holding the office of domestic Chaplain to Lord Spencer, he accepted the latter appointment, which transferred him to the Antipodes. To a diary kept by him, the public is indebted for a quaint narrative of incidents of his voyage to Australia, the attempted settlement at Port Phillip, and actual settlement at Hobart Town, where he retained his Convict Chaplaincy until 1822. The following notice of him is from the pen of West, the Van Diemonian historian:—“In addition to his clerical functions he (Knopwood) regularly sat as a Magistrate. He had not much time to care for the spiritual interests of his flock, and of his success in their reformation nothing is recorded. His convivial friends are the chief eulogists of his character. His little white pony was not less celebrated, Knopwood received a pension, and was subsequently appointed Chaplain to a country district. The gaiety of his disposition made him a pleasant companion and general favourite, and conciliated whatever esteem may be due to a non-professional reputation. He was, however, not unwilling to tolerate the assistance of a sect whose zeal wore a different aspect from his own. The Wesleyan ministers found a kindly welcome and open field.”

In the Shillinglaw papers, appended to the Knopwood Diary is a portrait of this primitive parson, “from a sketch by T. G. Gregson, Esq., of Risdon.” His reverence is mounted on a white pony, and peeping from the hind pocket of his dark overcoat is the corked nose of a black bottle. A rough-skinned, sharp-looking little piece of dog-flesh trots along in front, to all appearance anxiously on the scent for some kind of a wind-fall. In connection with this matter Mr. A. C. Macdonald, F.R.G.S., Collins Street West, has favoured me with a curiously interesting relic, now, for the first time, communicated to the public through the medium of a newspaper. It is a copy of verses composed years ago by Mr. John Graves, a well-known Hobart Town Solicitor, for some time dead, with the following memo, thereon, in the penmanship of the writer, an ex-Chief Secretary of Tasmania:—

“Old Bobby Knopwood arrived in February, 1803,
First and best Parson that ever preached in this colony.
WM. GREGSON.”

The old gentleman who was of a convivial turn of mind, thinking with Shakespeare that “good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well-used,” came to the conclusion that a glass of port could not be applied more advantageously than in helping to administer bedside consolation to the bodily afflicted, and consequently whenever he was engaged in what is known as “sick call duty,” the wine bottle was his invariable companion, and the sufferer’s spiritual and bodily condition considerably looked after. When it is understood that Mr. Knopwood’s religious offices would be
mostly required by unfortunates of the convict class, in assignment and expires, his kind-heartedness in what he did cannot be too highly appreciated, though at the present day it will doubtless be sneered at by those who can have no conception of the horrors and privations attending the early convictism of the neighbouring colony. I subjoin the Graves' effusion, with the remark that any modicum of literary merit that may be displayed, is sadly marred by the sarcastically offensive bigotry indulged in towards other Christian denominations:

"Bob Pincher and the Pony."

THE DOGGREL BY PINCHER.

"Bob Pincher and the pony"—as Gregson used to say,
Where sickness was you found him there—to sympathize and pray;
The bottle's neck seen peeping out—you may readily divine
His mission's one of mercy—and he carries with him wine.
This fine old English Clergyman—one of the "good old sort."
Who, when he visited the sick, he brought them all to port;
And, by the sick bed kneeling, would utter words divine,
Then cheerfully rising, say—"Now take a glass of wine;
It's better for your stomach's sake—than wafers and cold water;
For good old Port and solid food will surely make you fatter."

No whining, deistical dogmas—no brimstone fire and hell—
He preached God's love and mercy—and kindly wished them well;
This fine old English Clergyman—one of the olden time,
Who, when he visited the sick—he always took them wine.
He wore no cross upon his back, but acted on the square—
A thing that's often talked about—but practised very rare;
He interceded not like a mountain-fling, nor yet like columbian,
Nor ritualistic vestments wore—this worthy old divine.
If scanty dresses were to be true signs of what was meet,
Priests soon would make the surplice, the Church's winding sheet;
So thought this good old Clergyman—one of the olden time,
Who, when he visited the sick—he always took them wine.
If rampant ritualists will wear—silks, satins, and brocade,
They'd better change their uniform—and join the Pope's brigade;
For in the ranks of Protostatics—they're called the "backward squad,
And looked upon by Churchmen—as the cast-out of God.
Yet Popish priests and Protostatics—their cant is "loving brother,"
And in Christ's name—Oh! what a shame—they'd crucify each other:
So 'twixt the doctrines of the two—no mortal soul can tell,
Which is the road to Heaven—and that which leads to Hell.
Yet Popish priests and Protostatics—their cant is "loving brother,"
And in Christ's name—Oh! what a shame—they'd crucify each other:
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Which is the road to Heaven—and that which leads to Hell.
CHAPTER LXII.

A MORTUARY GROUP.

In the course of the retrospective excursion in which I have employed myself, innumerable incidents have cropped up to amuse and instruct; but, here and there, an occasional shadow intrudes which one cannot meet with without a feeling of regret. From time to time a colonist well-known in his day, drops out of existence, from natural or accidental causes, and in the crowding spectres of the past, such events are marked with a prominence that induces a consideration of the circumstances under which the void occurs. Several of such ghastly memorials are disentombed in raking up the dead past of a country or community, and in wading through the debris necessary to be examined in the compilation of these Chronicles, I have met with a few such reminders well meriting a passing notice.

JOHN BATMAN.—First, and not least in the obituary scroll, is John Batman, by some designated the founder, and by others (more correctly) the pioneer or prospector of Melbourne and its surroundings. From 1836 to 1839, the period of his residence here, Batman, before that a robust and vigorous man, fell into bad health, and was so much of a valetudinarian as to be wheeled in a bath-chair about Batman's Hill and the adjacent then unformed streets. The Port Phillip Gazette of 8th May, 1839, thus announces his death:—"At his residence, on Monday, 6th May, after a protracted illness, John Batman, Esq., aged 39 years. His remains will be interred this morning at 11 o'clock." In the same paper there is this reference to the occurrence. —"Mr. Batman, at all times distinguished for his activity as a bushman, on the occasion of his last adventure, it is understood, exposed himself to an injurious degree, violent cold working on mercury previously dormant in his physical system, hurried him to a premature death. He has left a numerous family, all very young, and chiefly girls. Unfortunately for them his affairs are not in a settled state." This is a frigid notice of the demise of certainly the person of most consequence in the then small settlement. Though, in Batman or Fawkner, there was little of the faculty that would entitle them to anything savouring of hero-worship, their names are so historically entwined with the fortunes of Victoria, that, early or late, their memory ought not to be referred to in other than a feeling of meet consideration.

Batman's funeral took place as indicated, and in the presence of nearly all the adult population. His mortal remains were consigned to the earth in a portion of the now Old Cemetery, where they remained in a nameless grave, and with an unwritten epitaph, for more than forty years, when, on the suggestion of Sir W. Mitchell, the late President of the Legislative Council, a public subscription was set on foot to mark by some lasting monument the spot where so remarkable a man was buried. The project was taken zealously in hand by Mr. John J. Shillinglaw, Hon. Secretary to the movement, and worked with such success, that there would be little difficulty in obtaining for the purpose much more money than was required. It was at length completed, and on the 3rd June, 1882, was unveiled by Mr. C. J. Hann, the Mayor of Melbourne, surrounded by a gathering of old Colonists, and prominent amongst them were Mr. William Weir (Town Clerk of Geelong), and his son (Batman's
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son-in-law and grandson). The In Memoriam is an obelisk of dressed blue stone, erected at a cost of £120, and on the side looking towards the city, bears this inscription:—

JOHN BATMAN,
Born at Parramatta, N.S.W., 1800.
Died at Melbourne, 6th May, 1839.
On the site of Melbourne, then unoccupied.

This monument was erected
By public subscription in Victoria,
1881.

JOHN BATMAN, JUNIOR.—Batman, though blessed with a family of eight children, had only one son, and through a strange fatality, this boy was drowned in the Yarra some six years after his father's death. Unable to find any printed particulars of the manner in which he met his untimely end, I applied through the Hon. G. F. Belcher, of Geelong, to the Mr. William Weire before mentioned, to supply so important an omission, and through his courtesy, I append an account of the melancholy occurrence in Weire's own words: "The particulars of the boy's death, as often told to me by Mrs. Batman, her daughter (my late wife) Elizabeth Mary, and her youngest daughter Pelonomena (Philemena)—born 11th July, 1834, and died in July, 1859, and, indeed, by every member of the family, are as follow:—The family, after Batman's death in May, 1839, resided in the large two-storey brick house then, at the corner of William and Collins Streets, on the site now occupied by the Australian Mutual Provident Society and other offices. On the day—11th February, 1845—when the boy was drowned, his sister Pelonomena took him down to the Yarra at the "Falls," as she had done many times previously. He had a little fishing rod with him, and got on the stones at the "Falls" for the purpose of fishing, when, owing to the stones being slippery, he fell off into the river, striking his head against a stone, and was drowned before assistance could be given. It was said that Pelonomena was a short distance away from the place where her brother went on to fish, and she was much blamed by the family for her apparent carelessness and neglect for not better looking after him. It was also said that the lad took off his shoes and stockings to go on the stones to fish. If such was the case it would cause him to slip off more readily than otherwise. This is a brief outline of the death of 'John Charles Batman'—John Batman's only son and heir! Had he lived, the fortunes of the small remnant of the family now left might, perhaps, be of a brighter character."

Since the foregoing was written, I regret to add that Mr. Weire has followed the Batmans to the world beyond the grave.

CAPTAIN CHESSER.—A funeral was witnessed in Melbourne on 14th February, 1840, when Captain Chesser, of the barque "Mary Ridgway," was buried, and all the ship-masters, officers, and most of the seamen in port were in attendance. The deceased died of consumption, and during a short stay in the province came to be much thought of.

MR. ALEXANDER JOLLY.—A sad accident occurred two months after at a station of Mr. Yuille, at Buninyong. There had recently arrived as surgeon of the barque "Caroline," from Leith, Mr. Alexander Jolly, who made a trip to the country, and one day whilst bathing was drowned. He was a young man of the highest professional promise, and, as he purposed remaining in Melbourne, his loss was regarded as a serious one as matters then stood.

MR. ALEXANDER SCOTT, an Edinburgh gentleman of considerable means, arrived with his wife and family, to invest largely in cattle breeding, and he secured a tract of depasturing country some fifty
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miles from town. He was looked upon as a valuable acquisition, but in May he was carried off by death in his forty-third year.

Mr. William Kerr, in 1841, took his family for a change during the hot weather after Christmas to the beach at Sandridge, and thought it would not be a bad plan to rig a tent as a summer residence half-way towards St. Kilda. On the evening of the 15th January, he was found dead on the sand. His death had been sudden, and its cause as disclosed by a post-mortem enquiry, was tubercular disease of the brain, accompanied by serious effusion. Mr. Kerr was much regretted, and the Sunday after his death was "improved" at the Independent Church, where the Rev. Mr. Waterfield delivered a suitable discourse upon the lamentable event.

David Henry Wilson, M.D.—The first death of a medical practitioner in Melbourne occurred in August, when David Henry Wilson, M.D., was gathered to his fathers. During a brief sojourn in the district the deceased evidenced an active interest in public matters, and had he lived would have made his mark professionally and otherwise.

Mr. Henry F. Gisborne was during his short stay, as light-hearted and well-liked as any individual in Port Phillip. The son of a member of the British Parliament, he proceeded to the newly-found southern country as its actual first Crown Land Commissioner. Equally at home as a bushman and as a sportsman, he rendered valuable assistance in developing an early taste amongst the people for the great English sport of horse-racing, and was one of the half-dozen primitive Nimrods who selected the present Flemington course as the proper place for the amusement to which it has been since applied. Along with riding a race, he was just as smart a hand at writing about one, and his ability in this line was such as would admirably qualify him for the modern post of Sporting Editor. The first Petition transmitted from Port Philip praying for separation from New South Wales was from his pen. In 1841 he started on a visit to England, but in September intelligence was received of his death at sea, between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena.

Mr. Arthur Kemmis was a native of Queen's County (Ireland), and, in 1839, entered into mercantile pursuits under the style of Kemmis and Co., in a brick store in Flinders Street. Kemmis was a man of scholarly attainments and unspotted integrity; the founder and chief-manager of the Port Phillip Steam Navigation Company, and the doer of many kindnesses in a private and unobtrusive manner. On the 8th February, 1842, he died at the early age of 36, of water on the brain, after a ten days' illness, leaving a widow and five children to mourn over their bereavement. The regret for what was not unreasonably regarded as a public loss, was universal.

Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Walsh.—October of the same year was saddened by two very sudden deaths, with only a day or two intervening, two estimable ladies having disappeared from a society so limited as to be badly able to spare them. The former was the wife of an Assistant Protector of Aborigines. A few months previously a brother of the latter—a very fine young man—was accidentally drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Yarra, and such a blow was too much for the sister. The events spread a gloom over the small town, which was not dissipated by the use made of them in more than one pulpit on the ensuing Sunday, and they formed the groundwork of two or three impressive sermons.

Mr. Armyne Bolden.—On Sunday, 9th July, 1843, died suddenly at the residence of Mr. S. Raymond, his brother-in-law, Mr. Armyne Bolden, who had been staying there for some days. Both gentlemen, after dining at the Melbourne Club, went home about 10 o'clock. When Bolden was retiring to rest he told the servants to call him at daylight, as he wished to proceed early to the Saltwater River. Some time after Raymond was alarmed by hearing moans issue from the direction of Bolden's room, and to his astonishment he found Bolden lying upon his back, with his mouth open, and gasping for breath, though the bed-covering did not appear in the least disturbed. Dr. O'Mullane was
at once sent for, but before he could arrive Bolden was dead. Deceased had drank not more than a half-pint of wine, and the death was traced to apoplexy.

Mr. J. L. Beswick, a resident of the Western Port District, was killed 6th April, 1844. He was returning home in a chaise-cart from Melbourne, having under his charge a female servant and a bag of flour. When near Brighton a wheel of the vehicle catching in a tree-stump, the concern was turned over, and Beswicke came under with the flour over him. His death was instantaneous. The woman was severely injured, and her life was saved owing most probably to her extrication from danger by Mr. A. R. Cruickshank, a Melbourne accountant.

Mr. J. D. l. Campbell, a gentleman of some note, and much social influence, died somewhat unexpectedly on the 1st June. Though indisposed for a fortnight, the medical attendants did not anticipate any serious consequences. During the night of the 31st May, Mr. Campbell slept continuously, and towards morning he passed unnoticed into the sleep of death. He was the centre of a large circle of private friends, and amongst the staunchest adherents of the first Resident Judge (Willis), by whom he manfully stood amidst tribulation of no ordinary kind.

Mr. George Hyde, who resided at Green Hills, beyond Keilor, died suddenly on the 1st June, on route to Melbourne. Taken ill in the conveyance by which he travelled, he was removed to the Keilor Inn, and received there every possible attention, but expired in little more than an hour. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. Hobson, and a coroner's inquest attributed death to the "visititation of God in a natural way, and not otherwise."

Mr. J. H. Gaull, a well-known commission agent, accompanied by Mr. Matthew Harland, left town on the 25th January, 1845, for Gardiner's Creek. In a part of the Survey Paddock they found a flat-bottomed dingy, and in this they proposed to cross the Yarra. Before they had proceeded twenty yards the dingy went down, and strange to relate, Harland, who was but an indifferent swimmer, paddled with much difficulty to dry land, whilst Gaull, who was quite the reverse, sank head foremost, without a cry or struggle and never re-appeared alive. On the third morning the body was fished up from below where the dingy had disappeared. Gaull was a fine specimen of mature manhood, and as he was exceedingly well-liked, his interment took place in the presence of an unusually large attendance.

Mr. W. P. Greene.—A very regrettable death occurred at Woodlands, beyond Broadmeadows, on 5th March. Mr. W. P. Greene, resided there, and he was a gentleman much appreciated by all who knew him. His demise was somewhat unexpected; and his last public appearance in Melbourne was attending a complimentary meeting convened to do honour to the second Resident Judge (Jeffcott) on his departure from the province. Mr. Greene was the seconder of a flattering valedictory address, which was adopted for presentation to the retired ex-functionary.

Mr. James R. Stewart, Mr. Adam Pullar, and Mr. Robert Donaldson.—July witnessed two blanks in the commercial circle not soon filled. On the 22nd Mr. James R. Stewart, a popular commission agent, left Melbourne to attend a sale at Mr. A. Macallum's, at the Darebin Creek. The Merri Creek was flooded, and the rider was swept out of the saddle and drowned. Great exertions were made to recover the body, but though his coat, minus a sleeve torn off, and his pocket-handkerchief were fished up in a few hours, the corpse was not found for two days. Mr. Adam Pullar, of the firm of Pullar, Porter, and Co., died after a severe illness on the 29th. He was a member of the Town Council, an influential Presbyterian, and his funeral was numerously attended. Later on in the year (November) Mr. Robert Donaldson, of the well-known Collins Street drapery firm (Donaldson and Budge), died suddenly from rupture of a blood vessel.

Mr. Cole, Junior.—Few events ever produced more regret in Melbourne than a singular case of drowning off Sandridge on the first day of 1846. Mr. Luke Ward Cole, accompanied by Messrs. Allison, Hussey,
and a sailor, shoved off from Liardet's pier in a small boat, which, bent on a fishing excursion in the Bay, filled and went down. Cole had sank before any help could be given, and was drowned, while the others were rescued from their perilous position. The body was removed to Liardet's Hotel, where an inquest was held, and a verdict of accidental death returned. It was next brought to Melbourne to the residence of the young man's father, Captain G. W. Cole, of William Street, and on the 3rd January the funeral took place, when the coffin was borne by six tars attached to the Wharfinger's establishment of the Captain. The sympathy for Captain Cole, one of the original merchant townsman, was sincere and widespread.

ALLAN KENNY RENNIE.—On the 11th March, 1846, there died at the residence of Mr. H. N. Cassels, the Collector of Customs, Allan Kenny Rennie, accountant of the Union Bank, a young man of affability to the public, and gifted with considerable financial ability. Though his death was caused by consumption, no one thought the end so near.

MISS COGHILL, MRS. MEEK, AND MRS. HOLLINGSHEAD.—Towards the close of the year 1846, the deaths of three much-esteemed ladies occasioned profound regret. On the 26th October the daughter of Mr. William Coghill was cutting some bread, and, the knife slipping, she was gashed between a finger and thumb. Not much account was taken of the accident for five days, when unfavourable symptoms commenced; inflammation supervened, and on the eighth day death ensued from tetanus. Mrs. Meek, wife of Melbourne's first Solicitor, returned to England in 1846, and had an exceptionally rough passage, which she survived only until she arrived in London. A Mrs. Hollingshead, also returning homeward, died at sea on the 11th April.

DR. GEORGE IMLAY, R.N.—Boxing (or, as it should be more properly called, St. Stephen's) Day was remarkable for the suicide of a settler well known and of extensive connexion. Dr. George Imlay, R.N., resided at a place known as Brago, in the Twofold Bay District, and early one morning he set forth, taking blankets and rations, but declining any attendance, even so much as a dog. In a few hours his horse returned riderless, and Mr. Peter Imlay, fearful of some mishap, started at once with a few of the station hands, taking the direction in which the Doctor had gone. After a four days' hunt they found the unfortunate gentleman dead, and in a frightfully battered condition. It was surmised that he fastened the trigger of his gun to his foot, and shot himself. Temporary insanity was assigned as a reason for the tragical act.

MR. C. L. HUSSEY.—The New Year (1847) was shocked by the accidental death of Mr. C. L. Hussey, the Teller of the Bank of Australasia. Mr. Hussey resided at Collingwood, and started on horseback about 6 p.m. of the 7th January for a suburban ride, and not returning at his usual time his servants became alarmed. Next morning Sergeant Rose, of the Mounted Police, noticed a horse saddled but unbridled straying near Penridge, which, coupled with Hussey's unaccountable absence from the bank, led to the supposition that some mishap had occurred. A mounted search party hastily started from town, and Hussey was found dead in the bush, near Main's Bridge, at Flemington. It was inferred that the deceased had jumped his horse, and the animal falling threw the rider. After the usual inquest, there was a very large funeral, for the deceased was regretted as widely as he was known. It is remarkable that Hussey was one of those who providentially escaped drowning by the sinking of a boat on the occasion of the drowning of young Cole off Sandridge in January, 1846.

MR. FITZHERBERT MILLER MUNDY.—On the 1st March is recorded the death of Mr. Fitzherbert Miller Mundy, aged 36, of Shipley, County of Derby, and of the Red Bluff, Western Port. His brother was for many years Colonial Secretary of South Australia. They were relatives of Governor Sir Charles Fitzroy.

MR. WILLIAM JONES, Clerk of Petty Sessions to the Mount Macedon Bench, was drowned whilst attempting to cross the Campaspe on the 5th July. His dog remained barking on the river bank,
which attracted the attention of some passers-by. The horse was saved with much risk, but Jones' body was not recovered for hours. The deceased was interred in the garden of the Catelrude Inn.

Dr. Hobson, an early physician, died on the 4th March, 1848, at Bonavista, South Yarra, after five days' illness. As a physician he would have won much eminence had he lived twenty years longer, and even as it was, his premature death was viewed as something akin to a public loss. Measures were taken to raise funds for the erection of a monument over his grave, in the Old Cemetery, and on the 22nd March, a public meeting was held. A sum exceeding £100 was soon raised. On a pedestal of blue-stone, eight feet square, stood a free-stone obelisk, on which was lettered the following scroll:

**THIS MONUMENT,**

In Memory of

EDMUND CHARLES HOBSON, M.D.,

Born at Parramatta, 10th August, 1814; Died at Melbourne, 4th March, 1848,

Has been erected by public subscription, in honour of a distinguished fellow-colonist, who was pre-eminent in his profession, and whose skill and attention were never solicited by the poor or distressed in vain. He united with rare medical and other attainments, dispositions, and virtues, which endeared him as a man and a Christian to his numerous friends.

He died universally regretted in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

The artist of the Hobson monument was Mr. William Candy, of George Street, Fitzroy. He may, therefore, be justly esteemed the Founder of Monumental Masonry in Victoria.

Cain and Porter.—On the 27th June, Captain James Cain, who had built for him the first large brick store in Flinders Street, died aged 45; and on 7th July Mr. George Porter, aged 48. The latter was an extensive land purchaser at the old Melbourne town lot sales. His son (Mr. J. A. Porter) was the so long well known Prothonotary of the Supreme Court, who died, as was said, "rolling in wealth," in 1882.

John Simson.—On the 21st November, 1848, as Messrs. D. C. Simson and John Simson, settlers at Charlotte Plains, were endeavouring to save the life of John Barrett, a bullock-driver, who got into deep water while crossing a ford, the two Johns were drowned, and D. C. with difficulty escaped a like fate. John Simson being a capital swimmer, the mishap in his case was believed to have been occasioned by a fit. He left a wife and six children, and his death was very much regretted. The double burial was witnessed at Charlotte Plains on the 23rd by persons who travelled many miles, and the sad ceremony was, under the circumstances, one of deep emotion.

Mr. James Ballingall was one of the first appointed batch of Corporation Rate-collectors, and in January, 1849, he was the object of deep commiseration by the drowning of his son in the Yarra.

Dr. Patrick Cussen has already figured in these sketches, and the present will be the last appearance of his name. On 22nd May, 1849, when 57 years of age, he died after a protracted illness from disease of the heart. His career was neither uneventful nor useless, for he had been an efficient public officer since 1837. He was obituarily complimented by a large funeral on the 23rd.

Mrs. L. M'Kinnon.—In June was announced the death of the wife of Mr. Lachlin M'Kinnon, then a District Member of the New South Wales Legislature. Mr. and Mrs. M'Kinnon were in Sydney where the former was attending his Parliamentary duties, and the lady died. Her remains were conveyed for burial per the "Shamrock" steamer from Sydney to Melbourne.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

Mr. Henrie Bell.—A substantial mercantile house in old times was one kept by two well known brothers, W. M. and Henrie Bell. The former acquired some public consequence from a connection with the Corporation, and he was one of Melbourne's early Mayors. They were both staunch and influential Presbyterians of the Free Church branch. Henrie Bell died on the 25th November, and his remains were taken to John Knox Church, whence, on the 27th, a large funeral procession set forth, and he was placed to rest in the not distant cemetery.

Mr. F. Wight.—A singularly fatal accident occurred on 6th April, 1850, to Mr. F. Wight, brother of a member of a widely-known firm of Watson and Wight. One night previously deceased on awaking felt a soreness on his face. Mr. Wight was staying some miles from town. Medical aid was summoned, and Dr. Wood started without delay to render any assistance in his power; but on his arrival the sufferer had expired. The death was believed to have originated from the bite of a scorpion or centipede, terminating in what is medically known as phlegmonous erysipelas. The deceased was of amiable and Christian disposition and much regretted.

Mr. J. J. Peers, a notable colonist, and one of the earliest propagators of Wesleyanism, died at the age of 45 in Sydney on 21st August, 1850. The corpse was brought to Melbourne for interment.

Mr. J. W. Cowell, the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, in Collins Street, an establishment of much note for years, was found dead in his bed in October, from disease of the heart. For some time he had a fixed premonition that his death would be sudden.

Edward Curr, "the father of separation," breathed his last on Saturday, 16th November, 1850, the third day of the public rejoicings held in honour of the advent of the great boon for which he had so long and ardently laboured. It was sad to think that he should go out of the world at a time when the whole colony was celebrating the victory which Curr had done so much to gain. Though it was indisputably known before that the Independence of Port Phillip had been ratified by the Imperial Parliament, intelligence of the actual giving of the Royal assent to the Constitution Act was only received in Melbourne on the day and almost at the hour of Curr's death. He had been ill for five months, and was 52 years of age. The mortal remains were removed in the afternoon from St. Helier's (now Abbotsford), the residence of the deceased, to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis, where they remained during the night. At 11 a.m. of the 17th, a Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. G. A. Ward, assisted by the Revs. V. Bourgeois and J. Madden. In the afternoon the funeral took place, and the Rev. Mr. Ward pronounced a well-deserved eulogy at the grave.

The Rev. James Forbes.—This single-minded and highly estimable divine died at the Manse of John Knox Church on 12th August, 1851. He was first minister of the Free Presbyterian Church of Victoria, and had only entered upon his 38th year. He was buried on the 17th, and his funeral was one of the largest up to that time in Melbourne, and was attended by the Lieutenant-Governor (Latrobe), all the chief officers of Government, nearly every clergyman in town of other denominations, and an immense concourse of all classes of the population. On the following Sabbath Bishop Perry made the event the theme of a sermon of much feeling and eloquence. The Rev. James Forbes was born in 1813, the son of a farmer at Kilbrannan, Parish of Lochiel Cushnie, 24 miles from Aberdeen, and in course of time he became an M.A. of King College (Aberdeen). After joining the Presbyterian Ministry he proceeded to New South Wales in 1837 with the Rev. Dr. Lang and others. In 1843 there was a secession of Port Phillip Presbyterianism, and on the 25th October, 1846, Forbes, as an enthusiastic Free Churchman, threw in his lot with the Seceders. One of the most affecting incidents ever written of occurred at his death-bed on the 4th August, after his medical attendants declared they entertained but faint, if any hope, of his recovery. He had an infant son only three weeks old, and it was the father's desire that he should baptize the baby in the presence of the several members.
THE REV. DANIEL NEWHAM.—This gentleman was a curate with Dr. Perry in England, and when the latter was appointed Bishop of the Anglican See of Melbourne, Mr. Newham accompanied him to the scene of his episcopal labours. On their arrival in Melbourne, A.D. 1848, Mr. Newham was nominated to the parochial charge of St. Peter's. He died at his Parsonage on the 27th August, 1851, then only 35 years of age, and on the 29th his funeral was attended by a large concourse, including the Lieutenant-Governor, and most of the leading residents of Melbourne. Two affecting panegyrics were preached on deceased that day, viz., by Bishop Perry, at St. Peter’s, in the morning, and at St. James’s, by the Rev. Mr. Strong, in the evening.

MR. GILBERT ROBERTSON.—An editorial casualty, the only instance of the kind, occurred near Geelong on the morning of the 5th September, when Mr. Gilbert Robertson, the editor of the *Victoria Colonist*, a Geelong newspaper, was proceeding on horseback to attend an electoral meeting at Colac, and on reaching about a mile beyond the South Geelong Bridge, the animal he rode shied, and threw him off. After lying helpless on the ground for some time, he was found by a wayfarer. He was speechless, and evidently much internally shaken, and on removal to a tavern some distance off he neither rallied nor spoke, and died the following day.

MR. STANLEY DOCKER.—Ten days after, Mr. Stanley Docker, son of the Rev. Joseph Docker, of Bontherambo, was with a stockman crossing the Ovens in a state of high flood, when the horses came in collision, the two men were dismounted, and Docker was drowned. He was only twenty years of age, transacted all his father’s business, and had already established a high reputation for being straightforward and honourable in all his dealings.

MR. JOHN BEAR, SENIOR.—This Necrological catalogue ends with the death of the brusque, active, widowsake, widely-liked individual known as Mr. John Bear, senior. For several years the stock and station-selling firm of Bear and Son was as well-known as Bourke Street, where at the south-east corner of Queen Street their vending-mart was established. “Old Bear,” though only two years more than the half-century, took his last illness in 1851, and after being laid up for four months, died on the 30th November. At half-past four of 2nd December he was buried from St. Peter’s Church, and escorted to the grave by a large town and country gathering.
CHAPTER LXIII.

SOME RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.


NOTWITHSTANDING the assiduity with which I have raked up olden reminiscences, several waifs have escaped my observation until too late to include them in any classified form, so they must have a separate chapter. In this final shaking of the kaleidoscope, some variegated particles appear which remained concealed, and have only been dislodged by repeated motion. The odds and ends here enumerated will, it is hoped, render my panorama of Old Melbourne as complete as it is possible for human brain and pen to make it.

HISTORIC PLACES.

After the township was proclaimed in 1837, the portion of Little Flinders Street between Market and Queen Streets was considered to be the best locality for business, and preferred to any portion of Collins Street. What was known as the Western Hill was soon of most account, and the extension of Melbourne even to Elizabeth Street, was a process of some years. The original plan of the town embraced the Western and Eastern Hills. Batman's Hill was one of the earliest landmarks, and another first called Burial Hill from the formation of a small cemetery there, but subsequently known as "The Flagstaff," in consequence of its being appointed the signal station.

A super-sanguine scribe wrote of the Melbourne of the future as the City of the Seven Hills (semblant of Imperial Rome), the Eastern, Western, Batman's, The Flagstaff, Emerald, Richmond and North Melbourne (Hotham) Hills being the contributaries to the Urbs Septicollis. In 1870 Batman's, from which the primitive geographers determined Melbourne's latitude and longitude, was swept away for the Central Railway Terminus in Spencer Street.

We now stand on the intersection of Collins and William Streets and looking to the southwestern corner behold perhaps one of the most historic spots in Old Melbourne. The half-acre allotment was purchased by John Batman for £60, and on the corner portion he had erected the first two-storey brick building putting forth any claims to capaciousness. This tenement is easily recognized in the sketch of Melbourne (anno 1839). There was a large ground-floor room here used as an auction mart by Charles Williams. Here it was where Mr. C. J. Latrobe, the first Superintendent of Port Phillip, made his official début in September 1839.

Batman's residence was on the hill named from him, and in the course of a few years the family removed to the Collins Street tenement. They lived there in 1845. The adjoining half-acre, running from Collins to Little Flinders Streets, was bought for £33 by Mr. James Smith, the founder of our now extensive Savings' Bank system.

The half-acre section corner of Queen and Collins Streets, the present site of the Bank of Australasia, was knocked down at auction for £50, in 1837, but the purchaser, sooner than take it up, forfeited the ten per cent. deposit. There was some notion of reserving it as a site for a
Reverting to the old Union Bank there is an incident connected with its career, which, until knowing ones was formed, and the premises were purchased for £40,000, in the hope of making a handsome thing of it; but the "swim" did not turn out so prosperously as expected.

The opposite or north-eastern corner half-acre was purchased for £41 by Mr. G. W. Umpleby, and here was opened the first druggist's shop by Dr. Barry Cotter. It was succeeded by an hotel somewhat misnamed the "Angel Inn," attached to which was Melbourne's first billiard room. Crossing the street to the south-east corner, bought by Mr. A. Willis for £44, we come on a place wherein was opened the first druggist's shop by Dr. Barry Cotter. It was succeeded by an hotel the street to the south-east corner, bought by Mr. A. Willis for £42, we come on a place wherein was opened the first druggist's shop by Dr. Barry Cotter. It was succeeded by an hotel

THE "NELSON" GOLD ROBBERY.

Reverting to the old Union Bank there is an incident connected with its career, which, until now, may be numbered amongst the "lost secrets of history." It was a plain two-storey brick structure, with little in its build to liken it to the fortresses in which bank deposits are now stored.

In 1852 an audacious robbery was perpetrated on board the gold ship "Nelson" in Hobson's Bay, and it was in this tavern the outrage was concocted and elaborated. One night in April of that year a gang of seven or eight desperadoes took boat at Sandridge, and quietly boarded the "Nelson," ready to sail with a quantity of gold for England the next day. The very audacity of the raid ensured its success, for the possibility of such a robbery was unthought of. Half-a-dozen persons were afterwards convicted of the offence, and served long sentences of hard labour on board the hulks of Williamstown and Pentridge. A gentleman of the legal profession, than whom no one in the colony had better opportunity of knowing, assured me that after years the ringleader had effected his escape from Victoria, and was never brought to book, and that two of the convicts were absolutely innocent of the offence. I had it also on reliable police authority that the gang who rifled the "Nelson" intended to have operated on the "Madagascar," which was anchored near the "Nelson," with 120,000 ozs. of gold, and was ready for sea; that the night was very dark and the robbers boarded the wrong ship, when finding out their mistake they resolved to make the best of it, and tackle what came next to hand, so their booty amounted only 14,000 ozs. This gold was stowed away in fourteen small strongly-made wooden boxes, of 1000 ozs. each. The robbers had some difficulty in secreting the spoil, and I myself recollect going to Sandridge the Sunday after the robbery, and seeing a crowd of persons in the bush between Emerald Hill and the beach. Approaching I found a party of police in possession of several of the empty boxes, which had been found under a large gum tree. Being known to the Chief Constable (Bloomfield), I was presented with one of the boxes, and I kept it as a sort of relic for several years. The Attorney, who incurred great trouble and expense in the defence of the prisoners, was said to have received another box (but a full one) in reimbursement of all he had done or undergone; and, if so, he certainly came off best of anyone mixed up with the affair.

* The following communication was subsequently received from Mr. Albert Read, Solicitor:—"It is pleasant to read 'Garryowen's' papers generally correct and always amusing, but in his statements regarding the robbery of the ship "Nelson" he has been misled. The ship "Madagascar," was not anchored near the "Nelson," with 120,000 ozs. of gold on board, and ready for sea, on the night of the "Nelson" robbery. The "Madagascar," was anchored in the Bay and was the ship in which the gold was stowed away in fourteen small strongly-made wooden boxes, of 1000 ozs. each. Furthermore, I have heard from a reliable source that the gang who rifled the "Nelson," pretended not to have intended to rob the ship Madagascar, and that the best chance for such a success was found to be in the vessel the "Nelson." The robbers were timely discovered, and the ship was quietly boarded by the police. I have heard from a reliable source that the ship Madagascar was anchored in the Bay, and was the ship in which the gold was stowed away in fourteen small strongly-made wooden boxes, of 1000 ozs. each. Furthermore, I have heard from a reliable source that the gang who rifled the "Nelson," pretended not to have intended to rob the ship Madagascar, and that the best chance for such a success was found to be in the vessel the "Nelson." The robbers were timely discovered, and the ship was quietly boarded by the police.
THE CHRONICLES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

The now great wood-blocked causeway at the intersection of Collins and Elizabeth Streets was during the early years a queer thoroughfare. The four half-acre corner allotments were purchased respectively for £23, £30, £42, and £50, no doubt the full value at the time.

The most remarkable corner in Elizabeth Street is its north-east junction with Little Collins Street. The half-acre was bought for £28, and the corner was devoted to mercantile purposes by Campbell and Woolley, importers. The store was about half up on the arrival of Father Geoghegan, the first Roman Catholic priest, in July, 1838, and he obtained permission to solemnize therein the first mass offered in the colony.

About the General Post Office corner, a "cock-and-bull" story occasionally crops up to the effect that the place belongs to a pauper cripple, who acquired it legally in the days of yore, but the intervention of some legal or illegal hitch ousted him from his rights. There is little doubt of such a supposition being groundless. At the period of the early land sales the place was such that no sane man would put a shilling in it, and as no one even thought of then purchasing it, the block appears on the old charts of Melbourne, shaded off as a red blank, the indication of the unbought portions of the township. It was a species of bog, and, according to tradition, during the winter of 1837, a bullock team, including a drunken driver, got swamped there one evening after sundown whilst en route for Flemington, and no traces of them were ever brought to the surface. This latter is, no doubt, a stretch of the imagination.

The half-acre whereon is now the Theatre Royal was knocked down for £95. It was used as a timber yard until the Fates decreed it to form the principal Metropolitan home of the drama.

From Swanston Street northward was for a length of time reckoned at little value, for not only trading, but even habitable purposes. It was an extensive upland of forest country, rent by water-worn gorges, and deemed valuable only for its supposed stone-quarrying resources. One of the most pleasurable pedestrian excursions that could be indulged in, was an afternoon stroll away over the ground now occupied by the Court House and Gaol Reserve, and away by the Cemetery towards Brunswick, so called by Mr. W. F. A. Rucker.

The first building erected in East Collins Street was the Scots' School, in 1838, primarily used also as a Kirk. Lower down, on the south side, where The Argus now forges and launches its typographical thunderbolts, was the first Baptist place of worship, a capacious tent, wherein the first service was held. Of this half-acre freehold Mr. Thomas Napier became the owner, and his heirs are still the ground lessors. He lent the land temporarily to the Baptists, and subsequently had a building put up there, an apartment of which was dignified as Napier's Large Room, the scene of some early religious services and society meetings. When William Kerr started the Melbourne Argus in 1846, the place was converted into a newspaper office; and when this journal died and the present Argus sprung like a Phoenix from its ashes, the premises and the newspaper clung together, enlarging every year, and growing so attached to each other that it would be difficult to calculate upon the particular period (if ever) when they will dissolve partnership.

Crossing obliquely from The Argus, we come to a place which, before a stone of a Town Hall was laid there, figured as a locality of some note. The bole of a large gum tree remained there a few feet over the ground for years. This was the first stump utilised for orating purposes. From a platform attached to the stump, during the Anti-transportation campaign, the Tribunes of the period discharged their philippics against the threatened pestiferous invasion. Directly opposite was the half-acre known almost from time immemorial as Germain Nicholson's Corner, purchased for £45.

Old Melbourne could boast of (so-called) "Terraces," some particulars of which are worth rescuing from oblivion. The first erected in Stephen Street commenced at the corner of Little Bourke Street, and known as "Cleveland Terrace," but was afterwards known as "Porter's Cottages," after their owner, Mr. George Porter. If the memoirs of "Porter's Cottages" could be written, many a quaint and thrilling tale of Melbourne life would they unfold. The premises were in 1881 turned into a Hippodrome, under lease to a company of which an enterprising medico was the principal.

Latrobe Parade, a nomenclative compliment to the Provincial Superintendent, and still known as such, is a lane extending from Collins Street East to Little Flinders Street, between Stephen and
Russell Streets. This was always the most comfortable looking and select of the set, though occasionally some black sheep found a resting place there.

There is a little history connected with the origin of one of the earliest villas in South Yarra, for over so long classically Italianized as “Como.” The place was in the first instance designated the “Punch-bowl,” and it was taken up as a sort of small Home station by the popular old colonists, John and Joseph Hawdon. Melbourne was at the time (1837), in want of a convenient butchery. The beasts were fetched in batches of fours, and one at a time killed and cut up, when each of the then four Melbourne butchers would attend *propria persona*, and getting his “quarters” at 8d. per lb. would have them removed to town and retailed at 1s. It was in this same hut that the final arrangements were made for starting the first overland mail from Melbourne to Yass.

Originally the population was bi-sected into branches known as the “Ex-Convict” and “Immigration” sections. The Expiree Contingent, was, as a rule, the older, and at one time it would be something rare to find a resident of over forty years of age, who had not previously expiated some breach of the criminal law in chains, gang or prison. At first, what for convenience sake were termed the “bond” and the “free” did not take kindly to each other. The “Expirees” regarded the others with a feeling of pitying contempt, a species of simpletons who should have stayed at home. They called them “Johnny Raws,” and “New Chums.” On the other side, the immigrants snapped their fingers at those whom they inelegantly denominated “the Old Lags.”

Time, which softens everything, soon mitigated those asperities. There was one line of demarcation between the two castes which took several years to remove, viz., in their style of apparel. The English, Irish, and Scotch appeared clad in heterogeneous garb, the men’s upper and nether garments of every known cut, fashion, and material—cloth, frieze, and corduroy, and the head-gear either a felt hat or bell-topper, then stylishly known as the “Caroline.” Their coats were mostly not over-long swallow-tailed, and the would-be swellish portion went in for glaring brass buttons. With the “Expirees” there was more uniformity of costume, for their dress was a cabbage-tree hat, a cloth jacket, “loud” necktie, and moleskin or drill trousers.